CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

A Reverie.

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CASSELL'S

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

ILLUSTRATED.

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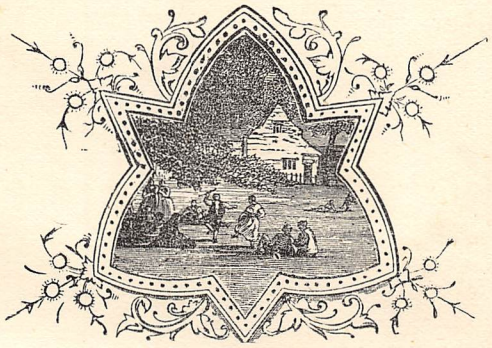

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Cassell's Family Magazine.

Pretty Miss Bellew.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE SCHOOLROOM AT NO. 15.

AN uncommonly wet evening! Not so much rain as fog and drizzle—London fog and London drizzle. In the atmosphere, a dim whitish blur, broken here and there by smears of red, where the gas-lamps were beginning to twinkle through the murky air. In the square, drops of moisture distilling with a dreary trickle from every twig and bud and bough. At the corner, a policeman dimly revealed by the shine of his oilskin cape under the gas-lamp. Hidden somewhere in the fog in front of a neighbouring house, an organ grinding away dismally at that sweetest and most mangled of all sweet and mangled waltzes—"Il Bacio." Further still, and deeper in the fog and mud, a street-singer quavering shrilly among the top notes of one of the Christy Minstrel melodies. "Fair, fair, with golden hair" came faintly over the swaying trees and thickening darkness—"Fair, fair, with golden hair, sang a lone mother while weeping."

The "lone mother's" voice had a gincracked quaver, an asthmatic wheeze, which irritated the footman at No. 4. He even meditated a sally for the purpose of giving chase to the nuisance, but his hair was just freshly powdered for dinner, and London fogs are surcharged with sooty particles which *stick*, and so he restrained his warlike desires, and submitted to the annoyance.

It was not audible enough to be disagreeable at No. 15, on the other side of the square, the house whose lighted drawing-room windows threw a flickering, weirdly yellow glare over the dank grass plots and blackened shrubs across the pavement. It was only firelight within, or else the blinds had been down; but it sparkled and danced right merrily on pale green walls and bright mirrors, on pictures, and photographs, and old china; on gipsy tables, rich in home-made point-lace, and big furry rugs, cunningly obscuring the worn patches on the Turkey carpet; on curtains of ruby damask, which looked quite new and brilliant in the ruddy light, and curtains of white lace hiding their darned parts in graceful folds; last, not least, on the back view of a young lady gazing through the blurred and misty panes, as if in a vain effort to make out the "lone mother" afore-mentioned.

"*Hateful* weather!" said Kate. "Vile, hateful weather! Oh! how damp and cold they will be!"

She came out into the firelight as she spoke, a girl of nineteen or thereabouts, with a quantity of wavy, bronze-coloured hair, knotted up on the top of her head; with round, well-opened brown eyes, and nose fine at the bridge, and square at the tip; with red, sharply curved lips, always apart, and a determined little chin cleft in two, like a white-heart cherry; with cheeks flushed with health, and dented by two infantine dimples; and arms and throat white as milk, and round and soft as a yearling babe's: a girl whose first appearance gave you an overpowering sense of *life*—life pure and healthy, and vigorous as a young forest-tree; whose voice had a sort of jubilant defiance in its fresh young tones, and whose laugh rang out with the clear, joyous vibration of a peal of wedding bells: a girl who might have stood for Canova's Hebe, and whose appetite was as healthy as her mind.

The firelight seemed to like her, it hung about the ripening curves of her young, round figure so lovingly, and kissed with a warm, tender glow the shapely, cream-white hands stretched out to meet it—the saucy, honest face bent down above it.

"Five o'clock," said Kate, looking from the vaguely flickering reflections of herself in the mirror over the fireplace, to the old-fashioned Dresden clock on the chimney-piece; "five o'clock—and they won't be here for another hour. I think I'll get some tea."

She was rather fond of talking to herself when there was no one else to talk to, preferring singing, or even soliloquy, to the alternative of silence. As her light feet went tripping down the broad, shallow stairs, and across the hall, with its chessboard-like surface of black and white marble, she was humming the refrain of "John Brown's Body" in so joyous a key, that three younger sets of lungs in the schoolroom took it

up, and greeted her with a chorus as she entered laughing.

"My dears, pray!" cried Miss Smith from her seat behind the tea-tray. "Eva, you too!—Good evening, Miss Bellew. Shall I give you some tea?"

"Goodness gracious, Kitty, how swell you are! and what have you dressed so early for?" broke in Madge (No. 3, and *ætat* twelve), springing up from her chair, and jerking half the contents of her tea-cup over the cloth, in her hurry to inspect Kate's attire. Poor Miss Smith uttered a second remonstrance, and Eve (No. 2, and *ætat* fifteen) ably seconded her. [N.B.—Some of the tea had gone over her dress.]

"I never knew any one so rough and vulgar as Madge," she observed in an icy little tone of disgust, which quite extinguished the governess's patient "Madge! Madge!"

Madge paid little attention to either. Bigger than Eve already, and at that clumsy age when the unshaped female form goes in where it ought to come out, and comes out where it ought to go in, she had planted a hand on either side of Kate's waist, and twisted her round for a better contemplation of the crisp white muslin and carnation-coloured bows, which harmonised so well with the wearer's lips and cheeks.

"Isn't she a swell, just?" cried Madge, who delighted to use slang for the mere pleasure of seeing Eve's lips tighten shudderingly; but she got no second rebuke, Eve merely asking as she handed her sister a cup of tea—

"Why are you dressed so early, Kate?"

"Because I got tired of doing nothing," said Kate laughing, and extricating herself from Madge's grasp to sit down in the well-worn arm-chair by the fire, and put her feet on the fender. "I never can do anything when I am expecting Dick home; and I thought dressing would pass the time away as well as anything else."

"And is all that 'goffring' and finery for Dick?" asked Eve, with a natural sourness emanating from the maternal warning earlier in the day that she would dine with the three juveniles that evening, "company" being expected.

"Dick, indeed!" broke in Master George, a stout, bullet-headed urchin of ten, looking up from the plate of bread and marmalade he was discussing. "Dick! She don't dress for *him*. Don't you know there are lawyers and people coming?"

"Ah! I had forgotten the new lawyer," said Eve drily. "So the red bows are for him, Kate? Well, when I am out, I will wait to see what manner of fish are in the stream before I dress my flies for them."

"Is you going to catch fiss, Katie?" said little Dottie, turning up her innocent face, with wide brown eyes wonderfully like Kate's, from her corner under Miss Smith's wing. "Will oo take me? I's be welly good, and carry ze bastet so nicely."

"Kate likes to capture all the fish," said Madge, bursting out laughing. "She doesn't want to keep them—do you, Kittie? You'll throw them all back into the water for Eve afterwards."

"Of course I do," said Kate, turning her bright face round, "and of course my bows are for the new lawyer. I am trembling now lest Dick should hug all the starch out of my frills before his friend sees them. I want him to like me? And why not? Every one does generally; why shouldn't he?"

"How do you know they do?" asked Eve satirically.

"By their ways and manners, of course. Don't you know when people like you?"

"Nobody ever does," observed George, carefully removing some superfluous marmalade from his cheek with the end of his tongue; "she's too disagreeable."

"Master George," said the governess, "that is not the way to talk of your sister."

"I am used to it," said Eve with dignity; "and I must say I should try to make people like me by what I was, rather than by what I had on."

"People like Kate without her trying," put in Madge warmly. "I heard Mrs. Fisher telling mama that she was the very nicest*est* girl at the last ball; and you know Mr. Luscott fell in love with her the——"

"Madge, my dear!" cried Miss Smith, shocked. "What do you know of falling in—ahem! No one is talking of such a thing."

"Certainly not," said Eve. "I don't think there is much love in what Kate calls her flirtations."

"Eve!" said Miss Smith reprovingly.

"I only *call* it flirting," cried Kate, reddening warmly, "because if I didn't, nasty people would. They always do say a girl is flirting if she is cheerful, and makes no humbug about liking to talk to pleasant people, and liking pleasant people to talk to her, and care for her, and——"

"Well, you need not get so red and hot over it," observed Eve. "You may call it flirting, or not flirting. Anyhow, I don't agree with it; and I don't think you've any right to call people humbugs who——"

"My dear Eve," said Miss Smith, "do you know what flirting means? Miss Bellew was only joking; no well-bred young lady would think of such a thing."

"Is me a well-bwed lady?" said little Dottie anxiously. "My hands always unner de table."

"You're a darling duck," said Kate, pouncing on, and kissing her, "and the sweetest little lady out, that you are.—I say, youngsters, what's the matter with Eve, that she's so cross this evening? Has she been greedy, and eaten up that pot of Devonshire cream that turned sour yesterday?"

Madge was busy maintaining a silent scuffle with George for the possession of a particularly crumby piece of bread. She turned round now with a mischievous laugh; and George instantly seized the bone of contention, and stuffed one-third of it into his mouth, to make "assurance doubly sure."

"Cream? No, Kittie; she's been eating a dish of herbs in the schoolroom, and hatred withal, instead of going in to the stalled ox and what-you-may-call-'ems in the dining-room! That's what's the matter with her."

"As if I cared about such a trifle!" Eve answered loftily, with a toss of her smooth little flaxen head. "It only shows Dick's love of his family, that he

would rather see any one else on the first day of his coming home from college."

"Dick *does* love his family," cried Kate, flushing up again. "Dick is a darling. Of course he likes us to ask one or two people to meet Mr. Clive. When a man brings his greatest friend home, it's only natural he should wish to do him a little honour; and you *know* the table only holds six cosily. It is very unkind of you to say anything against Dick, Eva."

"Oh, never mind Eva, Kittie," broke in Madge, pushing away her cup and plate. "Tell us what the "stalled ox" is to-day. We all smelt duck quite plainly; but it was mixed up with something else—I said pastry, but George thought it was bacon, and that means fowls, of course. We've got a bet on it. Which has won?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Kate, with that happy ignorance of all culinary and housekeeping matters so natural in our young English matrons to be! "I suppose I shall see when I sit down to it. Smell a little harder as it comes up-stairs, George, and perhaps you'll find out."

"Sall I help you smell, Georgie?" asked Dottie, inflating her little nostrils in readiness. "I tan smell twite hard—tan't I, Miss Smiff?"

"Little girls never smell," said Miss Smith primly; "it is not good man—— Madge, my dear!"—as Madge sent her chair over backwards in her hurry to get to Kate.

"I didn't do it on purpose, Miss Smith.—Do wait one moment, Kittie. I want to know if Mr. Clive is a relation or not. Eve says he is."

"Oh dear, no—at least, only by courtesy. He's—let me see—a step-son of one of papa's second or third cousins. That is no relation to us, you know; but I believe Dick and he call cousins, and so I suppose we shall do the same. Dick wants him to feel quite at home here."

"A man and a brother," said George, pushing away the marmalade dish with a deep sigh—whether the result of repletion, or the melancholy courtesy of leaving the last and very least portion of that delicacy unappropriated, is not known. "I hope he'll be a jolly sort of fellow, who'll take us out, and stand tarts, and that sort of thing. Dick never does."

"Dick hasn't time," said Kate, wincing visibly at any word against her elder brother. "Miss Smith can tell you grown-up men have too many friends and engagements to be always taking their family about. Now then, what next?"—as George stayed her exit a second time by jumping up and putting his back against the door.

"Stoop, Kittie;" (in an ingratiating whisper) "promise to bring me something from the dessert; not just a biscuit, like last time, but something nice."

"And bwing me somesing nice too, Kitty," put in Dottie, clinging with her fat hands to Kate's sash. The elder girl stooped down, and kissed her laughingly.

"You little wretches—a likely story! Why, I brought you those biscuits at the risk of disgracing myself for ever and ever; and then I had on a silk dress with a pocket 'convanient.' Fancy Mr. Clive seeing a handful of figs and raisins transparently visible through this!"—holding out her cloudy skirts with a merry laugh. "Move out of the way, Georgy-Gorgy!"

"You could smuggle it in your handkerchief, Kate. Just a peach?"

"A peach! when they cost a mint at this season too! What next?—Good night, Dottie dumpling.—Now, George, let me go."

"Oh, very well. I'm off parole, then, that's all."

"Oh, George!" (from Madge) "you mean, greedy thing!"

"Greedy yourself, Madge. You know you always got the biggest share."

[N.B.—Some little while back, the exit of the gentlemen from the dining-room had been, I grieve to say, the signal for a raid on the dessert, of which Tom, the page-boy, had proved an inefficient defender. George had, in consequence, been put on honour by his mother not to continue these enterprises, the fruits of which were shared with Madge, who also came in for her share of blame.]

"Not when I'm on parole, George."

"Yes; but mama said when we were, we should have something nice next day."

"Well, wait till dinner to-morrow, and you'll have something."

"I don't like waiting. I——"

"Master George, *is* this proper, gentlemanly behaviour?—Really, Madge, I wish——"

"I'm not doing anything, Miss Smith. It's George won't let Katie go.—Katie, make mama come up from dinner quick. Eve and I want to see what Mr. Clive is like."

"I can't, Madge. Mrs. Marryatt always sits so long over her wine."

"Put a pin in her chair."

"Put some vinegar in her wine."

"Oh, dear! are the Marryatts coming? That horrid man! I do hate him so."

"Because he will pat your cheeks. So!"

"Well, George, would *you* like to be patted like a prize-pig?"

"Perhaps he thinks you're like one."

"I'm not nearly as stout as you."

"Yes, you are; look at your waist!"

"Don't be rude, sir. You burst a button off your waistcoat at dinner on Friday."

"It wasn't at dinner; it was turning a wheel."

"OH, what a cram!"

"My dear Madge, I——"

"Oh! hush, please—I beg your pardon" (from Kate)—"What in the name of goodness is that?"

That was a man's voice from the drawing-room floor—a familiar voice, too, calling out—

"Halloa! Katie! Somebody! Is no one at home?"

"It's DICK!" cried Kate in an agony—"Oh!!" and hurled herself at the door, scattering George, and rushing up-stairs like a white whirlwind.

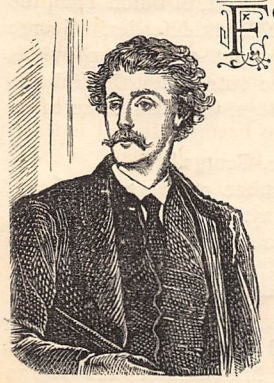
In the noisy babel of the schoolroom, no one had

heard either the expected knock at the door or the voices in the hall; and Kate, who had meant to be waiting ready to seize on her brother and welcome his friend in the very moment of their arrival, was utterly taken aback by the shock of hearing them above.

Forgetting altogether the graceful little greeting she had prepared for Dick's hero in the overwhelming delight of Dick's presence, she tore up-stairs, stumbling over her white flounces in her haste, and flung her arms round the first of two dark figures dimly visible against the firelight background of the drawing-room doorway.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

KATE FORMS AN OPINION.



FORTUNATELY it *was* Dick. I don't think people often make mistakes of that sort off the stage. Besides, Dick's head was flaxen, and stood two inches lower than his friend's. He reddened slightly in the darkness when half choked by two warm white arms, while an impetuous voice stammered out, "Oh, Dick, dear! to think of our not hearing you come! And I *was* watching for you. Oh, I'm so glad you're here; and—oh, dear! *how* your moustache has grown!"

She had quite forgotten the stranger, you see; and I think—I'm not sure—that Dick remembered him more than he did his pleasure at being so warmly welcomed. Anyway, he resisted the cowardly feeling, and kissed his sister with a sort of defiance as he said—

"Why, Katie, you'll eat me up. Here's my friend Clive. Haven't you a word for him as well?"

Letting go of Dick with a sort of feeling that she had "gushed," and yet with a happy confidence that even gushing, in this undemonstrative age, was pardonable when she was the gusher, and Dick the subject, Kate turned with a ready mingling of smile and colour to the visitor; and saw, by the glimmer of firelight—what she never had seen before in any face of man when turned in her direction—a sneer!

It was very slight, so slight and faint indeed as to be hardly distinguishable even in a brighter light, save by a very quick-witted person. Unfortunately Miss Bellew was very quick-witted. She distinguished it at once, and in one and the same moment hated Mr. Bernard Clive with a fierce and deadly hatred, which manifested itself in an immediate straightening of all the Hebe curves in her lithe young figure, and the frigid bend of her head, as with face "darkly, deeply, beautifully red," she pronounced the formal greeting—

"We are very happy to see you, Mr. Clive. I beg your pardon for not noticing you at first."

Dick was disappointed. He knew Kate to the core, and was well acquainted with her two forms of manner, the outspokenly cordial and outspokenly sharp. Naturally, he thought the former had been bespoken for his friend, and felt aggrieved at this chill politeness.

"Let us come into the drawing-room. Isn't my mother at home? and are there no lights in the house?" he said sharply, drowning something Clive was saying about needing "an apology for intruding on domestic reunions"—something which sounded like an appendix to the sneer, Kate thought. She was quite unconscious how bewitching the angry flush made her, as, reaching up one hand to light the centre lamp, she let the pure mellow light stream down on dimpling cheek and gold-bronzed hair; and all the soft white curves of arm and dress relieved against a dark green background of dainty, fragile drawing-room ferns.

Dick was not a very wise young man, and had not much to be proud of on his own account. Painfully slight, with flaxen hair like Eve's, and light blue eyes, which looked dark by reason of an unhealthy purplish shade round them, he made the most striking contrast to his favourite sister that could well be found. He was only twenty-one, and yet there were little crows'-feet at the corners of his eyes, and little lines on his forehead, and more lines about his mouth: small unholy signatures that gave him an old, worn look, which went oddly with his fair hair and soft moustache. He was old, poor Dick! almost worn-out and used-up before he had gained his majority. He had run through life so quickly as, like that babe in the ballads, to be "elderly, elderly too," at the age when most young men are almost boys; and you could see it in the slight stoop he had when "off guard," and in the nervous movements of his slight thin hands, as well as in those tell-tale lines—lines which had graven answering ones, deep and broad, across his mother's brow.

I am afraid he was no great comfort to that lady, although he was her first-born, and had been her idol. She had adored him, and flattered him, and spoilt him in every way since his boyhood; and yet he had not turned out either self-denying, well-conducted, or energetic. I doubt if he was even grateful; spoilt children seldom are. On the contrary, he had been expelled from school, and almost driven into college; had learnt nothing, and spent heaps of money; and was now home in disgrace, rusticated for a year in consequence of some "scrape" worse than ordinary—some scrape so bad that only the vaguest rumours of it had reached Lady Margaret and her confidante Kate. And yet when the culprit signified that he was bringing with him a distant connection who *had* distinguished himself at college, and at thirty years of age had made a name at the Bar, and returned to Alma Mater to take a fellowship—and had ordered that a room should be got ready for this hero, and certain guests, legal and otherwise, invited to meet him—his mother and sister never dreamt of disobeying, but were, on the contrary, rather gratified at knowing a

means for insuring their idol being in a good temper on his return, He had come home in disgrace once before, and had been in a bad temper. Lady Margaret and Kate remembered that first evening painfully.

Of course they never dreamt of resenting his humours. Women, womanly women that is, seldom do. When he offended his great-uncle, Lord Lovegoats, by declining that living for the adorning of which his noble relative had allowed a hundred a year towards college expenses, and had curtly refused to go into the Church at all, or do anything unconnected with a red coat, Lady Margaret had almost gone down on her knees to coax her uncle into continuing the young reprobate's allowance, and keeping the living open for Tom, who was now at Rugby ; and Kate made vigorous (but ineffectual) love to an old general in the neighbourhood, to induce him to use his interest for getting her brother a commission in the Blues. And ever after Mrs. de Ponsonby spoke of her as " that fast Miss Bellew, who quite shocked the general by her way of going on."

Some people thought Eve would turn out a nicer girl, " more soft and feminine ; " but Kate was quite unaware of these strictures, and had a happy way of believing in every one's good disposition to herself, until startled by some overt proof to the contrary, such as Mr. Clive's sneer. She did not often come across one.

Lady Margaret was in the room by this time, had shaken hands with Clive, welcoming him in a few cordial words—just what Kate had meant to say—and had kissed her son affectionately, but with a sort of *arrière-pensée* as to the reason of his being home at all at that time. She loved him so dearly, this black sheep of hers, and yet he was so black ! Why had he not kept to his books and consented to the Church? He would have been provided for then ; and George would have been at school instead of dawdling on with Miss Smith. It was all very well for Kate to say, " Dick is not fitted for the Church, mama"—and he certainly was not—but, as Lady Margaret said, " How many go into the Church without being fitted for it, and yet get on very well ! And Guttlesbury-in-the-Marshes is such a nice, quiet village, he couldn't have done anything very outrageous there."

I am afraid, Lady Margaret, that the quietness of Guttlesbury-in-the-Marshes was one reason against it in Dick's eyes. Lady Margaret thought the same, as did Kate, in her heart ; but when you are very hard up, and have seven children, and there is a profession and income offering itself to the eldest, it is provoking if he won't take it. Lady Margaret was an earl's daughter, but her father had neither been a rich nor economical man ; and it was thought a good thing when Lady Jane, who was not handsome, became a Catholic and took the veil ; and an equally good thing when her sister, at seventeen, married a gentleman who was something in the Woods and Forests.

The Woods and Forests had maintained her very well, kept a handsome house within five minutes' walk of Hyde Park, and a well-appointed brougham ; and never obliged its consort to trouble her head about money matters, or prudential calculations. Everything went very smoothly while Mr. Bellew lived. The pity was that he didn't go on living, but went and died instead : died just as Kate was beginning to think of the delight of coming out and being presented in another year, and Dick had been put into the hands of an expensive tutor to be crammed for college.

Lady Margaret called on her uncle, Lord Lovegoats, in floods of tears, and talked of the workhouse. It is even reported that she was heard to murmur something relative to " a mangle," or " lodgings for respectable single men." And, indeed, an income under two thousand a year is not much to keep up a household containing seven children, and four or five servants—one son at Rugby, another (whose chief correspondence with his family consisted of appeals for money) at Oxford, a governess for the rest, and a residence in the aristocratic precincts of Gresham Square, Hyde Park. Lord Lovegoats, too, was not as sympathetic as he might have been ; or as Lady Margaret thought he might have been. He did indeed allow Dick a hundred a year for the present ; and he kept a horse for Kate, brusquely observing that as his niece's first duty was to get that young lady married, it was only fair to assist her in showing off the youthful Circassian in a style of equality with others in the same rank.

He kept a horse for Kate—had indeed chosen it with care, and made it a present to her—but he did not add a groom, or an animal for that individual to ride on, until Lady Margaret's frequent hints as to the great additional expense entailed on herself by Kate's new favourite, brought one of the Lovegoat grooms to the house, with the intimation that he had been ordered to attend Miss Bellew in all her future rides.

Myson used to come every day at the same hour, mounted on a very decent hack himself, and leading Kate's ; and unless it were absolutely raining cats and dogs the young lady made a point of going, lest her great-uncle might think his kindness unappreciated, and revoke it.

Attentions from relations are sometimes a little onerous, as you know ; and as Myson soon let out in the servants' hall that he had no other duty at home but to look after Miss Bellew's horse and horsemanship, and had indeed been hired for that sole and only purpose, Kate sometimes asked (in private) why on earth Uncle Theo didn't give them the groom, instead of lending him. He would have been so useful at Gresham Square, and might have obviated the necessity of keeping that boy in buttons, whose appearance at door and table gave seemliness and style to Lady Margaret's establishment.

Lord Lovegoats, however, had his own ideas on these subjects, and they were not identical with those of his great-niece. Still, he rather liked the girl, was proud of her appearance, and not unfrequently sent her ten pounds for a new ball-dress, or tickets for the opera during the season.

Mrs. General de Ponsonby said she did not wonder

that Kate Bellew had such bold manners, considering the stock she sprang from; and Dick declared that it was very fine for his uncle to rail at him. He, at any rate, meant to settle and reform long before he was seventy. Poor Dick! he did not look much like living to seventy at present; and Lord Lovegoats persisted in railing. He had even refused to see his great-nephew during the last vacation—not having forgiven the young man's rejection of his Church patronage; and Lady Margaret was at present meditating some scheme for concealing the fact (or at any rate the reason) of Dick's temporary retirement from the shades of Alma Mater.

I like Lady Margaret; but I do not think that nature had intended her for the head of a large family. Some women go very well in harness, and under a tight rein, and Lady Margaret was one of them. Had the Woods and Forests lived, she might have been looked up to on all sides as a model of an earl's daughter, and an English matron.

She looked like the former now, as she stood before the fire talking with Bernard Clive. A handsome woman still, tall and well made, with wavy bronze hair, like Kate's, only streaked with grey, and crowned with a small point-lace cap always awry; with half an inch of embroidered petticoat visible at one side beneath the hem of her black velvet dress; and a huge rent in the costly lace shawl dragged anyhow round her shoulders, and fastened by a big diamond brooch, whose broken pin, besides making the ungainly tear, had scratched her throat in two places. A shockingly untidy woman, and yet a lady every inch of her: nothing *bourgeoise*, nothing inconsistent with *une de nous autres*, as her friends would confess even while lamenting over her peculiarities.

"It is a little way of mama's to throw on her clothes with a pitchfork, when I'm not by to look after her," Kate used to say, with a despairing little shrug of her shoulders; but all the same Kate admired her mother more than any other girls' mothers; and would have flared up in scorn and indignation, had any one dared to suggest that she might have been in any way altered for the better. Clive himself, surveying her with such small flash of his keen blue eyes as their lazy lids left uncovered—Clive, who called himself a man of the people, and talked in a radical way of "class humbugs" and "nature's nobility," recognised perfectly that the tall woman with the ill-made clothes, and the nervous hand rubbing imaginary flies off the end of her nose all the while she was talking to him, could not, under any circumstances, have stood behind a counter, dropped her "h's," or been "genteel."

"Lady Margaret is a wonderfully handsome woman," he said to Dick when they were up-stairs "polishing" for dinner. "That photograph you showed me gives one no idea of her."

"Oh! photos are generally awful sells; and then my lady never will stand still, so it's no wonder she gets blurred," said Dick carelessly. "I suppose she was good-looking once—something like Kate."

"Like your sister?" Clive said it inquiringly, and rather as in disparagement of the latter. Perhaps he did not admire Kate. Dick fancied so, at least, and was rather disgusted. He had not spoken much of his sister to this great friend of his. Like the generality of young Englishmen, especially those who are not particularly select in their feminine acquaintances, he was extremely shy of alluding to his family before the men who knew him away from them. Dick was not domestic; he was not even particularly filial; but he had one soft corner in his heart for home, and Kate filled it. In his eyes she was just the one girl worth anything, the prettiest, best, and nicest girl in the world. He was always worrying and often very unkind to Kate; but he believed in her, and felt a perfectly good and honest pride in the admiration she excited. That any one should not admire her seemed to him rather incredible; and, thinking as highly of the new fellow of St. John's as he did, he had been secretly rather anxious for a larger share than usual of his admiration for the pet sister.

The reality was disappointing.

"You know your way down, I think," he said, turning abruptly to the door. "I must go and speak to the girls," and so went out. Kate was watching for him on the stairs, and was equally amused and surprised when he put his hands round her waist, and held her away for a long critical look, before giving vent to the energetic comment—

"You're a million times nicer than half the girls about, let 'em say what they like."

"Glad you think so," said Kate laughing, and reaching up to kiss him. "You're not nice—not nice at all, for coming back in this way. I wonder my face hasn't got a netting pattern of wrinkles on it, with you! I tell you what it is, Dick, you'll be bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave some day, if you——"

"Sorrow to the humbug!" interrupted Dick curtly; "drop that, Kittie; I shall have enough in that line from my mother, without your striking in. Tell me instead—what do you think of Clive?"

"Of—of your friend?" said Kate hanging her head doubtfully. "Well—I haven't seen much of him yet to——"

"To think much? I dare say not; but I suppose you have thought something. You can tell if you think you like him?"

"L—like him!" repeated Kate, still softly reluctant. "No, I don't think I— *like* him; I—you're sure you don't mind, Dick, do you, darling? but—but—I think him a prig: that's all: a stuck-up prig!"

"A-a-tcha!!!"

It was only a sneeze; but it came from the landing above them, on to which Mr. Bernard Clive had just stepped in his way down-stairs.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

KATE PUNISHES MR. CLIVE.

DINNER was on the table: a very pretty little dinner—very prettily laid for eight; and in my opinion eight is just the right number for a cosy dinner-party, just big enough for particular conversations, and not too big for general sociability. Mr. Marryatt—a bald man with a long fat body, short fat legs, and a slow fat

voice, which, Madge said, sounded as though he were giving you an unctuous pat between each word—took down Lady Margaret; and made blandly ponderous allusions to "our departed friend" (meaning the Woods and Forests) between every other sentence. Dick, as head of the house, took care of Mrs. Marryatt, a smallish, pallid woman, with a head suggestive of one of those skulls which the Greeks used to crown with flowers, and set on the dinner-table as a sort of mortuary warning; and a manner habitually depressed from a concatenation of mysterious ailments, the nature of which no doctor had been able to discover.

Mr. Philpots, the junior curate of St. Mark's—a young man so dreadfully in love with Kate that he grew pink and damp all over with excitement if she even looked at him—paired off with Miss Fothergill, a gushing young lady of thirty or thereabouts; and—Kate was left to Clive!

Lady Margaret had arranged all that beforehand; and of course it was the right and proper thing; but, under the circumstances, Kate was not happy in the conjunction. Even her power of conversation had deserted her; and Clive did not help her. Indeed he made so little use of his tongue, that Kate could not help suspecting that his ears were sharper than she had thought, when she stoutly declared to Dick that it was utterly impossible he could have heard her most unluckily worded opinion. She felt better, however, when the soup was gone.

It was pleasant to see Dick's fair head at the bottom of the table again, even though, being displeased at her comment on his friend's manner, he did not vouchsafe to look in her direction. The flowers, too, which she had arranged for the table, looked very pretty as the gaslight fell on snowy arums glimmering out from dark emerald-fronded ferns, and dainty white and rose-coloured cyclamen nodding their delicate fairy-like heads over beds of starry primula; and the dark shining leaves of bay and laurestinus. The massive silver on the sideboard, the crimson and gold-patterned china, the fire crackling cheerily in its frame of white and blue Dutch tiles, all made up a picture warm and bright in colouring. Even the street-noises sounded dull and subdued through the heavy tapestry curtains, their once gorgeous hues toned down by age and smoke to a subdued tint of dusky richness.

Lady Margaret was smiling and chatting to her neighbour, and making occasional onslaughts on the imaginary fly at one and the same time. Mrs. Marryatt was trying to find out why Dick had returned from college in the middle of the Lent Term; and Dick was trying to foil her by pretending a great interest in the state of her health. Mr. Philpots and Miss Fothergill were whispering—or rather Miss Fothergill was whispering (some young ladies always will: it has a sweet, confidential air)—and Mr. Philpots was staring at Kate, and wondering who the tall, ugly man, with the eye-glass and the supercilious mouth, could be. A stranger certainly, and not a talkative one, for he hardly spoke to Kate; but that only proved him the more in love with her, according to the Rev. Herbert Philpots.

In that young man's eyes, no one could look at Miss Bellew without falling in love with her. He was surrounded by a legion of imaginary rivals, each of whom appeared to him, for the time being, as the one and only obstacle in the way of his own love; and yet I very much doubt whether, if Kate and he had been shut up alone in a desert island for a dozen years, he would have ever found courage to hint at the warmth of his feelings to the young lady then sitting opposite to him, her bright round eyes turned fondly on that scapegrace Dick, and her pretty round arms, with the bewitching little dimples at wrist and elbow, just visible through a break in the screen of leaves and flowers between them. Somehow, and despite Miss Fothergill's prattling, the Rev. Herbert found himself engaged in metaphysical communings as to the wide difference between things called by the same name—as, for instance, elbows and wrists.

Given an elbow, or wrist, thought the curate, and every one fancies that he understands one and the same object as signified by that title; but show an elbow or a wrist—glance at that soft, creamy, dimpled arm of Kate's, and then turn to the red and "goosey" hook imperfectly concealed by Miss Fothergill's short lace sleeves, and the red and shiny knob not at all concealed by Miss Fothergill's jingling bracelets—and would any one dare pronounce that two substantives so utterly different could or should come under the same definition?

Poor Miss Fothergill! It was not her fault that she was thin—painfully thin. She did her best, and tried to make up for the scarcity of flesh and blood by showing a liberal display of bone. Her pink silk dress was *décolletée*—very much so; and yet there was no shadow of impropriety in it! It might have been more *décolletée* yet without even calling a frown to the rigid brow of Mrs. General de Ponsonby, or reminding the most imaginative of aught besides those attenuated savages at the entrance to the Crystal Palace nave. You looked at her and you felt pity—pity and a great desire to cover those poor shivering shoulder-blades with something warmer than the slight raiment of violet-powder: traces of which were visible on Mr. Philpots' right sleeve and shoulder, thus as it were (in the language of South American sheep-farmers) marking him as pertaining to the Fothergill fold.

He was aware of the premature seal of proprietorship himself, and fancying (of course) that every one at table was equally interested in the fact, hated Miss Fothergill with a hatred which was basely ungrateful; for she was doing her very best to amuse him, chattering away at the top of her high, vivacious voice, with little *staccato* notes of exclamation, and shrill interludes of youthful laughter bubbling up, as it were, from the very overflowing of her joyous nature.

"I went to the florist's about the Easter decorations," she was saying, leaning over the hapless Herbert, and writing fresh testimonies on his broadcloth with the hook aforementioned. "You told mama that you wanted to have all the details arranged a good while beforehand, this year; so I went at once; and—oh,

fancy!—I walked all the way alone! It was in the afternoon too; and mama was quite shocked. She said, 'Flora, I can't allow it. Suppose some rude man was to speak to you!' and indeed I did feel a little nervous; but I knew no one has flowers like Luckings, and I put on a thick, *thick* veil—oh! I don't think even you would have known me—but just fancy being seen alone, and nearly a mile! and people do say such things if a girl is at all—you know—independent; but indeed I almost ran all the way; and you don't think it was fast of me, Mr. Philpots, do you? I held my parasol close in front of my face, you know, when any one looked at all—at all particularly, you know.—Kate!" (catching Miss Bellew's eye, and leaning more forward still in juvenile eagerness) "*did* you hear of my going all the way to Luckings' alone on Friday? I would have called for you, only I knew you would be out; and now I am afraid Mr. Philpots thinks me a dreadfully wild thing for——"

"Wild!" repeated Kate, opening her brown eyes wide; "bless me, I hope Mr. Philpots couldn't be so silly! What earthly wildness is there in going to the florist?"

"Only—alone, you know," said Miss Fothergill, a little quenched; "and in the afternoon when there are so many people—men, you know—about."

"Well, but the men don't hurt us, do they?" asked Kate, with unsympathetic bluntness.

"Oh! my dear Kate, you are so funny; but every one knows what strange men are: so very—very——"

"Wild?" suggested Clive suddenly, and with extreme demureness. "H'm—very strange indeed. I thought they were pretty civilised in these parts."

"Miss Fothergill means common men, of course," said the Rev. Herbert, in mild explanation. "One does meet rough specimens everywhere occasionally; and I have heard of their speaking to ladies now and then, at least when they were young and—ahem!—pretty."

"People always hear of those sort of things," said Kate, demolishing the curate with the first note of her clear audacious voice; "but I don't believe in them. I know I go everywhere alone, if it happens to be necessary, and no one ever yet spoke to me."

"Mr. Philpots only alluded to that danger in connection with young and pretty people. It was not a general statement, Miss Bellew," put in Clive with the same demure languor as before.

The Rev. Herbert flushed scarlet. Did this insolent barrister mean to insinuate that his adorable neighbour was neither young nor lovely? Indignation choked him; and luckily, before he had recovered sufficiently for speech, the butler touched his arm with "'Ock, sir?" and Miss Fothergill rushed again into the van. She was not irate, not at all. Kate had in a manner snubbed her, and the stranger—who had probably fallen in love with her across the table—was returning cut for cut.

"Perhaps I am unfortunate," she said with a little simper. "Of course I never go out unchaperoned in general (so funny of you, dear Kate, to do such things!); but even with mama, people have stared or been unpleasant. I remember one day I was stepping out of the carriage at Swan and Edgar's—I wore my hair in curls then, and I suppose it was rather thick and noticeable; but what can you do to hide it? I'm sure I often wish I had none—and two men who were passing stared so unpleasantly, and said something about 'a pair of tongs.' So rude! I was quite frightened; and as it happens, you know"—with a little laugh—"I never use tongs. All our hair, the Fothergill hair, curls quite naturally."

"I wonder if I might rush out into the hall for a moment," said Clive to his plate, and in the very lowest of whispers.

"The hall!" repeated Kate the quick-eared, staring.

"Oh, of course it is a wild desire, but I should like to scream. However, I suppose the butler wouldn't approve."

"Do not be so absurd," said Kate, rebuking but confidential. "I don't suppose she did understand what they meant, or she wouldn't have said it."

"You understand perfectly, I see, but I suppose you are a believer in your sex's simplicity.—No, thank you" (to the servant with cream-tarts).

"No; I think most of us are great humbugs generally. We have to be; but then we humbug ourselves more than we do other people."

"And you believe that your friend has humbugged herself—I use your own expression, so make no apologies—into fancying that she could not walk alone in Bayswater?"

"Why not? And what is the matter with the expression?"

"Nothing; it is both forcible and lucid; though, in this case, I rather doubt its correctness. I am not so sure that Miss Fothergill would be safe—from all classes."

"What, tipsy men? Oh! but one meets them so seldom, and——"

"I beg your pardon, I don't mean tipsy men."

"Who then?"

"Anatomical students."

"Mr. Clive, I don't allow these sort of remarks. Flora is my friend."

"Exactly, or I shouldn't have followed your lead in making game of her."

Kate was speechless with indignation.

"But I thought you were going up for your 'little go,' Mr. Dick," said Mrs. Marryatt. "Have you passed it? because, if so, I ought to congratulate you."

"Passed it?" said Dick hurriedly. "Oh, dear! no. Let me give you some port.—Burbage! port this way."

"No, certainly not, Mr. Dick, thank you. I have been taking claret. You know we were so surprised to hear you would be in town all the spring. Kate mentioned it to our Bessie; but I said impossible, for I know dear Lady Margaret was so anxious that——"

"But you are drinking nothing, Mrs. Marryatt; and this claret is such washy stuff. You ought to take that

new Greek wine—what's its name?—that doctors are always crying up. Hasn't yours recommended it to you? You have Sir James, haven't you?"

"Not now. Oh, dear! no; I was obliged to change; he took no interest, none at all"—and Mrs. Marryatt forgot college matters in the pathos of her own woes—will never forgive it. Such a nice living, Mr. Marryatt! a little damp perhaps; but such a sweet, quiet living, with no temptations—positively no temptations to—to do anything! I went on my knees to my uncle to get him to keep it for Tom; but he declares he will sell it. Is it not enough to break my heart?"

"HE HELD THE DOOR" (*p.* 10.)

"never even cared to find out what was the matter with me; and so utterly unsympathetic that——

"But, my dear Lady Margaret," said Mr. Marryatt ponderously, "surely it is time he should choose a profession. Our departed friend, I know, thought with me that a young man cannot begin to consider his way of life too early; and if he were to go into the Church——"

"But he won't. That is just what he won't," interrupted Lady Margaret, always ready to pour out her grievances to any friendly ear. "And Lord Lovegoats

"Most distressing, indeed. The irrational perversity of the junior male sex of this era is a thing to be deplored by all right-minded——"

"Do you think a cross of white violets and ivy would look well?" murmured Miss Fothergill in the curate's ear.—"Oh, no more grapes, please!—Kate said primroses in moss; but if *you* think violets——"

"Oh! no, Mr. Marryatt," said Kate, "valentines are not only for silly young ladies. You should see our Dottie's delight in hers. I sent it to her; and she came dancing on to my bed in the morning, holding

it out, with 'See what a dentleman 's diven me!' as triumphantly as a girl of sixteen over her first offer."

"Kate!" cried Dick across the table, "do you know what part of Syria the Amalekites came from?"

"No," said Kate laughing. "I'll ask mama.—Mama!"—raising her voice. And then Lady Margaret looked up with a startled smile, and gave the signal for rising. No one but Dick knew that Kate had given it first, and by his suggestion. These young Bellews had a perfect code of secret signs and counter-signs; and Lady Margaret was rather prone to spinning out dessert when she was on her family hobby-horse.

Kate had not spoken to Clive since he made the remark last recorded; nor did she look at him when he held the door open for her exit. He made no remark either; but he smiled slightly as she passed out with head erect and eyes studiously averted. It was not a disagreeable smile: rather that of a man pleasantly amused by the mischievous caprices of a frolicsome kitten. Kate, however, thought much more seriously of his unjustifiable retort. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, she called Mr. Philpots to her at once, raising that young man to the seventh heaven by so doing; and then dashed him down again by dismissing him with a few bright words to turn over the leaves of Miss Fothergill's music.

"You have such a correct eye. No one turns over so beautifully," Kate said with one of her sweetest smiles, as she slipped away and flung herself into an argument going on between Dick and Mr. Marryatt, privately hoping the while that Clive would feel himself in disgrace, and recognise his punishment. "He wants a lesson," she said to herself.

He may have wanted it, but he did not appear to suffer from it, or even to consider himself in punishment at all. On the contrary, after a word or two of a merry sort with Lady Margaret, he strolled away to the sofa-table, where Eve and Madge, in white muslin frocks with blue sashes, and George, with a clean collar so preternaturally stiffened that it had cut a deep line in his fat cheeks, were amusing themselves with drawing-room propriety. I am afraid Clive broke up the propriety when he joined the group. At any rate, Kate heard great bursts of most unconventionally riotous laughter wafted to her over Mr. Marryatt's prosing; and saw Eve's pale little face glowing quite brightly, while Madge's impetuous voice asked—

"Didn't you think there were so many of us?"

"I fancy I thought there were more."

"Why?"

"From certain sounds proceeding from a room down-stairs when we arrived this evening."

"Ah! George, I told you what a noise you were making," said Eve, in a grown-up little voice, as anxious to show that she was not among the noisy ones.

"It was Madge too," growled George, "and Kate, and Dottie. You needn't talk as if it were all me."

"I assure you," said Clive politely, "such a wild idea never crossed my mind. I only wondered not to see you at the table."

"There was not room," said Eve quietly, "so I dined with the children in the schoolroom."

"But you always dine in the schoolroom when there is company, whether there is room or not," put in George crushingly, "and you are a child too. You're not come out yet, and people are always children till they come out. Kate says so. Kate is nineteen, Mr. Clive, and I'm nine, and Eve——"

"Yes, Kate wishes it," said Eve, a little angrily, but always soft-voiced and dove-like. "One grown-up daughter is enough, you know. When Kate is married I shall come out; and, besides, our dining-room *is* too small. It is tiny."

"But it is not the *real* dining-room. It is the schoolroom," cried George, thrusting his oar in again with unnecessary candour. We use the real dining-room for our lessons and play. Miss Smith is there now. You can go down and see her, if you like. Mama said she would rather use the little one, because then no one could expect her to give dinners."

"Don't you think you are fatiguing yourself with talking?" said Clive. "Your voice is very powerful, but I think it must want a rest. Suppose you give it one."

"I don't know what you mean," said George staring. "Are you a doctor? I thought you were a lawyer. I'm going to be a lawyer some day. Burbage told Jane that they were all a set of thieves, but I don't think he knows. He told me——"

"Why, Clive," cried Dick, coming up to the sofa-table, "fancy these brats getting hold of you.—Eve, what a colour you've got!" And then the chatter and fun grew noisier, till it attracted Mr. Philpots and Miss Fothergill, and only poor Kate was compelled to go on talking, or rather listening, to Mr. Marryatt, as he waded on and on in a sea of argument about something in which she took no manner of interest whatsoever.

A request for a "little music" released her at last, but Mr. Marryatt followed her with officious courtesy, and all through her song she could hear the ripple of mirth, only a little subdued, from the other end of the room. She did not miss one voice, or guess that the antagonist who had spoilt her evening was sitting apart from the rest, drinking in each note of the pure, sweet contralto, which trembled with such pathetic melody over one of those exquisitely simple, tear-compelling ballads of one of our sweetest English composers. She had forgotten Clive just as he remembered her. Only those who love to sing, sing well or lovably, and Kate's heart was in her song. There was a mist over Clive's keen blue eyes as she finished, and he started when Miss Fothergill spoke to him.

"Don't you admire Miss Bellew's voice, Mr. Clive? People generally think it exceedingly fine—a *little* weak in the high notes perhaps, don't you think?—but very touching. M—— taught her, you know. Do you like his style?"

"I really can hardly tell you," Clive said. "I scarcely thought about it. The song was perfect."

"But you didn't care about the singing? Oh, Mr. Clive, I am surprised.—Kate, I find Mr. Clive is a terribly severe musical critic. I shall not try my poor little voice before him."

After that, Kate "punished" Clive by singing two more songs, and Clive enjoyed them heartily, and at going to bed thanked her for the very pleasant evening he had spent.

But Kate was not satisfied with herself. She had spoken hastily of a stranger, using an unbecoming phrase in so doing, and he had overheard her, which of itself was enough to disturb her; and then she had rather snubbed her friend at her own table, and been surprised and offended at the stranger taking up her cue, and telling her in so many words that she was to blame for it. Now, she acknowledged that she had been to blame, and could not be satisfied till she had gone into her mother's room and made confession. Poor little Kate! She was always making mistakes from not staying to think before she spoke. She was just as quick at acknowledging the mistakes, it is true, and making atonement; but is there not a proverb about "shutting the stable door?"

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MRS. SPINKS'S LODGER.

IT was the quietest little row of houses imaginable—one of those rows of brand-new suburban cottages, built of yellow brick picked out with white, with a flight of three steps up to the front door of each, a bow-window much like a good-sized bird-cage in the front; and a square of dirt or grass about the dimensions of a table-cover in front of that. A row of houses, each of which displays the identical little round table flanked by a ricketty chair on either side, and crowned by a crochet cover, and a vase of highly unnatural wax fruit, under a glass shade, in every aforesaid bow-window along the line; the whole shaded by ragged-looking netted curtains from within, and pots of dusty, withered plants, original nature unknown, without—houses which sprout forth every here and there into a card with "Furnished Bed-room," or a brass plate with the title, "J. Le Feuvre, Prof. Dancing," or "Miss Binks, Court Dressmaker and Milliner," engraved on it. Not aristocratic houses, though. Not an aristocratic neighbourhood—dull, far away from everywhere, badly lit, semi-paved, with other rows of half-built houses beyond, and visions of damp, stagnant meadows, and intersecting railway arches in the background—a place to make you depressed as you skim past it in a railway carriage, *en route* for Clapham or the Crystal Palace—a place swarming with sickly, agueish children; lively with blue-mould and black-beetles; and made dangerous by a gas-works standing precisely in the centre of the deepest and blackest quagmire, in the dampest and dismalest of the outlying slums in the neighbourhood.

Even Mrs. Spinks, standing on her front door-step, with the red light of the setting sun in her eyes, and making little green and purple circles in the chilly spring atmosphere around her, yawned drearily, and drew mental contrasts between "these 'ere raw new places, and the old three-pair-back in the City. Of course it were nicer to 'ave a 'ouse of your own, an' let lodgin's, than live in hother folks 'ouses, an' only be a lodger yourself; but, all the same, it weren't lively when you've lived in a bustlin' part, with nice sociable folk about you, to come out to a gashly 'ole like this. Certingly the school was handy, and she wouldn't ha' known wot to do without it for her boys, as 'ad ought to be in afore now, an' 'ad their teas afore the lodger come 'ome an' wanted hers, which 'ere she were, a-comin' up the street now, and perhaps 'er fire out—who knows? Not that she's a fault-findin' one, or, for the matter o' that, one to talk much about anythink."

She did not look like a talker—not, at any rate, like one who would have wasted much conversation on Mrs. Spinks: a tall woman, with a beautiful upright figure, and the face of a queen—calmly proud, and coldly fair. Plain as were her black dress and mantle—plain almost to meagreness—they fell about her with something of the grace of a regal vesture; and her step was as firm, her graceful head as lofty, as though she had just walked down from a throne for familiar intercourse with her subjects.

There are some people who seem, as it were, born to the purple. Mrs. Spinks's lodger was one of them.

She looked tired, too, this poor queen—obliged to rent a humble pair of rooms at No. 2, Alma Terrace—tired and disappointed, with a pale worn shadow about the broad brow, and quiet resolute mouth. Even Mrs. Spinks noticed it, and as she moved aside for the convenience of her lodger's ingress, said sympathetically—

"Good evenin', m'm. You do look rarely beat, to be sure."

"I am a little tired—thank you"—spoken in a low, rich tone, which yet told of more than bodily fatigue.

"An' 'll be glad of a good cup of tea, I dare say, m'm. I'll have it ready for you dreckly. The kettle 'ave been bilin' this hour or more, an' I were just a-lookin' out for they two limbs o' mischief o' mine, which they'd ought to ha' been 'ome these twenty minutes. An' what'll you take with your tea, m'm?"

"Nothing, thank you, except a piece of toast."

"Which there is *not* a very clear fire in the kitchen for that, m'm, an' I won't deceive you; but the kettle it biled over, and rouked up all the ashes, besides of blackin' the coals."

"Never mind, then; I can do it in the parlour," said the lodger resignedly, as, untying her bonnet-strings, she sat down with the heavy air of one too weary to care for anything but rest. Mrs. Spinks stared at her curiously.

"You *do* look beat, m'm. Won't you 'ave nothink more than the toast? I'd bile you a hegg in no time; or couldn't you fancy a snack of bacon, now? It 'ud do you good, for you don't look as if you'd 'ad no dinner to speak on."

"I was too busy to take any; but I would rather have nothing but tea, thank you, Mrs. Spinks." And

then she got up to avoid any more talking, and went into the inner room.

Mrs. Spinks poked the fire, made it smoke, and departed rather irritably.

"This is the fourth day as she've been hout from mornin' to sundown, an' come in 'alf dead, an' never says a word of where she's been or nothin' to nobody," the good woman said to her husband, who was smoking his pipe in the kitchen.

"Don't she pay you your rent reg'lar?"

"She do that, Spinks, which I won't deny."

"Or are she all 'ung about with mock jools; or are she dressed like the decent widder body she calls 'erself?"

"Which I 'ave *not* seen a jool about 'er yet, mock nor real," murmured Mrs. Spinks.

"No, nor you ain't no call to see wot aren't theer."

"Well, Spinks, an' did I say as I *'ad?*" remonstrated Mrs. Spinks, in a slightly aggravated tone, as she tilted the kettle forward with a view to pouring some of its contents into the teapot. "I'm sure as I've never said nothink agin 'er, except as she is *not* like other women, but a deal stiffer an' closer, an' that I'll stick to."

"A deal less talk, you mean, an' a good job too," growled Mr. Spinks. "Now, then!" (as two red-headed, out-of-elbowed urchins tumbled pell-mell into the kitchen, kicking each other's shins, and shouting at the top of their voices)—"'ow's a man to smoke 'is pipe in peace, with a kupple of scamps like you a-rearin' an' a-tearin' round 'im like a kupple o' wild 'osses?"

"An' upsettin' of the lodger's tea!" cried Mrs. Spinks, pouncing on the new-comers, and administering the threatened "clouting" with a vigour which was partly attributable to the fact that the tea spilt was that "first cup," which landladies consider their rightful perquisite, out of the lodger's teapot.

That lady meanwhile was sitting over the small fire in her cheerless little drab-walled parlour, up-stairs. The wind, which had risen since she came in, shook the crazy frame of the miniature bow-window, and made it creak and quiver as though it were about to part bodily from the rest of the house. Even the badly-starched netted curtains fluttered their dingy festoons; and now and then little puffs of smoke rushed out of the grate into the lodger's face, and would have brought water into her eyes—but that it was there already; and the long white fingers had hard ado to stem the bitter tide which strove to overflow their slender outposts, as, with head bowed almost to her knees, she gave way to the grief so long and sternly hidden.

It was not for long. A noisy clattering, and then a sort of jingling bump at the door, as though the tray had walked up-stairs of itself and was kicking for admittance, announced Mrs. Spinks with the tea; and in one second the lady had dashed away her tears, drawn herself erect, and straightened the sober little widow's-cap which sat with such strange, sad suitability on her waveless bands of golden hair.

When the landlady entered, her face was turned to the fire; and she appeared to be too languid, or too busy warming her hands, to turn round.

"Why, if you ain't hall in the dark, m'm!" cried the good woman. "I'd ought to ha' lighted the gas, oughtn't I? which I'll do it now; an' a nasty night it is, a blowin' one's 'ead hoff if one puts it houtside fur 'alf a minute; an' 'ere's the toastin'-fork, m'm. You're sure as you won't 'ave a hegg now?"

"Quite sure, thank you. I shall want nothing more till I ring for the things to be taken away."

The lady spoke gently, but still she kept her eyes on the fire; and Mrs. Spinks was huffed.

"Hif one's good enuff to be spoke to, one's good enuff to be looked at," as she remarked to her husband after jerking the tray on to the table, and shutting the door with a bang suggestive of her bruised and mortified feelings.

The lodger did not perceive it. A slight shiver indeed passed over her shoulders at the noisy closing of the door; but it was very slight, as of one used to such ebullitions; and then her head drooped upon her hands again. The gas had been lit, and flared up upon the low, smoke-browned ceiling, and the drab walls, patterned by a species of decayed cabbages, and enlivened by three pictures in black frames—one, a gorgeous print of a Scripture subject; another consisting of an oil painting so black with age, smoke, and dirt, as to present no distinguishable object to the beholder save a pyramidal black mass, with a dirty round smear somewhere near the top, and just below it two grimy white patches, supposed to be a portrait intended to represent some worthy in gown and bands; and the third plain to see, being simply a family group of Spinks photographs cut out and pasted pyramidally in one common frame: a work of art doubtless most precious to the originals themselves; and useful even to strangers as conveying a warning, wherever else you went "to be taken," not to go to *that* photographer.

Over the fireplace was a mirror, two feet high by four wide, the once gilt frame obscured by soot-blacked green gauze, the surface wavy. Below it, upon the mantelpiece, were tastefully disposed a couple of large mother-of-pearl shells, flanked by a white and blue china vase filled with spills at either corner; a pedestal supporting a plaster of Paris bust of Dickens under a glass shade, in the centre. In the middle of the much-worn drugget, bought second-hand from the pawnbroker, stood the table, covered with a cheap brand-new cloth, in red and blue squares; facing the bow-window, a narrow horse-hair sofa, with the stuffing protruding in sundry places, and partly concealed by a ragged crochet anti-macassar: this in connection with half a dozen chairs more or less disabled, the little table afore-mentioned in the bow-window, and a lady's davenport in inlaid woods, strikingly out of keeping with the rest of the apartment, completing the furniture which Mrs. Spinks had brought into light by way of cheering her lady lodger.

The general result was—not successful!

There is no good in crying, however, when no one

cares whether you do or not; neither is there any use in letting your tea get cold, when it is already so weak that it only requires to lose its heat to be positively undrinkable; and is the only meal you are likely to get for the next twelve hours.

And besides, in Mrs. Spinks's gas there was a cold, glaring unsympathy, a tacitly chilling effect on the emotions, which the lady appeared to recognise. She had just dried her tears again, and swallowed one cup of the lukewarm water miscalled tea, with a slice of the bread and butter which she had no heart to toast, when both she and the family in the basement were startled by a noise very unusual in those parts.

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-TAT!

"It were the fust time," and Mrs. Spinks said it advisedly, "the fust time as she'd ever 'eard sich a clatterin' at 'er door in all 'er born days; an' it brought the 'eart into 'er mouth, it did. The lodger, she were used to givin' one o' they long shivery-shaky little knocks at the door, seemindly as if her wrists weren't strong enough for one good rap; but she never made a noise like this, nor yet comed a-dashin' an' clashin' up to the 'ouse in a 'ansom cab, a-frightenin' 'er so as she could 'ardly find breath to get to the door."

Nevertheless Mrs. Spinks did get to the door, severely snubbing the offers from both boys to fulfil that office for her; and being, indeed, devoured with curiosity to know what the person wanted who had put her nerves to such unseemly torture.

Her curiosity mounted tenfold when, on opening the portal, she found herself confronted by a tall gentleman in a light overcoat, whose voice had an awe-inspiring sharpness and authority as he asked—

"You have a lady lodging here, haven't you?"

"Certingly," said Mrs. Spinks defiantly, "which I have no call to deny it; an' what may your pleasure be?"

"Be so kind as to give her my card, and say I hope she will excuse the lateness of my call."

He handed her the card as he spoke, and Mrs. Spinks received it dubiously between a grimy thumb and finger, and read the name on it with leisurely suspicion, before taking it in to her lodger with the brief announcement—

"A gentleman a-wantin' you, m'm."

"A gentleman!"

Curiosity mounted higher still before that white face and startled look. Without glancing at the card, the lady added quickly—

"Did he know my name?—ask for me by name, I mean?"

"He said, 'the lady as lodges with you, Mrs. Spinks, m'm,'" replied the landlady severely, "which I'm free to confess also as he howned it were not a hour when he'd any right to be visitin' a lone woman."

The pale face flushed, and the proud lip twitched.

"Say I am not at home—not well enough to receive any visitors." She added the last half of the sentence after a startled glance at the name on the card; but it came too late. Tired of waiting on the step, the visitor had advanced farther up the passage, and was now looking over the landlady's shoulder.

"Forgive my intrusion, Mrs. Grey," he said, taking off his hat, and showing a clever, plain face, lit by a pair of wonderfully keen blue eyes. "It is horribly late; but surely you won't send me away, after I have come all these miles to see and shake hands with you again."

He moved Mrs. Spinks unceremoniously out of the opening as he spoke, and receiving no farther rebuff, nodded cavalierly to that ill-used woman, and shut the door in her face.

"Which you may call it what you like, Spinks," cried the landlady as, after a vain attempt at hearing what was going on within, she flounced down-stairs red with indignation and stooping, "but remember as I warned you this wery hevenin' as ever lived, Spinks. If you'll believe me, 'er face turned to the whiteness of hashes, an' she looked all for one as Martha Briggs did the day she was 'ad up fur not registerin' 'er baby, poor gurrl!"

"P'raps he's 'er 'usbin," suggested Mr. Spinks, removing his pipe in the interest of the moment, "an' she've sloped acause of 'is beatin' 'er; an' he've been a-lookin' arter 'er 'igh an' low to——"

"Pah!" broke in Mrs. Spinks, with ladylike scorn for the tame supposition. "Didn't I 'ear 'im speak to her? and did he speak as a 'usbin does? Now, I ask you that, did he?"

"Not being theer, I ain't free to say," said Mr. Spinks, putting his pipe into his mouth again, after a preliminary blow at the ashes, and with the air of one too used to being snubbed to resent it.

I agree with Mrs. Spinks. There was little of marital authority in the grave, kindly, almost affectionate tone of Bernard Clive's voice, as he took the widow's hand in his, saying reproachfully—

"Mrs. Grey, why have you run away and hidden yourself from us like this?"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

DICK'S DIFFICULTIES.

A CONCLAVE was sitting in the dining-room of No. 15, Gresham Square, the terrible "Council of Three" revivified, only consisting of the unterrifying elements of Lady Margaret, Dick, and Bernard Clive. Breakfast over, which was a family meal, this trio had remained below after the dispersion of the rest; and George, racing in there about eleven to refresh his brain as to the separate quotients of nine times thirteen and thirteen times nine, had been expelled with a promptitude which sent him in a scarlet and injured condition to his studies, remarking indignantly that mama was crying, and Dick in such a temper as never was. "Why ever didn't he stay away

instead of coming home to make everything disagreeable, and push a fellow out by the shoulders directly he put his nose into a room?"

"I think it is a pity you are not both away," said Eve, in her quiet little voice. "There is never any peace or rest where there are boys—is there, Miss Smith?—Madge, that is the ninth time you have struck the wrong note in that bar."

"I can't help it; my finger *will* slip," said Madge, almost tearfully.

"I think if you tried you could help it, my dear," said patient Miss Smith resignedly; and then Kate's voice was heard in gay exclamation as she opened the dining-room door.

"Dick won't push *her* out," said George.

Kate was quite unaware of the existence of conclaves, tears, or disputes. After breakfast she had run up-stairs as usual, to perform the young-lady-like duties which fell to her share as eldest daughter—the flowers to be watered and re-arranged in conservatory and drawing-room; the canary to be fed; an evening dress to be examined and handed over for repairs to the maid, who divided her services between Lady Margaret and the two elder girls; and a couple of notes to be written, one of which required a great deal of pen-nibbling and meditation, with the pretty head very much on one side, and the pretty fingers rumpling the bronze locks in a terrible fashion.

"Horrid thing!" muttered Kate, with her forehead drawn into a very Mother Bunch of wrinkles, and stabbing her pen viciously through a mistake. "I wish we lived in America, where you can always call on, or invite, the one member of a family that you want to see, and the others never dream of being offended. I tell you what it is" (there was no one to tell it to but Twitters the canary, and Tidlums the Persian kitten, but that didn't matter), "there is something very wrong in society in this country, and I wish some one would alter it. I've a good mind to write to the *Times*. As if one wanted all those Bickersteth girls!"

Kate was still rumpling her locks, and wishing that a letter to the *Times* might have remedied this second error as well, when a message came to her that it was time to dress for her ride; and finishing in hot haste the letter over which she had been puzzling so long, she dashed up-stairs to dress; then remembering of a sudden the delightful fact of Dick's presence down-stairs, hurriedly buttoned her riding-habit, and ran down to secure his services as cavalier in the park, instead of those of her usual attendant.

"And upon my word, never stirred since breakfast! You three idle——Why, what's the matter?"

She had burst into the room bright and smiling, with a host of saucy dimples playing about her rosy cheeks; but she broke off sharply, for Lady Margaret, her cap more awry than usual, was leaning back in the big leathern arm-chair with her handkerchief to her eyes; Dick, flushed and angry-looking, with his legs crossed and his chair tilted back, was talking in sharp, petulant tones; and Mr. Clive, looking up from a pile of papers before which he was seated, appeared to be remonstrating with his usual half-lazy sarcasm.

Outside, above the brown wire blinds, a thousand little silvery buds, tipped with green, peeped hardily out on every twig and bough of the bare, spidery, brown branches of elm and hawthorn in the square, against a background of pale blue sky, heaped up with ragged, snow-white clouds. Bells were ringing in the distance; a man crying "Chickweed!" at the corner; and above and over all the pale February sunshine was streaming cheerily, lighting up the dark oak-coloured walls of the small dining-room, and bringing out all the cracks in the paint and all the dinginess in the frames of the venerable paintings, which looked down in the dignity of faded oils and family pomp upon the modern group beneath. Sunlight is a terrible foe to age, and dust, and tarnish. It shines out very beneficially on a bright, pretty face, framed in waving hair, and a ripe young figure trimly buttoned up in a dark blue habit; but it points rebukingly to the lines of temper and dissipation, laughs ill-naturedly at time-worn carpets and faded mahogany, and is generally disagreeably officious in showing up things not meant to be seen.

"What *is* the matter?" said Kate, seeing that no one answered her. "Mother, has any one been worrying you?" And then she went and put her warm soft arm round Lady Margaret's shoulder, and glared indignantly at Clive. There was no one else to glare at—except Dick; and Kate's eyes could not have glared at him.

Said Dick snappishly, "Nonsense, Kitty! We are only talking business; but my mother always makes a fuss. There! be off. There's no need for you to worry about it."

"A fuss!" sobbed Lady Margaret, looking indignantly over her handkerchief. "How can you be so—so cruel, Dick? But you will kill me some day. It is dreadful.—Is it not dreadful, Mr. Clive? Five hundred pounds more than his allowance gone in nine months; and then this—this wicked——"

"Need we enter upon it before Miss Bellew?" said Clive gently. "Perhaps, as Dick suggests, it is not necessary she should be troubled about such matters."

"Troubled!" repeated Kate haughtily. "Everything that troubles my mother and Dick troubles me, Mr. Clive; he has no secrets from me, not *any*" (with emphasis), "and certainly what a stranger can discuss I may hear."

"I beg your pardon most humbly," said Clive, veiling irony, which Kate felt in every nerve, beneath profound politeness. "I was foolish enough to imagine that your brother did not initiate you into all his private affairs, and equally foolish in fancying that you would not desire to enter into them in public. I had forgotten, however, how much advanced in these subjects young ladies have grown of late. Pray forgive my interference."

"Don't be a goose, Kate," put in Dick ungraciously. "You don't know what you are talking about."

"My dear Kate," said Lady Margaret, remonstrating, "Mr. Clive is quite right. This is not a subject for you or—or any one" (with a reproachful glance at her son); "only as the consequences of this unhappy boy's

errors always fall on me, I am obliged to hear of them."

Poor Kate! every one had given her a rap; and it was her own fault. Instinctively the young lady decided that between her and Bernard Clive must be war to the knife; and while still horribly, painfully crimson in every visible inch of her fair skin, she answered, with a brave attempt at *sang-froid*—

"You spoke of money, mama. Please don't cry in that way. Is Dick in debt again? Perhaps it is not so bad as it has been made appear to you. Things often look worse at first.—Don't vex mama, Dick, dear. Wait till we can talk it over quietly. Don't you see how upset she is? When we are by ourselves" (and Kate shot a Parthian glance at the intruder) "you can explain about it."

"Miss Bellew appears to be under the belief that things grow smaller by being kept," said Clive, with calm amusement—"a young lady's doctrine, comfortable, but—not reducible to fact, as she will perhaps find when she has acquired a few more years' experience. In the meantime" (looking at his watch), "as I have unfortunately an appointment at one, shall we go on with these papers, Lady Margaret? You are sure it does not tire you?"

"Oh, no; it is so good of you to interest yourself—so wonderfully good and kind!" cried Lady Margaret, rubbing her nose vigorously, and smiling gratefully on her visitor. "I am sure I don't know what I should do without you to-day.—Who is that?"

"Miss Bellew's 'orse!" said Buttons, opening the door, and putting in a round bullet-head, all agog with curiosity. Of course the basement storey were fully acquainted with the fact of conclave, tears, and troubles, long ago. "Waitin' at the door, please, m'm; and please, m'm, is Myson to go 'isself, or lengthen the stirrupses for Mister Dick?"

"Of course there is no hope of you," said Kate, turning sorrowfully to Dick. "Oh, why is it so fine? Uncle Lovegoats will be sure to be out, or something, and know if I stay at home. I hate going now; and, oh! I had so looked forward to having you."

"I really think we could go over these without you, Dick, if you want to ride with your sister," Clive observed with a gracious affability, for which Kate could have boxed his ears. "It is a pity she should be disappointed, and I think I can understand these perfectly by myself, and can perhaps explain them better to your mother."

"Of course, *that* is out of the question," began Kate magnanimously, anxious to cut off her nose to spite her face; but Dick interrupted her.

"Can you really, old fellow? Then I'll take myself off for an hour. It is impossible to do business quietly when people make such a fuss. My head is spinning like a mill-wheel as it is."

"I am sure, my dear boy——" began Lady Margaret pleadingly; but Dick was already out of the room, and in another five minutes he and Kate were slowly trotting in the direction of the park.

"Now, Dick, what *is* the matter—what has put you out so much, and upset mama? Tell me," said Kate.

"Put me out! I don't know what you mean. My mother may be put out, if you like. I am not."

The tone was a sufficient barometer. It pointed full to "stormy;" and Kate, like an astute mariner (Ah, me! how weatherwise women at home get in such matters), took in sail and tacked to leeward on the instant.

"Why don't you live within your income, sir?—and how much is it for, this time?"

Kate thought she had put the question now very lightly and pleasantly; and she stretched out her hand to give a pleasant little pat to the neck of Dick's steed at the same time. Still the young man's brow lowered ominously, and his voice was peevish, if not angry.

"How much! I'm sure I don't know. Clive has been seeing about it, and adding the bills together. I don't know how they mount up. They will do it; and as to living within one's income—if you were not a baby, you'd know it was a simple impossibility. Just try it for yourself some day, that's all."

"But, Dick, dear, two hundred and twenty pounds a——"

"Two hundred and twenty fiddlesticks! Why, it's a mere flea-bite; just enough for men to expect you to live like a gentleman instead of a pauper, and not enough to do it upon. Why, how much do you think wine alone comes to?"

"I suppose it depends on how much you drink," said Kate doubtfully. "Mama and I get through rather more than two bottles a week when we are quite alone."

"Two bottles! But that shows the absurdity of women trying to regulate men's expenses. Why, every fellow that comes to supper with you expects to drink a bottle to himself; and then there are cigars, and horses, and——"

"But how do poor men manage, Dick?—poor clergymen's sons, who haven't got the money for these things, and can't get it?"

"Manage! They don't manage. No one ever could."

"But what do they do, then?"

"Run into debt, or lick other men's plates, or starve. Don't ask such absurd questions, Kate."

Barometer again falling! Kate held her peace, and looked away to where the Serpentine was sparkling between the leafless trees like a line of silver light. There had been a gentle rain in the morning, which had left the grass dewed over by myriads of tiny diamonds, and made the loose brown earth of the ride smell fresh and sweet as a newly-ploughed field. The sun was shining brightly on all the gilding and glitter of the Albert Memorial; but Kate's eyes were dazzled with something besides sunshine, and her heart was very heavy. If Dick—poor Dick!—would not do justice to himself, how could she expect the world to do it for him?

"Kittie," said Dick abruptly, "you'll talk over my lady, won't you? I can't really go through another of these scenes; and you can always get your way, you know. Eh? will you?"

"But what about, dear?"

"About! Why, about the money, of course. Say four hundred pounds, or even five hundred; a fellow must have it if he's to go back to Oxford at all, and it's just as well given sooner as later. I'll make any amount of promises to hold in for the rest of the time. You tell her so—eh?"

"But you have promised so often, Dick, dear—and then" (hurriedly, lest her hero should be displeased) "mother may not have it to give. Dick, I am almost sure she has not."

"Can't she sell out something?"

"Dick, I didn't mean to tell you, but the lawyer was very angry with her for selling out last time for you. They said it was not fair to the other boys. You know that though everything was left to her, it was only for life, and——"

Dick interrupted her by an impatient exclamation, and a cut at his horse's flanks, which made the injured animal jump and bound from side to side in a manner rather unpleasant to Kate, whose own steed was spirited and easily frightened.

"What possessed my father to make such a will?" he cried indignantly. "It is a shameful injustice. Just to think of a fellow of my age utterly dependent on his mother—obliged to go to her for every sixpence, and screwed and cramped and lectured like a baby! Kate, it's unbearable; can't you see it is?"

Dick's blue eyes grew quite moist at the picture of his own wrongs, while Kate's throat swelled sympathetically. Verily and indeed, love is blind. This young lady, so keen for the weaknesses and absurdities of the world in general, would have given anything for a cool thousand or so, to indulge her darling in his. Up in her mind rose a sudden remembrance of a certain eight hundred pounds left to her by an aunt some years back, and which would be her own when she was twenty-one—in two years' time; and Dick wondered, half angrily, why the smiles and colour rushed so brightly to her face, till she turned to him, her eyes shining gladly.

"Why, Dick, there is Aunt Delia's money. That would more than set you up—the money she left me."

"You silly child! and do you think I'd rob you? Besides, it isn't yours to give—till you're of age."

"I know that; but, Dick, people lend money on security; and that would be security, wouldn't it? Now please don't laugh at me. I'm sure it would."

"My dearest Kittie, you're a good little girl—the best lot in the family; but even if any one were willing to lend me money on such security, I couldn't agree; all the family would make such a howl, and say I was swindling you."

"That is nonsense, dear. As if you wouldn't give me anything you have if I wanted it! Besides, no one need ever know. I will write whatever you like, and then when I am twenty-one——"

"It wouldn't be legal, Kittie. Not a Jew of the lot would look at your signature."

"Don't go to Jews, then. Ask your friends. Some of them would surely give you their signature, and trust to mine for repayment."

"Humph! it's all very well as far as you are concerned, little woman; but suppose you were to marry, what would your husband say?"

"My husband shall say that everything I do is right *because* I do it, or I will have none of him."

"Well, I don't like the idea, though of course I should pay it you all back, with interest. I should only accept it as a loan" (this very grandly); "but if nothing else turns up, I don't know what to do. I'll ask Clive."

"Oh, Dick, don't! Why him?"

"My dear Kittie, what on earth makes you dislike Clive? He's the best fellow living, and I'm sure I don't know what I should do without him, especially now. I give you my word, Kate, I'm half mad with worry and trouble."

"Worse than the money?" asked Kate aghast.

"A million times worse. I declare sometimes I wish she were at the bottom of the sea; and yet when I see her, she's so pretty and coaxing, I get more entangled than ever."

"*She!*" said Kate reddening again. "Who are you speaking of?"

[N.B.—Grammar is not always the strong point of our well-educated young Englishwomen.]

"No one you need prim up your mouth at, my child. A girl as respectable, as far as character goes, as yourself, every whit; but who has unfortunately taken a fancy to your humble servant."

"I don't understand you, Dick," said Kate, still speaking very coldly. For the first time her brother's tone grated on the young lady's ear. "How do you know she likes you?"

"She says so, Kittie."

"Then you must have told her you liked her first. Women never take the initiative in these things."

"Perhaps I did. When girls are bewitchingly pretty, men are apt to make fools of themselves."

"But why fools? Dick" (a little impatiently), "do speak plainly. Do you mean that you are engaged, or—don't go on in that way."

"Can you keep a secret, Kittie?"

"Of course I can, if it will help you."

"Well, then, the fact is I've gone and tumbled into an offer of marriage; and goodness only knows if I shan't be in for a breach of promise case when I try to back out."

"Back out!" cried Kate, pale with bewilderment. "Break your word, do you mean? but how—why should you?"

"Why! Because I couldn't marry her even if I wished it, which I'm not quite such a fool as to do—not when I'm away from her, at any rate. Kate, don't stare at me in that codfish fashion. It would be utter ruin—annihilation—to a man far beneath me. Do you know what she is?"

"Tell me," said Kate, paler still; but Dick had no time. They were just wheeling round into the Row again; and riding directly up to them was a red-faced old gentleman, who uttered Dick's name in tones of great surprise and wrath. It was Lord Lovegoats.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MY TWO LOVES.

A POEM.

I HAD a love in the years ago,
Lovely Marian!
Her cheeks were pure as the driven snow,
Her jet-black hair hung her waist below,
Queenly Marian!

As time passed by, I loved again,
Little Lilian!
She came as a sunbeam after rain,
And I lost all thought of former pain,
Loving Lilian!

(Drawn by F. Barnard.)

Her eyes were dark as the hue of night,
Lovely Marian!
Her glance was swift as the eagle's flight,
And as a flashing meteor bright,
Queenly Marian!

She scorned my love in the years ago,
Haughty Marian!
She laughed when I told of my bitter woe,
And said it had oft been with others so,
Cruel Marian!

In truth my love was very fair,
Little Lilian!
The bright sun shone on her wealth of hair,
Her glad little face was free from care,
Sunny Lilian!

And when I asked her to be mine,
Dearest Lilian!
I saw in her eyes her love outshine,
And her fond little face nestled down by mine,
Darling Lilian! G. Weatherly.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN the Laureate wrote—

"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old,"

he had reason on his side, as well as rhythm; and certainly feminine conviction in this matter goes with the poet.

Dress with women has become a business—to many *the* business of life; and flounces and furbelows, the length of a skirt and the height of a bodice, are in many ladies' minds of far weightier moment than the rise or fall of an empire.

Shakespeare says—

"Fashion wears out more apparel than the man;"

and if such were the fact in the days of the Virgin Queen, it assuredly is so now, when fashions change at least once a month, and we copy the most costly modes of our ancestors, forgetting that their embroidered and brocaded gowns descended as heirlooms from mother to daughter, and that ours scarcely last a season.

The adage is, *Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* At all events, nothing can be well done, not even dressing, without trouble; and just at present a wonderfully wide field is open to such of the fair sex as care to be industrious with their needle, the result being singularly profitable. Never was there so much beading and silk embroidery used, costly to buy, but rapidly accomplished by deft fingers. The most *recherché* style of ball-dress now worn is a long and voluminous tulle skirt, made with many pleatings and bouillonnées, dotted about with flowers, and a cuirass tunic, also of tulle, bordered with a wreath to correspond with the rest of the flowers, but embroidered in coloured silk. The effect in the light fabric is very charming. Moreover, it is not difficult to achieve, especially for such as are gifted with artistic talent. The pattern must be lightly traced, and the tulle carefully fastened in a frame, so as neither to mark, stretch, nor tear it. It is no longer good style to wear square or heart-shaped bodices at balls, except for elderly ladies. Low bodices, with basques and berthas, are the usual thing, having trails of flowers along the top. Cuirass bodices, fitting the figure like corsets, are the newest mode, but too trying to be generally adopted. You can, however, scarcely have too many flowers about full evening dresses nowadays.

A variety of delicate tints are worn in the evening, and the combinations are strikingly effective and marked. For example: salmon-pink and grénat (viz., claret), maize and red, or maize and brown, or blue, crevette the exact shade of a boiled prawn, rose de Chine, very light reseda, and turquoise, are all fashionable, but nothing so much so as pure white, and more especially beaded white silk or satin.

Another suggestion for the industrious: white blonde worked with silver beads—indeed, entire tunics and bodices of this are worn, and the effect in a brilliant light is lovely. They shimmer like a sea of silver. Garnet, turquoise, and emerald beads are also called into play. The complaint known as the "bead eruption" is not on the decrease, but dress generally is becoming more theatrical daily.

Hats are a very prominent feature in the present style of dress. Formerly no one wore them in town; but now the best-dressed adopt them, even in the height of the London season, for morning wear. To be quite *à la mode*, you have only to consult the portraits of your ancestors—if you are fortunate enough to have any—then select the most becoming head-gear Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Peter Lely has handed down, and order a reproduction for yourself from a first-rate milliner. The Rubens and Lady Dorothy are the most becoming shapes now worn; and at Ryde and Brighton, the places where you have the best opportunity of judging of what the prevailing style will be, felt and velvet carry off the palm. These are made with very broad brims, turned up on one side, and display sweeping ostrich feathers of inordinate length, and, alas! commensurate expense. For travelling and less dressy occasions, felt seems to be universally adopted, with large, flat, low crowns, and the brims having raw untrimmed edges, sometimes turned up in front, with a large plump bird nestling upon them. Felt is made in a finer quality than heretofore, and in a greater variety of colours.

Felt bonnets are worn this winter as well as hats, and are trimmed with drooping undyed ostrich feathers, pins of moonstone being introduced wherever it is practicable. This moonstone is just now a mania in Paris, and is used wherever it is possible. It is not very unlike an opal, save that it is not so milky-looking. Indeed, it is more like milk-and-water, of what schoolboys call the most "sky-blue" aspect.

The forms of fashionable bonnets are various. The summer plan still holds good of making them to match the dress—indeed, they are often made of the same piece. This mania for uniformity extends even to hats; and the best ladies' tailors send hats home with their cloth and serge suits, made likewise of the same materials, on a cork foundation, and trimmed with velvet and feathers.

In plain coloured silk, bonnets to match the dress look very well, especially if two shades are intermixed. The crowns in this case are mostly soft, the brim and

bandeau beneath being of velvet. Flat crowns, however, are the rule; and there is little left to distinguish hats and bonnets nowadays, save the bandeau over the face. The Reboux bonnet is the newest just now in Paris, where it owes its name to one of the best milliners. It is becoming, but peculiar, having a flat crown, and flowers beneath the brim. Another becoming shape resembles a sailor's hat, except of course that it is worn at the back of the head, and the brim, instead of being flat, turns upwards. Pamela bonnets and Marie Stuarts, with a point over the face, are also in vogue; and for generally useful wear nothing answers better than beaded chip or tulle, with a little ponceau (viz., poppy), or the new "Cardinal," which is less vivid, by way of trimming.

Our fashionable fair ones, both married and single, still share with the maid-servants their hitherto unquestioned adoption of muslin caps. These are of various shapes—mob-caps, Charlotte Cordays, anything in fact that is large and not an absolute Dolly Varden; checked silk, or plain foulard, or crêpe de Chine scarves being now often used, by way of trimming, instead of ribbon.

Possibly, however, the days of caps are numbered, now that the style of hair-dressing known as the "Artois Bow" has become so universal, for it is essential that the Catogan should be tied with ribbon to match the dress, and a cap spoils the effect.

This new mode merits a more particular description. The front hair can be dressed as it best suits the wearer, but frizzed and crimped hair, little curls on the forehead, or the hair cut short and straight above it, are most in vogue. At the back it must be plaited in one long plait, either with three or four strands, the ends turned under and tied, but allowed to droop almost to the shoulder-blades; this is what is called the Catogan, and sometimes the hair is tied without being plaited, not unlike the old-fashioned pigtail. Soft curls rolled on the finger, and pinned down, fill any interstice which would otherwise be unsightly.

The Catogan ribbon bows are generally sold in pairs—one for the crown of the head, the other to confine the plait; they are made either of velvet or of ribbon to match the dress, are often beaded, and all kinds of buckles in mother-of-pearl, steel, blue steel, or jet are introduced with them. For evening wear, flowers are mixed with the ribbon.

Young and pretty women have much to be thankful for in this year of grace 1874, for never have they had a better opportunity of enhancing their charms by all the adjuncts of dress. Anything and everything is worn, from a graceful Spanish mantilla to the coquettish costume of a Watteau shepherdess—high heels, quilted skirt, square bodice, &c. Any woman, of fair position and looks, can set a fashion for herself that will find many followers. There is no end to the variety of beading now worn; black-jetted tunics and sleeveless jackets prove most useful over black for full dress, morning wear, and demi-toilette. To buy they cost from twelve to twenty pounds or guineas, but they can be made for almost as many shillings, by utilising lace, and lace shawls. The present style of tunic, with a point in the front, especially favours the use of a half-shawl for such a purpose, the ends being pleated at the back, under a sash. The cut jet beads are very inexpensive, and you have only to follow the pattern in stitching them on.

Beaded cashmere, too, is more worn than perhaps anything else in the shape of a tunic and sleeveless jacket. At any Berlin wool shop you can get them prepared for working, and the introduction of a fine silk cord into the pattern with the beads is a great addition; sometimes these beads and cord merely form a trimming round, but much more frequently the pattern covers the whole of the tunic or jacket. Blue steel is the great novelty, and is used for beading dresses, bonnets, belts, buckles, and a variety of things. In Paris they are preparing tunics and low bodices, or high sleeveless jackets, of alternate rows of white or some light-coloured silk, or black velvet, and beaded lace. For black, Yak lace is inexpensive, and shows the beads to advantage.

All the hazy, undecided, clouded colours which have held sway so long, reign still, although "Cardinal," which is a deep maroon, inclining to scarlet; "Ponceau," bright poppy colour; and "Rouille," the French for rust, are exceptions. Rouille is wonderfully rich and pure in tone, but so decided that few people would have the courage to adopt it readily. It is, however, particularly suitable to brunes for evening wear, especially when toned down with a mixture of rich red-brown.

With our usual national weakness in such matters, we seem unable to adopt a nomenclature for ourselves, and, without attempting to translate them, are content with the French names for our new fashionable shades. So we find ourselves calling a grey, the tone of smoke-pearls, "Neigre;" claret—"Grénat," or "Jus de Bordeaux;" flesh-colour—"Chair;" sky-blue—"Bleu de ciel" and "Turquoise;" and for one of the most fashionable of all the shades—"Pochard"—we have no translation at all; it includes a variety of tones, among them "Fraise ecrasée," which was so well worn during our London season, and is as much like strawberries and cream as it well can be. Dark metallic greens, dark browns, a variety of blues approaching navy-blue (damson-blue the newest) will be the most fashionable colours for morning silks.

These are being made up, generally in two shades or mixed with velvet, very long and very much trimmed. Sleeveless jackets, coat-sleeves, frills at the neck, deep basques at the waist, froncé (viz., gathered) fronts and pleated backs, the front and back of the skirt being totally dissimilar—these are the main features, but the styles are infinitely varied.

The novelty of the season is "Matelassé," which is nothing more or less than silk with a satin-like face, woven to resemble quilting in either the ordinary diamond patterns or rich floriated designs. It is introduced into everything—petticoats, polonaises, and mantles.

It is a heavy material, and in no way suited for draping, and requires but little trimming. Some of

the skirts are made of alternate stripes of it and satin; but as sleeveless jackets and long basqued polonaises it has a very good effect, and also as outdoor jackets edged with fur. Fur is much in demand, especially sable, skunk, silver fox, lustred beaver, and bear's fringe, the two last-named just as narrow edgings. These divide popular favour with ostrich-feather trimming, either black or undyed.

The variety of woollen materials worn this autumn and winter is legion, and it is quite useless to attempt to master the names which the manufacturers bestow upon them, the same article being issued by various firms with totally different nomenclature.

The term "homespun" has to do duty for an immense class, nearly all useful and well-wearing, the chief point to be considered in selecting being that they should be all wool, and then they are well-nigh everlasting. They are mostly of neutral tints—greys, brown, or heather mixture—brown being most in favour. Checks too are *en règle*, and the ladies seem to be anxious to rival their male friends, who of late have adopted such large double checks for their country suits. Whether the strong-minded women of the day have anything to do with it, or the present struggle for feminine independence, and the desire so often shown by the weaker sex to step into man's places, deponent knoweth not, but certainly in the matter of dress ladies are becoming decidedly more masculine. Nearly all the homespun suits fall to the lot of tailors to make, the skirts being plain, save rows of stitching or braiding; the bodices made like habits, with pendent tabs and frog-buttons down the front. Where cost is no object, short-basqued, double-breasted, tight-fitting outdoor jackets, with a multitude of pockets, complete the suit. With many of these jackets, turned-down collars attached to a sort of shirt-front are worn, and a scarf just such as a man would wear, and collars and cuffs are made of coloured shirting. Women who hunt and drive to cover, and many who travel, have long patronised that hybrid garment, between a coat and a dressing-gown, in which men have found so much comfort—viz., an Ulster; and now the novelty is the Kaiser, which boasts of a movable cape in addition, lined with waterproof. Who knows whether in time Miss Phelps and the American supporters of her theories may not find disciples here, and the rage for masculine habiliments find a wider field?

The French use massive silver buttons and buckles on their "Roulier" and "Limousin" dresses—materials so called from their resemblance to workmen's blouses—but we content ourselves with elaborate silver belts and châtelaines, the latter comprising every imaginable appendage, from oyster-shells to beer-barrels—not forgetting umbrellas or "en-tous-cas," a necessity in our climate, where "the rain it raineth every day." These "en-tous-cas" are larger than parasols and smaller than the usual umbrellas, and are suspended by a chain, and bear the wearer's initials at the top of the handle; for a marked weakness of the present day is this predilection for initials, monograms, and armorial bearings, which find their way into most unexpected quarters. In this luxurious age, every one with any pretence to fashion boasts of a belt and châtelaine. Cost is, it seems, of little moment. The prices asked and given for every article of dress would a few years ago have been considered fabulous.

Perhaps it is the advent of a Russian princess among us that has inspired the present taste for fur cloaks and wraps of all kinds. Most of the mantles and jackets are trimmed with fur, and long, old-fashioned-looking, black silk cloaks, lined throughout with fur, and fastened with antique silver clasps, are now eagerly sought after.

To be *bien chaussé et bien ganté* are among the first duties and cares of the well-dressed. There is, however, nothing very specially new under either of these heads. Both boots and shoes are worn with toes as pointed as they very well can be, and the heels as high. Beading and embroidery are introduced on shoes as well as everywhere else, and, for evening wear at all events, there is the same disposition as in hats to return to the fashions of our ancestors, and the extravagances of Louis XIV. and his court have found an echo in our modern days. "High-lows"—viz., shoes coming up very high on the instep and laced—are worn out of doors, so the stockings match the dress, and display more or less elaborate chaussure.

The mania for having everything *en suite* shows itself especially in gloves, which are made in well-nigh every shade, with numberless buttons or no buttons at all, but long enough to reach to the elbow. White gloves are much superseded for evening wear by light shades. Spain is developing a new trade in the matter of gloves, and like Brussels, Paris, and Milan, sends a large supply to our English market.

Marrying and giving in marriage are affairs of every-day occurrence, so it is as well to know what are the fashions on those occasions.

For the guests, rich silks and velvets trimmed with fur, long and trailing and exceedingly costly, will be the rule.

Brides have quite given up moirés, and twenty out of thirty wear white satin on this the great day of their lives—the richest creamy Duchess satin (when they can afford it), which is of a yellowish white, and stands almost by itself. The other ten wear thick ribbed silk. Tulle veils, quite plain, simply cut and unhemmed, are more the fashion than any lace, however costly. The lace is reserved for trimming the dresses across the front and round the trains, trails of white flowers heading it. The front breadths are now much more bedizened than the back, which are mostly arranged with a wide box-pleat at the waist, and trimmed as a train. Some of the most perfect brides' dresses, however, worn of late, have been reproductions of the Henry III. style—a pointed bodice, with the skirt gathered and sewn round it, and no basque; puffed sleeves, and a round stiff jockey above the armhole, with pearls or silver braid intermixed. Sometimes cuirass bodices are worn, but all are slightly open at the throat. A chaplet of flowers

on the crown of the head, and the Catogan fastened with a band of flowers, is the prevailing style.

Bridesmaids are once more permitted by the tyrant fashion to wear tulle veils and wreaths, if they are so pleased; though bonnets are equally in vogue, and the light, gossamer, stringless, airy nothings these head-coverings are, seem particularly suitable for such festive occasions. Then the mob-caps have found patrons, and many a fair and aristocratic damsel has been of late escorted to the altar by a bevy of demoiselles, who for the nonce had the appearance of serving-maids or French grisettes, while not a few *demoiselles de noce* have worn Rubens hats. The most fashionable bridesmaids' dresses are muslin—white more particularly, made up over white silk—and in this cold season velvet sleeveless jackets have been adopted at several aristocratic marriages.

Fancy balls will be the chief feature of our winter and autumn festivities; so that, besides other dainty attire, it will be necessary to study the most becoming characters; and the field is a wide one.

Though probably no one else could manage to present so perfect a pageant to their guests as did the Prince and Princess of Wales at their late fancy ball, there will doubtless be many attempts to follow so good a lead, and many family portraits and dusty volumes in ancestral libraries will be consulted.

Their Royal Highnesses broke a great deal of new ground. Hitherto the getting up of one fancy quadrille, or at most two, had been the utmost ambition of the promoters of such gay gatherings. Their Royal Highnesses, however, had six—viz., the Venetian, Vandyck, two Quadrilles of Cards, the Puritans and Cavaliers, and the Fairy Tales—all perfect, graced by the fairest women and most noted men of the day, dressed in the richest costumes history has bequeathed to us.

Some ball-givers, intent on novelty, may follow the example of a Parisian hostess not long since, and propose to their guests to dress their heads only in masquerade, with ordinary evening dress; but the possibility and probability is that more will be required, so a few hints may be acceptable.

First of all, when the difficult task of selection falls to our lot, there are the various national costumes—European, Oriental, or American. These are not difficult, and can be best arranged from a print, and as they generally necessitate short dresses, are better suited to young people. Among these, "a Russian skater" is pretty and becoming, and not difficult to arrange, merely requiring a bright underskirt, long fur-betrimmed pelisse, boots edged with fur, and bells, and a round fur-edged cap. The north of Europe finds, as a rule, few representatives; so an Icelandic bride is worthy of consideration. She will require a black cloth dress, square at the throat, with long sleeves, gold-embroidered all round, and in the form of a stomacher on the front of the bodice; a high white cap, long tulle veil, and gold filagree belt complete the dress. Roman scarves, and other treasures acquired abroad, help wonderfully in the arranging of Italian peasant dresses; and a Normandy peasant, or a Boulogne or Newhaven fish-girl, requires most inexpensive materials, and merely a little ingenuity in the putting together.

Novelists and poets, to say nothing of historians, supply us with an endless choice, and any one who remembers the Waverley Ball, given some few years back in London, will be ready to admit that few writers have done more for us in that way than Sir Walter Scott. For example, the White Lady of Avenel, Catherine Seyton, Jeanie Deans, Annot Lyle, the Maid of Lorne, the Lady of the Lake, Flora M'Ivor, Rose Bradwardine, Di Vernon, the Fair Maid of Perth, and Monna and Brenda—all good characters. Then, again, Shakespeare. One scarcely ever hears of a fancy ball with no Portia, no Juliet, or no Katherine of Aragon. Or the poetic heroines—Medora, Lalla Rookh, or Nourmahal. Historical costumes and regal ones are best suited to long purses and matronhood, some being peculiarly fitted for matrons whose youth is over.

The elements, too, stand us in good stead in the matter of fancy costumes. Air, Earth, Fire, and Water are represented without much trouble: Air in gossamer tulle, with satin butterflies; Earth with a white silk skirt, black velvet open bodice laced over a stomacher, and red silk tunic—a basket with insects, flowers, and fruit on the head, a garland of fruit round the neck, and a tiny globe slung from the waist; Fire in black, with red and gold tinsel about it; and Water as Undine, or any other water-nymph. Day and night, moon and stars, twilight and dawn, are all easy too.

Poudré and Watteau costumes, common as they are, are more costly.

La Fille de Madame Angot, La Grand Duchesse, and other characters made celebrated on operatic and theatrical boards, can be generally seen, copied, or represented from hearsay.

In our rage for novelty, we are apt to rush into bad taste; and at some of the fancy balls last winter, such monstrosities as the octopus, Argus with his hundred eyes, the Brighton Aquarium, and similar follies put in an appearance.

Descriptions of course help very much in the arranging of these dresses; but they are twice as valuable if accompanied by a drawing or sketch of some kind. These can be produced very easily in England; but if you have the good fortune to come across any French ones, they are more useful as a rule, and more uncommon. During the Empire, so many of these entertainments were given that our neighbours made it a speciality, and their mode of printing and sketching masquerade costumes was infinitely superior to our own. We are improving as a nation in so many arts, there is hope that even in this we may ere long assert our superiority—at all events, we like to flatter ourselves so.

WHAT MRS. MORAN SAID.

AN IRISH STORY. BY E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT'S no lie t' say Owney McGurk, of Kilscadden, was always a dacint, honest man, an' a good nabour; an' as for Mrs. McGurk, why, wasn't she wan of ould Phil Delaney's daughters, from beyant the mountains over there? an' that's sayin' enough, so yeh see there was good blood an both sides. It was the sin o' the world whin their fine sthrappin' boy, Tim, was sint beyant the says for thryin' t' do a little bit av distillin' unbeknownst. But, as all the nabours sed—an' shure they had a betther right t' know the ins an' outs av it than thim murtherin' lawyers—it was thim that condimned Tim that desarved high hangin', for he was as dacint an' clane a boy as ivir stepped.

An' more betoken he knewn the grand saycret av makin' beer from the heather, for he larnt it from his mother's third cousin, ould Nancy Doolin, the midwife, an' she larnt it from a fairy-woman that she was brought to "on bisness." Iviry wan knows it's unlucky t' take money from the "good people," for it's shure t' turn t' laves or stones. So whin Nancy finished the bisness, an' left the fairy-woman wid as fine a garlough* as ivir yeh clapped eyes an, she axed thim t' give her a saycret; so they tould her—quite contagious-like—how t' make the beer from the heather. To be shure, Tim nivir med any beer that-a-way, but he sed he cud; so there's no knowin' what he'd be afther doin', av he was only let alone.

Throth it was a black day for Mrs. McGurk an' Owney whin Tim was tuk; for, as I sed afore, he was a fine, clane boy, and Brian—his brother—was a soart av quarther-clift—people sed he wasn't all right in his head. He was very partial t' book-larnin', an' whin he ought t' be landin' the piatees, why, it's gommochin' wid a book he'd be. Throth, iviry wan used t' say that he was as bad as a field o' black piatees. For there 'ud be me brave Brian wid a bit o' chalk, makin' all soarts av quare curey-carey things an the sphade; an' if any wan axed him what he was doin', he'd tell them he was makin' *Ponds Asses Snorin'*; an' shure it's as plain as the nose an yer face, that no wan wid brains enough in their head t' make it ache, 'ud ivir talk sich nonsense!

Anyhow, there's no denyin' it, but Brian knewn plenty av hard words. An' shure he med poethry—Lor' help him!—about the sun, moon, an' stars, an' the mountains too—bless the mark!—an' sorra lie in it, but sometimes av a fine summer's evenin', there ye'd see Brian sthretched along an the rocks down there be the say, an' he watchin' the waves comin' rumblin' an' rollin' in.

* An Irish term for a baby.

Wan evenin' I was comin' along, quite compunctious-like, an' there he was, wid the two eyes av him watchin' the wather, like a hungry pig at a pot o' stirabout.

"God bless ye, Brian!" sez I. But the never a heed he tuk o' me; but kep an talkin' t' himself, an' rantin' out av him about some wan he called *Eddy Pus*. I knewn it wasn't wan av the nabours, an' I was a bit cur'os t' know who it was; so I sez agin—

"Brian, agra, who's Eddy Pus?"

Och, widdyeelish! all av a suddint he got as bright as a new noggin, an' sez he t' me—

"Eddy Pus was a larned, ould, anschint man, Mrs. Moran; he wrote a whole lot about the sun, whin it was lookin' just as it's lookin' this minnit, d'ye see, wid jist wan spike av its bames above the wather."

"Arrah, Brian, avick!" sez I—for yeh see I was bint an humourin' the craythur—"an' who tould ye that?"

"I heerd it the other day whin I wint up t' the big house wid some dilisk;* the gintleman that's tuthorin' Masther Willie was tellin' it t' him."

"It was mane av yeh t' listen t' what people was sayin'," sez I—for Brian was a poor softy, wid not much behaviour.

"Yer right there," sez he, lookin' very sorraful; "but I'd do anythin' for the larnin'. See there, sthraight fornint yeh, Mrs. Moran; there's caves an' castles down there, an' undther the wather, an' beautiful mermaids combin' their goolden hair wid di'mond combs."

Throth, I don't mind tellin' you that I was beginnin' t' be afeard av Brian, for his two eyes war burnin' like sods av turf, an' his face was gettin' iviry colour, like a bad piatee. Howivir, as I sed afore, I was bint an humourin' him, for I had a regard for the family; so I sez, sez I—

"Brian, acushla, what's a mermaid?"

"A lovely colleen dhas," sez he, "for all the world like Miss Grace up at the big house, wid no clothes an but her hair, an' wan ind av her is a fish."

"Throth an' faith!" sez I—but betchune you and me I was only lettin' an to be cross—"they must be very ondacint, an' not fit for an honest boy t' be spakin' to! Did yeh ivir see wan?"

"No," sez he, "but I'm sartin Miss Grace is like wan."

"Bedad, Brian McGurk!" sez I, for I didn't like him t' be spakin' that-a-way av Miss Grace; "ye'd betther not let any wan hear yeh say it; an' as for sayin' wan ind av her is like a fish, shure there's no sinse in that, for she has as purty a face an' as purty a pair o' feet as ye'd meet wid in a day's walk."

"Why, Mrs. Moran, I didn't mane no offince; it was poethry I was talkin'," sez he.

* A kind of [illegible]ed, which, when dressed, is eaten with roast meat. It is somewhat of an epicure's dish, and esteemed a great luxury.

"Well," sez I, "I don't purtind t' be more larned nor me aiquals; but, av that's poethry, all I can say is, that it's a powerful ondacint way t' spake av a woman!"

"Faix, it's as thrue as yer standin' there, Mrs. Moran, what I tould yeh about the mermaids; an' shure they do be playin' an goold harps an' singin'. Whisht! don't yeh hear thim roun' the point, there beyant?"

"Arrah! be aisy, Brian," sez I, fit t' split wid the laughin'; "shure them's the curlews!"

"Not a bit av it!" sez he, quite smart; "it's the mermaids. I heerd Miss Grace singin' in a'through the windy wan day, an' her goold curls all down her beautyful white neck, an' it was thin I thought she was like the mermaids."

Well, yeh see, me back was gettin' up agin, like the feathers an a turkey's tail, at hearin' him spake that-a-way about a young lady, an' I sez—

"There, yer spakin' about Miss Grace agin, an' sayin' that she has a woice like wan av thim schreechin' curlews!"

But—save us!—the crathur was listenin' t' thim noisy saybirds skylarkin' roun' the pint, jist as continted as if it was the music av Paddy Flanagan's fiddle! an' throth, as I looked at him, I cudn't help thinkin' it was a cryin' sin t' hear a fine boy av eighteen like him spakin' such foolishness.

"She's like an imp," sez he, quite suddint.

"Lord save us! who?" sez I.

"Miss Grace, av coorse," sez he. "Grace be name an' Grace be nathur, she goes along like an imp av the mountains."

I got mad intirely now, out-an'-out. It was bad enough what he sed afore, but this was beyant the beyants, and I cudn't stand it; so I ups an' I sez—

"Ye'd betther keep a civil tongue in yer head, Brian McGurk! Miss Grace an' all belongin' t' her is good t' you an' yours. Why, Miss Grace herself begged the masther hard t' thry an' git yer brother Tim aff, an' it ill becomes yeh t' call her a divil."

"What!" he roars; "show me the man or mortial that sed Miss Grace was a divil, an' I'll put daylight a'through him!"

"Yeh sed it yerself," sez I, as stout as I cud, for faix, I was all of a thrimble. "Yeh sed this minnit that Miss Grace was an imp, an' shure I've Father Pat Flynn's own words for it that the imps is the young divils!"

Well, will yeh b'leeve it? The poor, foolish crahur cudn't see it; and he kep' sayin' somethin' about imps an' imps; so, begad, I was gettin' afeard, for he was talkin' away as if he had a whole faction roun' him. So aff I wint.

The very Sunda' afther, Father Pat Flynn gev out from th' althar that he wanted a boy. Shure iviry wan knows that t' be "the priest's boy" is a sitawation fit for a gintleman! Father Pat sed the boy was t' dhrive the jauntin' car, look afther the mare, an' sarve mass; an' for that he was t' get his lyin' an' risin', aitin' an' dhrinkin', an' four pounds a year. If that wasn't doin' the thing dacint, why, lave it there! An' more betoken, av the boy wor a janius, Father Pat 'ud give Greek an' Latin an' the use av the globes into the bargain! Well, jist as his rivirence sed it, I seen Brian McGurk give his mother a pull be the back o' the cloak, an' whisper somethin' t' her. I was thinkin' in me own mind that gommochin' Brian 'ud be thryin' for the place, whin Father Pat sed—

"I'm glad t' see yeh, Mrs. McGurk, an' I hope yer as well as I'd wish yeh."

His rivirence was always a mighty pleasant-spoken man.

"Yis, thank yer rivirence kindly, I'm doin' bravely, sir."

Yeh see, Mrs. McGurk, as I tould yeh before, kem of a dacint family, an' had manners.

"Is that Brian I see behind yeh?" sez Father Pat.

"Yis, yer rivirence," sez Mrs. McGurk.

"Is it thrue he's a janius?" sez Father Pat.

"Throth, I dunno, yer rivirence," sez Mrs. McGurk, "but he's quare."

"All janiuses is," sez Father Pat.

"The nabours sez he's skupid, yer rivirence," sez Mrs. McGurk.

"Well, we'll ax himself," sez Father Pat. "Stan' up, Brian. Now, Brian, are yeh skupid?"

"I dunno, yer rivirence," sez Brian.

"More shame for yeh thin," sez Father Pat. "How does yer head feel?"

"Jist like a well-made stack o' whate, yer rivirence," sez Brian.

"I b'leeve yeh," sez Father Pat, "for there's plenty o' tatch an it."

"Och, yer rivirence!" sez Brian, "I was mainin' that it feels that tight-packed."

"Tight-packed wid what—skupidness is it?" sez Father Pat.

"No, yer rivirence," sez Brian. "Begorra, I'm thinkin' it's top-heavy I am in regard o' 'cuteness."

"Throth, Brian," sez Father Pat, shakin' his head an' lookin' very solemn-like, "I'm afeard yer a janius."

"I'm afeard so too, yer rivirence," sez Brian.

"I think I'll have t' take him, an' keep an eye an him, Mrs. McGurk," sez Father Pat.

"Av it's plazin' t' yer rivirence," sez Mrs. McGurk.

Yeh see she had powerful ginteel manners.

"I suppose yeh'll want the Latin an' Greek an' the use av the globes in, Brian?" sez Father Pat.

"Av ye plaze, sir," sez Brian; "an' maybe yer rivirence 'ud throw in a sketch av poethry an' a taste av jomethry."

"Throth, nabours, yeh war all right," sez Father Pat to the whole chapel; "Brian McGurk's a janius—there's more in his head nor a curry-comb 'ud take out."

Well, t' make a long story short, Brian wint as the boy t' Father Pat's. An', throth, ye'd wondher how jinteel he looked in an ould black coat av his rivirence's that fitted him to an appography; an' his mother bought him a tall hat, an' what betchune the cloth clothes an' the hat, yeh wouldn't know him from his betthers.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I THINK it was about a twelvemonth afther, come Candlemas, that I met Mrs. McGurk dhrivin' the ass's cart home from Drogheda fair. She an' me was always nabourly, so she gev me a lift home wid me basket, an' sez she—

"Arrah, Mrs. Moran, did yeh hear the news?"

"Arrah, no!" sez I, "barrin' that Lanty Byrne's wife got a kitchen grate, no less! As av the harth that was good enough for thim that wint afore her wasn't good enough for her, but she must set up wid her high-fallutin' ways!"

"A'yistherda'," sez she, "he kem down quite promis-cuous like, an' sez he t' me, 'Mrs. McGurk,' sez he, 'I'm afeard Brian's too grate a janius intirely t' be a priest's boy.' 'It 'ud ill become the likes o' me t' say conthrairy t' yer rivirence,' sez I, 'an' I hope Brian is plazin' yer rivirence.' 'Yis,' sez he, 'he's well enough; he minds his consthruin'—whativir that is—'an' he's mindin' his book grand, but he's not mindin' my bisness. I sint him to Bob Connor's for me boots th' other day, an' there I was waitin' for thim, mortial onaisy, for I was goin' to christen a child for Mrs. Joyce, whin I seen Brian comin' along quite an' aisy,

(Drawn by H. JOHNSON.)

"SEE THERE, STHRAIGHT FORNINT YEH, MRS. MORAN" (*p.* 22).

"Throth, yer right there," sez Mrs. McGurk; "but shure what cud yeh expect from the likes av her? She was only a sarvint girl in Dublin, an' what cud she know about the ways av a dacint farmer's house? Why, she's always slashin' whitewash roun' the kitchen—an' the sorra worse thing she cud do, for there's nothing wholesomer nor sut; an' shure it's no wondher she lost her fine boy last Chrisamas, for she used t' wash him iviry mornin' in the big washin' tub."

"Och!" sez I, "maybe she'll do betther afther a bit; but what's yer news, Mrs. McGurk?"

"It's a grate day intirely for us," sez she. "Shure Brian's such a janius that Father Pat sez we must sind him t' college, and make a man av him?"

"Throth, I'm proud for yeh, Mrs. McGurk," sez I; "an' whin did Father Pat say it?"

readin' an ould newspaper, but the sorra pair o' boots wid him. I threwn up the windy,' sez Father Pat, 'an' schreeched out t' him for the boots. Well, he looked at me as if he was shot; an', what d'ye think, but the omadhaun was readin' the paper the boots was rowled in, an' he let thim slip out an' nivir heeded thim. To be shure, Brian wint back, but one boot was soakin' in a ditch, an' Peggy Brien's childher tied a string t' the other, an' filled it wid mud, an' med a cart av it. Throth,' sed his rivirence, 'I was that wild that I was near makin' Brian ait them, heeltaps an' all!' An' shure, Mrs. Moran, though Brian's me own flesh an' blood, I cudn't but say he was enough to vex even a priest."

"Thrue for yeh, Mrs. McGurk," sez I, "an' is that why ye're goin' t' sind him t' collidge?"

"No, agra, no!" sez Mrs. McGurk, an' wid that she pulled a lot o' papers out av her back pocket. "But see thim. That's poethry Brian med, an' it's all about the ould churchyard, an' the crosses, an' the say-gulls, an' Miss Grace. Father Pat sez it's grand, an' he showed it t' the masther up at the big house, an' he's goin' to give somethin' a'tost payin' for Brian's eddication. But shure Brian's comin' in this evenin', so yeh must come an' hear him readin' thim."

Well, av coorse it was only nathral I'd like to hear what Brian wrote, an' I wint home wid Mrs. McGurk, an' she med a flour-cake, an' as the banes was plinty, she med some beautyful sthilk* too; throth, there was lashin's an' lavin's, for the McGurks was always free-handed people. But yeh nivir saw anythin' like the grandeur of Brian! He had a bran-new shoot av black clothes an' a shirt as white as the dhriven snow!

"*Go manee Dia in sho!*"† sez he, comin' in an' takin' aff his hat, quite the gintleman.

"Amin!" sez I, for his mother was tyin' up th' ass at the back o' the house. "Good luck t' ye, Brian."

"Thank yeh kindly, Mrs. Moran," sez he, "the same t' you."

Afther the aitin' was over, Mrs. McGurk axed Brian t' give us a sketch av the poethry, an' for two full hours he rowled it out av him as 'cute as a stone furlin' down a hill. But, saints above us! yeh nivir heerd sich nonsense! He sed in wan part that the waves down at Kilscadden Bay was like big white horses, and that he was dhressed up in fancy—in *fancy*, mind yeh, whatever soart av a coat that is—an' was ridin' an thim! An' wan av the ballads was called "The Laygind av Kilscadden," where the poor foolish crathur sed that he was in the churchyard wan day, an' he seen a whole lot o' ghosts, an' they towld him a whole lot av stories about the ould towers an' the crasses, an' he med poethry out o' what they sed. But it was all sinse to what he sed about Miss Grace! 'Pon me conscience, av he called her a divil wanst, he did it a hundherd times! First she was a divil an the mountains, thin she was a divil an the say, an', behold yeh! thin she was a divil up in the trees, an' whisperin' t' him!

"Arrah, Brian, jewel!" sez I, "shure yeh hadn't the impidence t' call Miss Grace a divil up t' her face!"

"No," sez he, "I only called her an imp. It was Father Pat showed her the pomes."

"An' what did she say?" sez I.

"That they war grand all out," sez he, lookin' that plazed an' consaited. "Father Pat is takin' his dinner up at the big house this evenin', an' I'm t' go up an' read a new pome for Miss Grace."

"Well, begorra, quolity is quare," sez I; "av any wan called me all the imps yer callin' Miss Grace, I wouldn't thank thim for it."

That evenin' Brian wint up t' the big house, an' whin he kem back his face was that white, an' his eyes like kindled sods, an' he was all av a thrimble, that his mother wanted him t' go t' bed, an' take a bowl o' gruel wid a lump o' butther in it, for he looked for all the world as av a could had got a grip av him. But he turned the deaf ear t' the mother, an' stud lanin' over the half-doore, antil he seen Father Pat goin' by, an' thin he follied him home.

Very shortly afther, Brian wint t' collidge, an' the day he was goin' a lot o' the nabours, meself among the rest, wint up t' the McGurks' doore to see him goin'; for Micky Dempsey, Father Pat's new boy, was t' take Brian an' his box t' the railway-station—an' a splendid boxful av clothes he had too, a beautiful green wan, wid an iligant double boult! We war all givin' him the "God be wid yeh"—an' there war some there gev more nor that—whin who kem up but Miss Grace an' her father. Och! but she did look purty in her grand blue frock, an' her goold curls, an' her soft face—"jist like a flower," Brian sed in wan av his pomes, an', faix, it was the dacintest thing he ivir sed about her. There she was, laughin' an' smilin', wid a kind free word for ivirybody, an' her blue eyes dancin' out av her head. She brought Brian some books, an' showed him where she wrote his name in thim; an' I was mad wid the gommochin' fellow, for he stud wid not a word t' say for himself, wid all his 'cuteness, but there he was, starin' at Miss Grace as if she had horns; an' shure what good was all his larnin' t' him, av it didn't tache him behaviour?

It was a mortial hard winther—that winther—throth we had weather, an' thin there was late frost in the spring that spilte the piatee crop; an' what betchune wan thing an' another, an' the loss av two fine pigs wid the masles, poor Mrs. McGurk an' Owney found it hard enough t' do. They war desperate hard put to it, for Mrs. McGurk tould me all as wan; "but," sez she, "av we war t' starve for it, isn't it betther t' have Brian a big man? for av we're losin' it wan way, we're gainin' it in another."

Av course there was nothin' t' say agin that; but, faix, I'm afeard there was many a time the poor McGurks was fastin' agin their will, an' they war that proud that wan cudn't well do anythin' for thim. Shure it wud be all right av Brian was ordained afther all. But lo and behold yeh! wan day Father Pat got a letther t' say Brian was comin' home dying wid a decline! He nivir was a sthrong boy, and thin he got a cough, an' stuck too close t' his books, an' betchune all poor Brian kem home t' die.

For five long weeks there he lay an the broad av his back, talkin' so nice an' so simple-like, that there wasn't wan in the parish that wouldn't run from this to Dublin for him. Miss Grace, and iviry wan at the big house, was very good, and sint clane sheets, an' wine, an' all soarts av grand aitin' an' dhrinkin'. The nabours used t' take turns t' sit up at night, for Mrs. McGurk was ould, yeh see, an' the crathur was that dazed wid the thrubble that sorra much use she was. Meself used t' be in there night an' day, for poor Brian had a grate regard for me, an' more betoken, he used t' rimimber me av me own fine boy that was killed at the Rooshian war: so that's how it was that I was there the evenin' Father Pat kem t' give Brian

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* A dish composed of beans and potatoes mashed together.

† "God save all here!"

the Sacrimints. The poor boy was axin' t' see Miss Grace wanst more afore he died, so I threw an me cloak, an' wint off for her. She was standin' in the windy, smilin' an' laughin', an' talkin' t' a lot av quality; but whin I tould her what I wanted, the tears kem into her purty blue eyes, an' she just put an her hat in the hall, an' kem aff wid me.

An' thin, shure, poor Brian tould her out quite brave-like that he wasn't sorry he was goin', for that he'd nivir be very happy av he was t' live, an' he tould her that the raisin he med the pomes about her was in regard av him bein' very partial t' her.

"An'," sez he, "I thought maybe av I was eddicated like a gintleman, that I'd be nearer t' yeh. But somethin' tould me how foolish it was, an' I saw the truth; but from that out I had no heart in me at all, an' I got waker an' waker until I kem t' this. I hope I give no offince, Miss Grace."

Well, what d'ye think? Och! throth I'm an ould fool t' be cryin' whin I think av it now! but purty Miss Grace stooped down, an' she kissed poor dying Brian's forehead, an' she said, quite soft—

"You never did anything to offend me, Brian; I always admired your poetry very much, and I am very grateful to you for your love."

An' thin she sat down be the bed, an' held Brian's big hand in her two little white ones, an' she kep' whisperin' t' him that she'd always look afther ould Mrs. McGurk an' Owney; an' a lovely colour kem into his face, an' he sez t' Father Pat—

"Yer rivirence, will Miss Grace get t' heaven?"

Not a lie I'm tellin' whin I say ould Father Pat was cryin' like a child. Howsomediver, he sed—

"Bedad she will, Brian; she's only wan av the angels that's here for a little while."

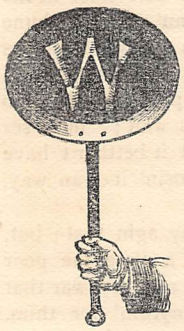
That was enough for Brian, for he knew Father Pat knewn for sartin, an' he closed his eyes, an' in less time nor I'm tellin' it, he wint off quite an' aisy like a lamb.

There was a grand wake, an' the funeral was wan av the biggest ivir seen in that part o' the counthry. Miss Grace, an' the fine handsome gintleman she was goin' t' be married to, kem t' the funeral; an' shure she nearly cried her purty eyes blind; an' very respectful t' Mrs. McGurk an' Owney it was too; an' she put up a tombstone over the grave, an' the writin' an it sed Brian was a grate janius intirely.

IS IT GOOD TO EAT?

BEING COMMON-SENSE PAPERS ON COOKING.

I.—THE USES AND ABUSES OF A FRYING-PAN.



"WE had such an awful time of it with Mary Ann!" Probably never have the domestic trials and difficulties of young housekeepers been summed up in fewer or more expressive words.

Let each of our readers pause for an instant, and look around mentally among his relations and friends with whom he is in the habit of dining. Each one probably has had many changes of servants, yet there are some houses where the dinner is invariably good, others where it is equally invariably bad. Who has not, on entering a house where he expects to dine, been greeted at the door with a whiff of the smell of the cooking, from which whiff he could pretty well determine in his own mind the style of dinner he may expect?

No cooking is so good as the French, none so bad as a certain style of English. Compare the odour of a good French restaurant, or outside the kitchen of a first-class hotel, like the "Pavilion" at Folkestone, an hour before the table d'hôte, with that of an ordinary cook-shop, with its steam-pipes, keeping warm large flabby joints, and greasy Yorkshire pudding, the whole being impregnated with that peculiar smell of greens in which one can almost fancy he detects the flavour of caterpillars.

I think it may be laid down as a rule that if on entering a house you smell greens, you may make up your mind for a bad dinner. On the other hand, a gamey smell, with perhaps just a dash of garlic in it, is favourable, especially if mingled with the odour of rich pastry.

It would however require many volumes to enter into a minute description of a good and a bad dinner. We would rather be practical, and if possible useful.

The natural resource of young housekeepers is the cookery-book. After the pathetic statement with which our article commences, David Copperfield proceeds as follows:—

"In search of the principle on which joints ought to be roasted, to be roasted enough and not too much, I myself referred to the cookery-book, and found it there established as the allowance of a quarter of an hour to every pound, and say a quarter over. But the principle always failed us by some curious fatality, and we never could hit any medium between redness and cinders."

Here is the old story, and one that probably happens every day, and will happen: viz., reference to a cookery-book, the directions followed, the result—failure.

Who is most to blame, the cook or the book?

That the book is often in fault there can be no doubt. So long as we meet with such absurdities as "and flavour to taste," or "add seasoning," &c., we shall continue to maintain that recipes which contain these directions might just as well have never been written.

But in the present article we wish to confine ourselves to the "frying-pan," one of the most useful and, at the same time, abused articles of kitchen use.

We will suppose that a certain dish consists of something fried. Perhaps one or two are expected to dinner, who are known or supposed to be rather

particular. The mistress has consulted the cookery-book, which gravely recommends as follows :—"Fry of a nice golden colour, and serve hot." How to do it, however, we are not informed. Suppose the dish to be a fried sole or a sweetbread. We all know the real thing—a sweetbread at the Café Bignon. Soft and white inside, and a perfect golden brown out, without even a shade of colour varying in the whole dish. On the other hand, a sweetbread *à la* Mary Ann, covered with bread-crumbs, some a whitey-brown, some brown, and some black, but still containing patches with no bread-crumbs at all, looking like a cat's back where the cook had accidentally spilt some boiling water.

Or perhaps a still greater blunder has been made. On this particular occasion Mary Ann, who means well, endeavours to do her utmost to make things *look* nice, and in trying to obtain this nice golden colour, fries the sole till it is so dried up that it becomes scarcely eatable. Who has not occasionally in small families noticed the slight passing shadow of annoyance on the face of the hostess, as she becomes aware of some such little *contretemps ?*—in which perhaps a very close observer of human nature might detect the thought, "It will never warm up for breakfast."

Now is it possible to write clear directions, so that any one with an average amount of common-sense can by following them fry fish, sweetbreads, &c., which will combine colour with quality? We believe it is possible ; at any rate, it is worth the attempt.

All fish that has to be fried with egg and bread-crumbs must be treated alike in this respect. The fish must first be thoroughly dried. Next, it must be floured. This is done in order to insure its being dry, just as a baby's neck is powdered for a similar purpose, after being dried with a towel. Next, the egg must be thoroughly beaten up before it is used ; otherwise the white of the egg especially is apt to slip off, leaving those bald patches we have mentioned. Again, the bread-crumbs must be dry and fine. It is no use to attempt to use bread-crumbs made from new bread, which will be necessarily coarse.

Now we will suppose these conditions complied with —say a sole has been thoroughly dried and floured, carefully egged over, and then covered with some very fine bread-crumbs. Most cooks will say, "Well, then fry it in plenty of hot fat, allow it to drain on a napkin, and that's all."

Wait a minute. If you have a frying-pan two feet in diameter, filled with boiling fat three inches deep, this would do very well. A few minutes would suffice to cook the sole a nice colour, "all over alike." But have you this? Probably, to start with, the fish is a trifle longer than the frying-pan. The fat is a quarter of an inch deep, and won't cover the fish. How, under these very common circumstances, will you get your fish to look nice?

Go to the baker's at once, and order in as follows—it does not cost anything—a bag of light brown bread-raspings, of about the colour you would use for a ham. Always have some by you—they keep almost for ever, and, as I have said, the baker gives them away. Take some of these, and make them fine—a rolling-pin and a little patience are sufficient for the purpose. Take these fine raspings and sprinkle the sole—we left it egged and bread-crumbed well on both sides—and pat it with your fingers. Lo, and behold ! the sole, even before it is put in the frying-pan, is all that is desirable in the way of colour. The weight is off your mind, all you now have to do is to cook it so that it is done through without being dried up.

Now, for this purpose you must have a certain depth of lard or dripping, or it cannot be done. Properly speaking, there ought to be enough fat to cover the fish. However, it is no use writing for things as they ought to be, it is more practical to write for things as they are. You must have enough fat at least to dip the sole in. Of course it is impossible to draw any exact line between a single drop of fat and a gallon. What we mean is, it is no use to try and fry fish in a frying-pan that has had a little piece of butter put in it, just sufficient to prevent the fish from sticking. A properly fried fish is one which has been boiled in fat.

If, therefore, you have not sufficient to cover the sole, it will be necessary to cook one side first, and then the other. With regard to the time it takes, this, of course, altogether depends on the thickness of the fish. If you have enough fat to cover it, the very largest sole would not take more than ten minutes. The mistake generally made in frying fish is to over-cook it. A properly fried sole must appear moist inside on lifting the meat from the bone. Still the meat must not stick to the bone, or look red. However, with regard to time, experience alone will teach, but recollect an under-cooked fish can always be warmed up, and an over-cooked one—never. Besides, a beginner can lift the fish off the fire after a few minutes, take a knife, and look at the meat nearest the bone in the thickest part. If it is white, and not transparent, it is done enough, and a pinch of raspings hides the place. With a cook, however, of almost any experience, this is unnecessary.

Another exceedingly important point is, the fat must be boiling. This can generally be found out by dropping a single drop of cold water into it, and if it makes a great hiss the fat boils. On dipping the fish into the fat, a noise ought to ensue somewhat similar to that made by plunging a red-hot poker into a pail of water.

When the fish is done, lift it on to a hot cloth, in order to let the fat drain off it, keeping it of course in front of the fire, and afterwards lift the fish carefully, and without breaking it, on to a clean napkin folded in a dish, or over a strainer made for the purpose.

Now some of these directions may seem unnecessary, on account of their being so very obvious. But then it must be borne in mind that there are Mary Anns whose stupidity is absolutely unfathomable. I recollect, many years ago, being in lodgings at the seaside—it was at Worthing—where I met two specimens in the shape of mistress and servant that would, I think, match any pair ever likely to come together again. The mistress, who was also cook, seemed to require a considerable amount of stimulant, and under its influence the following scraps of conversation could be heard at intervals throughout the day :—

"Please, mum, where's the rolling-pin?"

"I'll rolling-pin yer."

On asking whether there were any eggs, the unfortunate girl said—

"I think there's some in the cupboard," which called forth—

"Now, Mary Ann, what do you mean by thinking? never let me hear you think again."

The climax in the way of cooking was a fruit pie, as the handmaiden informed us—

"Please, sir, missus is very sorry, but she forgot the butter."

The pastry, as may be imagined, was not what may be called light; however, the crust came off as a lid, and we amused ourselves by spinning it like a teetotum. Of course such cases are exceptional, but I have known a grouse stuffed with sage and onion.

While the fish is draining is a good opportunity to fry a little parsley to put round it. All that is required is fresh, clean parsley—dry. A minute is sufficient to leave it in the fat, if the fat boils. Take out the parsley with a slice, and let it dry on the cloth by the side of the fish. It will soon become crisp. A large wire slice will be found better than an ordinary one.

If the fish has been large, and the frying-pan rather small, it is quite possible that in turning the fish a little of the bread-crumbs may get knocked off, though with care this ought not to be the case. When, however, it is, you can always mend the patch with a pinch of raspings, blowing away those that do not adhere.

Now the greatest difficulty in following these directions will probably be found to be "the quantity of fat." It is always a sore point with cooks. They look upon fat as one of their perquisites, and too often the mistress will find that she has to be constantly ordering in a skin of lard, or has to order dripping, in order to fry fish.

Recollect, however, that the same fat will do to fry fish over and over again, though it should be kept entirely for fish, and that it will often keep for months. Cooks are too fond, from interested motives, of making it out bad. It will be found in small families an excellent rule to forbid fat and grease being sold at all. Were ladies to insist upon this, which they could always do with young servants, much mischief would be avoided. Selling dripping and candle-grease is often the thin end of the wedge to downright theft. The class of people who buy are too often little better than receivers of stolen property, and sometimes lead young servants into small acts of dishonesty, in order to get them in their power, the consequence of which is that small acts are followed by great.

In frying sweetbreads it should be borne in mind that the sweetbreads should be soaked some hours in water first, and then boiled for about five or ten minutes, according to their size, and placed in cold water to get cold. When cold they should be carefully dried, and egged and bread-crumbed like the fish, and then covered over with the bread-raspings, to insure their being of a good and equal colour. Should the fat not be sufficient to cover them, they must be turned occasionally in the frying-pan. The fat, as before, must boil before they are put in. Tomato or rich brown sauce can be poured round them, or served separately, but should not be poured over them, as they should possess a dry golden brown colour.

We have now described some of the uses of the frying-pan, and have given an instance of both a thick and thin substance for frying, but what are its abuses? Cooks are very apt to use the frying-pan for what they ought not. Too often they will use it instead of the gridiron to cook a chop or a steak, and if there is one thing in the world utterly spoilt in the cooking, it is a good rump-steak cooked in a frying-pan. Yet it will often be found, even in decent houses, that chops and steaks, especially the former, are cooked in this manner. A dish of chops appears, perhaps at lunch, the dish swimming in gravy, in which can clearly be tasted the ketchup that has been added. After a few minutes the gravy will be seen to be studded with blotches of grease about the size of wafers. The chops taste greasy and sodden, and the roof of the mouth becomes soon coated with hard mutton fat.

How different to a chop properly cooked on a gridiron! Black outside, red in, and brought up on a hot plate, on to which about a teaspoonful of clear red gravy may have run. The first mouthful you take ought to burn your mouth. Such is a mutton chop as it ought to be, and there are often times when an invalid or a person of delicate appetite feels as if there is nothing else he can eat. It, however, requires a tolerably thick gridiron, a clear fire, and common-sense.

A singular instance of audacity in the way of cooking a steak occurred at a country inn where we were once unfortunate enough to try and dine.

The waiter was a model of a dirty man in the right place. Everything was in unison—table-cloth, forks, wine-glasses, and thumb-nails to match.

We had a steak, the cooking of which completely baffled us. What possible method was adopted to make it what it was, we could not conceive. We made friends with the dirty man, and in time extracted the information that the cook always boiled the chops and steaks for a few minutes, previous to browning them in a frying-pan. This, the waiter informed me, was a capital thing for the soup!

We have endeavoured to explain the art of frying at greater length than it would be possible to do in any work on cooking, and on some future occasion may again call attention to some of the points where ordinary books on the subject seem to us to fail to meet the requirements of small households. Unfortunately, many of the best works on cooking are only adapted for very large establishments, or hotels, where probably a book would not be required.

Recipes, too, for making real turtle soup from fresh turtle are practically useless. Not so, however, from the dried turtle-flesh. At Christmas time, when calves' heads sometimes fetch a sovereign each, real turtle is cheaper than mock, and by no means difficult to make. We will explain the method in our next article.

A. G. PAYNE.

A MOTHER'S WISH.

LITTLE one, O little one,
With loving winsome way!
O pretty one, O pretty one,
I kiss you all the day.
I press you tightly to my breast,
And hold you closely there.

O would your head might ever rest
As free from grief and care!
But since such fate can never be
(For time flits fast away),
May the love you win be pure and free
As your mother's is to-day.

A DAY'S SPORT IN ALBANIA.

I NEVER see in the newspaper a list of successful candidates for commissions without a feeling of regret that the lads should have lost one of the best stations that the British officer ever did duty in.

It was worse than unkind, it was downright cruel, to give up the Ionian Islands to Greece. I suppose that the great statesman who perpetrated the deed would explain that a standing army is kept up for the defence of the possessions, colonies, and dependencies of Great Britain, instead of the possessions, colonies, and dependencies being maintained for the benefit of the standing army, and he would be logically right, as usual.

But still the expense of "protecting" the Ionian Islands was not large, and the benefits conferred on the inhabitants were very great; and the vast majority of foreign stations garrisoned by our troops are quite purgatorial. Gibraltar's one advantage is the facility of getting out of it; Malta is a horrible hole; China is a pestilential fever-trap. That men who are not downright fanatics in shooting should be able to live for months together in an up-country station in India, without going melancholy mad, shows that military Mark Tapleys are plentiful. And when a regiment does get a spell at home, a considerable portion of its time is wasted at Aldershot, a wilderness so dull that officers who cannot afford perpetual jaunts up to London have to take to gardening.

There ought to be a few prizes amongst so many blanks. There *is* Canada, and there *was* Corfu.

The climate, the scenery, and the fruits of Paradise, combined with the pleasures demanded by man's fallen nature—namely, a good opera, continual balls and concerts, and excellent shooting—that is my recollection of the place twenty years ago. In the island itself quail, woodcock, snipe, golden plover, and wild duck were plentiful in their seasons, while on the main coast larger game was also to be shot by those who would take some trouble, and adopt the right measures to get at it.

Communication with the neighbouring islands and the main land was kept up by means of small yachts from eight to twenty tons' burthen, manned by native sailors who knew every creek and shoal, and let out by the month at so reasonable a rate that even the poorest subalterns could enjoy their yachting (and in those seas it is indeed a pleasure) by clubbing together and taking a cruise by turns, two or three at a time.

Southern Albania is a sea of mountains, rolling down from snow-capped Pindus to the coast; the lower hills are steep, rocky, and barren, but the valleys between are filled with trees and brushwood, and these woods are frequented by roebuck and wild pigs; here also a description of jackal lies in wait all day, till the shades of evening warn him that it is time to steal out, for a raid amongst the flocks that pick up a precarious subsistence on the mountain-sides. But to get a shot at these animals is a matter of some difficulty. To stalk the roebuck, or steal upon the wild boar in his lair, is impossible, the underwood is too thick for that. You might hear the creature scurrying away through the bushes within half a dozen yards of you, but you would not be able to see it. The only chance is to drive them out of the cover, but how is the ordinary traveller to get beaters? Supposing he managed to collect a few Albanian shepherds together, no promises of high pay would induce them to force their way through the dense bushes; if they attempted it they would soon leave their picturesque petticoats behind them, and the Albanian loves his petticoats almost as much as his long, embossed, inlaid, useless pistols. I expect that the wild animals dwelling near the coast opposite Corfu are as pleased "as pigs" that there is no English garrison on the other side of the strait, for I do not see well how they are to be molested.

The way we managed for beaters was to put a number of soldiers into dresses of corduroy, or some such tough stuff, and take them over. Capital fun they thought it, and so it was for everybody.

One of these expeditions is impressed on my memory from the fact of the success of a friend who was not generally happy in his sporting essays, being somewhat short-sighted and absent, and not very enthusiastic about anything but art.

The party had been arranged for some days before; the beaters told off and put under the command of an athletic corporal, whose knowledge of woodcraft was such that he must have been a keeper's assistant—or a poacher—in his civilian days; arrangements of duty made; the yachts' crews warned to be in readiness; guns and rifles got ready; and the messman of each regiment informed of the number for whom he would have to provide the materials of Irish stew for the trip.

An hour before daybreak all the yachts were laden with passengers, almost every one of whom was whistling; for it was nearly a dead calm, and the vessels, with all sail set, hardly moved through the water. The effect of this general incantation in the dark stilly night was most peculiar. One would have thought that an enormous flock of migratory birds had just arrived, and were fussily expressing their bewilderment as to where they would find quarters. However, the superstitious were confirmed, and the sceptics silenced, for with the first streaks of dawn a nice breeze sprang up, sending the little fleet careering through the water, the track of each vessel being traced in fire till the increasing daylight caused the phosphorescence to pale and fade away.

"If one could but fix those cross-lights upon canvas!" sighed Vandyck. The real name of my friend was far more Saxon, but he once solemnly drank to the memory of the great painter, on the anniversary of

his birth or death, at mess, and was called Vandyck ever after.

His regret was soon drowned in rapture. Have you ever seen a Mediterranean sunrise? There are not many sights worth going a thousand miles to witness, but that is certainly one of them. A flush of gold in the east, increasing, spreading, turning to orange in the zenith, reflected faintly in the west——Bah! my pen can no more convey an idea of the gorgeous fires that blaze over the heavens, and are reflected in the sea, turning ships and islands into jewels, and realising for the awe-struck spectator the heaven of the Apocalypse, up to the moment that the sun rises, glorious and majestic, out of the waves, than it can give a notion of Handel's music to one who has never heard it.

The passage was a quick one, and the day yet young when the slowest boat dropped anchor in the Bay of Gomenizza. Smoke rose from every deck, and the odour of many breakfasts was wafted over the scene. While these were preparing, the entire expedition jumped overboard. You might have imagined it a Pacific scene, with the natives swimming off from the shore to investigate a newly arrived flotilla.

Shortly afterwards every yacht sent forth a little dingey, overcrowded with men, who sat noses and knees together, not knowing what to do with their guns. There were many narrow escapes, but not one upset; and soon the whole party were mustered, and *en route* for the nearest cover.

Some carried rifles, others shot-guns, loaded either with bullets, or with slugs sewn up in leather, the finger of an old glove being the most convenient envelope; and balls and concerts were so frequent that soiled white kids were plentiful. There were no breech-loaders in those days, and conical bullets were just beginning to supersede the spherical.

It was odds that Vandyck committed manslaughter before the day was over. Some one had lent him a heavy single-barrelled rifle, with a trigger so light that it was almost a hair. This weapon went off once as he scrambled out of the cabin after breakfast, and again as he landed from the dingey. But there was method in his madness: it was a senior officer of his own regiment that he nearly shot on each occasion.

The two most experienced Nimrods organised the arrangements, and posted the guns.

The first place we were to try was a deep ravine, with thick wood at the bottom, from which, on the right and left and at the farther end, the mountain-sides rose steep and bare—so steep, indeed, that it was a problem how the loose blocks of rock which covered them—for it seemed to have rained boulders—kept their places instead of rolling to the bottom. At the entrance of the gorge was an expanse of marsh-land, over which we picked our way from the sea.

The plan of operations was to station the whole party at about equal distances on the hill-tops enclosing the ravine, so that the animals, when driven out of cover, must have a *cordon* of guns to break through. We were particularly enjoined not to fire at hares or small game of any sort, lest we should scare the pigs and roebuck back into the wood; and then we were dismissed to climb to our respective posts.

Half an hour's law was given us to get in position; at the expiration of which time the line of beaters entered the cover, two or three guns following to take any game that might head back through the line.

It was a fine panorama that stretched before the eyes as one sat on a boulder, waiting for results. The little bay, with its miniature fleet at anchor; beyond, the deep blue Mediterranean, with the islands of Corfu, Paxos, and Anti-Paxos rising out of it in calm beauty; on the other side, the mountains, swelling pile above pile up to Pindus; and immediately below, the mass of trees and shrubs, from which the shouts and cries of the hidden beaters ascended. Woodcocks flitted away before them, dropping into cover further on. Hawks rose high in air, and sped away to undisturbed groves. Hares ran scuttling up the hill-sides, and away over the brow, under the very muzzles of our guns, without provoking a shot; though, as time wore on without any larger game breaking cover, the temptation to have a pop at them waxed greater and greater.

At length a small deer came bounding up, turning the blocks of stone which impeded his progress with marvellous dexterity. Crack, crack, crack! went rifles in all directions, far and near; and bullets, glancing from the boulders, came humming and whistling about most unpleasantly; but no one was hurt, the roebuck sharing in the general immunity. Indeed, he was a small mark for a single bullet, and the rocks sheltered him. The best marksman, armed with a rifle, could not have hit him with a snap-shot, going at that pace in such ground, without luck to aid him. But as he reached the crest of the hill, the little deer passed within forty yards of a double-barrelled smooth-bore, loaded with slugs, and down he went.

"Jackal on the right!"

Another fusillade, under which the mangy wretch succumbed.

So it went on. About half a dozen more roebuck, and two or three jackals, ran the gauntlet—some being hit, and others making good their escape.

But pork was our great ambition, and pork would not show. Now and then shouts of "Look out!" "Pig on the right!" "Pig on the left!" arose from the cover; but the sagacious animals preferred turning about and charging back through the line of beaters to coming out into the open. The guns in rear seemed to have the best chance, but the underwood was too thick: they heard the grunters, but could not get a shot. At length, when the wood was nearly beaten out, something black made its appearance on the hill-side at the farthest end of the *cul de sac*—something which could not breast the hill with the activity of the other creatures, but made its way up in a slanting direction along the side. Poor piggy! what a storm of bullets raged around him! The rule was that whoever first hit an animal, however slightly, could claim him; so everybody who was within range at all had a blaze on the off chance. Piggy ran through the leaden shower for about twenty yards, when he stopped, and rolled down

the hill till he fell into a hollow, and there he lay crouched. Half a dozen men were round him in a minute, including the triumphant marksman who claimed him, and who now advanced with a most truculent-looking hunting-knife.

"Take care!" cried some one who had experience. "He is not half-dead; you will get ripped, like Adonis. Let us put another bullet in him."

"No, no, you will spoil my pork! I have been told how to kill a pig—longitudinally, not across."

And so the youth had his way, and took his first lesson in pork-butchery. It was not a very hazardous exploit, for the pig was little more than half-grown, with no tusks to speak of.

A sow of the same size, probably a sister, was next driven out and shot, and then that patch of cover was cleared.

So the party, which had been gradually converging, assembled and moved off to another wood, some two or three miles distant, and we were all posted round it in a somewhat similar manner. Only this was not so easy to beat out thoroughly as the other; the valley was broader, the hill-sides less abrupt, and the trees and bushes straggled half-way up them, and even in places to the top; so that an animal had a chance of stealing away unperceived; or, at any rate, he would only be seen by one or two at a time, and not have to run the gauntlet of the whole lot. When all was ready, the beaters, who had fed and rested while we were climbing to our appointed places, entered the cover, and the whole thing began over again.

Vandyck found it monotonous. At first he had been considerably excited, but as hour after hour passed, and nothing to shoot at came within five hundred yards of him, his ardour cooled; and now, giving up the idea of slaying a pig with his own hand as a forlorn hope, he thought he would take a sketch. So he deserted his post in the most shameful manner, leaving a gap in the *cordon* through which any amount of game might escape, and wandered about looking for a good "bit."

He soon came upon a little glade which took his fancy greatly: from the crest of a low rock upon which he was standing, he looked upon a tangle of arbutus-shrubs and olive-trees, through which the sunlight shimmered down soft and mellow. Wood-cutters had been there at some time, not recently, and had thinned the grove-corner considerably—cutting down more timber than they cared to carry away, indeed, for piles of rudely-sawn beams were stacked there.

Having chosen his position, Vandyck sat down on a rock, lit his pipe, laid his rifle by his side, took out pencil and drawing-pad, and began his sketch. The shouts and occasional shots in the distance told him in what direction his friends were, and when they ceased it would be time enough to hurry off to join them. No fear of being lost, so he worked away in confidence.

He had drawn his general outline, and was filling in the principal tree, when he saw one of the bushes move, and pausing, heard a grunt, deep, bass, masculine—another grunt, softer, feminine—and there came into full view a fine old boar, whose black coat was grizzled, and his wife. Evidently disturbed by the beaters and the firing, they were on the move, but not in such a hurry that they could not afford time to grub up any particularly succulent root they might smell, the existence of which they notified to each other in a connubial manner, by grunting. Coming up to the felled timber, the old boar stopped and looked at it. With enemies afoot, such an opportunity of whetting his tusks was not to be neglected, and he proceeded to whet them accordingly, offering such a shot as tyro seldom had to try his prentice hand at.

Vandyck laid drawing-pad and pencil down, and softly took up his rifle, raised it, took a steady aim at the shoulder of the boar, that was not more than twenty yards off, and pressed the trigger. Twice that morning had the provoking piece gone off when it was not wanted, and now it absolutely refused. What could be the matter? Oh! in the flurry of his excitement, he had forgotten to cock it. So he pulled back the hammer. At the click, the boar paused and listened, while Mrs. Boar scuttled off to a bush. She was right, for what her lord heard was a sharp report, and simultaneously something hit him so hard that he staggered, and then, trying to run away, his legs refused their office and he fell. He lay dazed and puzzled for a few minutes, and then he saw a man approaching him. This was Vandyck, who had clambered down from his crag and reloaded. The brave old boar, when he thus found himself face to face with his foe, pulled himself together, struggled to his legs, and charged; but a stream of fire flashed upon him—he received another blow, seemingly harder than the first—fell again—grew faint—lost consciousness—died.

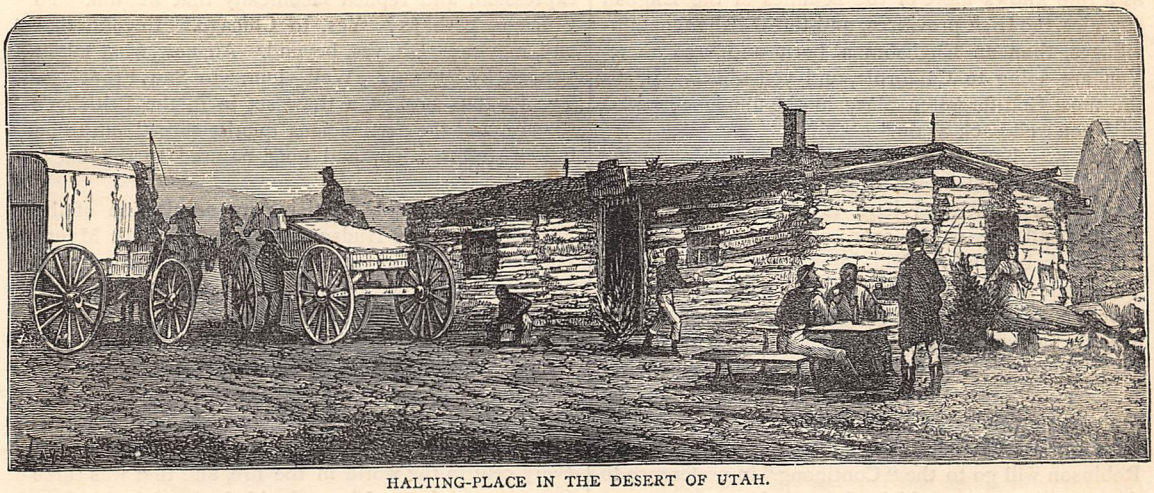
In the meantime the hunt had gone on much as before; several more roebuck had been shot, and *chevreuil*, in various forms, threatened to figure in the *menu* of every mess in Corfu for some time to come. Two or three jackals had likewise been destroyed, but no other pig, though more than one had been sighted and missed, fell to the guns.

When the woods had been worked through, it was late in the afternoon, and time to return to the boats. So the party collected together, and Vandyck was missed. Shouts and shots at last brought forth a response, and without any long search, we found him finishing a sketch of the animal he had shot.

Beaters were called up, the legs of the boar were tied together, a pole passed between them, and he was borne in triumph to the shores of the bay; Vandyck following close behind, and receiving all congratulations with a condescending air which seemed to say, "Oh, when you have had experience, and studied the habits of the animal as much as I have, you may shoot a wild boar yourself; who knows?"

The boar looked very large when spread out in butcher fashion, and hung up in the rigging of the yacht. His flesh tasted less like pork than veal, with a sort of pheasant flavour about it. His skin decorates the studio of Vandyck, who has given up soldiering and gone in seriously for art.

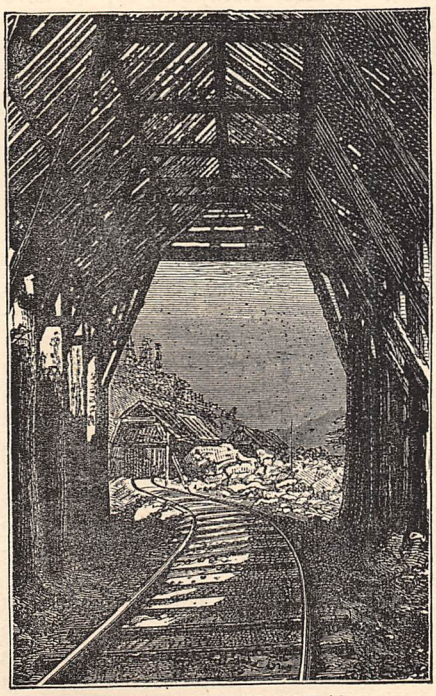
LEWIS HOUGH.



HALTING-PLACE IN THE DESERT OF UTAH.

SOMETHING *LIKE* A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

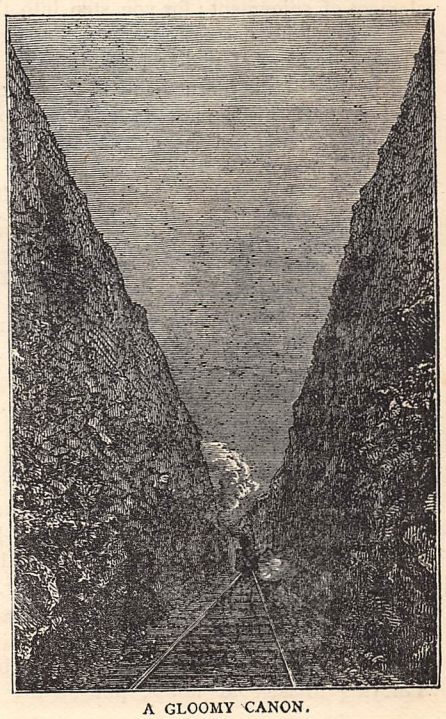
MY little railway trip lasted just a week of seven days, and as the distance travelled was THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN MILES, and the country traversed was the entire width of a great continent, I saw some sights, and received some impressions. So many, in truth, that several of the one have been forgotten, and a number of the other have either partly faded or quite vanished. The remnant nevertheless, I humbly hope, put into black and white, will not be uninteresting to readers at home whose excursions have been of a more limited character.



SNOW-SHED ON THE SIERRAS.

At New York I found that even native-born Americans were not unanimous regarding California. But even before this discovery, I had ceased to believe that our American friends knew everything, had been everywhere, and could do anything; and had begun to perceive that there was as much *bonâ fide* human nature in Brother Jonathan as in obstinate John Bull. At the advice of one gentleman I purchased a six-shooter, and would, before starting on my journey to the land of the setting sun, have made my will, had there been anything to devise. On the other hand, it was insisted that New York was the true frontier-line and cradle of Rowdyism, and "'Frisco" the best type of American civilisation. A third prophesied starvation, and bade me beware of perishing by the way; a fourth discoursed most learnedly on the use of the bowie-knife, and the treatment of bowie-knife wounds. Another on the previous evening had said:

"I am glad you are going to see a little of the States before you return. It is a fault in you English that you don't see enough. You are ignorant of your own country; a travelled American



A GLOOMY CANON.

as a rule knows more of the beauties of the English counties, the Irish provinces, and the Welsh mountain-villages, than an Englishman born and bred there. You are going to California, and you will find it, sir, the most God-forgotten place in the universe; and I wish you well back again."

This was how an occupant of a very thinly-made glass-house shied stones around him, and the little incident is mentioned here to show that in these matters, all the world over, you may match your friend's six by your own half-dozen. However, my New York acquaintances, hospitable and genial to the last, gave me a farewell supper on the eve of my departure, overwhelmed me with the most conflicting advice, and, as I afterwards found, although many of them knew Europe well, proved their utter ignorance of the Pacific State as to which they lectured the innocent Britisher. It is quite true that the English Smith, Jones, and Robinson will go to the "Continong" in preference to the charming places which adorn their own country; but it is also true that their American brethren and sisters manifest a kindred neglect of the glorious mountains, valleys, and plains of the Far West, which may be reached with ease, and at less cost than their favourite European tour.

There is no travelling in the world, for comfort, to equal a railway journey in the United States. Thus it fell out that my little railway trip wearied me less than a journey of four or five hours has often done at home. At the beginning you somehow lay yourself out for a long spell, and settle down to a protracted journey. The American carriages are replete with contrivances to lighten, and not, as with us too often, to increase, the inconveniences of travelling. The length of the journey, instead of being a terror in itself, is a distinct element of enjoyment; for you step into the car as if you were taking possession of a temporary residence. The steady pace of two-and-twenty miles an hour, at which most of the journey across the American continent is performed, may, to one accustomed to the "Wild Irishman" of the old country, seem a dismal business; but in America, as in Germany and Russia, it is the moderate speed which enhances the traveller's enjoyment. The best class of carriages, in the train which bears you from the Atlantic sea-board to the Pacific coast, are in truth luxuriously appointed drawing-rooms on wheels, where you may read, write, eat, drink, and sleep, and feel that it is merely home in motion.

The insignificant run of a thousand miles through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, by the southern limits of Lake Michigan, I shall pass over—it is to our westward flight what the journey from Euston to Rugby is to the tourist bound for the Highlands. Yet one might well linger at Chicago, risen from its ashes with a swiftness and dignity marvellous to behold. Its wonders, its vigour, its resurrection had been fully described to me by a fellow-passenger, a genuine American, with whom silence was an absolute impossibility. Did I go far? he inquired, within two minutes of the starting of the train. The Britisher, fancying himself at home, put on the usual stony expression, and replied laconically that he did. To Chicago, perhaps? Yes, to Chicago. Beyond that city, maybe? Oh, yes, beyond. Ah, now, what might I mean by beyond? Well—hum—to San Francisco. The ice thus broken, a thaw set in in the Britisher's reserve, and the pertinacious querist turned out to be full of information, and good-natured to the backbone.

"Yes, sir," he said, noticing my admiration of the fine scenery of the Hudson River and Catskill Mountains, "we are laughed at consumedly for our tall notions of this country, but it is great, and if you are going across to 'Frisco, you'll say so before you see New York again. I know the country, sir; I travelled over the Rocky Mountains before there was a railroad, and you shall show nothing finer in Europe than the Sierra scenery. Do I know Chicago? Well, some, as the youngsters say—some, for I live there. I lost every cent in the world in the fire, and that was three years ago, and now I have doubled what I had before. The city was desolate, sir; not a man of us expected a shadow of luck for half a century. But we did it, sir. We went on building at a house an hour, and in a year, sir, we were forging ahead right and left like a flood."

My fellow-traveller was right. The citizens of Chicago "did it;" there are their magnificent buildings to show for it; there is the "City of Beasts," where 21,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, 22,000 sheep, 350 horses are accommodated as, Heaven help them, few of our wretched poor are cared for.

"Why, sir," cried my companion, "you talk of your Smithfield Market. Stop till you see our stockyards. In 1869 we sent through Chicago nearly five hundred thousand head of cattle, and more than a million and a half of swine. In those stockyards, sir, we have thirty-five miles of sewers, and ten miles of streets all paved with wood; the pens are fenced in with heavy double plank, and there are seventeen miles of railroad connecting the Town of Beasts with the city of Chicago."

The real journey due west begins at Chicago, and every one I found spoke of this wonderful corn and cattle emporium as the boundary between east and west. The traveller whose purse is long enough can charter a drawing-room car at New York, and occupy it until San Francisco is reached; but there was an entire change of passengers at Chicago, and the newcomers seemed to be of a different type. Between New York and Chicago the gentlemen struck me as absorbed in business calculations, and as anxious to reach their destination for purely speculative and money-making purposes. We were a more miscellaneous company after Chicago, and it were hard indeed to guess the professions or objects of one's fellow-travellers. But they all at once plunged into conversation, and became very sociable within a quarter of an hour.

It is now that you are able to fall into the ways of the road and be at rest; rest such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals; such rest indeed as, were I a doctor, I would unfailingly prescribe for a patient

whose overworked brain had led him into difficulties.

Shut off from the remainder of the car is the drawing-room, upon whose table you can write with comfort. Arm-chairs and sofa are placed to command the best view of the passing scenery; books, carpets, and ornaments are there. At night a porter appears to convert your two easy-chairs into a berth; the sofa is in like manner transformed; the table is shut up somehow, and whisked away; shelves which you had not before noticed are brought into action, and two more berths are created; and all the beds are covered with spotless linen and brightly-striped blankets; so you undress and go to bed like good children, leaving orders as to what time you would like to be called. If the weather be warm, your drinking-water is iced; if cold, the cars are heated with hot-air pipes; while double windows bid defiance to frost and snow. Between Chicago and Omaha we have a dining-car attached to our train—a luxuriously appointed apartment, with little tables at which four may sit, finger-napkins, coloured wine-glasses, and a bill of fare at which an *ultra* epicure must fain forbear to complain. Waiters and servants of various kinds are at your call day and night. Under these circumstances, who would dare to consider seven days of ever-varying landscape a hardship?

The Father of Waters, the rolling Mississippi, interposes in our path at Burlington; but in America neither river nor mountain affrights the iron horse. At this point we are sixteen hundred miles from the mouth of the river, which we cross by a long and well-constructed bridge. Omaha is the next stage, so to speak, of our journey; and from that station communication with California is continued by a single line, the Union Pacific—or, as the Americans love to call it, the Trans-Continental Railroad—with continuing lines belonging respectively to the Central Pacific Company from Promontory to Sacramento, and to the Western Pacific Company from there to San Francisco. The broad plate-glass windows of the cars give many pleasant pictures of life and natural beauty in Iowa and Illinois; and it is easy to see that here is a country which drops fatness on every side. The idea of space, illimitable space, never leaves you, for everything is on a Brobdignagian scale, man alone appearing in the normal stature of his race.

The Missouri is crossed at Omaha by a bridge over a mile long; and the yellow, turbid flood rolls beneath us with something of anger. This, a fellow-traveller assures me, is not always the case; "for," quoth he, "the river is as variable in its mood as a woman."

You may be sure that this treasonable speech is made in a car where there is no lady. From what I saw of lady Americans, the bravest man would fear so to offend his womankind; and from what I saw of the men, their innate courtesy to the other sex would save them from the danger.

Omaha is of course termed a city. A store, a drinking saloon, and a few sheds and houses often—shall I say generally—constitute a city here, just as a twisted moustache and French cap make a man a general or a colonel. Because, however, to-day your city might almost be covered by a blanket, it must not be supposed that in a few months it will not be worthy of its name. Omaha, for example, is now a thriving town, growing rapidly every day, and full of importance in its sentinel post on the western bank of the river. But Omaha is a bran-new community, which, within the memory of young men, was the camping-place of a handful of squatters. Then it put up its dry-goods store, added the drinking-bar, and all the other incidents of civilisation followed. Before my little railway trip came to an end, I had seen many a "city" just as bran-new and limited which by-and-by will teem with go-ahead inhabitants, and publish its two or three daily newspapers. There is a gentleman still living in Omaha who received the first appointment of post-master; the chief difficulty he had to contend with was the non-existence of a post-office. The letters, however, were not numerous to out-of-the-way Omaha, and the worthy official was wont to clap the mails into the crown of his hat, and keep them there until by chance he met the person whose letter thus reposed upon his honoured head. Omaha is now a kind of postal centre, has a grand post-office, and half a dozen clerks.

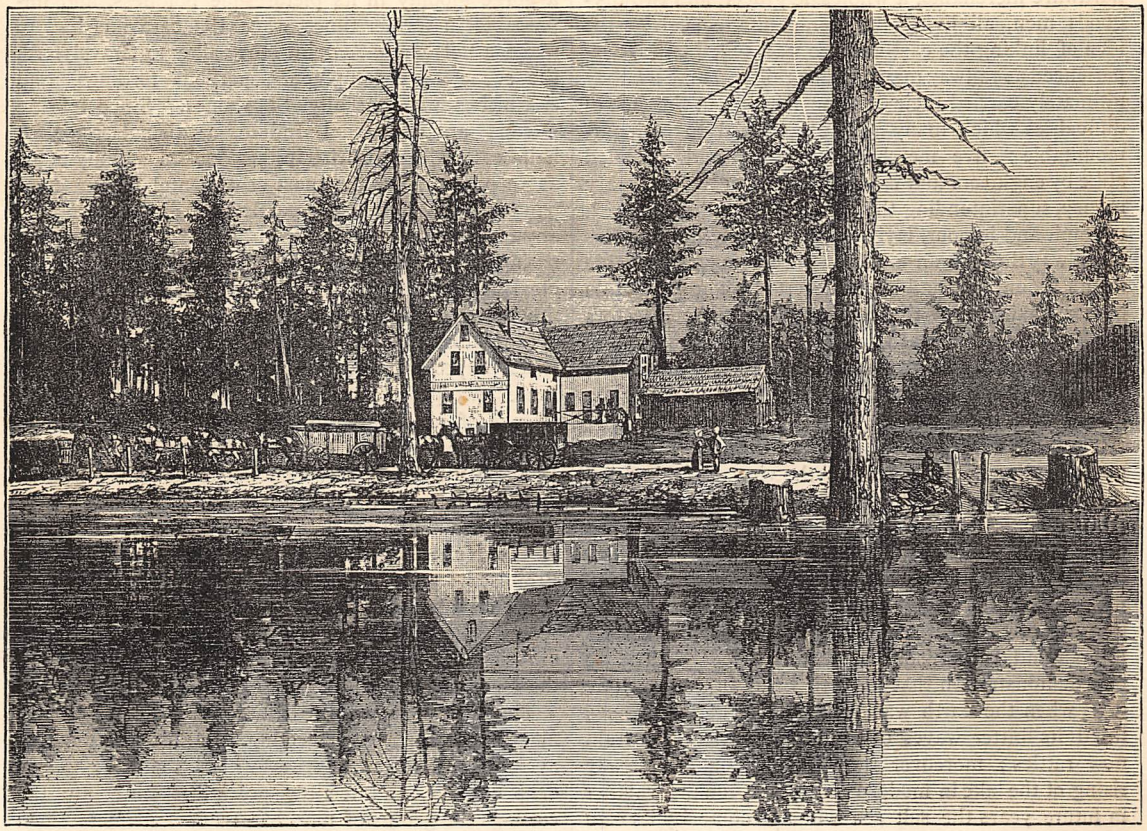
"You notice," an Omahaian said to me at the station, waving his hand generally over the plain, "we don't wait for population; we lay down a pretty steep project, and work it straight up. That's how we had a railway from Omaha to 'Frisco. The people follow it like sheep after a bell-wether. When our post-master was appointed, we swarmed hereabouts and settled, because it was necessary he should have a decent post-office. That's how we con-trive, sir."

For awhile the road, after leaving Omaha, runs parallel with the river Platte, a tributary of the Missouri, and almost as great a stream. The valley enriched by its waters teems with fertilisation, and the boundless plains stretch away to the very verge of the northern horizon. Now everything is strange and novel. I have referred to Omaha as a sentinel: it is sentinel over the vast prairie country where pioneers are bringing their "willing strong right hand" to bear upon the virgin soil. Mechanical agencies become rarer and scarcer as we proceed westward; habitations are sparse and humble; we begin to think and talk of buffalo and antelope, although as a matter of fact there is but one line (the Kansas and Pacific) from which railway passengers by any chance catch a passing glimpse of the former beast. The plains have not sufficient wood and water to tempt settlers in any numbers, but even on these wastes, once the dread of emigrants travelling in company for the sake of protection, homesteads smile beneath you, and you are forced to remember the wisdom of the Omahaian, and to accept his ruling that in "the States" the locomotive is the forerunner in whose wake cities and peoples will be drawn. And in this great Agricultural State of Nebraska the plains, if wide and bare, are marvellously rich, and there are grass-lands in our track said, and no doubt with truth, to be unsurpassed. A party of sportsmen had travelled from Chicago in our

AN EMBRYO CITY.

train, bent upon the destruction of the antelope and prairie fowl which abound in this splendid valley; and I can answer for one passenger who surveyed them from his easy-chair (tilted back at an angle of forty degres) with feelings of unmitigated envy. Prairie Dog City is one of the sights shown to each other by travellers, and to travellers by the railway officials, between Omaha and the mountains, and we were promised a salute from the merry little quadrupeds as we passed. If, however, they honoured us with a barking chorus, it was in the recesses of their burrows, for not a creature appeared upon the mounds where they are generally to be seen gravely seated on their haunches.

As you approach Cheyenne the Rocky Mountains lift up their crowns, and the land becomes wild with the wildness of rugged barrenness. The smile of the waving valley has given place to a fixed sternness, and it is the stern face of nature, as the stern face of man, which often exercises the greater power. The atmosphere is highly exhilarating; by the time we have ascended to Cheyenne, we are over six thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and the Rocky Mountains invite to a still higher elevation. Like Omaha, Cheyenne is bran-new and thriving. Not far to the south—as in this country we count distance—is Denver, and the outlying riches of Colorado; and Cheyenne is the antechamber to that land of lawlessness and gold. Onwards, still Westward Ho! we pursue our journey. Granitic masses, rude bluffs, sage-brush, alkali plains, and distant peaks, tell a tale of human perseverance and engineering skill. Snow-sheds and snow-fences appear suggestive of the severe winter storms and the snow-plough with which the locomotive cuts its way through the whitened track. There are miles upon miles of snow-fences; and on the plains, and on the mountain-sides, there stand snow-ploughs, eleven feet high, ready for the six or eight locomotives which, in a few months, will be urging them forward through the accumulated snow. The snow-sheds are solidly constructed with plank and stone, as they must needs be, since their presence indicates a point of danger. Upon this section of the line you eat at stations placed at proper distances apart; and the food, though dear—too dear, I fancy, for the poorer passengers, who appeared to carry their own private provision basket—is of excellent quality. Buffalo, elk, grouse, prairie fowl, antelope, turkey, and other "small deer," are offered to you in great variety; and as you are permitted a stay of half an hour, and five minutes' grace if required, the meals may be partaken of in a sensible English style, as distinct from the gobble and sweep which is the invariable Yankee motto. Sometimes a party of us united in telegraphing to some station ahead, and then we found seats reserved, and a bounteous table spread in the wilderness.



A PLEASANT HALTING-PLACE.

Cañons and gorges are now frequent, and the rugged scenery puts on increasing grandeur as the train proceeds onwards and upwards. Sherman stands on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, eight thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and we have now, in round reckoning, completed two-thirds of our trip, and are assured that the last third is infinitely more interesting than anything previously experienced. Such shrubs and trees as have now the hardihood to burst into existence in these high latitudes are dwarfed and shrivelled, but there is game galore in the district, and the brooks and water-courses, galloping down to the plains, abound with trout. Heavy brakes—and the brake principle is applied to perfection upon these lines—are required as the train speeds down the western slope of the mighty mountain range, and in good time a halt is called at Lamarie, which may be designated the Crewe of the system. The veritable prairies come next, home of countless herds of deer, and haunt, in the depth of winter, of the ponderous elk. Still imposingly rugged is the landscape, and most imposing of all, the Wasatch Mountains, which form the wall of partition between the Rocky Range and Salt Lake City. The Wasatch Cañons are sublime ; the mountains overlooking Salt Lake Valley, surpassingly lovely.

At Ogden, the station for Salt Lake City, the running is taken up by the Central Pacific Railway Company, and strong must be the temptation to a European compelled to pass the junction without the opportunity of turning aside to leave his card at Brigham Young Esquire's chief habitation. A tall, thin, silent man, with a small party of emigrants, amongst whom women predominated in the ratio of five to one, left the main line here, and walked away, mysterious as they had been throughout the journey from Chicago, in the direction of the Salt Lake branch. Two grisly men met them on the platform, a deputation of elders perhaps from the City of Saints, only thirty-nine miles distant. A Mormon, an English artisan from Liverpool I am ashamed to say, with whom I contrived to engage in conversation over a cigarette, gave me a somewhat dolorous account of Salt Lake, of the difficulties encountered in hauling timber for building purposes a score of miles from the mountains, of the dependence of everything upon irrigation, and of the several hardships of life in Utah. According to this critic, Brigham, like the ancient leader whom he pretended to imitate, led his people into the wilderness, but did *not* finally lead them into a land flowing with milk and honey.

The Americans speak with special pride of the Central Pacific Railroad, likening it even to the Mont Cenis achievement. Their pride cannot be too great for an enterprise which is worth a prominent page in the history of courageous undertakings. A couple

hardware merchants, a wholesale grocer, and two dry-goods men, all living in Sacramento, conceived the idea of linking the east and the west together. Inexperienced as railway managers or railroad makers, they ultimately carried their scheme through in the face of difficulties which many a time appeared to be insurmountable;—five merchants, opposed and ridiculed alike by engineers and capitalists, raising the necessary money, superintending the works, and in the end, with triumph and honour, laying down eight hundred miles of railway through an uninhabited country, remarkable for its mountains and alkali deserts! The wholesale grocer, chairman of the company when the directors used to hold their board meetings around the stove of a shingle hut, was president of the State when the railway was opened for public use, and was free to the title of "Honourable."

The waters of Salt Lake come within our ken, distance lending enchantment to the view, and shadowy mountain summits dotting the horizon beyond. And soon we enter what with too much grandiloquence has been termed, and is still known as, "The Great American Desert," sixty square miles of alkali plain speckled with the stunted sage-brush. Agriculturists maintain that this apparent waste, dreary to the eye, and useless to mankind, is unmistakably fertile. Geologists prove to a demonstration that the Salt Lake, in those mystic days when the earth was fashioned as it is not now, lifted its bitter waves over the spot where the train now rattles; moreover they dwell upon the steady rising of the lake in modern times, to speculate whether in future years the salt sea will not come by its own again. Who shall put bounds to the products of this land? Coal and iron may be had for the delving; the passing trains coal direct from Mother Earth. It is true that the heroes who built this railway, here 4,200 feet above the sea-level, had to draw drinking-water for the labourers from a distance of forty miles; true that the men were obliged to dig tunnels under ice and snow to work at the permanent way. Yet here in the midst of the alkali country, at Humboldt Wells, the desert already rejoices and blossoms as the rose, thanks to the careful culture and scientific irrigation which have produced the grain, vegetables, and fruit that gladden the present harvest time.

The Humboldt Valley, of which we see a fair sample *en passant*, is a famous grazing land, and amongst the huge, fierce-horned cattle you may pick out the sturdy Hereford and aristocratic Devon, to remind you of home. Where mountains reign valleys are tributary; and this strip of living green runs eighty miles, with an average width of ten miles. Soon we are in the regions where miners toil and sojourn. The long line of small black objects winding down yonder hill-side is not an army of ants on the march; it is a column of mules and mustangs, laden with stuff that represents the needs and fruits of a miner's life. On the plateau there is a settlement upon the skirts of the mining country, a loosely planted township of wood, which may be abandoned to-morrow, or perchance suddenly become a firmly planted city. There is a station in Humboldt Cañon, a gorge gloomy in its picturesque boldness, and impassable in former times, when the caravans had to make a toilsome *détour* into the valley to Gravelyford, the scene of encampments, perilous fordings, and skirmishes with rascally Shoshones. Since leaving Omaha an occasional Indian, a dismal red-skin, half-heathen, half-Christian, has looked stolidly at us as we passed; but the most sentimental of our company would have been puzzled to discover in him any remnants of the noble savage who, in the fascinating stories of boyhood, ruled the wigwam and made glorious the war-path. Further down in the midst of the vapour which enclouds Hot Spring Valley, a spur of little hills athwart the broad hollow divides the districts preyed upon respectively by the Shoshones and Pintes, two prowling tribes who are Past Grands in the science of prowling and robbery. Humboldt Lake offers some curious sights, good fishing, and fair sport amongst the waterfowl which infest the willow-islands and swamps. Between Humboldt and the Sierras, to which we are by this time looking anxiously forward, as the Nebo from which we shall descend into the Promised Land, there are many lakes; we shall enjoy the consummated grandeur of the final mountain scenery the more keenly after the lava, sand, broken hillocks, straggling vegetation, and basaltic rocks of the Nevada Desert.

The Sierras are now before us, with leagues of massive snow-sheds protecting the railroad from the avalanches and snow-drifts which the lofty peaks, deep caverns, and terrible precipices hurl into the cuttings the genius of man has made and maintained through the last wild barrier. We hasten through a succession of surprises into the Summit Tunnel, and are not astonished to learn that the conductors of the railway have every year to protect their passengers and rolling stock from five-and-forty miles of severe snow-line. Then come a glimpse of California below us, and the morning of the seventh day heralding in a rush down the Sierra from Summit to Colfax, that shall make the blood tingle and the pulses fly again—a rush from a seven thousand to a two thousand five hundred feet elevation, in two hours and a half. The wind makes weird music as you whirl round curves and cliffs, looking down into awesome chasms and upon dense woodland steeps. At the end of the train there is an open car, where, if you are so favoured, this glorious panorama may be surveyed without let or hindrance.

The operations of the gold-miners steal your attention on the lower ground, and the long flumes through which the water is conducted up and down hill, to serve the hardy miners, will for awhile keep the track close company. It is a new land, after the deserts a welcome Goschen, into which you have now entered. Airy piazzas surround the farm-houses, brilliant flowers spangle the fields and banks; the snow-sheds and Sierras seem the remembrance of a dream in this atmosphere of summer. See the gardens and shrubberies and orchards, out of which rises the splendid dome of the Capitol of Sacramento city, and you shall be pardoned for whispering to your neighbour, that if

you were not wedded to the "free fair homes of England," you would be content to dwell in peerless California.

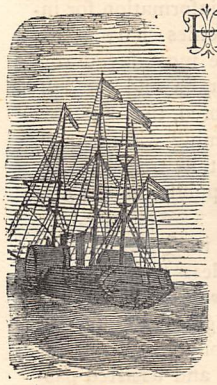
It was at Placerville that the gold-fever rash broke out in this part of the world, and at Placerville a Californian passenger taken up at Sacramento ventures—singular to mention—to speak in terms of slight of the local gold-mining. He declares it a played-out game. The future of the State he believes lies in its magnificent agricultural resources, and in the abundance of the more prosaic minerals. To support his theory he gives me certain statements which I subsequently have the opportunity of verifying, and I will summarise them as the lessons I laid to heart at the close of my pleasant little railway trip; premising, by the way, that the six-shooter was never taken from its mahogany case, that the civilisation of San Francisco struck me as far superior to that of New York, and that while not forgetting the old adage, "It is not all gold that glitters," nothing will root out of my mind the conviction that California is the richest and most beautiful of the United States of America.

And now for brief evidence to character as to this paragon State. In South California, flowers bloom and the grass is green throughout the winter; invalids and children pass the greater part of the day out of doors in December, January, and February; corn planted in March and May is often harvested in December, the land producing two crops—first wheat and barley, secondly oats in the same field. The harvest season being rainless, grain is threshed and bagged in the fields, and left there till sold. Chilian clover—capital feeding-stuff—has been known to produce fifteen tons an acre, yielding six to eight cuttings a year; cotton, silk, hops, beet, castor-bean, wool, almonds, olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, and English walnuts are fruitful sources of income to the husbandman. A farmer was met by a gentleman (whose name I could give) carrying to market, on a bright January day, oranges, pumpkins, a lamb, corn, green peas in their pods, sugar-cane, lemons, and *strawberries*. Heliotropes climb twenty feet high over the piazzas, and the winter flowers include jasmine, tuberoses, and fragrant stock. Peach-trees bear a peck to the tree in the second year from the pit, apple-trees give a full crop in five years, vines yield well in the second season, and the kitchen-garden is productive all the year round. Willow or cotton-wood planted for fences supplies a man with fire-wood in two years, and gives him besides poles to support his overladen fruit-trees.

This and more of a similar kind might be told of this land of overflowing plenty. The one difficulty is water in the dry season, and those windmills we saw when San Francisco first opened out to our gratified eyes are largely employed in the necessary irrigation.

M. A.

ON BOARD AN EMIGRANT SHIP.



HAVING a great desire to go over an emigrant ship and learn something of actual emigration, we visited a fast sailing vessel of 760 tons, lying at anchor off Gravesend. We were most courteously received by all the officers on board, and soon learnt that they were bound to one of our colonies with 400 passengers, many of whom were on deck enjoying the air. There were poor men and women, whose faces bore traces of the struggles they had undergone to procure the necessaries of every-day life for themselves and their families. Others, with more physical strength, but whose improvident habits had possibly straitened their circumstances, were off for a fresh start.

The matron—a genial, motherly person, trained and appointed by a ladies' society in Fitzroy Street, connected with the emigration system—is evidently thoroughly competent to manage numbers by her judicious methods, gained from experience, and to secure their good-will by her general kindliness and motherly care.

Her charge consisted of about fifty unmarried girls of various ages, from fifteen and upwards, drawn from all parts of Great Britain, and who had been, or intended to be, domestic servants. It is her duty to arrange them in groups for the performance of such work as sweeping and cleaning, under the guidance of assistant matrons. She is also required to instruct them in cutting out and making up the materials supplied by ladies for suitable outfits. This knowledge is likely to prove an inestimable boon to them in after life, for doubtless the misery and discomfort of many cottage homes are mainly due to the lamentable ignorance of poor women on these points.

But we may hope for a better state of things by-and-by, for the School Boards for London and other parts of England have set a worthy example, in making needlework an important branch of education in our public elementary schools, and we hope they will appoint a female inspector to examine results.

The matron's little sleeping-place overlooks the girls' berths, which were arranged with much compactness and convenience. Each berth will accommodate two persons, and is separated from the next by a narrow ledge.

From one extremity to the other, deal slides are fastened to supporting beams by rods and bolts, and can be lowered to form tables when required, or raised and pushed overhead when not in use. The "ship lights" are constructed on the principle of a

carriage lamp, and maintain an upright position, whatever the motion of the vessel. No other lights are permitted, and thus safety from fire is secured.

Passing through a door, we entered the central division devoted to the married couples, and found the arrangements similar, except that the sleeping apartments are more roomy and are partitioned off, each entrance being screened by a curtain of blue glazed calico. Of course, the space is cramped compared with land accommodation, but is sufficient for comfort aboard ship.

The single men's division is fitted up much like that of the girls, only each man has a separate berth.

Besides a comfortably fitted bath-room and an infirmary, we noticed a store of boxes containing books and educational apparatus of all kinds, as well as standard works of light literature, and a plentiful supply of Bibles, prayer-books, and religious publications, the last-named being presents from various religious societies.

We watched with interest the working of a small engine, by which sea-water was pumped into a receiver to be distilled, and found it was agreeable to the taste. This water, being very soft, is excellent for washing. In order to guarantee their perfect working, such engines are tested at Lloyd's a month or two before they are required on board; but Government obliges each vessel to carry half the necessary fresh water supply in store, for fear of injury to the engine on the voyage.

Adjoining this small room is a fire-proof apartment employed as a kitchen, furnished with a range, boilers, &c. The spacious ovens will cook 600 pounds of meat at once, and are also used to bake the required quantity of bread. The live stock for future provision consisted of pigs, ducks, and fowls.

It was evident that no care or pains had been spared to secure, as far as possible, both the comfort and happiness of each individual, and of the whole community. Every arrangement spoke of much forethought, matured by long experience. This, I think, was fully appreciated by the emigrants themselves, who seemed cheerful and contented, and invariably spoke highly of those in authority.

Daily prayers are read on deck by the doctor. A schoolmaster is appointed to instruct the men and boys, when they are not engaged in ship-work; and the matron performs a similar duty towards the girls, which furnishes another kindly link between them.

With a few exceptions, of such as "had seen better days," and hoped to repair their shattered fortunes abroad, the emigrants consisted of domestic servants, labourers, mechanics, and artizans, with their wives and families It was interesting to chat with the more intelligent of these last-named classes, whose youthful enthusiasm had not been greatly damped by excessive hardship in the past, and who therefore expressed themselves determined to labour to the utmost of their power, to win that success in the new country which was denied them in the old.

Perhaps we do not fully realise what emigration really is. It is not the motion of a few stragglers across the ocean, but of great masses, and has in these days become a permanent institution of society. Labour always flows towards those districts where it is best rewarded, and this fact has now become so impressed upon the minds of Britons of all classes, that large numbers yearly resolve to try their fortunes by labour on newer and kindlier fields than their native home will afford. Ease of locomotion, the result of many inventions of modern civilisation, has facilitated the gratification of that desire; while the press, furnishing cheap and widely distributed newspapers, has likewise exercised a powerful influence in the same direction.

We all readily acknowledge, too, that emigration is an admirable means of disposing of our surplus population, who in times of trade depression and other distress are liable to be thrown out of work, and consequently to starve. Ignorance has hitherto supplied many excuses, and still creates a prejudice in the minds of large masses, which makes them indisposed to leave England and strive to better themselves. A little more knowledge would show them that the new home proposed to them very closely resembles the old. The climate may be different—often better—but the manners, customs, laws, literature, public institutions, means of education, and of communication by rapidly-extending railways, telegraphs, &c., are the same. Our Home Government, fully sensible of the great benefits which will ultimately accrue through individuals to the nation at large, have a regularly constituted system, under the direction of the Board of Emigration Commissioners, who employ proper officers to manage the various details, and publish a Colonial Circular, with all needful information for intending emigrants. All the colonies have some attractions, but perhaps two of the most favourable fields for emigrants now are Australia and the Dominion. Though not yet fully explored, the vast area of the former is known to be teeming with animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth; but its treasures are only very partially revealed to the public, for want of capital and labour.

The climate generally, especially in Queensland, is warm, but agreeable and healthy, less trying to the British constitution than that of colonies in other continents. And so anxious is this great country for labour, that it employs agents in London, empowered to offer every inducement by free and assisted passages to those who cannot afford to pay for themselves—as labourers, servants, &c.—with grants of land and purchase on easy terms to those who can; and they furnish all applicants with a hand-book of statistics respecting the particular district, free.

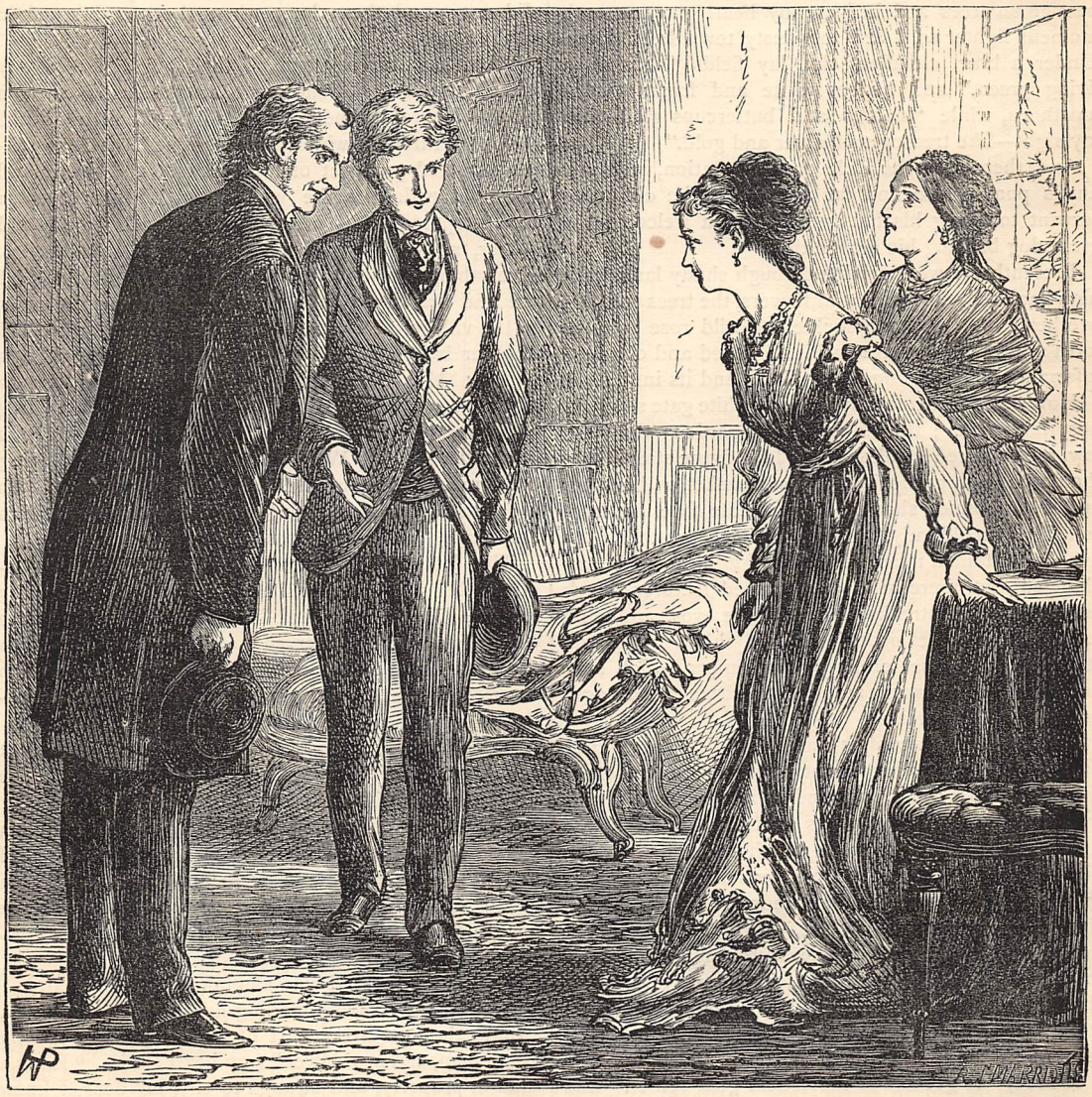
The most acceptable persons are strong, able-bodied men, willing to rough it, and to turn their hand to any employment that offers itself, content to endure present evil in order to secure future good. Domestic servants are also in great demand. These are all often engaged by the agents before they go on board. The journey to Australia is accomplished by a sailing vessel in about ninety, and by a steamer in sixty days.

MY AUNT'S MATCH-MAKING.

THERE were seven of us—all girls—and the youngest twelve years old. I think my father, a hard-working lawyer, who had a struggle to maintain his family in comfort, sighed sometimes when he looked at us, and wondered what would become of us all. But these thoughts did not trouble us much at the time of which I write. We were a quiet domestic family, fond of each other, and with plenty of home duties and home pleasures.

Our mother was somewhat of an invalid, and we lived in a large town in the west of England; but my story has little or nothing to do with our home life.

One of our yearly treats, which came round with as much regularity as the seasons themselves, was a visit to a maiden aunt, a sister of my father. She lived in the heart of the country some twenty miles from our town, and to leave the heat and noise of the streets, and escape into such scenery and such pure air as surrounded Daisy Farm, was very delightful, even if our Aunt Bessy had not been the most hospitable and the kindest of old ladies.



"MY NEPHEW, MR. HARRY VERNON" (*p.* 47).

Well, it was on a sunny June morning, and we were all seated round the breakfast-table, when the well-known handwriting appeared, and the usual invitation was read for two of the girls to go at once and stay as long as they could be spared. It so happened that my eldest sister could not leave home just then, as our

mother was more than usually ailing; and my younger sisters had a friend staying with them.

"So you, Alice, will have to go alone," was the decision of the rest.

"It will do you good, child; you look pale," said my father, looking up from his papers; "pack up and be off as soon as you can."

Nothing loth, I soon finished my preparations, and a day or two after I found myself in the train, whirling past green trees and hedges, my heart growing each moment lighter as I left the dusty town behind me. Under a blue, cloudless sky, lay fields "dressed in living green," and hedges white and fragrant with hawthorn, while "daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight—like treasures of silver and gold."

And there was the little country station, with my aunt's pony-chaise and fat pony, and the old man-servant touching his hat and smiling a welcome, the great dog barking his recognition.

Presently we were driving through shady lanes with high banks covered with wild flowers, the trees meeting overhead, and the honeysuckle and wild rose sending forth a delicious perfume, while I asked and obtained information concerning Daisy Farm and its inmates.

How well I remember it all—the white gate standing hospitably open; the old-fashioned garden; the long, low, rose-covered farmhouse; and the figure standing in the porch, with gardening gloves, a basket on her arm, and a sun-bonnet shading the delicate face. I have called her an old lady, but she was not more than fifty-five, and retained much of her youthful beauty—it was changed, but there still; the refined features, black hair with silver streaks, the soft blue eyes, and pink and white complexion. I used to think, and I do still, that it was her sweet placid temper which kept her young—it is worry and disappointment that ages us far more than years.

But now I must confess—and I had better do it at once, before I introduce Aunt Bessy to my readers—that she had a weakness; and in consequence of this weakness, our pleasant visits to Daisy Farm had a drawback. My aunt was a match-maker! Not the designing, clever, unscrupulous personage whom this epithet would call into some minds or memories. As simple and innocent as a child, yet for all that, by nature a match-maker. She believed that marriages were made in heaven, but—perhaps for that very reason—she liked to feel that she was helping in the good work. We, her unmarried nieces, used to feel ourselves her special victims.

Indeed, "to get one of those dear girls settled" was her openly avowed desire. I do not deny that the motive was laudable, and I do not affirm that we were averse to matrimony. Nevertheless to be aware that efforts are being made on your behalf, to see through the very transparent schemes intended to be inscrutable, to have it impressed upon you to be agreeable to this or that uninteresting individual, and most of all, to suspect that others may also see through the scheme, is, I maintain, very unpleasant; and this constituted our sole objection to our otherwise enjoyable visits.

Of course remonstrance was useless—that was quite proper and natural, she thought, on our part, but she had a duty to perform all the same.

And we couldn't say or do anything to hurt her feelings—dear old auntie!—for she was so kind, so indulgent, so devoted to us, who used often to tyrannise over her.

I must now return to our meeting, for I have left aunt standing at her door, and you may be sure she did not stand there long when the pony turned in at the gate.

After a warm welcome, I took possession of my little room, with its snowy counterpane and curtains all smelling of lavender; gave a hasty look out of the window, through which roses peeped, at the well-remembered prospect of hill and dale and river; and then descended to the well-spread table, where tea was prepared—rich cream, home-made bread and butter, new-laid eggs, and a few early strawberries. Everything seemed to taste of the country, and while I ate and drank, auntie chatted, and told me the news of the village. Mrs. Langdale, the curate's wife, had another baby; a new shop was opened in the High Street; Mr. Clark, the village doctor, had a new assistant; the old Miss Morleys were really going to leave. Did I remember little Polly, the miller's pretty daughter? Well, actually that child was going to be married! Poor Mr. Smith, who had been ill so long, was dead; and young Tom Everett, who lived in that pretty farm-house, was still a bachelor.

This last was bad news—poor young Tom, an excellent but shy youth, had been devoted by Aunt Bessy to each of us in turns, and like other delicacies of the season, was regularly served up with tea and croquet on the occasions of our visits. We devoutly wished him married, but at present, as aunt said, "he was evidently waiting for *somebody!*"

"But," she continued, "I have saved my most important piece of news till the last: the white house on the hill is finished and occupied!"

I recollected the house well, prettily situated on a woody eminence with a background of dark trees, and a lawn sloping down in front to a river. I had often admired the spot, and wondered with the rest of the small population, who would live in it when the workmen had at last disappeared.

"Well, auntie, and who has taken it?" I asked.

"Ah!" she replied, nodding her head mysteriously, "that's the interesting part of my story. An elderly gentleman, and a widower" (my heart sank). "He is a man of property, and strange to say, my dear, I knew him years ago!"

"Indeed! that is curious. What is his name?" I asked.

"Dr. Vernon," replied aunt. "He was a rising young doctor when we were acquainted, but he afterwards went into the army, married, and our paths separated. I heard of him in India, but that was a long time ago, and I had forgotten there was such a man. And now it is, as you say, Alice, most remarkable that he should come and settle here of all places. And just at this time too! I always say

there's a providence in these things. Of course I shall think it right to renew my old acquaintanceship."

Of course she would. Well, I could only hope that the elderly gentleman would be sensible—excuse auntie, and exonerate me.

Anyhow, I did not mean to let it trouble me at present; tea over, we sauntered into the garden, and inspected aunt's little domain, from the new Alderney cow in the paddock, that came up to be petted, to the little balls of down nestling under the wings of the hen. How lovely it all was! the soft air laden with the breath of flowers, the late bees returning from their day's work with a lazy hum, the quietness and sweetness of a summer evening in the country. Aunt went in before I did. I could not leave the beauty outside, the gradual twilight, the stars gradually appearing, the bat's swift and silent flight. And then suddenly the stillness was broken by a flood of melody. A nightingale began to sing, and was answered by another in a neighbouring grove. The concert was continued long after I had been called in, and the early little household shut up for the night; and I slept too soundly to hear anything more, till the cock began to crow in the morning.

"You are looking rosier already, I declare," was aunt's observation the next morning at breakfast. "What, have you been out?"

"Yes, auntie, and I have filled all your vases with fresh flowers."

"Good girl; but don't tire yourself. I shall want you to drive me into the village this morning."

So most of this my first day was spent exploring the picturesque little village, renewing old acquaintanceships, and making new ones.

Young Everett came that evening, and I thought him more stupid than ever.

Several days passed before I saw the possessor of the new house, though I heard sundry reports of him from the neighbours.

But one evening, coming in from the garden where I had been watering and weeding, I found a tall, grave, gentlemanly man, apparently about sixty, in the drawing-room, whom aunt introduced to me as Dr. Vernon. He stayed some time, and I further discovered that he talked well, and was agreeable, though with a certain precision and formality of manner that prevented my feeling at ease with him. He had a pair of deep-set, penetrating grey eyes, that seemed to see everything, beneath straight thick brows, and above an aquiline nose, and decided mouth and chin. A good face, but worn and aged, not only by years and perhaps anxiety, but by the Indian climate.

I was a shy girl, and talked very little to the stranger; but aunt, finding out that we both played chess, brought out a board and set us down to it, while she sat by knitting complacently. I could not help wondering how much those observant grey eyes saw, nor could I help rather a guilty blush when I caught them fixed upon me. I lost my game thinking of these things, and did not propose another.

I heard him accept aunt's cordial invitation to come again, and then he begged her and her young friend to go to his house the next day to luncheon, and give him some advice as to the laying out of his garden; "for I see you have a taste for gardening," he added, looking at aunt's pretty flower-beds.

I did not want to go, and told auntie so when he had left. But she only laughed at me.

I must say, however, that we had a very pleasant morning at White Hall, as the new house was to be called. Dr. Vernon was such a thorough gentleman and a perfect host. And certainly both his house and garden showed signs of taste and refinement.

"It only wants a mistress," observed aunt as we drove home in the afternoon. "Dear me!" she added, "I never gave the doctor the little packet of seeds I took for him. Never mind, he is sure to look in this evening."

"I should think not, as we have been there all the morning," said I, astonished. But aunt was right—he appeared, and asked for a game of chess, at which I was again beaten.

Somehow this soon became a common state of things. Whether the good doctor found his empty house unbearably dull, or whether he had a special love for chess, or what it was I could not say, but certainly few days passed without our seeing him; and it became obvious to the villagers, who were not slow to remark upon such things, to my aunt, and even to myself, that Daisy Farm possessed an attraction for the lonely widower.

And what did I think of our guest on further acquaintance? That he was a clever, well-read, superior man there was no doubt, and it was flattering to a girl of eighteen that such a man should care to talk to her. But beyond my admiration for him I felt nothing, and was only vexed by aunt's hints, and at last her outspoken wishes.

"I do think, Alice, you are the most unimpressionable girl I ever saw," she exclaimed one evening, when I had been listening in silence to her praises of our visitor, who had just left. "Most girls would be proud to be noticed by a man like that."

"Perhaps I am, auntie," I replied indifferently.

"And do not you like him?"

"Yes," I answered.

"A perfect gentleman," she went on; "good, kind, clever, and rich!"

"And old enough to be my father," I added.

"Nonsense, child! he is in the prime of life, and you are just the sort of girl who ought to marry a man older than yourself."

"Well, auntie," I said laughing, "I am not asked yet."

"I know that," returned my aunt quite gravely, "but I also know that he comes here a good deal, and I hear what people say. And he admires you, Alice, for I have heard him say so—he thinks you a nice, unaffected girl. All I want, dear, is your happiness, and that you should do nothing rashly. And remember that, though I put other things first, to be comfortably off is a great blessing."

No one knew that better than I did, and I sighed as

I went to bed that night, thinking of the advantage and comfort such a marriage would be to my parents. But I slept soundly, and the next day something happened which put all these thoughts out of my head.

After breakfast I left aunt to her household matters, and summoning Sailor, the great black dog, I set off for a walk. I felt restless, and longed to get out alone into the country.

Nature seemed full of happiness, and I was soon singing to myself, and thinking what a beautiful world it was.

I chose my favourite walk by the river-side. It was Sailor's favourite walk too; he always seemed to have an immense amount of business to transact along the banks and among the rushes, sniffing into the holes, and startling shy water-rats, which splashed into the river. And then Sailor plunged in too, returning to shake himself close to me in token of his friendly regard.

I had just thrown a piece of wood as far as I could into the water, and was watching the dog bounding after it, when I heard a voice call out—

"Who's that disturbing my fish? Come here, you good-for-nothing dog."

Just there the river curved, and the willows that lined its banks hid the speaker from my view; but turning the corner I saw a gentleman fishing, or rather, just now trying to fish under disadvantages, for Sailor still swam up and down, enjoying his cool bath, and sending out great widening rings all round him on the surface of the smooth water. The stranger took off his hat when he saw me, and I, feeling bound to apologise for Sailor's misdemeanours, approached him, saying—

"I had no idea any one was fishing here, or I would have kept my dog out of the river."

"You would have found that rather difficult, I imagine. Pray don't apologise. What a splendid fellow he is!"

The speaker was a young man—good-looking, sunburnt, and with gentlemanly address. He made some more remarks about the dog, the weather, and the art of fishing, and I found myself chatting with him as if he were an old acquaintance. The time passed quickly, and I was startled to hear a distant clock strike.

"I must go," I said. "Come, Sailor, we ought to be at home."

"Have you far to go?" asked my new friend.

"There is the house," I replied, pointing to where between the trees the cottage was visible.

"Is not that Daisy Farm, where Miss Wingfield lives?" he asked.

"Yes; she is my aunt, and I am staying with her."

"How strange!" exclaimed the young man; "I mean how strange that my uncle did not mention you. He told me about the cottage, and your aunt."

"And who is your uncle, and who are you?" I asked surprised.

He took off his hat.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Harry Vernon, nephew of Dr. Vernon, of White Hall—very happy to have made the acquaintance of Miss Wingfield, which I trust we may shortly renew."

"Of course we shall, for your uncle often comes to Daisy Farm. I wonder he did not tell us last night that you were coming."

"I only arrived to-day, and he is rather absent, and I dare say never thought of it. I am so glad we have made friends in this informal way—are not you?"

I acquiesced, and with another good-bye, and call to the dog, I left him. My first thought was to tell aunt of this interesting meeting, but I changed my mind before I reached home. She might think I had not done quite right in talking to a stranger, and I felt rather a shyness in describing it all to her. Besides, it would all come out in the evening, when no doubt they would both call. So I contented myself with thinking over our interview.

"How much nicer the nephew is than the uncle!" was the conclusion I came to, as I hurried in to our early dinner, and was complimented by aunt on my walk having given me such a becoming colour, and put me in such spirits.

I do not deny that I laughed and sang over my work that afternoon, or that I dressed myself with extra care in the evening.

But I was destined to have a thorough surprise. About seven o'clock in came Dr. Vernon alone, and not one word did he say about a nephew. My morning adventure might have been a dream, and I almost thought it was. I went to bed thoroughly puzzled, and inclined to be angry with both uncle and nephew. I certainly would not meet the latter again if I could help it, as he did not care to come to the house.

"But perhaps Dr. Vernon will explain it all to-morrow," was my last thought before I fell asleep.

No; the morrow came, and with it the doctor, but no mention of his nephew, or of his having any one staying with him, and of course I said nothing.

The next day aunt asked me to take a dinner to a poor woman living the other side of the village. As it was in the opposite direction to White Hall, I made no objection, and calling Sailor, I set off. I was quite determined to avoid Harry Vernon, and if I did meet him, to be very cool. I was thinking of this as I walked along through the fields, wondering whether a haughty bow or a decided cut would be the most effective way of showing my displeasure, when looking up, I saw Sailor bounding towards the very person who was in my thoughts, and giving him the friendliest greeting. In another minute, and before I had made up my mind as to my most dignified course, the young man stood before me, his face beaming with pleasure as he exclaimed—

"Miss Wingfield, I have been looking for you everywhere! Why have you forsaken your old haunts? I wanted particularly to speak to you."

"You would have found me at home probably," I replied stiffly.

"Ah! that is the very thing I want to tell you about," he returned. "Confess that you are thinking me the rudest fellow you ever met."

There was no withstanding his frank, pleasant

manner, and my displeasure partly melted away as, walking by his side, I acknowledged that I had thought it odd.

"Well, you see, it was all your fault for disappearing all yesterday, so that I could not explain matters; and I don't know how I shall do it now. You must be very lenient, or I shall fail. The truth is this," he continued: "my uncle—though as good as gold, as I of all people ought to know—is the most eccentric man possible. You may have found it out. Well, after my never-to-be-forgotten meeting at the river, I went home all unsuspecting and told him about it, ending with a polite proposal to accompany him the next time he called at Daisy Farm. To my utter amazement my uncle said quietly, when I had finished, 'Harry, you will greatly oblige me if you will keep away from Daisy Farm for a few days; in fact, if you will not make yourself known there at all until I give you leave.'"

"What an obedient nephew you are!" I observed rather sarcastically.

"No," he replied, "it was not obedience—I do not know that I owe him that. But look here—he is the most generous friend any one ever had; in fact, he has been a father to me ever since my own parents died. And when he asks me a favour—which I do not remember his ever doing before—you see, I don't like to refuse. Was I wrong?"

"No, you were quite right," I exclaimed warmly; "but what can be his reason?"

"I asked, but he only said, 'Never mind; you know that I never do things without reason, though they may seem unreasonable.' So I promised to do as he wished, but I did not promise to avoid you, and curiously enough he said nothing about that—no doubt knowing it would be useless."

"He probably meant it," I said, "and you had much better do as he wishes."

"If *you* wish it, I will instantly obey," said Harry Vernon.

Now I felt that I ought to tell him to go, and I honestly tried to do so; but I hesitated, and he took advantage of my weakness. We had a delightful walk, and before we separated, just out of sight of the farm, I am afraid I had half promised to meet him the next day by the river. That meeting led to more—I was only eighteen, reader, and our interviews seemed so innocent and were so pleasant—I must confess that after this a day seldom passed without one.

I never mentioned them to aunt; I often resolved to do so, but when the time came it seemed impossible. Was I happy? Feverishly so at times; but on the whole, no! A sense of wrong-doing oppressed me; I was not used to concealment; but it was not that only. I felt that Harry Vernon was becoming more to me than a mere acquaintance. I thought of him by day, and at night I dreamt of him, when I slept—for I began to lie awake, instead of sleeping the whole night through as I used to do. I was no longer the careless light-hearted girl of a few weeks ago. My Aunt Bessy noticed the alteration in my looks.

"I can't think what has come over you, child," she remarked one morning; "you eat nothing, and look wretched, and your spirits are so variable. You are as unlike my cheerful little Alice of old as can be, yet you say you are well and happy. You walk too much for one thing, that I am certain. I shall speak to Dr. Vernon about you this evening."

"Pray don't, aunt; I am perfectly well; and why in the world should Dr. Vernon be troubled about me and my affairs?"

I spoke sharply, whereas aunt's words and looks had been kind. No wonder she looked troubled and more anxious than before. The next moment, however, I repented, and kissed her; and in the evening she fulfilled her threat, the doctor having "looked in" as he was passing—alone as usual.

"Do not you think that long walks in this weather are bad for young girls, doctor?" she asked.

"Yes," he agreed, "especially by the river."

I hated him as I felt his piercing eyes fixed upon my face, and knew that I was blushing crimson; but auntie answered unsuspectingly—

"Yes, the damp mists that rise from it are always unhealthy. You must be more careful, Alice."

I began to feel seriously displeased with Dr. Vernon for his silence, and with his nephew for giving in to him, and with myself for caring at all about it.

Several times Harry and I nearly quarrelled—then I came home and cried my eyes out. This state of things could not last. One night, after lying awake for hours, I came to a resolution: I would go home. I almost wished I had never left that peaceful abode—it seemed to me that I had been away months, whereas in reality it was scarcely one. After all I had no right to think that Harry Vernon meant anything serious. He might, of course, have called, had he chosen. Then I contradicted myself indignantly. He was not capable of meanness or deceit—he was doing right; it was his uncle who was to blame; I had never liked that grave old man with his air of mystery. What could be his motive? Did he want me for himself? Aunt evidently thought so, and certainly he took an interest in me. Well, if it was so, there was all the more reason for my leaving Daisy Farm. Yes, I would go at once, and repeating this resolve I fell asleep. The following morning I told aunt of my determination, and was, as I expected, vehemently opposed. Finding that I remained firm, she tried persuasion, which I found much more difficult to withstand.

"Why should you go?" she urged; "are you not happy with me?"

All I could answer was—

"I am sure I am wanted at home."

"They have not written for you, and you know you are wanted here—besides, I couldn't bear to send you home with such a pale face, and I should be particularly sorry for you to leave just now. Do, my dear, stop at least one week longer."

At last I consented to a compromise. This was Tuesday—I would wait till Saturday; and with this aunt was obliged to be content. I remember, after breakfast, quietly settling down to indoor employments,

that I might run no risk of meeting the young man, while if the elder one came that evening I would not see him—that I was quite determined. So I read and wrote, and charmed auntie by giving up the obnoxious walk, as to the ill effects of which indeed I began to agree with her, and even refused her invitation to go out and help her train the roses on the wall. Also on hearing Dr. Vernon's knock in the evening, true to my resolve, I retired to my room with the excuse, not altogether feigned, of a headache.

The next day was showery, and I spent it indoors again; but towards evening the weather cleared, and the cool fragrance tempted me into the garden. The rain had refreshed the vegetation, and everything was pure and delicious; the sky a pale yellow behind the trees, which stood out black against it; above, it was the deepest blue, and stars began to appear one by one. I wandered down the little shrubbery, and stood leaning over the gate which led into the fields. Soft whispers were heard among the boughs overhead, and perfumed breezes kissed my feverish brow. I do not know how long I stayed there, but it had grown dark when I suddenly found that I was not alone. Harry Vernon (for I knew it was he) stood by my side. For a moment my heart gave a quick throb of joy, but I remembered my resolution in time, and turned to go.

"You are never leaving me without a word?" cried he in a voice of distress.

I paused, and he continued—

"Miss Wingfield, I hear that you are not well, and that you are going away! Are these things true?"

"The last is certainly true, and nothing strange either," I replied in an indifferent voice; "I am wanted at home, Mr. Vernon, and certainly not here."

"How can you say anything so untrue? but I deserve everything you can say. I have no right to ask you to believe in me, but I do. Alice—*dear* Alice, trust me for one more day. To-morrow all will be right."

I could not resist his pleading, and after a hasty farewell I slowly returned to the house, in a state of blissful unconsciousness of all outer things. So engrossed was I by my own feelings that I did not at first observe, on entering the drawing-room, that it was empty—an unusual circumstance, for my methodical little aunt, seated at her small table in her special arm-chair, knitting, was as regular a sight every evening, as the punctual maid-servant now coming in with the supper-tray. I looked at my watch: half-past nine.

"Ann," I said, "where is your mistress?"

"In her room, I think, miss; she has been there some time; shall I tell her supper is ready?"

"No, I'll go," I said, running up-stairs.

Could she be ill? My conscience rather pricked me for leaving her, as I knocked at the door.

"Come in, my dear," she called.

She was sitting at the window with her back to me, and she did not turn round when I opened the door. I went up to her.

"Auntie, is anything the matter? are you feeling unwell?" I asked.

"Not at all," said she; "I wanted to speak to you, my love."

But still she waited, and kept her face turned away. I got frightened, but she did not seem ill. I caught a glimpse of bright colour in her cheeks, and, though tears were certainly in her eyes, she was smiling.

"Alice," she said suddenly, "Dr. Vernon has been here."

I saw no reason for the announcement of such a very common occurrence, so remained silent.

"He came for a special purpose," auntie resumed presently; "he came to make a proposal. He wants a wife."

A sharp fear shot through me.

"Well, auntie," I said quickly, "if he wanted me, you knew how I felt, and could tell him."

"But, my dear," she went on, with the same curious hesitation, "it *isn't* you he wants. That's what's so absurd—I hardly like to tell you."

It flashed upon me all at once. What a goose I had been! I knelt down and looked into the dear old face. Yes, it was actually blushing and looking quite youthful—a thousand times sweeter and fresher, I thought, than half the girls' faces I knew.

"Auntie," I exclaimed, "he has made you an offer. you can't deny it—and you have accepted him. I never was more delighted!"

"Are you really delighted, my dear? I quite dreaded telling you. It is so different from what I expected. He says he has never forgotten me since those days when we were young together; but I tell him it is perfectly ridiculous."

"It is not in the least ridiculous, auntie," I replied. "I admire the good doctor more than I ever did before, and I congratulate you both with all my heart."

Again and again that night I laughed at myself for ever having supposed that the grave Dr. Vernon had come to see me. Of course I had only been the excuse—I and the games of chess. It was his old love of years ago that had brought him evening after evening. Should I have felt the least bit mortified, I asked myself, if it had not been for the secret in my heart? And should I now confide that secret to aunt? Not to-night, I resolved. It was getting late, and the dear old lady had had enough to agitate her. I went to sleep thinking of Harry Vernon's last words, "It will all come right to-morrow," and I awoke the next morning with them in my mind.

I laughed at auntie for having, I felt certain, put on new ribbons, but I am not sure that I had not been guilty of the same thing myself. At any rate, dear auntie was not too much taken up with her own concerns to remark—

"Why, child, how nice you look this morning! Dear me! to think how blind some people are."

"Some people see a good deal farther than we give them credit for," I replied, kissing her. "It strikes me, auntie, that you and I have been the blind ones."

I don't think that either of us ate much at breakfast; and before it was cleared away, steps were heard upon the gravel path. And now aunt was destined to

undergo as great a surprise as I had done the night before. The door opened, and two men entered. The likeness between them was very noticeable, though the doctor, I thought, seemed younger and brighter than I had ever seen him, while his nephew looked older and graver, with a somewhat anxious expression on his face. Aunt's look of bewilderment at the whole scene was a study!

Dr. Vernon gravely introduced the young man to her, and then, turning to me, continued—

"My nephew, Mr. Harry Vernon — Miss Alice Wingfield. Dear me! no introduction seems necessary. That is strange. And you are flushed, Miss Alice. Ah! those walks by the river. I fear the harm they did can never be undone. Well, young people, since you seem to be perfectly acquainted with each other, I dare say you will not object to a stroll in the garden this bright morning, while I have a little conversation with my friend here."

He turned with such a tender smile to my aunt, as he finished his speech, that I loved him for it. Then Harry and I wandered down the shrubbery, and out into the dewy fields, and the seeming mystery was explained to me and to auntie at the same time.

Like many mysteries, it was simple enough when solved. Dr. Vernon, although untoward circumstances had separated him from the girl he admired when young, had always retained a vivid remembrance of her charms; and when he unexpectedly met her again, the former influence, notwithstanding years of changes and absence, instantly revived.

Along with the kind, unselfish, truthful nature of old, the penetrating eye of the doctor did not fail to perceive the little foible that had caused us girls so much annoyance; and with characteristic readiness he had availed himself of it to further his own plans. He soon perceived that there was no fear of his troubling my peace of mind, while had it not been for my presence, the opportunities of free intercourse between White Hall and Daisy Farm might have been stopped. When his nephew arrived, he saw an obstacle. If the aunt caught sight of the young man, might not her plans for her niece change, and would the old doctor be as warmly welcomed? Harry's accidental meeting with me was unfortunate, but could not be helped. Indeed, so long as it did not come in his way, he approved of our intimacy. The good doctor felt no compunction, even when his nephew openly remonstrated, and I looked silently miserable. He was an old man, he reasoned, and the young folks, with their lives before them, could surely wait a little while.

Their affairs were progressing favourably enough, and he had his eye upon them; but he felt very doubtful about the success of his own. Fortune favoured him, however, as we have seen. Two happier faces than those which looked out of the window to welcome us, when at last our stroll was over, could scarcely have been seen, unless it were the two that looked in.

Then came more explanations and congratulations, and the letter that I had written to say I was going home next day was publicly destroyed.

Not long after this happy day there was a quiet wedding in the little village, and the house on the hill had found a mistress.

Among the vows registered by Aunt Bessy on her wedding-day, was a private one that she would for ever give up her besetting sin. Whether or not she has kept it, I am not prepared to say; but as she has a good husband, and I have one, and one of my sisters subsequently married a friend of Harry's whom she met at our house, I do not see that we can any of us complain of Aunt's Match-making. F. M. S.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

GRATEFUL, ma'am? Don't mention it. I'm just as glad as you to have got her round; but still it's kind of you to say so, an' makes me doubly pleased to have been of use. Well, it has been a wearing case; but nothing to what some are. Why, I've had three weeks' night duty in the depth of winter, the air bitter cold enough to freeze the toes in your boots, an' my patient in a burning fever, an' couldn't bear no fire at all the whole time.

Wrapped up? Well, no, m'm, I couldn't wrap up much; for the people of the house they wouldn't give me so much as a blanket, lest I should roll myself in it an' go to sleep. Ay, m'm, they even took the pillers off the sofa for the same reason, an' had the arm-chair took out of the room as well; so I just sat there freezin up with cold, an' welly in the dark the livelong night; for the patient he couldn't bear more than the glimmer of a night-light under a shade in the corner.

Ah, m'm! I can tell you I was glad when a little arter seven in the morning the housemaid would bring me a cup of tea an' a bit of bread-an'-butter to stay me till ten, when the family had breakfasted, an' I could go down to the back kitchen, an' get my meal of what was over, half-cold bacon and warmed-up tea in general, all among the pots and pans there. I didn't get much warmin' even then, an' as soon as I'd done I had to go back to nurse the poor gentleman again till half-past one, when I got my dinner as soon as the servants had done theirs, and went to sleep arterwards, like a log, dead beat.

Is there anything that takes away the appetite, an'

gives one a sort o' distaste to food that's at all badly cooked or served, like the close air and confinement of a sick-room, with no exercise an' no rest? Why, m'm, the very thing we live chiefly on—tea, which people don't mind giving us because it "keeps us awake so nicely"—is the very worst thing, doctors tell me, that we could take; for it prevents us digesting our meat properly, an' turns acid on the stomach; an' you know, m'm, yourself, how much more difficult it is to do any sort of work well if your food's disagreeing with you all the time; and you can't get it at regular times, nor comfortable. You was thanking me just now for singing to your little girl in the night, an' keeping up her spirits when she were in pain, an' couldn't sleep; but it was your own doing; for the nice hot little supper an' bowl of cocoa you made ready for me before you went to rest, set me up as spry as a lark for the night, an' made me twice as fit to cheer an' 'tend to your child as I should ha' been otherwise.

Ay, it's wonderful how fond some sick people are of being sung to. I remember when I was nursing in a hospital once, there was a poor little boy about six years old dying of rheumatic fever. I was night-nurse in that ward; and regularly, when the attack of pain came on, he used to scream out for me—

"Nursey, sing. It hurts me. Sing the hurt away."

So then I'd prop him up on my arm an' sing one song arter another, from "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" to "Black-eyed Susan," till the paroxysm of pain was over, an' he'd quieted down again. I always knew when that was by his joinin' his voice in too—such a weak pipe of a voice, poor lamb! but I was better glad to hear it than any music, for it telled me the pain was gone for awhile, an' I could lie him down to sleep again. No, he didn't like hymns.

Poor wee mite! I was singing "Little Bo Peep" the night he died. I had him in my arms. He'd been sinking all day, an' the last attack had finished him. I knew he couldn't last out another; an' though he tried to join in as usual, his voice went into a gasp an' broke. I'd been sometimes used to call the children in the ward my little sheep; an' when I came to the end of the verse—

> "Little Bo Peep she lost her sheep,
> An' doesn't know where to find 'em;
> Let 'em alone, an' they'll come home,
> An' bring their tails behind 'em,"

he looked up in my face with a bit of a smile on his poor little drawn white mouth, and said—

"Nursey'll know where to find her lickle sheep when he goes home. Will I be long going home now, nursey?"

Long! Ah, poor lamb! ten minutes later an' he'd gone home. The Shepherd he knew where to find that little sheep, and take care on him better than nursey.

Yes, ma'am, I nursed wholly at a hospital in the beginning. I was a young thing when I married, just nineteen; an' in three years I lost two children an' my husband—all I had in life. The elder babe died o' cold caught arter the measles. I hadn't known about guarding against it. The other was but six months old when his father was brought home to me, crushed in a railway accident. They said from the beginning he couldn't live; but I wouldn't have no one to help nurse him as long as God spared him to me; an' I put my healthy, handsome babe out to nurse, that I might give my time to his father only. He lay ill for ten weeks, an' before I laid him in his coffin there was little sprouts o' grass showin' green over the bairnie's grave! It was only some simple ailment, which he might ha' got roun' as easy as easy with care; but the woman who nursed him didn't understand, or take note of the doctor's directions when she'd got 'em, an' confused the medicines somehow. I try not to blame her, for she cried dreadful when he was gone.

Ah! it don't do to talk about those times even now, m'm, but it was them as made a nurse of me. I didn't feel fit for nothing but a sick-room arter all was over; an' I made up my mind I'd give my life to learnin' how to help the doctors by nursin' other people's husbands and children, an' bringin' 'em back to life if the Lord willed 'em to live anyhow.

I went to a big hospital first, to be trained for a year. They call you a probationer during that time, an' give you ten pounds in wages, some of your clothes, and all found; but you've first to sign an agreement to serve as hospital nurse for three years at least; an' that's what I did. Arter the first year my wages was raised of course, to twenty pounds, with board and lodgin' as before. No, I don't complain of the pay itself, though it was hard earned, for I'd none to keep but myself, an' nothing much to spend it on besides clothes; but I didn't like hospital work all the same; an' I don't think nurses get a fair chance there. I know when I was night-nurse I'd to come on at 11 p.m., an' stay till 4 p.m. on the following day. I'd to give the patients their meals an' medicines, cook my own food an' some of the patients', an' do all the dressings; an', ma'am, I think it was too much for one woman to do properly.

As to my own meals, I could hardly get time to take 'em at all. It was generally a chop or steak, because that took quickest to cook; but bless you, m'm, it as often as not got charred up to a cinder, an' then as cold as ice twice over afore I'd time to eat it; an' then only by a mouthful at a time. As to vegetables, they was out of the question; an' the tea stood on the hob all day simmerin' and stewin', till it was more like boiled cabbage-leaves than anything else.

There are black-enough sheep even among our sick. Ay, an' among the women as well as the men. I've spent hours by some beds, listening to language and blasphemies which makes you wonder whether they're human beings at all, an' not animals possessed. An', you see, we can't go away from such as them an' leave 'em to themselves. They requires just as patient lookin' arter an' care (an' often a good deal more) than the decent ones, and we nurses have to give it, let it take never so much out of our nerves and courage. Yes, m'm, courage too. I've known a great brute bite a nurse's wrist through on one occasion; an' on another a nurse was nigh strangled by a woman, who got her by the throat and tried to choke her to death,

because she wouldn't let her have a larger allowance of wine than the doctor had ordered.

As soon as I left the hospital—and I didn't leave it as strong a woman as I entered it—I joined one of the charitable institutions for nurses, of which there are about a dozen in London, and from which I was sent out to all sorts of cases, rich an' poor, returning for fresh orders as soon as I'd finished with each case.

I've been nursing for that institution for six years now. I've been paid £20 a year; an' I've had six months less one week's holidays out of all that time. One of those months I was an invalid myself in a convalescent home belonging to the society, recovering from an infectious fever caught from the patient I'd been nursing.

Yes, ma'am, those institutions are well managed, and presided over by pious, charitable ladies and gentlemen, who take great care of 'em, select the nurses with judgment, and provide a comfortable, quiet home for 'em when they're off duty. The only drawbacks (and they're great an' grave ones) are these. A nurse has no power of choice herself where she'll go, or what she feels best up to. She must go where she's sent. Also a nurse must *live* in the home, whether she likes it or not, if it's to support her, an' whether she's got mother, or sisters, or children whom she'd like to be with, when she's out of work, for a little; for it's clear she can't support herself, an' lay by anything for a rainy day, out of the pay given.

An' then, m'm, all these homes an' institutes (except one in Bond Street, and one other) have a rule which I don't think it's fair at all. No matter what people are willing to pay for a nurse—an' some give as much as two or more guineas a-week for a good one—the nurse she never sees it, an' only gets at most the half, an' often only a less part, from the institute which pays her, so that she's bound in a way to stick to it for the rest of her life, for she can't never hope to lay by enough to retire on.

Yes, m'm, they do say it's all fair, for they keep us in regular employment, give us a nice home an' every comfort when we aren't nursin', an' in some homes a small pension to retire on arter twenty years' good service. But when *aren't* we nursin', m'm? You see how many my holidays have been; an' any doctor'll tell you there are not nigh enough nurses to tend one-third o' the sick in London only. The institutions know perfectly well how many they're each likely to want on an average, an' they don't get one over it; so that a clever, reliable nurse (an' they're very particular about most o' theirs) is hardly done with one case afore she's sent to another, an' so on through the year; an' as to the pension, who's to guarantee your living twenty years in a profession which takes so much, mind an' body, out of a woman as nursing? Besides, it isn't difficult for even a good nurse to give offence to the committee now and again, an' what becomes of her good service pension then?

At the association in Bond Street the nurses are allowed to be with their relations between their engagements. They are given whatever they earn, be it much or little, an' the superintendent keeps them supplied with better and more regular places than they could find of theirselves. I wish there were more like it; an' I'm going to join it at the end of the year, for I do think it's fairer that what we nurses work for so hard we should have as it is given, an' not only such part as a committee of rich people think good for us.

Ay, ma'am, there are few women have more trials than a nurse; an' yet for sure it's a happy an' a blessed life, if one can only keep in mind that it's all spent in doin' real homely good to those who can't do it for theirselves, or their dear ones.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

I.—THE UNEMPLOYED.

YOU may see him, and the wretched class which he represents, any day that you please to take your walks abroad.

His sudden and spasmodic simulation of alertness and activity when he sees you looking at him, and thinks it possible that you may be able to give him a job; the way in which he takes his foul stumpy pipe out of his mouth—furtively slips it into his pocket, and rubs his hands down the sides of his shiny threadbare trousers; the pace at which he shuffles out of the corner whence he has been blankly watching the drizzle of the rain—the half-reluctant manner of his parting with the post, against which he has leaned till it has seemed to grow shabby and rusty from the contact; the abjectly wistful expression with which he touches his greasy hat—partly as a token of subserviency, and partly for the purpose of pulling it on more firmly before running to do your bidding—are illustrations of his condition.

It is a condition of hopeless, helpless poverty; and yet beneath that deprecatory, anxious, hungry look you may often trace something of defiance, of suspicion, of resentment, of indifference, which seems to say, "Things can't always go on like this. It doesn't matter much whether you give me a job or not. Nobody ought to starve, and I'd better eat in gaol, where they are bound to give me victuals, than die for want of a meal, that the likes of you would never miss,

because you've had a hearty breakfast, and are going home to a good dinner, and I've only had a penn'orth of gin, and begged a bit of bacca, to keep down the hunger."

Perhaps the most really dangerous class in all London is to be found amongst those who may be called the unemployed, for it is from them that the casual thief and the truculent ruffianly element, which may soon go over to the criminal ranks, are chiefly derived. They are the raw recruits of the great recognised body known as the "criminal class." The very fact that to go beyond being merely "the associate of thieves," and "known to the police," and to become known also to police magistrates and chief warders of prisons, as "habitual criminals," is to receive direct attention from the State, and to assume at once a position of importance, is doubtless an inducement to pass the narrow boundary between doubtful honesty and direct, if not avowed, antagonism to society. Perhaps it is the knowledge of this perpetual source of danger which keeps the administration of our laws for the protection of property far more stingent than that which punishes for injury to life and limb. Not a week passes but we have to note how robbery from the person without violence is practically regarded as an offence nearly as heinous as robbery with assault. The chances of the infliction of a heavier penalty for the latter are so few, that the desperate ruffian need scarcely take them into account if his victim should offer any resistance, and to the determined thief the "garotte" is scarcely a more dangerous method of robbery than the mere snatching of a watch or a lady's reticule.

It is not to the occasional criminal that I have to point now, however, as representing the unemployed; nor can I suggest an immediate remedy by which the Government of the country (frequently spoken of erroneously as "the State") can deal with the prevention of crime, by recognising and mitigating the poverty of those whose misfortune it is to be without regular labour.

The experiment of National Workshops was tried in France, and it hastened a national calamity so unendurable, that the first announcement of relief from social chaos was the declaration that they had been abolished. It was easier to cope with a partial insurrection than to sustain a bankrupt exchequer.

Any attempt successfully to solve the awful problem, how to diminish the number of criminals by finding employment for the destitute, must begin with the children of the streets—the orphans of society who are to be seen at almost every corner—beaten, starved, homeless, and even yet comparatively uncared for by the Government, which is but the executive of the State. The School Board beadle has no power to deal with these. Of reformatories to which they may be sent there are so few, that the wretched urchin "whose head scarcely reaches to the top of the dock"—and who has at last called attention to his condition by the simple expedient of stealing something to allay his hunger, and so becoming a member of the "criminal class," which can always command notice—is a puzzle alike to magistrate and City missionary. Nothing can be done for him but to put into operation the vast machinery which has been constructed for the punishment of offences against property, and he is sent to gaol to matriculate in the school where we may find him taking future degrees, as the number of his convictions increases, and he attains at last to the important sentence of "penal servitude," the highest degree short of hanging which it is in the power of a legislature to bestow, in the interests of a society which confounds deterrence with prevention.

I am not at all sure that the spectacle of the vast mass of the unemployed who have committed no offences which bring them within the criminal class, is not more terrible than that afforded by a visit to any prison in England, because it represents the perpetuation of evils by which society is even now sometimes appalled.

Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that a very large number, even of the unemployed, represent honest poverty, engaged in an arduous struggle to keep itself above the dead level of actual pauperism. As messengers and outside porters at railway stations, and near public offices, where, after some probation, they are at length recognised by timekeepers and official porters as "chaps that you can trust to take a message for you;"—on the outskirts of markets, where they pick up a job of portering or basket-minding, or are left by more fortunate costers to give an eye to the barrow and donkey;—about omnibus stations, and places of amusement, whence they will run off to bring up a "four-wheeler" or a "an-*sum*," shield you from the muddy wheel as you embark, and run for a street's length in the mire, at the imminent risk of their lives, for the tardy twopence that is to go towards the threepenny lodging, or the stale loaf and dripping that is to be breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper for a hungry brood of children on the morrow—we are familiar enough with them at these places, and at street-corners in the vicinity of public offices, manufactories, or large taverns, where they supplement the official duties of the commissionnaires, and live on the crumbs left by that active and intelligent body.

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that they are to be seen also as street-hawkers, when having come into possession of a shilling, not instantly required to buy a meal, they are advised by some experienced acquaintance to invest the twelvepence in a stock of the latest mechanical toy, the newest song-book, or the cheapest "useful article" that may be sold for a penny and leave a margin of profit. A good many of them fail in this for want of one or two necessary qualifications. A dealer in catchpenny-worths must either have a brisk manner and a glib utterance—which mean an unabashed demeanour, not often to be found among the unemployed who have seen better days—or a steady, stolid manner of looking into the faces of passers-by, and in a subdued but earnest voice calling serious attention to his wares. On the whole I am inclined to think the latter is the

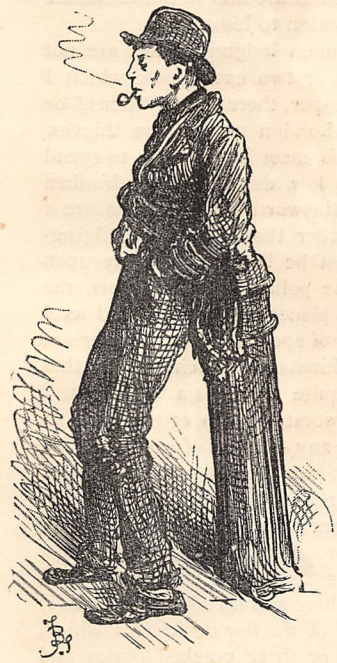
best qualification, since it doesn't lead to the collection of a crowd, and the intervention of the police. There are men who are really making a very fair living in the City by their ready adoption of the latest novelty in the way of toys, tools, or bran-new gimcracks—some of which they sell at as high a price as sixpence each; but they are comparatively speaking capitalists who can invest in two-foot rules, mechanical toys, pocket-books, or bag and portmanteau straps—whichever may be in demand at the moment. They know the turns of the market to a sixpence, and when any of these fancy goods "rule heavy," come out with their usual stock of shirt-studs, sleeve-links, button-hooks, key-rings, and miscellaneous articles. It must be noted, too, that these men rise from the ranks of the unemployed—have their regular stand or "walk" upon one particular line of curbstone, and sometimes rise to the dignity of an undisputed corner by some large building, where they set up a stall, and are as dignified as shopkeepers in their confidential gossips with the policeman, and their remarks upon society and the conduct of street-boys. It is needless to say that they are not to be identified with the shilling capitalists who invest in a quarter-gross of "flying pigeons" or "spring-heeled Jacks," and invest a part of the day's profits in "fifth edi-*shuns*" of the evening papers. In fact they no longer belong to the "unemployed," and have no connection whatever with the "dangerous classes." Just as they have risen out of mere catchpenny casual efforts to get an honest living, so the poorer shilling capitalists are struggling to keep away from the criminal class with which they are in such constant danger of being confounded. The loud-voiced, swift-footed news-vendor, who will chase you to the farthest cabstand, shouting, "Yah, sir," and intercept you when you have both hands full of luggage, and your railway ticket between your teeth, to sell you a halfpenny *Echo*, and rejoice in the profit thereof, must have some intention to keep "on the square." It would be well for us to reflect that there are hundreds like him, and even rougher and more truculent than he, in London, who are not unemployed because they will not work, but because they cannot find work to do, on the wages of which they can live even in the miserable manner to which they are accustomed. They are not dangerous to-day, but every morrow which shall see them growing more desperate for lack of bread will store up accumulated dangers for the future, when the only message which civilisation and professed philanthropy—subtle statecraft and vast national boasting—has to give them is "Steal or starve."

Not that the temptation to steal is very great after all. The life of the casual thief is a wretched one at best. The slouching, artful-faced, slangy youth who lounges at street-corners, "looking out for a job," or ready to "pinch something" if he has the chance, lives a life alternating between semi-starvation and anxiety. He has joined the dangerous classes, and knows it. You can see the qualm that moves him even under the impudent stare and defiant grin with which he meets the professional glance of the passing policeman. Amidst the foul badinage and horse-play in which he indulges with some of his rough companions, you may note the melancholy, furtive, watchful eye, the haggard look, the air of assumed indifference. He is already "known to the police," and even some of his fellow-lodgers—say in Fulwood's Rents, or in one or other of the threepenny establishments in Westminster or Spitalfields—will keep a little aloof from him when he goes jauntily into the kitchen, and begins to cook his bloater at the common fire, while it is possible that some rough specimen who has not yet "took to thieving" will desire him in unmistakable terms to keep his conversation to himself.

These kitchens of common lodging-houses are not lively places. With one or two exceptions, which I may refer to in a future paper, there are no "dens," or "kens," or "cellars" in London now, where thieves, mendicants, and criminals meet in common to spend their ill-gotten gains in low debauch and drunken revelry. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's descriptions are a dead letter now, and under the Common Lodging-house Act all places must be licensed, and are open to the surveillance of the police. At all events, the police know of all such places in London, and as I once had the opportunity of spending a night in one of the so-called "thieves' kitchens," which was at that time characterised (not quite truly) as a "desperate" place, and "one of the worst," I can certify that, so far from having about it any element of wicked jollity or depraved roystering, it was and is one of the most melancholy places, and resorted to by the most depressed and ill-conditioned company that I ever witnessed; the only approach to amusement amongst whom was a game with a dirty pack of cards, played by two lodgers, who (as there was no table in the place) sat at either end of one of the few deal forms which, with a frying-pan, two or three cracked plates and mugs, a tin saucepan, and some odd knives and forks, formed the entire furniture, if I except the printed copy of the rules and regulations ordained by Act of Parliament, which occupied a place against the wall.

But it is not in these lodging-houses alone that the unemployed are to be found, even if they have already passed into the dangerous class. There are some of them who go night after night in succession to one or other of such places, but yet they regard it as only a temporary necessity—a part of casual misfortune, to be remedied as soon as they can get a regular lodging somewhere. Do you want to know where their regular lodgings are? You must look in the slums of Westminster, in the neighbourhood of Old Pye Street, and the remnants of a locality once as infamous in its way as Field Lane, and the vicinity of the Blood Bowl House at Smithfield. You must pay a visit to that vicinity lying off what was once Smithfield, and in the spot where people without a slight acquaintance with the City think the march of improvement has made a clean sweep. You must turn out of Barbican and Long Lane, and steer towards Saint Luke's, and lose yourself in that dreadful acreage of poverty and crime known as "The Chequers." You must go eastward to Old Nichols Street, Shoreditch, and Friar's

Mount, and the interminable streets around Agar Town, and so along Bethnal Green, and as far as what was once the Dog Row, and to Twig Folly. You must have a turn down Whitechapel way, and bask in Bluegate Fields, or stroll about Wentworth Street and the congeries of wretched tenements that straggle on both sides towards Mile End. You must penetrate the borough of Southwark, and get within the scent of fellmongers' yards, and setting out with the visitor who represents the missionary work of Carter's Kitchen and Night Refuge for the Destitute, thread the foul intricacies of that quarter, one of the central or key places in which was, and probably still is, "Little Hell." You must of course take a walk about Drury Lane, and thence as best you may go northward, and along the Gray's Inn Road, quite in close proximity to the House of Correction, and around the arches of railways, and all the great landmarks of modern progress and civilisation, which have "run through a low neighbourhood," with the result of hiding what remains of it, and huddling its denizens all the closer. North, east, west, and south, the unemployed congregate in crazy, rotting tenements, where rooms are portioned out as though each apartment were a house in itself; in foul hovels built on the back yards of other houses—mere fœtid human stys—into the dark entrances of which you plunge down, instead of stumbling up; in cellars where the occupant must choose between cold without fire, or warmth that draws the damp out of the reeking walls; in attics where there is neither fire nor food; in houses where whole colonies of people live whose occupation changes from day to day—from a casual job at the docks, or porterage at a riverside wharf, to basket-minding at Billingsgate, or a day's labour in a timber-yard. I am speaking now of the unemployed who have wives and children—wives who also work when they can find work to do: children who watch eagerly for the workhouse loaf, and who are often sent out to swell the terrible army of the neglected and untaught little ones, of whom there are thousands still in our streets.



THE STREET-CORNER MAN.

But it is that class into which so many of these children grow which is the most dangerous. Taught no trade, sent out as soon as they are old enough to use hands and feet, to do such casual work as that at which children of the poor may earn a few pence to add to the family stock, what becomes of them when they grow beyond matchbox-making, or doing errand work, or drawing a truck for some small tradesman, or the score of hard-working duties to which even young children are set almost before they have learned to distinguish good from evil?

Some of them keep to the plan of working at such poor callings as they can learn without much teaching, and swell the great ranks of the "underpaid." The rest are among the still more dangerous battalion of the unemployed. Of the girls I do not design now to speak, but of the boys. You may see them anywhere in London, either looking out for a job, or performing some temporary work, or hanging about the street-corners, the doors of taverns, and the windows of cook-shops. Such of them as can read have a literature specially provided for them—a literature of robbery and murder, assault and battery, with thieves or libertines for its heroes, and defiance or evasion of the law for its sensational interest. It is astonishing, and perhaps due to that solid—say stolid if you like—but at any rate to that common-sense which seems to be a part of the English character, that these vile publications do no more harm.

Coupled with the *fact* that the great hulking fellow who is left comparatively unnoticed to hunger and poverty, cold and nakedness, has only to commit a crime to secure immediate relief for his physical needs—has only to do something desperate, to become notorious, and to have the penal machinery of the country put into exercise, to feed him, clothe him, and even to teach him; that what the magistrate says to him, and his own clever retort, will appear in the paper, and be commented on by society—these pestilential halfpenny numbers of criminal fiction really do wonderfully little harm. Think of this, and of the real danger that must be always latent in the great mass of unemployed big boys, and three-parts-grown men, who may be seen every Sunday morning lounging out towards the suburbs—think of it as you see to what poor shifts of living they are subject—to the bread and dripping, the penny bloater, the slab of greasy, clammy pudding, the plate of rancid cuttings of ham and beef, the faint yet peppery saveloy, the hot, reeking faggot made of the offal of the pig, the blood-puddings, the two-pennyworth of pease-soup, and, in best and most prosperous times, the leg-of-beef stew or the slice of cold meat, and the hot coffee and thick bread and butter of Billingsgate or the meat and vegetable markets—think of it as you note them lying, with tilted hat upon their upturned faces, or with their arms for a pillow, in the fields of Hackney Marshes,

IN THE DOCK.

the greenswards of the parks, or the outlying country places, where they were wont to go out on Sunday mornings to jangle for robins or to peg chaffinches, till the Wild Birds' Act passed, and put an end to the threatened extirpation of our feathered songsters.

Speaking of tilted hats, it must have struck every observer of the unemployed, how constant the adoption of the black felt hat of the shape known as "deer-stalker" has become among them. The once-cherished fur or rough woollen cap with ear-lappets, and even the peaked cap worn at the back of the head or over the ear, has almost disappeared. It is astonishing, too, how much alike twenty people look if they wear round-topped, stiff-brimmed, black felt hats, more or less greasy and unmistakably dirty. This bar to ready identification may be one of the unacknowledged reasons for the deer-stalker becoming fashionable in English society, from marquis to mendicant, or from prince to pedlar ; at all events, it may be a reason for its adoption by the dangerous classes.

As we watch the throng of pedestrians going outward from all quarters of London, those of them who have not already slept (and in summer weather slept more wholesomely) in the parks, or under the lee of some barn or haystack, or in the recess of a hedge, or in a market wagon, or on a tombstone of some suburban churchyard (like that of Old Hackney, for instance)—as we watch them, and the variety and yet sameness of their poor shabby garments, we may wonder how they get clothes to their backs at all. It is a thing to wonder at, even when we remember that they may sometimes have an old coat given to them by one of the working class above them, or even by somebody for whom they have once run an errand, and on whom their persistent entreaties for a job afterwards has had the ill effect of extracting a present of a half-worn suit, for the purpose of "getting rid of them." There are wonderful shops in "low neighbourhoods," however, shops where even the oldest cloth clothes are rendered useful by being cut up to make into caps, or to patch other clothes—and where, for a little money and something "in exchange," a good deal may be done in the way of another, if not a new, "rig out."

GOING IN.

Of course, to the initiated, the most extraordinary emporium for this kind of barter is the great clothes exchange by Cutler Street, Houndsditch. Here on a Sunday morning have I stood quietly observant, and noted the arrival of a slouching, shambling youth, his limp, floppy, battered felt hat hanging low down on his brows ; his colourless coat ragged and askew ; his shirtless neck enveloped in a crimson cotton rag of handkerchief ; his sole-shedding boots all bemired with country clay, which extended to the knees of his frayed and jagged corduroys. In less than fifteen minutes after his entering the magic portals of this place, which is resonant with the sounds of Jewry, I noted the emergence of a jauntily-stepping young man, attired in a rather creasy, but still glossy, and (considering the short space for experiment) not unfittable coat, clean mixture trousers, with that tightness at the knee and exuberance over the boot which is the cherished fashion of the flash youth of this town ; a stiff and irreproachable deer-stalker ; boots originally made for somebody else, but still lambent with black-

"THE LATEST NOVELTY!"

ing polish ; a nearly-clean starched shirt-front, and a blue and crimson satin tie. To the above articles was added a light walking-cane, which my young friend swung with an air as he passed cheerfully down the flight of dirty stone steps, and so away by Aldgate, and thence on the "knifeboard" of an omnibus to some chosen destination.

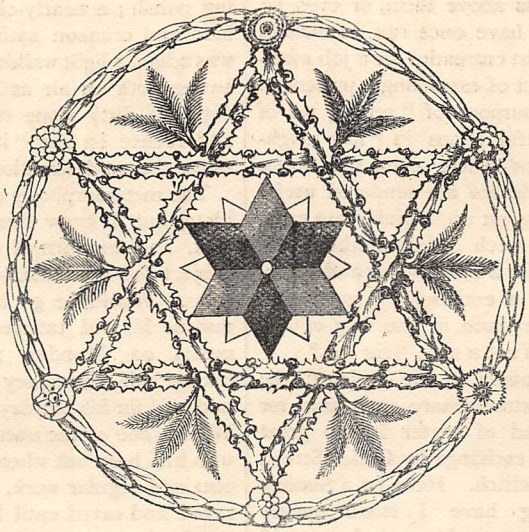
The metamorphosis was complete, but I knew him for all that, and he formed a tough subject for my Sunday meditations. Would he go back and resume his old tattered habiliments on Monday morning, taking half the money that he had paid for his Sunday plumes? Was he one of the unemployed, who had been out where he had obtained regular work, and had saved and saved until he could startle the eyes of his brothers and sisters by his splendid appearance? Had he picked up a sovereign or a purse? Had he come suddenly into luck from the gift of some generous benefactor, who had given him the money to make a better appearance before finding him employment? It was vain to speculate, and he had disappeared, even if I could have made up my mind to ask him.

COMING OUT.

HOME DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

HOW shall we decorate the house for Christmas? I think we might diverge somewhat from the old-fashioned ways, and introduce a few improvements, and add a little variety to these decorations. We might ornament our rooms in a more artistic style than is generally our wont. True, we shall have to spend much more time on our work, but "a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The old custom is to deck walls and windows with sprigs of evergreens—sprigs and twigs which look uncommonly stiff and uncomfortable, and which spend their time in falling off the tops of picture-frames, and tumbling out of windows, and suddenly precipitating themselves from gaseliers. We will decorate in a more satisfactory way, if you please.

Now, I am going to suggest to you a good many plans for home decorations, but I shall not pretend to advise, or to declare which is the best mode, for that would be simply impossible. Much of the choice depends upon the style of your house — whether it is an old-fashioned structure or one of modern erection—and, again, whether your supply of evergreens is abundant or scanty. If you live in a town, it will seem a mockery to advise you to make wreaths by the dozen yards; and if your home stands in a garden well planted with shrubs, you will perhaps scoff at suggestions which will prove valuable to those who are not rich in the possession of evergreens.



I know that holly wreaths and mistletoe boughs are considered to be the orthodox, and perhaps the only legitimate, materials for use on this occasion, and I should certainly introduce green leaves into every decoration; but it may not be always practicable to confine ourselves exclusively to the use of anything in particular.

It will be best for me first to enumerate what you can make, and after that to offer some hints as to where and how you can place these various decorations. Perhaps you will be offended if I ask whether you can manufacture a wreath. A simple work it appears to be—merely fastening evergreens on to a string. It is true that is all there is to do; but even for this simple task dexterous fingers are required to weave home decorations. In a large building, clumsy workmanship is not discernible; and it is a matter of little or no consequence if here and there a piece of string does show itself, or if the garland is rather thick in one part and somewhat bare in another; but in our rooms these defects are eyesores. Wreaths should be made to look round, full, neat; and, moreover, they ought to be made firm enough to be handled and put into their places without fear of a catastrophe.

Take a long piece of thick string, or thin cord, and tie one end of it to the door-handle, or some object which will hold it secure. Have some fine wire or thin string (I prefer the latter) at hand, and any number of small sprigs of evergreens. Place two or three on the cord, and then twist the wire round the bare stems; then lay one or two over the fixture, and again twine the wire round. The work is more expeditiously done when the cord is stretched tightly over a space, and fastened at both ends; but then the wreath is apt to be flat underneath instead of being equally full all round. This does not so much matter if it is destined to adorn a flat surface—if it is to go round a doorway, or be in any position of that kind—but it is very detrimental to the appearance of festoons or garlands that hang detached. If you are new to the work, you will be astonished to find what an immense number of pieces of holly and box are consumed by this style of decoration.

I would specially recommend you to wear gloves while engaged in this work, for there lurks poison in the holly, and if it finds an entrance into your veins, then I pity you, poor creature, for what you will suffer; too well I know what you will have to go through, for did I not myself endure much from neglecting to obey

this warning? The frost was severe; a small crack in the skin let in the enemy, and that most useful member of the hand, the thumb, did no service for the writer during a long six months.

And now the wreath is made; and though its leaves are bright and shining, yet its hues are sombre. It will look very well in the hall or staircase. The next can be more cheerful, as bunches of red berries can be put in, at short intervals; or, if the birds have run off with the berries, as sometimes they are greedy enough to do, then we can have recourse to the red and yellow everlasting flowers, which are sent over in such quantities from Germany, and are used extensively for this and such-like purposes.

Paper flowers give a bright and cheerful look, but for myself I do not like to see them introduced, except for some special evening entertainment. Seen by daylight, they are apt to give a tawdry look to the whole, but at night they are particularly ornamental.

In arranging these flowers in the wreaths, the placing of the different colours should be taken into consideration, not because of a possible disagreement, but because their powers of reflecting light are by no means uniform; thus, blue is lost in the distance before red, and yellow is seen at a distance at which red would disappear. Colours, however, do not decline in force so much by height as by horizontal distance; the reason of this being that the upper atmosphere is less dense and clouded with vapour.

We need not go any further into the science of colour; thus much is necessary, because the wreaths will still look dull if white and yellow flowers are not frequently interspersed with others of less reflective power.

One more device by which to brighten up the leaves; and to gain this effect a visit must first be paid to some glass works, where must be begged or bought a few ounces of ground glass. This is a miscellaneous mixture of bits of all colours which fall to the ground when the glass is cut. Brush gum over the leaves, and scatter the powdered glass on to them. The cost of the artifice is trifling: the effect is magical. The wreath sparkles and glitters with many-coloured hues in the most radiant manner.

In lieu of wreaths, which are sometimes too heavy and cumbersome a style of decoration, long tendrils of ivy twined round or trained along look light and elegant; a good substitute will also be found in bands formed of leaves only, stripped from the stalk. I grant you that the sewing on of each separate leaf is a severe trial of patience, especially if those selected are the prickly holly, whose points invariably catch the thread every time the needle draws it through; or the diminutive box, which seems to retard our work by the minuteness of itself and its fellows.

The leaves are sewed on to strips of Turkey red cotton, or white calico, and serve either as a panelling tracery, where the room is wainscotted, or as a frame or bordering for various devices. For instance, it would be a sad oversight if we forgot to put up in some form or other that customary old greeting to all who

enter our homes: "A Merry Christmas—A Happy New Year;" and when we have expressed the wish in a visible form, we can make no more suitable border for it than that of green leaves. How shall the letters be formed? Either by illuminating colours, the use of paper rosettes, or of rice.

May I offer you a few suggestions about your illumination?—for I presume you wish to be correct in the details. These hints do not refer to any design in particular, but to all in general. Supposing you intend to make the letters in gold, and wish the ground to be coloured, then the letters should be outlined in black; if you would reverse the arrangement, separate the letters from the ground by an edging of darker colour.

Dark letters on a light ground require to be outlined with a darker tint. Coloured letters on a ground of contrasting colour should be separated from the ground by an edging of lighter colour.

These few terse rules may be of service, for to a novice the art of illuminating is rather bewildering, for you see the effect cannot be told until it is too late to alter any mistake made in the choice of colours, and we are all so busy at this season that we have absolutely no time to study any art very attentively.

The second mode of spelling out our good wishes to all mankind, is by forming the letters of paper rosettes. Take a piece of twilled red cotton, and trace plain unornamental letters upon it, and then fasten on the rosettes at regular intervals.

These rosettes want dainty fingers to make them, but if they are neatly constructed the effect is really excellent; and there is considerable choice at command, for the letters may be made to look as of ivory or carved oak, of silver or gold; but for this special object, ivory letters on a red ground, bordered with laurel-leaves, appear the best.

Long ago rice was used in imitation of carved ivory, and it is by no means a despicable device, and one which will serve in good stead if you are not an adept in rosette-work. Cut out plain letters in cardboard, of such a width that two grains of rice placed end to end, diagonally, will cover it. The large-grained Carolina rice is the kind you require. Wash it several times, but not so as to soften it; then rub it dry in a towel, and, aided by a knitting-pin, put on the grains end to end, diagonally, in such close succession as will entirely hide the cardboard framework. Very strong gum is needed to make the rice adhere.

The letters are fastened on to a groundwork of red baize, and here again a bordering of leaves of ivy, laurel, or box will give the required finish to the whole.

It is so much the fashion nowadays to have a multiplicity of mural decorations, especially in our drawing-rooms, that I should suggest geometrical tracings for this purpose. These can be formed in outline of flat bands of leaves, the inner part to be in coloured ground of red or blue, with a monogram in the centre, or some other small device formed of rice or composed of very wee ivory rosettes. Or the outside border may be made of stiff cardboard, which having been covered over with thin red unglazed paper, can be then studded with small rosettes, and the centre part filled in with evergreen leaves.

There are some very handsome everlasting flowers which come to us from the Cape, and of which extremely pretty round wreaths can be made, by which I mean a circlet of flowers with no centre; these are suitable for drawing-room ornaments; there is also a very graceful feather-grass, *Stipa pennata*, which adds much to the beauty of drawing-room decorations.

Before we can be said to have concluded our subject, we must pay a visit to the staircase, for this is usually the object first seen on entrance, and one that is continually meeting our eye throughout the day.

One of our most eminent architects considers that our ordinary staircase is a very dull thing; he says that our neat stone steps, with moulded nosings, stuck by one end into the wall, and cleverly notched one upon another, and brought to a nice smooth slope underneath, with neat cast-iron balusters and French-polished mahogany rail, screwed round like a cornu-ammonis at the foot, are excellent in their way, and a time-honoured contrivance; but he complains that there is a sleepy, self-satisfied look about it which one would like to disturb—as if its only duty were to show you the way to bed. Let us give it a fillip, and make it look more lively. Shall we see what we can do?

Have you room in your passage to allow of a bank of evergreens being introduced? Then I will tell you how to make one; it will quite transform the appearance of the staircase which has met with such censure from high quarters. Get some wire netting and rear it up outside the staircase. If your space will allow, do not place the network quite upright, but bring it forward at the base; the greater the incline, the more natural will the artificial bank look; if you put a tack here and there, and hitch the wire over, it will keep its place; you can also take it round the obnoxious "cornu-ammonis;" in the holes of the netting put middling-sized sprigs of evergreen, and in this way completely cover the framework. You have only to push the stems of small branches into the holes; no fastening is requisite to keep them there.

In conclusion, I will give one broad hint as to the choice of decorations. The style chosen for dining-room, library, and hall, should differ in character from that which is introduced into the drawing or breakfast-room. The decorations for the former should be somewhat heavy and ponderous, important and consequential in their general aspect; while those which gain an entrance into the latter must be of quite a different stamp; their outward appearance is required to be delicately neat, veritably elegant, and innately refined.

HOLLY AND IVY.

A GARDEN nook where, all aglow,
The holly glitters, berry-sprent,
And deftly pleached the branches grow,
With shining ivy interblent.

Within the bower a grateful gloom—
The greenly tempered gloom of leaves—
Shot with stray gleams from that fierce loom
Which all the sunset splendour weaves.

The bower a secret nest, and there
Two dainty forms together cling,
Two angel-faces, shapened fair
For gentle lovers' worshipping.

And one is stately, with the charms
That twenty ripening summers shed;
Her cheek with gladness mantling warms,
Her ripe lip dyed the berry's red.

And she who kneeling clings is white
And slight as fleck in morning skies,
With tangling wheat-wan locks, and light
Of day-dawn in her dreamful eyes.

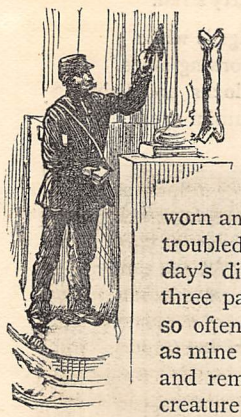
With clasping hands they sit, nor will
To speak; but if their voices blend,
The murmuring hush is quickly still—
As sighing winds their softness spend.

Within the luminous bower so
They wait, like Dryads of the place—
The Holly in its radiant glow
Charmed with the Ivy's fragile grace.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE POSTMAN.



SOMETIMES almost wish that I had never married Kitty.

That's a strange thing to say; and I can't get beyond "almost," which is, after all, a long way from "quite;" but when I look at her thin face, and mark how worn and old it begins to look when she's troubled to know how we shall get a Sunday's dinner, and yet pay for the two or three pairs of little new boots that are so often being wanted—almost as often as mine want mending—when I note this and remember what a fresh, bright, rosy creature she was when we were married, and what I meant to do to keep her from fearing that wolf that's been at the door ever since—and how I've never been able to do it—I get low-spirited, and she has to cheer me up, instead of my cheering her up as I ought to do, and—there, somehow it all seems wrong, and men are a pack of lop-sided idiots, always knocking at the wrong doors, and reading the directions upside-down and backwards; and women have to bear in patience, and without complaining, with all this as well as their share of the trouble at home.

The fact is, people said long ago that I'd no business to marry; that no man has or ever had any business to take a wife while he was only a postman, even though the lass might be able to turn a trifle by shoe-binding, or needlework, or some light business. Perhaps this is right enough, and if I hadn't been a selfish young fool I should have known better than to look forward to rising from a supernumerary to a regular letter-carrier, that I might get some sort of a home together.

It wasn't much of one, though we contrived to have a few little bits of furniture, and Kitty's friends started us with fifteen pound, which, added to twenty that I'd saved by little and little, was enough to see us well through the first year, even though my earnings hadn't mounted to five-and-twenty shillings a week, and the coat and cap that made the uniform on duty.

It was the second year, when the first baby had to be nursed, and I was down with a cold that nearly turned to something worse, and couldn't even so much as get to the hospital or the dispensary for medicine, that I began to feel how the government of the Post Office makes no calculation about men like us having wives and children. We've no more right to them than sailors or soldiers have—not so much right as policemen, who may perhaps look forward to superannuation if they live long enough. When I first met Kitty I had given up a light porter's place, because my friends thought that a letter-carrier's berth was "such a certainty"—as good as a pension almost—and there was a chance for me to take a district where the work was too much for one man, and a supernumerary without the uniform was appointed at fourteen shillings a week. I got the appointment, and tried to live on it—tried precious hard, because it was such a certainty. At last, when I got regularly installed as a full-fledged postman, at five-and-twenty shillings and the uniform aforesaid, my family began to think my fortune was made; and perhaps I might have begun to try to think it was, only I knew from experience what I had to do for my money—how I was out in all weathers, in wet and cold and darkness, and driving wind and sleet, with not too much food, and a long weary way to walk when my work was done. I couldn't help calculating, too, that twenty-five wasn't twice fourteen, and that even twenty-eight shillings would only be four shillings a day for two people the week round, and rent and firing and clothes to pay for, before there was a loaf or a bit of food of any sort to be reckoned. As to a poor woman's earnings, we most of us know what sort of pay women's work fetches, even when it's the work that men couldn't do if they tried, and especially when women have to pay women. There's very few married women of the poorer class who can do more than enough to buy bare victuals for two or three children, and keep home tidy as well.

Goodness knows if I and a good many of my mates could get anything like such wages as we hear of among trades-unions of working men in other callings, we'd manage to do without setting our wives to work at all, except they were so minded, and had no young children to attend to, and the family washing and mending and cooking.

Now, this sounds like grumbling, and I won't deny that I've been looking at the dark side of things, for I'm on the sick list; and thinking of men that face death, I don't see but what we might be added to the list. We have to face temptation, a good many of us, and it's bitter to think that some men brought up to be honest have yielded to it, and had nothing to plead against the sentence of the law, except that they had wives and children, and perhaps sickness and want, at home, and so disgraced themselves, and brought discredit upon a great department of the State.

I think of a good many things as I sit here, waiting for Kitty to come back with the lotion; for I sprained my ankle through slipping in the wet on the worn step of that old house where they always shut the rusty gate of the front garden, and won't put a letter-box in the street-door—the house where the servants won't answer the knocker till the old gentleman comes and takes in his own letters, and asks me if I want to bang the place about his ears. How one's thoughts run on when one has nothing else to carry! I was going to say, as I sit here I can call to mind a good many examples that we do in a way face death in more senses than one. It isn't only the soldier and the

sailor, the miner and the engine-driver, that go about with their lives in their hands. We've just come to learn, for instance, that the bargeman, with a cargo of gunpowder and benzoline, may be in as great danger as any of them, without thinking much about it; and maybe, if we care to think of it, there are others that are in hourly peril, not of sudden death perhaps, but of setting out on the dark road, and going pretty quickly to the end of it.

I remember poor old James used to say we postmen ran greater dangers from exposure to cold and wet, and accidents on dark nights, and over-fatigue, and, as the poor old fellow used to add, with a sigh, from anxiety and poverty, than most of them who lead what are called heroic lives. "Duty, my boy, duty—dull, plodding duty—to stick to that as long as you don't know of any call to something heroic, is the true heroism after all."

Poor old James. He was a vegetarian and a tee-totaller, and had six children. The Post Office hadn't become quite a State department in his time, and the letter-carriers could take it a little easier; but the pay was calculated on the basis of celibacy, as he used to remark, with a rather sickly smile, as he sorted the pieces of string, and clean bits of waste-paper, that he contrived to collect on his rounds in the quiet neighbourhood where he had a beat. He made a few halfpence a week that way; and I think he tried to sell packets of tea or baking-powder, or something, on commission; but he looked so white and thin, and so much like a weak bird that had been lost out of a cage and couldn't find its way home, that nobody could be got to believe in his having to do with anything good to eat or drink.

He faced death in his own way—faced death at the bedside of his eldest girl, who was my Kitty's class-mate at the Sunday school; but death was a radiant angel to her; and her father turned away from looking on the still, smiling face, with his poor weak white hands clasped, and a strange waiting look in his eyes. He didn't wait very long; and his wife had gone before the year was out. One or other of the poor little children went to friends here and there; for there was not one single charity for the sick or the destitute, or the orphans of postmen, in those days. There is an orphanage now; and if those who so gladly welcome us, as we give our rat-tat at their doors, would but think how impossible it is for us to spare many shillings out of the wages we receive to give to the fatherless little ones of our fellows, they might come to believe that there are worse pleas for charity than that of the Post Office Orphanage.

Perhaps it is through looking at my own three young rascals "waiting for mother" in the window there—or thinking of Bob, who will be in presently for his dinner. He carries out medicines for the chemist, Bob does, and so reaches to the luxury of three meat-days a week, one of them being stew, with wonderful meaty flavours in it, considering how much there is of haricot beans and other mealy things, that make the room smell like a bran-mash, and a very nice smell too. Perhaps, I say, it's through looking at the children that I began to think of us postmen as among the men that face death. I was just picturing myself *to* myself when I go out on my rounds again next week, and the nights are foggy and steamy with mist, and the long row of lamps look miles off in that dreary new road, with broken gaps here and there, and uneven pathways, and bits of ragged fence, and loose bricks to stumble over, and deep quagmires of water and slush in the road, and the houses all lying in the shadow of gardens like wells—with steep flights of steps at the front doors, and the numbers all wrong, because every four houses form a different "terrace," or "villas," or "cottages," and sometimes the road leaves off to go over the way just as you think you've got to the right place.

I picture this place to myself, and all the little wilderness in the same suburb—the roads, and terraces, and streets of houses where you have to feel for the knocker, and wait till a neighbour tells you there's nobody at home, or the last tenants went away yesterday. I fancy how often I've felt the driving rain begin to find its way through my knees and down my neck, and have plucked up fresh courage by remembering that Kitty was at home waiting for me with a little bit of something, even if it was ever so humble and so little: with a bright spark of fire, and a big mug of hot coffee, and some warm, dry clothes, and what was brighter and better than all—brighter even than the bull's-eye lantern that we are now provided with by the latest regulations for night deliveries of letters—with a cheerful, loving, hopeful, contented smile, that, when I think of it, seems to be very little short of a reproach to my selfish, ungrateful thoughts. Why that smile comes back to me at this moment it's easy to guess, for the woman that owns it, and owns me, is on the stair; and here comes Bob too, with an appetite that can hardly keep itself from savaging up the big make-weight that he balances a-top of the quartern loaf he has brought in from the baker's. Never mind, my boy—come, Kitty—one may look death in the face without dying before one's time, so let us say grace and remember—what is it, Bob, my boy—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." "Ah, but it ain't herbs," says Bob—"is it, mother?—it's part herbs, and part roots, and part grain, and there's part stalled ox, because we went to buy the pieces off the stall ourselves—didn't we, mother?—and stalled sheep too—and it's prime, and ain't I hungry, that's all!"

A REVERIE.

THE morning star had lingered long,
Expectant of her face the while ;
The lark had sung his sweetest song,
To gain the guerdon of a smile.
And round about her window-pane,
The jasmin tendrils crept apace,
As if each separate leaf was fain
To gaze upon her pure young face.

She looks upon the morning gold
That shines upon no fairer brow ;
And all the future seems unroll'd
Before her meditation now ;
With all of love, and all of hope,
That God may give, in all the years.
Ah ! could we cast her horoscope,
There should not be one trace of tears.

What maiden dream of loving stirs
That heart beneath the breast of snow?
Those virginal calm eyes of hers
Seem far too pure for passion's glow.

But when love comes—as come it must—
Pray that it leave no thought of ruth,
Pray that the maiden gives her trust
Where all is tenderness and truth.

A sadness steals athwart her face,
Like clouds upon a sunlit sea,
Some memory of the vanished grace,
Of days that nevermore may be.
Old thoughts of girlish friendships rise,
When youth held faith, and love was blind—
When woven arms would symbolise,
Two hearts for ever intertwin'd.

Look out, in all the distant days,
With eyes as fearless of all ill,
As those this morning-tide you raise
Above the flow'r-strewn window-sill.
And may the far-off years be fair
As olden years for thine and thee ;
So take the poet's heartfelt pray'r,
A murmured *Benedicite !*

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

GONE TO SLEEP FOR FOUR MONTHS.

ALL lovers of White's "Selborne" (and who can live in the country without loving White and his quaint book?) will remember his tortoise Timothy, and the delight the naturalist experienced when he became possessed of him. After the creature had grown old in Sussex, "I dug it out of its winter dormitory," he writes, "in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing; and packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises."

Had it been an aged father he could not have been more particular in reporting its welfare.

"The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed."

Then the kindly naturalist falls to moralising on "the matter of wonder that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor."

While thus occupied, a delightful surprise was in store for him. "While I was writing this letter (April 21st, 1780), a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of snail-shells; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mould and put out its head; and the next morning came forth, raised from the dead, as it were, and walked about till four in the afternoon."

The mention of snails will recal to every gardener that these creatures, early in the autumn, retire under ivy, stones, &c. ; and after hermetically sealing the entrance of their shells with a calcareous secretion, sleep securely behind it till spring. Not so their brethren the slugs. They sally forth from their hiding-places all the winter in mild weather, and do much injury to the young wheat and to all garden produce. The thick coating of slime on their bodies acts like the blubber on a whale, or the seal's fur, to ward off much of the cold.

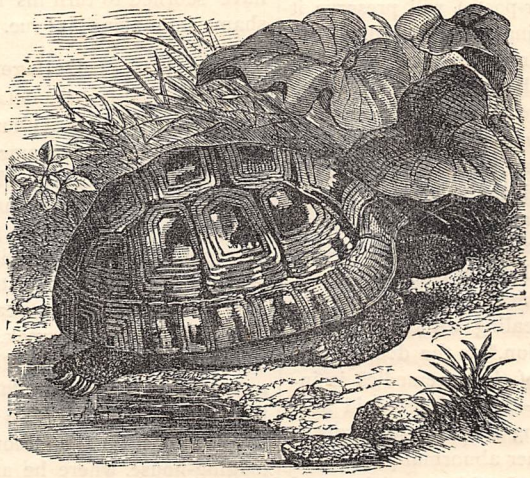
This hibernation, or winter-sleep, is a curiosity of nature worthy of more general attention than is usually given to it.

Among our fish, eels it is well known retire into winter quarters. Yarrell gives a curious account of some tame eels which were kept in a pond, and their habits carefully observed. About August, it was found they became restless, and tried to escape from the pond overland. Their heads were invariably found on these occasions turned towards the sea. At the end of that month or the beginning of September, they retired to their winter retreat under some stones.

On very sunny days they would come out and crawl about, but would never take any food, after a little retiring again. The 28th of April, in 1840, was the first day on which they rose to take the worms which their owner threw to them; and they ate sparingly till the weather became warm, when their ordinary voracity

returned, and one swallowed twenty-seven large worms one after the other.

Until the last thirty years, it was believed by many well-educated people that swallows hibernated with us, in church-towers, barns, &c.; or, more marvellous still, under water. A countryman lately told us that he knew of a cliff falling down during winter, when out dropped two or three torpid swallows; he had not seen them, however. Even White was hardly able to shake himself free of this vulgar error, being staggered at stories told him by different observers of swallows appearing round old buildings, especially round the colleges at Oxford, on sunny days in winter. The fact seems to be, when the main body of these birds leaves us in October, a few stragglers are left behind. These naturally retire into sequestered barns, towers, &c., and come forth in sunny gleams, until they perish, or are driven away. We thus noticed one hawking for several hours each day on the sunny noons of the 14th, 15th, and 16th of November, 1866, long after its congeners had fled to other lands. Their torpidity under water is simply an impossibility.



THE TORTOISE.

These remarks show that with us hibernation is mainly caused by cold enfeebling the system. It is quite conceivable that extreme heat might have the same effect. During the heats of mid-day, the life of a tropical forest is often suspended till the grateful cool of evening; and, still more remarkable, a lethargy akin to hibernation falls upon the "taurec," or Madagascar rat, which sleeps during the height of summer. The bears of America retire to their winter quarters in a cave or hollow tree, while extremely fat, which probably serves as nutriment during their period of activity. Savage as the grizzly bear is at all times, to beard and slay him in his dark retreat is a very dangerous pastime, but the hunters dare his rage for the sake of his fur; and some of the "bar" stories which consequently result are as amusing in their way as the regular Indian tales of tigers.

Another curious phenomenon of cold is the transformation of dark-coloured wool, hair, or feathers, into white. In the Arctic regions, white is the prevailing colour of animal life. With ourselves, it may be seen in the winter plumage of the ptarmigan, in the white fur of the Scotch hare, and in the changes of tint in the stoat, from reddish brown in summer to white in winter, with a beautiful black-tipped tail. The final causes of their change are various, but two stand forth prominently; first, by the assimilation of the creature to its environment of snow, that it may more successfully escape its enemies; secondly, because the animal heat from within is more completely retained by a white than by a dark covering. Thus, hibernation and change into a white dress are kindly adaptations of nature towards the same great end—preservation of life.

A poet, unjustly neglected by too many at the present day, furnishes us with a lively picture of animal life when some of the creatures have undergone their winter change of coat in the snow-clad wilds of Russia :—

> "There life glows,
> Yet, cherished there, beneath the shining waste,
> The furry nations harbour. Tipt with jet,
> Fair ermines spotless as the snow they press,
> Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
> Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue
> Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts."
>
> *Thomson's "Seasons" (Winter).*

We might pursue the subject of hibernation to the semi-torpid lives forced upon the Esquimaux during their six months' dreary night, and to the analogy of it presented by the inactivity of vegetation during the winter months; but enough has been said to point out sources of pleasure for observation and theorising during a country walk in winter. The great vivifying forces of nature are then lying dormant, regaining their energies by repose, till increase of heat and intensity of light again call them into play.

> "All nature feels the renovating force
> Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
> In ruin seen."

Our Indo-European forefathers possessed a myth which contained this truth, in their belief that the Ribhus—or sunbeams—slept during winter for twelve days in the house of the sun-god, Savitar, and then woke up to prepare the earth to clothe itself anew with vegetation, and to breathe life once more into the frozen waters. The twelve days must be connected, it is easy to see, with the signs of the Zodiac; but in North Germany they are restricted, in the superstition of the peasant, to the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany. Regarding these as an epitome of the year, he believes that as the weather is on each of these days, so will it be in the corresponding month of the ensuing year. Winter-dreams are akin to winter-sleep; so it may be mentioned, in conclusion, that another scrap of Germanic folk-lore tells that whatever a person dreams on one of those twelve nights will come to pass within the year. As for the higher and spiritual meanings typed in hibernation, this is not the place in which to treat of them. As we have rambled into mythology, it may suffice to say that he who can read the riddle of the Phœnix can penetrate to the idea latent in this "four months' sleep," termed hibernation.

M. G. WATKINS.

THE GATHERER.

Fog-Signals and Sounds at Sea.

The English and French Governments are engaged in the investigation of fog-signals and steam-organs adapted for warning vessels off a dangerous coast. The French steam-organ or danger-signal, "Calliope," is said to be capable of being heard upwards of forty-five miles in calm weather. This is what our American friends would call a "steam-screecher."

Typhoid Fever and Disinfectants.

Talking of germs, recalls to mind the recent researches which have fully placed the efficacy of carbolic acid (acid phénique), and other coal-tar compounds, beyond a doubt. A minute portion of carbolic acid added to a proportionately large quantity of a decomposable mass (*e.g.*, flour-paste) will preserve it sweet and pure for an almost indefinite period. And in relation to the disinfecting in typhoid cases, and of the clothes, &c., of patients labouring under similarly infectious diseases, the carbolic acid would appear to be of the highest value. This much at least is proved by a recent paper of a Dr. Consot, sent to the Belgian Academy of Medicine, in which the value and efficacy of carbolic acid and coal-tar as disinfectants, and as preventatives of typhoid fever, are illustrated and justly extolled. Professor Lister, of Edinburgh, has long advocated the use of carbolic acid as a dressing for wounds—lesions so treated healing without any suppuration, and by "first intention," as the doctors say. The principle of application of these remedies is included in the "germ theory"—the carbolic acid possessing the power of destroying the minute germs in which the virus of fever, or other abnormal process or disease, is supposed to reside. In this way "dust and disease" become closely correlated.

Sea-Sickness and its Cure.

Dr. J. H. Bennet is of opinion that sea-sickness is in great measure dependent upon the irritation of the liver, consequent on its being "mauled about" by the ever-changing position of the body in the ship. The liver, a solid organ, has less chance of accommodating itself to the violent motion, and it discharges bile into the stomach, which there, secondarily, induces vomiting. Dr. Bennet is therefore of opinion that the liver and stomach should be soothed and mollified previously to undertaking the voyage. Do not go on board with a *full* stomach—as many people do, under the impression that it is the correct thing. Take a good meal three or four hours before embarking; and one or two hours after the meal, take a cup of strong black coffee as a stimulant, and by way of fortifying the liver. The stomach on embarking will then be empty, whilst the body has been fortified by the meal. Rest on board lying in the recumbent position; and although *perfect* immunity from sea-sickness may not be obtained, the voyager will have thus placed his body in the best possible way of escaping the more violent symptoms—if relief from these is to be had at all.

Antipathies to Flowers.

Grétry, the composer, could not endure the scent of the rose; neither could Anne of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Heneage, bedchamber-woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheek became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her wearing an artificial rose in his button-hole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Lamballe; pansy was abominable to an Earl of Barrymore; Scaliger grew pale before the water-cress; and a soldier, who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe, fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

Cottage Homes.

A special reporter, detailing recently the varying aspects of the agricultural strike in the east of England, mentioned some cottages, of which he had seen scores, containing three bed-rooms, front and back kitchen, pantry, common oven and brewery for each pair, with a garden growing enough vegetables to supply the family during the greater part of the year, let at a rent of only two shillings a week. Compare the condition of a peasant earning his sixteen or eighteen shillings a week, and living in a cottage of such a kind, with that of the artizan in London, or any of our large manufacturing centres, who pays four-and-sixpence or five shillings a week for two small rooms on the second or third floor of some lodging-house, where he and his family have to herd together in as much, or rather as little, decency and comfort as the place will admit of.

Poetic Signboards.

Large and attractive signboards are a great feature of Chinese shops, and the words upon them are a strange mixture of the flowery literature of the land and the advertising instinct of a commercial people. Here are some of the signs of Pekin: "Shop of Heaven-sent Luck;" "Tea Shop of Celestial Principles;" "The Nine Felicities Prolonged;" "Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight;" "The Ten Virtues all Complete;" "Flowers rise to the Milky Way." In these signs we see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with a keen eye to business. Contrast such efforts with "The Noted Eel Pie House" of London streets, and one must feel that we are utter barbarians.

Animal Instinct.

An American writer gives the following amusing account of the thinking powers of his horse:—

"I have a horse who was named Rubezahl, after the Mountain Spirit of the Harz, made famous in the stories of Musæus. We have contracted his name to Ruby for convenience. Now, I have reason to believe

that Ruby can distinguish Sunday from other days. On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days I drive to the neighbouring village, where are the post-office, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village, I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right and goes to Boston; on other days, he as invariably turns to the left and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly, that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday; *how* he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my house at the same hour on Sunday and on Monday; in the same carriage; with the same number of persons in it; and yet on Sunday he always turns to the right, and on Monday to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sunday as on other days, but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston."

A Dog's Affection.

The same writer, speaking of a favourite Newfoundland dog, says:—

"His affection for the family is very great. To be allowed to come into the house and lie down near us is his chief happiness. He was very fond of my son E——, who played with him a good deal; and when the young man went away during the war, with a three months' regiment, Don was much depressed by his absence. He walked down regularly to the station, and stood there till a train of cars came in; and when his friend did not arrive in it, he went back with a melancholy air to the house. But at last the young man returned. It was in the evening, and Don was lying on the piazza. As soon as he saw his friend, his exultation knew no bounds. He leaped upon him, and ran round him, barking and showing the wildest signs of delight. All at once he turned and ran up into the garden, and came back bringing an apple, which he laid down at the feet of his young master. It was the only thing he could think of to do for him—and this sign of his affection was quite pathetic."

A Pleasant Prospect.

It is a comfort to know that there is a prospect of our becoming independent of bad harvests and cattle plagues, and enjoying a golden age in which there will be no more dear meat. And what is to be then our source of food? The peat-fields of Scotland and Ireland! The manager of the peat-factory of the Duke of Sutherland, at Forsinard, asserts with unquestionable truth that peat contains all the elements from which the human body is built up; and he is confident that these elements can be separated from what is worthless, and presented in a palatable and nutritious form. He even offers to visitors, now, a preparation which is certainly not nasty, and which may possibly, though that remains to be proved, possess all the nutritive value which he claims for it.

Pearls, Diamonds, and Gold.

Innumerable are the designs for jewellery, in Paris especially, where beetle earrings and toad brooches are quite fashionable. Some little time ago there was a jewellery show in the gay city, to some of the exhibits in which a correspondent thus refers:—"Among the prettiest designs for earrings are a pair of scales, each freighted with a rose-leaf, while the beam above is a true-lover's-knot in diamonds, pierced with a tiny diamond arrow. A superb gold bracelet is clasped by two diamond shells, joined by a large emerald, and each shell containing a pearl. Two gold hair-pins of novel design represent dandelion seed-balls in gold, studded with tiny diamonds, the feathery lightness of the down being exquisitely reproduced. The loveliest of diamond sprays for the hair represent a plume of seed-grass, and anything at once so graceful and so brilliant can hardly be imagined."

A Great Fortune and a Plain Funeral.

Those who have no fortune, and those whose fortune is but small, always find uncommon pleasure in learning about the distribution of immense wealth. The late Baron Anslem Rothschild left a fortune estimated at 220,000,000 florins (£22,000,000). The largest share is left to Baron Nathaniel, the eldest son; the next largest part is inherited by the youngest, Baron Albert; and the second son, Baron Ferdinand, has the last.

"Of every species of pride or expense," says the irritable antiquary, Joseph Ritson, "I abominate and detest that which is lavished on the dead." He would have been gratified by the plainness of the funeral of the late baron. It took place at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and the body of him who had left the world £22,000,000 was taken from the station in a common carrier's van.

A Short Life for a City.

"Mushroom Cities" is the subject of an article in a Baltimore paper—cities that spring up to-day and are deserted to-morrow. Such, it says, was the city of Pithole, Pennsylvania. Within one month from the completion of the first house, this city had a telegraph-office and an hotel, costing the owners 80,000 dollars. In a month more there was a daily paper established, in the next a theatre, in another month another theatre, and then an academy of music. In six months there were seventy-four hotels and boarding-houses, in the seventh month the city had reached its highest prosperity. It had then about 15,000 inhabitants, elaborate waterworks, a city hall, and an expensive government.

Then fate played it a trick, and diverted the business on which Pithole depended into another channel. At once the hotels, the theatres, and the telegraph-office were closed, the daily paper "incontinently died," and almost every one packed up his trunk and moved off. Only nine families remained out of a population of 15,000 souls.

Honest Men.

Alexandre Dumas, *père*, was a man of novel expedients. When he gave a dinner to a company of commercial worthies, he fell upon the following method for deciding the time when the inferior wine was to be produced. He instructed his servants to put the best on the table at the beginning of the meal, while the guests' heads were clear. "Then," said he, "watch the conversation, and directly you hear any single one of the company say, 'I, who am an honest man,' you may be sure that all their heads have gone astray, and you can serve up any rubbish you choose."

Kite-day in China.

Kite-day in China, writes a traveller, occurs on the ninth day of the ninth moon, when the inhabitants of the cities go out upon the hills and spend the day in flying kites. Sometimes thirty or forty thousand people are assembled together on one hill, where they engage all day in this beautiful amusement. All classes take part in it, we believe, from the emperor down to the actor. All manner of birds, insects, and fish are represented by these gay kites. On a fine day, when the air is full of them, the effect is very pleasing. Some are adorned with the heads of dragons and tigers. The spectator sees in the air what appears to be an immense bird or group of hawks. The Chinese show great skill in keeping half a dozen paper kites going on one string.

Gypsy Names of Countries and Towns.

From BORROW'S *Romano-Lavo-Lil*, we gather the following, which shows that the gypsies are shrewd enough, and epigrammatic enough too, in the character of their nomenclature:—Swineherds' Country, Hampshire; Shepherds' Country, Sussex; Great Church Town, York; Great Tree Town, Fairlop; Big Fellows' Country, Northumberland; Witches' Country, Lancashire; Shoemakers' Town, Northampton; Cutlers' Town, Sheffield; Potters' Country, Staffordshire; Cudgel Players' Country, Cornwall; Boxers' Town, Nottingham; Fools' Country, Suffolk; Farmers' Country, Buckinghamshire; Horse-dealers' Town, Horncastle; Pudding-eaters' Country, Yorkshire; Dirty Fellows' Country, Ireland; Sharpers' Town, Manchester; Dog Fanciers' Town, Dudley; The Black Town, Birmingham; Hop Country, Kent; Book Fellows' Town, Oxford; Fishy Town, Yarmouth; Royal Town, London; Racers' Town, Newmarket; Duck Country, Lincolnshire; Apple-water Country, Herefordshire; Leek-eaters' Country, Wales; Potato Country, Norfolk; Clergymen's Town, Ely; Talking Fellows' Town, Norwich; Chair-makers' Town, Windsor; Milk Country, Cheshire; Forest Town, Epping; Fox-hunting Fellows' Town, Leicestershire; Coal Town, Newcastle; Wrestlers' Country, Devonshire.—Ireland, Suffolk, and Norwich have certainly "a bone to pick" with the gypsies.

Wholesome Laws for Shopkeepers.

How would shopkeepers who make use of fraudulent weights and measures—but it is to be hoped that there are few of them—like to have lived in the Middle Ages? In no part of the civilised world did the State deal so leniently then with the light-weight and short-measure class, as it does in the Britain of the present day. Here is an old law of the City of London, passed for the punishment of shopkeeping rogues:—

"If any default shall be found in the bread of a baker of the City, the first time, let him be drawn upon a hurdle from the Guildhall to his own house, through the great streets where there may be most people assembled, and through the great streets that are most dirty, with the faulty loaf hanging from his neck. If a second time he shall be found committing the same offence, let him be drawn through the great street of Cheape, in manner aforesaid, to the pillory; and let him be put upon the pillory, and remain there at least one hour in the day. And the third time that such default shall be found, he shall be drawn, and the oven shall be pulled down, and the baker made to forswear the trade within the City for ever."

True to Nature.

Every schoolboy knows the classic tradition of Zeuxis, who painted grapes so naturally that the very birds came and pecked at them. This old story inspired a French animal painter, of mediocre talent and pressing need, with a scheme for deluding ignorant and gullible American tourists. Our painter completes a picture, "The Death of the Poodle." Every morning he takes his dog into his studio, and placing it before the picture, gives the poor beast a sound thrashing.

When the dog's master considers his lesson as sufficiently taught, he invites a rich American to his *atelier*. Our Transatlantic cousin takes little interest in his host's works, but suddenly the dog comes in, and, at sight of "The Death of the Poodle," utters the most lamentable howls, in remembrance of his accustomed punishment. "Oh," cries the American, "how true to nature! The painting deceives even the dog." And "our cousin" buys the picture at an exorbitant price.

A New Bull.

That confusion of ideas which results in the perpetration of *bulls* is by no means confined to the natives of Gascony and Ireland. A very shrewd, keen-witted, common-sensical friend of mine made a grand one the other day. We were walking along the cliffs on the Sussex coast, and he asked whether the path we followed would eventually bring us to Brighton. As our backs were turned upon that watering-place, I replied that we should have to make the circuit of Great Britain first. Whereupon my friend, who has a weakness for pedestrian wagers, exclaimed, "By Jove! what a capital match it would make to start two fellows back to back, here say, let them walk right round, keeping as close to the sea as possible, and see who met first!"

*** *In our next Part will be commenced a New and very remarkable Serial Story, founded on facts connected with a modern historic period, entitled*

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.*

THE FLOOD.

WHEN Pliny lost his life, and Herculaneum was buried, Manchester was born. Whilst lava and ashes blotted from sight and memory fair and luxurious Roman cities close to the capital, the Roman soldiery of Titus, under their general Agricola, laid the foundations of a distant city which now competes with the great cities of the world.

Where now rise forests of tall chimneys, and the hum of whirling spindles, spread the dense woods of Arden, and from the clearing in their midst rose the Roman castrum of Mancunium, which has left its name of Castle Field as a memorial to us. But where their summer camp is said to have been pitched on the airy rock at the confluence of the rivers Irk and Irwell, sacred church and peaceful college have stood for centuries, and only antiquaries can point to Roman possession, or even to the baronial halls which the Saxon thane and Norman lord perched there for security.

And, only an antiquary or a very old inhabitant can recall Manchester as it was at the close of the last century, and shutting his eyes upon railway arch, station, and esplanade, upon Palatine Buildings, broad roadways, and river embankments, can see the Irk and the Irwell as they were when the Cathedral was the Collegiate Church, with a diminutive brick wall round its ancient graveyard.

Then, the irregular-fronted rows of quaint old houses which still, under the name of Half Street, crowd upon two sides of the churchyard, with only an intervening strip of a flagged walk between, closed it up on a third side, and shut the river, lying low beneath, from the view with a huddled mass of still older dwellings, some of which were thrust out of sight, and were only to be reached by flights of break-neck steps of rock or stone, and like their hoary fellows creeping down the narrow roadway of Hunt's Bank, overhung the Irwell and threatened to topple into it some day.

The Chetham Hospital or College still looks solidly down on the Irk at the angle of the streams; the old Grammar School has been suffered to do the same; and—thanks to the honest workmen who built for our ancestors—the long lines of houses known as Long Millgate are for the most part standing, and on the river-side have resisted the frequent floods of centuries.

In 1799 that line was almost unbroken, from the College (where it commenced at Hunt's Bank Bridge) to Red Bank. The little alley by the Town Mill, called Mill-brow, which led down to the wooden Mill Bridge, was little more of a gap than those narrow entries or passages which pierced the walls like slits here and there, and offered dark and perilous passage to courts and alleys, trending in steep incline to the very bed of the Irk. The houses themselves had been good originally, and were thus cramped together for defence in perilous times, when experience taught that a narrow gorge was easier held against warlike odds than an open roadway.

Ducie Bridge had then no existence, but Tanner's Bridge—no doubt a strong wooden structure like that at Mill-brow—accessible from the street only by one of those narrow steep passages, stood within a few yards of its site, and had a place on old maps so far back as 1650. Its name is expressive, and goes to prove that the tannery on the steep banks of the Irk, behind the houses of Long Millgate, opposite to the end of Miller's Lane, was a tannery at least a century and a half before old Simon Clegg worked amongst the tan-pits, and called William Clough master.

To this sinuous and picturesque line of houses, the streams with their rocky and precipitous banks will have served in olden time as a natural defensive moat (indeed, it is noticeable that old Manchester kept pretty much within the angle of its rivers), and in 1799 from one end of Millgate to the other the dwellers by the waterside looked across the stream on green and undulating uplands, intersected by luxuriant hedgerows, a bleachery at Walker's Croft, and a short terrace of houses near Scotland Bridge, denominated Scotland, being the sole breaks in the verdure.

Between the tannery and Scotland Bridge the river makes a sharp bend, and here, at the elbow, another mill with its corresponding dam was situated.

The current of the Irk, if not deep, is strong at all times, though kept by its high banks within narrow

* **Note.**—The general incidents in this story being matters of fact, most of the characters introduced are actual persons, many of them well known to Manchester people. Believing all concerned to have long since passed away, the writer has no scruple in giving real names, wh.never historical or merely incidentally employed—and the period of the story includes an important epoch in modern English history, comprising, as it does, the memorable "Peterloo Massacre," and the remarkable events which followed. It only remains to add that the story is purely domestic, and has nothing whatever to do with the political questions of those exciting times.

compass. But when, as is not unseldom the case, there is a sudden flushing of water from the hill-country, it rises, rises, rises, stealthily though swiftly, till the stream overtops its banks, washes over low-lying bleach-crofts, fields, and gardens, mounts foot by foot over the fertile slopes, invades the houses, and, like a mountain-robber sweeping from his fastness on a peaceful vale, carries his spoil with him, and leaves desolation and wailing behind.

Such a flood as this following a heavy thunder-storm devastated the valley of the Irk on the 17th of August, 1799.

Well was it then for the tannery and those houses on the bank of the Irk which had their foundations in the solid rock, for the waters surged and roared at their base, and over pleasant meadows—a wide-spread turbulent sea, with here and there an island of refuge which the day before had been a lofty mound.

The flood of the previous autumn, when a coach and horses had been swept down the Irwell, and men and women were drowned, was as nothing to this.

The tannery-yard, high as it was above the bed of the Irk, and solid as was its embankment, was threatened with invasion. The surging water roared and beat against its masonry, and licked its coping with frothy tongue and lip, like a hungry giant greedy for fresh food. Men with thick clogs and hide-bound legs, leathern gloves and aprons, were hurrying to and fro with barrows and bark-boxes, for the reception of the valuable hides which their mates, armed with long-shafted hooks and tongs, were dragging from the pits pell-mell, ere the advancing waters should encroach upon their territory, and empty the tan-pits for them.

Already the insatiate flood bore testimony to its ruthless greed. Hanks of yarn, pieces of calico, hay, uptorn bushes, planks, chairs, boxes, dog-kennels, and hen-coops, a shattered chest of drawers, pots and pans, had swept past, swirling and eddying in the flood, which by this time spread like a vast lake over the opposite lands, and had risen within three feet of the arch of Scotland Bridge, and hardly left a trace where the mill-dam chafed it commonly.

Too busy were the tanners, under the eye of their master, to stretch out hand or hook to arrest the progress of either furniture or live-stock, though bee-hives and hen-coops, and more than one squealing pig, went racing with the current, now rising towards the footway of Tanner's Bridge.

Every window of every house upon the banks was crowded with anxious heads: for flooded Scotland rose like an island from the watery waste, and their own cellars were fast filling.

There had been voices calling to each other from window to window all the morning; but now from window to window, from house to house, rang one re-duplicated shriek, which caused many of the busy tanners to quit their work, and rush to the water's edge.

To their horror, a painted wooden cradle, which had crossed the deeply-submerged dam in safety, was floating foot-foremost down to destruction, with an infant calmly sleeping in its bed, the very motion of the waters having seemingly lulled it to sounder repose!

"Good Lord! It's a choilt!" exclaimed Simon Clegg, the oldest tanner in the yard. "Lend a hand here, fur th' sake o' th' childer at whoam."

Half a dozen hooks and plungers were outstretched, even while he spoke; but the longest was lamentably too short to arrest the approaching cradle in its course, and the unconscious babe seemed doomed.

With frantic haste Simon Clegg rushed on to Tanner's Bridge, followed by a boy; and there, with hook and plunger, they met the cradle as it drifted towards them, afraid of over-balancing it even in their attempt to save.

It swerved, and almost upset; but Simon dexterously caught his hook within the wooden hood, and drew the frail bark and its living freight close to the bridge.

The boy, and a man named Cooper, lying flat on the bridge, then clutched at it with extended hands, raised it carefully from the turbid water, and drew it safely between the open rails to the footway, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of breathless and excited spectators.

The babe was screaming terribly. The shock when the first hook stopped the progress of the cradle had disturbed its dreams, and its little fat arms were stretched out piteously as strange faces looked down upon it instead of the mother's familiar countenance.

Wrapping the patchwork quilt around it, to keep it from contact with his wet sleeves and apron, Simon tenderly as a woman lifted the infant in his rough arms, and strove to comfort it, but in vain. His beard of three days' growth was as a rasp to its soft skin, and the closer he caressed, the more it screamed.

The men from the tannery came crowding round him.

"What dost tha mean to do wi' th' babby?" asked the man Cooper of old Simon. "Aw'd tak' it whoam to mi misses, but th' owd lass is nowt to be depended on, an' wur cross as two sticks when oi only axed fur mi baggin to bring to wark wi' mi this mornin'," added he, with rueful remembrance of the scolding wife on his hearth.

"Neay, lad, aw'll not trust th' poor choilt to thy Sally. It 'ud be loike chuckin' it out o' th' wayter into the fire (Hush-a-bye, babby). Aw'll just tak' it to ar Bess, and hoo'll cuddle it oop, an' gi' it summut to sup, till we find its own mammy," answered Simon, leaving the bridge. "Bring th' cradle alung, Jack"—to the boy—"Bess'll want it. We'n noan o' that tackle at ar place. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, babby."

But the little thing, missing its natural protector, and half stifled in the swathing quilt, only screamed the louder; and Simon, notwithstanding his kind heart, was truly glad when his daughter Bess, who had witnessed the rescue from their own window, met him at the tannery gate, and relieved him of his struggling charge.

"Si thi, Bess, here's a God-send fur thi, a poor little babby fur thi to tend an' be koind to till them it belungs to come a-seekin' fur it," said he to the young

woman; "but thah mun give it summat better than cowd wayter, it's had too mich o' that a'ready."

"That a' will, poor darlin'," responded she, kissing the babe's velvet cheeks as, sensible of a change of nurses, it nestled to her breast; "Eh! but there 'll be sore hearts for this blessed babby somewheere;" and she turned up the narrow passage which led at once from the tan-yard and the bridge, stilling and soothing the little cast-away as adroitly as an experienced nurse.

"Now, luk thi, lad," Simon remarked to Cooper, "isna it fair wonderful heaw that babby taks to ar Bess? But it's just a way hoo has, an' theer isna a fractious choilt i' a' ar yard, but 'll be quiet wi' Bess."

Cooper looked after her, nodded an assent, and sighed as if he wished some one in another yard had the same soothing way with her.

But the voice of the raging water had not stilled like that of the rescued infant.

Back went the two men to their task, and worked away with a will to carry hides, bark, and implements to places of security. And as they hurried to and fro with loads on back or barrow, up, up, inch by inch, foot by foot the swelling flood rose and higher, till lapping the foot-bridge, curling over the embankment, it drove the sturdy tanners back, flung itself into the pits, and in many a swirling eddy, washed tan, and hair, and skins into the common current.

Not so much, however, went into its seething cauldron as might have been, had the men worked with less vigour; and quick to recognise the value of ready service, Mr. Clough led his drenched and weary workmen to the Skinners' Arms, in Long Millgate, and ordered a supply of ale, and bread and cheese to be served out to them.

At the door of the public-house, where he left the workmen to the enjoyment of this impromptu feast, he encountered Simon Clegg.

The kind fellow had taken a hasty run to his own tenement, "just to see heaw ar Bess an' th' babby get on," and he brought back the intelligence that it was "a lad, an' as good as goold."

"Oh, my man, I've been too much occupied to speak to you before," cried Mr. Clough. "I saw you foremost in the rescue of that unfortunate infant, and shall not forget it. Here is a crown for your share in the good deed. I suppose that was the child's mother you gave it to?"

Simon was a little man, but he drew back with considerable native dignity.

"Thenk yo', Mester, all th' same, but aw connot tak' brass fur just doin' mi duty. Aw'd never a' slept i' mi bed, gin that little un had bin dreawnded, an' me lookin' on loike a stump. Neay, that lass wur Bess, moi wench; we'n no notion wheer th' lad's mother is."

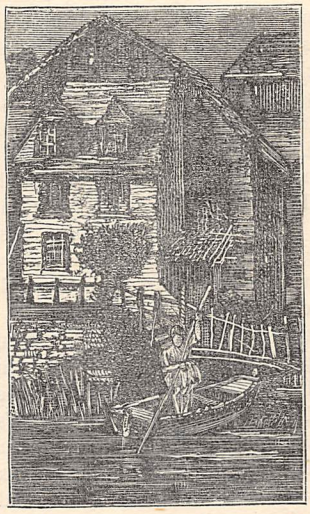
Mr. Clough would have pressed the money upon him, but he put it back with a motion of his hand.

"No, sir, aw'm a poor mon, a varry poor mon, but aw connot tak' money fur savin' a choilt's life. It's agen mi conscience. I'll tak' mi share o' the bread an' cheese, an' drink yo'r heealth i' a sup o' ale, but aw cudna tak' that brass if aw wur deein."

And Simon giving a scrape with his clog, and a duck of his head, meant for a bow, passed his master respectfully, and went clattering up the steps of the Skinners' Arms, leaving the gentleman standing there and looking after him in mingled astonishment and admiration.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NO ONE KNOWS.



WHEN the scurrying water, thick with sand and mud, and discoloured with dye-stuffs, which floated in brightly tinted patches on its surface, filled the arch of Scotland Bridge, and left only the rails of Tanner's Bridge visible, the inundation reached its climax; but a couple of days elapsed before the flood subsided below the level of the unprotected tannery-yard, and until then neither Simon Clegg nor his mates could resume their occupations.

There was a good deal of lounging about Long Millgate, and the doors of the Queen Anne and Skinners' Arms, of heavily shod men, in rough garniture of thick hide—armoury against the tan and water in which their daily bread was steeped.

But in all those two days no anxious father, no white-faced mother had run from street to street, and house to house, to seek and claim a rescued living child. No; not even when the week had passed, though the story of his "miraculous preservation" was the theme of conversation at the tea-tables of gentility and in the bar-parlours of taverns; was the gossip of courts and alleys, highways and byways; and though echo, in the guise of a "flying stationer," caught it up and spread it broadcast in catchpenny sheets, far beyond the confines of the inundation.

This was the more surprising as no dead bodies had been washed down the river, and no lives were reported "lost."

Had the child no one to care for it? No relative to whom its little life was precious? Had it been abandoned to its fate, a waif unloved, uncared for?

The house in which Simon Clegg lived was situated at the very end of Skinner's Yard, a cul-de-sac, to which the only approach was a dark covered entry, not four feet wide. The pavement of the yard was natural rock, originally hewn into broad flat steps, but then worn with water from the skies, and from housewifely pails, and the tramp of countless clogs, to a rugged steep incline, asking wary stepping from the

stranger on exploration after night-fall. Gas was of course unknown, but not even an oil-lamp lit up the gloom.

In the sunken basement a tripe-boiler had a number of stone troughs or cisterns, for keeping his commodities cool for sale. The three rooms of Simon Clegg were situated immediately above these, two small bed-rooms overlooking the river and pleasant green fields beyond; the wide kitchen window having no broader range of prospect than the dreary and not too savoury yard.

Even this view was shut out by a batting frame, resembling much a long, narrow French bedstead, all the more that on it was laid a thick bed of raw (that is, undressed) cotton, freckled with seeds and fine bits of husky pod. Bess was a batter, and her business was to turn and beat the clotted mass with stout lithe arms and willow-wands, until the fibres loosened, the seeds and specks fell through, and a billowy mass of whitish down lay before her. It was not a healthy occupation: dust and flue released found their way into the lungs, as well as on to the floor and furniture; and a rosy-cheeked batter was a myth. Machinery does the work now—but this history deals with *then*.

During the week dust lay thick on everything; even Bessy's hair was fluffy as a bursting cotton-pod, in spite of the kerchief tied across it; but on the Saturday when she had carried her work to Simpson's factory in Miller's Lane, and came back with her wages, broom and duster cleared away the film; wax and brush polished up the oak bureau, the pride and glory of their kitchen; the two slim iron candlesticks, fender, and poker were burnished bright as steel; the three-legged round deal table was scrubbed white; and then, mounted on tall pattens, she set about with mop and pail, and a long-handled stone, to cleanse the flag floor from the week's impurities.

She had had a good mother, and, to the best of her ability, Bess tried to follow in her footsteps, and fill the vacant place on her father's hearth and in his heart.

Her mother had been dead four years, and Bess, now close upon twenty, had since then lost two brothers, and lamented as lost one dearer than a brother—the two former by death, the other by the fierce demands of war.

She had a pale interesting face, with dark hair, and thoughtful deep grey eyes, and was, if anything, too quiet and staid for her years; but when her face lit up she had as pleasant a smile upon it as one would wish to see by one's fireside; and not even her dialect could make her voice otherwise than low and gentle.

Both her brothers had been considerably younger than herself; and possibly the fact of having stood *in loco parentis* to them for upwards of two years had imparted to her the air of motherliness she possessed. Certain it is that if a child in the yard scalded itself, or cut a finger, or knocked the bark off an angular limb, it went crying to Bessy Clegg in preference to its own mother; and she healed bruises and quarrels with the same balsam—loving sympathy.

She was just the one to open her arms and heart to a poor motherless babe, and Simon Clegg knew it.

Old Simon, or old Clegg, he was called, probably because he was graver and more serious than his fellows, and had never changed his master since he grew to manhood: certainly not on account of his age, which trembled on the verge of fifty only.

He was a short, somewhat spare man, with a face deeply lined by sorrow for the loved ones he had lost. But he had a merry twinkling eye, and was not without a latent vein of humour. The atmosphere of the tannery might have shrivelled his skin, but it had not withered his heart; and when he handed the child he had saved to his daughter, he never stopped to calculate contingencies.

The boy, apparently between two and three months old, was dressed in a long gown of printed linen, had a muslin cap, and an under one of flannel, all neatly made, but neither in make nor material beyond those of a respectable working man's child; and there was not a mark upon anything which could give a clue to its parentage.

The painted wooden cradle which had been to it an ark of safety was placed in a corner by the fireplace; and an old bottle, filled with thin gruel, over the neck of which Bess had tied a loose cap of punctured wash-leather, was so adjusted that the little one, deprived of its mother, could lie within and feed itself whilst Bess herself industriously pursued her avocations.

These were not times for idleness. There had been bread-riots the previous winter; food still was at famine prices; and it was all a poor man could do, with the strictest industry and economy, to obtain a bare subsistence. So Bess worked away all the harder, because there were times when babydom was imperative, and would be nursed.

She had put the last garnishing touches to her kitchen on Saturday night, had taken off her wrapper brat, put on a clean blue bedgown, and substituted a white linen cap for the coloured kerchief, when her father, who had been to New Cross Market to make his bargains by himself on this occasion, came into the kitchen, followed by Cooper, who, having helped to save the child, naturally felt an interest in him.

The iron porridge-pot was on the low fire, and Bess, sifting the oatmeal into the boiling water with the left hand, whilst with the other she beat it swiftly with her porridge-stick, was so intent on the preparation of their supper, she did not notice their entrance until her father, putting his coarse wicker market-basket down on her white table, bade Cooper "Coom in an' tak' a cheer."

Instead of taking a chair, the man walked as quietly as his clogs would let him to the cradle, and looked down on the infant sucking vigorously at the delusive bottle.

Matt Cooper was the *un*happy father of eight, whose maintenance was a sore perplexity to him; and it may be supposed he spoke with authority when he exclaimed—

"Whoy, he tak's t' th' pap-bottle as nat'rally as if he'n ne'er had nowt else!"

And the big man—quite a contrast to Simon—stooped and lifted the babe from the cradle with all the ease of long practice, and dandled it in his arms, saying as he did so—

"Let's hev a look at th' little chap. Aw've not seen th' colour o' his eyen yet."

The eyes were grey—so dark, they might have passed for black; and there was in them more than the ordinary inquiring gaze of babyhood.

"Well, thah'rt a pratty lad; but had thah bin th' ugliest i' o' Lankisheer, aw'd a-thowt thi mammy'd ha' axed fur thi afore this," added he, sitting down, and nodding to the child, which crowed in his face.

"Ah! one would ha' reckoned so," assented Bess, without turning round.

"What ar' ta gooin' to do, Simon, toward findin' th' choilt's kin?" next questioned their visitor.

Simon looked puzzled. "Whoy, aw've hardly gi'en it a thowt."

But the question, once started, was discussed at some length. Meanwhile the porridge designed for two Bess poured into three bowls, placing three iron spoons beside them, with no more ceremony than—"Ye'll tak' a sup wi' us, Matt."

Mat apologised, feeling quite assured there was no more than the two could have eaten; but Simon looked hurt, and the porridge was appetising to a hungry man; so he handed the baby to the young woman, took up his spoon, and the broken thread of conversation was renewed at intervals.

What they said matters not so much as what they did.

The next morning being Sunday, Cooper called for Clegg just as the bells were ringing for church; and the two, arrayed in their best fustian breeches, long-tailed coats, knitted hose, three-cornered hats, and shoes, only kept for Sunday wear, set out to seek the parents of the unclaimed infant, nothing doubting that they were going to carry solace to sorrowing hearts.

Their course lay in the same track as the Irk, now pursuing its course as smilingly under the bright August sun as though its banks were not strewed with wreck, and foul with thick offensive mud, and the woeful devastation were none of its doing.

There were fewer houses on their route than now, and they kept close as possible to the course of the river, questioning the various inhabitants as they went along.

They had gone through Collyhurst and Blakely without rousing any one to a thought beyond self-sustained damage, or gaining a single item of intelligence, though they made many a détour in quest of it. At a roadside public-house close to Middleton they sat down, parched with heat and thirst, called for a mug of ale each, drew from their pockets thick hunks of brown bread and cheese, wrapped in blue and white check handkerchiefs, and whilst satisfying their hunger, came to the conclusion that no cradle could have drifted so far, crossing weirs and mill-dams amongst uprooted bushes, timber, and household chattels; and that it was best to turn back.

In Smedley Vale, where the flood seemed to have done its worst, and where a small cottage close to the river lay in ruins, a knot of people were gathered together talking and gesticulating as if in eager controversy.

As they approached, they were spied by one of the group.

"Here are th' chaps as fund th' babby, an' want'n to know who it belungs to," cried he, a youth whom they had interrogated earlier in the day.

To tell in brief what Simon and his companion learned by slow degrees—the hapless child was alone in the world, orphaned by a succession of misfortunes.

The dilapidated cottage had been for some fifteen months the home of its parents. The father, who was understood to have come from Crumpsall with his young wife and her aged mother, had been sent for to attend the death-bed of a brother in Liverpool, and had never been heard of since. The alarm and trouble consequent on his prolonged absence prostrated the young wife, and caused not only the babe's premature birth, but the mother's death. The care of the child had devolved upon the stricken grandmother, who had brought him up by hand, as Matthew's sagacity had suggested. She was a woman far advanced in years, and feeble, but she asked no help from neighbours or parish, though her poverty was apparent. She kept poultry and knitted stockings, and managed to eke out a living somehow, but how, none of those scattered neighbours seemed to know—she had "held her yead so hoigh" (pursued her way so quietly).

She had been out in her garden, feeding her fowls, when the flood came upon them without warning, swept through the open doors of the cottage, and carried cradle and everything else before it, leaving hardly a wall standing. In endeavouring to save the child, she herself got seriously hurt, and was with difficulty rescued. But between grief and fright, bruises and the drenching, the old dame succumbed, and died on the Thursday morning, and had been buried by the parish, from which in life she had proudly kept aloof, that very afternoon, and no one could tell other name she had borne than Nan.

Bess sobbed aloud when she heard her father's recital, which lost nothing of its pathos from the homely vernacular in which it was couched.

"An' what's to be done neaw?" asked Cooper, as he sat on one of the rush-bottomed chairs, sucking the knob of his walking-stick as if for an inspiration. "Yo conno' think o' keepin' th' choilt, an' bread an' meal at sich a proice!"

"Connot oi? Then aw conno' think o' aught else. Wouldst ha' me chuck it i' th' river agen?—What dost thah say, Bess?" (turning to his daughter, who had the child on her lap).

"Whoi, th' poor little lad's got noather feyther nor mother, an' thah's lost booth o' thi lads. Mebbe it's a Godsend, feyther, after a', as you said'n to me," and she kissed it tenderly.

"Eh, wench!"—interposed Matthew, but she went on without heeding him.

"There's babby things laid by i' lavender i' thoose drawers as hasna seen dayleet sin ar Joe wur a toddler, an' they'll just come handy. An' if bread's dear an' meal's dear, we mun just ate less on it arsels, an' there'll be moore fur the choilt. He'll pay yo back, feyther, aw know, when yo'r too owd to wark."

"An' aw con do 'bout 'bacca, lass. If the orphan's granny wur too preawd to ax help o' th' parish, aw'll be too preawd to send her pratty grandchoilt theer."

And so, to Matthew Cooper's amazement, it was settled.

But the extra labour and self-denial it involved on the part of Bess, neither Matthew nor Simon could estimate.

In the midst of the rabid scepticism and republicanism of the period, Simon Clegg was a staunch "Church and King" man, and, as a natural consequence, a stout upholder of their ordinances.

Regularly as the bell tolled in for Sunday morning service, he might be seen walking reverently down the aisle of the Old Church, to his place in the free seats, with his neat cheerful-looking daughter following him sometimes, but not always.

So regularly that the stout beadle missed him from his seat the Sunday after the inundation, and meeting him in the churchyard a week later, sought to learn the why and wherefore

The beadle of the parish church was an important personage in the eyes of Simon Clegg: and, somewhat proud of his notice, the little tanner related the incidents of that memorable flood-week to his querist, concluding with his adoption of the child.

The official h'md and ha'd, applauded the act, but shook his powdered head, and added sagely that it was a "grëat charge, a varry grëat charge."

"Dun yo' think th' little un 's bin babtised?" interrogated the beadle.

"Aw conno' tell; nob'dy couldn't tell nowt abeawt th' choilt, 'ut wur ony use to onybody. Bess an' me han talked it ower, an' we wur thinkin' o' bringin' it to be kirsened to be on th' safe soide like. Aw reckon it wouldna do th' choilt ony harm to be kirsened twoice ower; an' 'twould be loike flingin' th' choilt's soul to Odd Scrat gin he wur no christened at o'. What dun yo' think'n?"

The beadle thought pretty much the same as Simon, and it was finally arranged that Simon should present the young foundling for baptism in the course of the week.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

HOW THE REVEREND JOSHUA BROOKES AND SIMON CLEGG INTERPRETED A SHAKESPEARIAN TEXT.

MANCHESTER had at that date two eccentric clergymen attached to the Collegiate Church. The one, Parson Gatliffe, a fine man, a polished gentleman, an eloquent preacher, but a *bon vivant* of whom many odd stories are told. The other, the Reverend Joshua Brookes, a short, stumpy man (so like to the old knave of clubs in mourning, that the sobriquet of the "Knave of Clubs" stuck to him), was a rough, crusted, unpolished black-diamond, hasty in temper, harsh in tone, blunt in speech and in the pulpit, but with a true heart beating under the angular external crystals; and he was a good liver of another sort than his colleague.

He was the son of a crippled and not too sober shoemaker, who, when the boy's intense desire for learning had attracted the attention and patronage of Parson Ainscough, went to the homes of several of the wealthy denizens of the town, to ask for pecuniary aid to send his son Joshua to college. The youth's scholarly attainments had already obtained him an exhibition at the Free Grammar School, which, coupled with the donations obtained by his father and the helping hand of Parson Ainscough, enabled him to keep his terms and graduate at Brazenose, to become a master in the Grammar School in which he had been taught, and a chaplain in the Collegiate Church.

So conscientious was he in the performance of his sacred duties, that albeit he was wont to exercise his calling after a peculiarly rough fashion of his own, he married, christened, buried more people during his ministry than all the other ecclesiastics put together.

It was to this Joshua Brookes (few ever thought of prefixing the Reverend in referring to him) that Simon Clegg brought "Nan's" orphan grandchild to be baptised on Tuesday, the 7th of September, just three weeks from the date of his involuntary voyage down the flooded Irk.

It had taken the tanner the whole of the week following his conversation with the beadle to determine the name he should give the child, and many had been his consultations with Bess on the subject. That very Sunday he had gone home from church full of the matter, and lifting his big old Bible from its post of honour on the top of the bureau (it was his whole library), he sat, after dinner, with his head in his hands and his elbows on the table, debating the momentous question.

"Yo' see, Bess," said he, "a näme as sticks to one all one's loife, is noan so sma' a matter as some folk reckon. An' yon's noan a common choilt. It isna ev'ry day, no, nor ev'ry year as a choilt is weshed down a river, an' saved from th' very jaws o' dëath. An' aw'd loike to gi'e un a näme as 'ud mak' it remember it, an* thank God for his marcifu' presarvation a' th' days o' his loife."

After a long pause, during which Bess took the baby from the cradle, tucked a napkin under its chin, and began to feed it with a spoon, he resumed—

"Yo' see, Bess, hadna aw bin christened Simon, aw moight ha' bin a cobbler, or a whitster, or a wayver, or owt else. But feyther could read tho' he couldna wroite; an' as he wur a reed-makker, he towt mi moi A B C wi' crookin' up th' bits o' wires he couldna use

* Since writing the above, I have learned that a cradled infant was washed down the Irwell from the Broughton, not the Smedley and Irk side, in the flood of 1837. I was familiar with the incident I relate when I was quite a child myself—and I am now fifty-three—so the two cases are distinct. In 1771, during the floods which swept away Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, a vessel took up at sea a cradle in which was a child alive and well.

into th' shaps o' th' letters; an' when aw could spell sma' words, he towt mi to read out o' this varry book; an' aw read o' Simon a tanner, an' nowt 'ud sarve mi but aw mun be a tanner too, so tha sees theer's summat i' a näme after o'."

Bess suggested that he should be called Noah, because Noah was saved in the ark; but he objected that Noah was an old grey-beard, with a family, and that he knew the flood was coming, and built the ark himself; he was not "takken unawares in his helplessness loike that poor babby."

Moses was her next proposition—Bess had learned something of Biblical lore at the first Sunday-school Manchester could boast, the one in Gun Street, founded by Simeon Newton in 1788—but Simon was not satisfied even with Moses.

"Yo' see, Moses wur put i' th' ark o' bullrushes o' purpose, an' noather thee nor mi's a Pharaoh's dowter, an' th' little chap's not loike to be browt oop i' a pallis."

Towards the end of the week, he burst into the room: "Oi hev it, lass, oi hev it! We'n co' the lad 'Irk;' nobb'dy 'll hev a näme loike that, and it 'll tell its own story; an' fur th' after-näme, aw reckon he mun tak' ours."

Marriages were solemnised in the richly-carved choir of the venerable Old Church, but churchings and baptisms in a large adjoining chapel; and thither Bess, who carried the baby, was ushered, followed by Simon and Matt Cooper, who were to act as its other sponsors.

At the door they made way for the entrance of a party of ladies, whom they had seen alight from sedan-chairs at the upper gate, where a couple of gentlemen joined them. A nurse followed, with a baby, whose christening-robe, nearly two yards long, was a mass of rich embroidery. The mother herself—a slight, lovely creature, additionally pale and delicate from her late ordeal—wore a long, plain-skirted dress of varicoloured brocaded silk. A lustrous silk scarf, trimmed with costly lace, enveloped her shoulders. Her head-dress, a bonnet with a bag-crown and Quakerish poke-brim, was of the newest fashion, as were the long kid gloves which covered her arms to the elbows.

The party stepped forward as though precedence was theirs of right even at the church door, heeding not Simon's mannerly withdrawal to let them pass; and the very nurse looked disdainfully at the calico gown of the baby in the round arms of Bess: a woman in a grey duffel cloak, and old-fashioned flat broad-brimmed hat.

Was there any thrill sympathetic or antagonistic in baby-veins, as they thus met there for the first time on their entrance into the church and the broad path of life? For the first time,—but scarcely for the last.

Already a goodly crowd of mothers, babies, godfathers, and godmothers had assembled—a crowd of all grades, judging from their exteriors, for dress had not then ceased to be a criterion; and all ceremonies of this kind were performed in shoals—not singly.

The Rev. Joshua Brookes, followed by his clerk, came through the door in the carven screen, between the choir and baptismal chapel, and took his place behind the altar-rails.

And now ensued a scene which some of my readers may think incredible, but which was common enough then, and there, and is notoriously true.

The width of the rails would scarcely accommodate the number of women waiting to be churched; and impatient Joshua assisted the apparitors to marshal them to their places, with a sharp "You come here! You kneel there! Yon woman's not paid!" accompanied by pulls and pushes, until the semicircle was filled.

But still the shrinking lady, and another, unused to jostle with rough crowds, were left standing outside the pale.

Impetuous Joshua had begun the service before all were settled.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased——"

His quick eye caught the outstanding figures.

Abruptly stopping his exordium, he exclaimed, in his harsh tones, which seemed to intimidate the lady—

"What are you standing there for? can't you find a place? Make room here!" (pushing two women apart by the shoulder)—"thrutch up closer there! Make haste, and kneel here!" (to the lady, pulling her forward). "You come here;—make room, will you;" and having pushed and pulled them into place, he resumed the service.

Presently there was another outburst. There had been a hushing of whimpering babes, and a maternal smothering of infantile cries, as a chorus throughout; but one fractious little one screamed right out, and refused to be comforted. The nervous tremor on that kneeling lady's countenance might have told to whom it belonged, had Joshua been a skilful reader of hearts and faces.

His irritable temper got the better of him. He broke off in the midst of the psalm to call out, "Stop that crying child!"

The crying child did not stop. In the midst of another verse he bawled, "Give that screaming babby the breast!"

He went on. The clerk had pronounced the "Amen" at the end of the psalm; Joshua followed, "Let us pray;" but before he began the prayer he again shouted, "Take that squalling babby out!"—an order the indignant nurse precipitately obeyed; and the service ended without further interruption.

Then followed the christenings, and another marshalling (this time of godfathers and godmothers, with the infants they presented); in which the hasty chaplain did his part with hands and voice until all were arranged to his satisfaction.

It so happened that the tanner's group and the lady's group were ranged side by side. The latter was Mrs. Aspinall, the wife of a wealthy cotton merchant, who, with two other gentlemen and a lady, stood behind her, and this time gave her their much-needed support. Indeed, what with the damp and chilliness of the church, and the agitation, the delicate lady seemed ready to faint.

"Hath this child been already baptised or no?" asked Joshua Brookes, and was passing on, when Simon's unexpected response arrested him.

"Aw dunna know."

"Don't know? How's that? What are you here for?" were questions huddled one on the other in a broader vernacular than I have thought well to put in the mouth of a man so deeply learned.

"Whoi, yo' see, this is the choilt as wur weshed deawn th' river wi' th' flood; an' o' belungin' to th' lad are dëad, an' aw mun kirsen him to mak' o' sure."

Joshua listened with more patience than might have been expected from him, and passed on with a mere "Humph!" to ask the same question from each in succession, before proceeding with the general service. At length he came to the naming of the several infants.

"Henrietta Burdelia Fitzbourne" was given as the proposed name of a girl of middle-class parents.

"THEY MET THE CRADLE AS IT DRIFTED TOWARDS THEM" (*p.* 66.)

"*Mary*, I baptise thee," &c, he calmly proceeded, handed the baby back to the astonished godmother, and passed to the next, regardless of appeal.

Mrs. Aspinall's boy took his name of Laurence with a noisy protest against the sprinkling.

Nor was the foundling silent when, having been duly informed that the boy's nomenclature was to be "*Irk*," self-willed Joshua deliberately, and with scarcely a visible pause, went on.

"*Jabez*, I baptise thee," &c., and so overturned

at one fell swoop all Simon's carefully constructed castle.

Simon attempted to remonstrate, but Joshua Brookes had now another infant in his arms, and was deaf to all but his own business. Such substitution was too common a practice of his to disturb him in the least.

But Simon had a brave spirit, and stood no more in awe of Joshua Brookes—"Jotty" as he was called—than of another man.

When the others had gone in a crowd to the vestry to register the baptisms, he stopped to confront the parson.

"What right had yo' to change the näme aw chuse to gi'e that choilt?"

"What right had yo' to saddle the poor lad with an *Irksome* name like that?" was the quick rejoinder.

"Roight! why, aw wanted to gi'e th' lad a näme as should mak' him thankful fur bein' saved from dreawnden to th' last deays o' his loife."

"An *Irksome* name like that would have made him the butt of every little imp in the gutters, until he'd have been ready to drown himself to get rid of it. Jabez is an honourable name, man. You go home, and look through your Bible till you find it."

Simon was open to conviction; his bright eyes twinkled as a new light dawned upon them.

The gruff chaplain had brushed past him on his way to the robing-room; but he turned back with his right hand in his breeches pocket, and put a seven-shilling piece in the palm of the tanner, saying, "Here's something towards the christening feast of th' little chap I've stood godfather to. And don't you forget to look in Chronicles for Jabez, and, above all, see that the lad doesn't disgrace his name."

Joshua Brookes had the character, among those who knew him *least*, of loving money overmuch, and this unwonted exhibition of generosity took Simon's breath.

The chaplain was gone before he recovered from his amazement—gone, with a tender heart softened towards the fatherless child thrown upon the world; his cynicism rebuked by the true charity of the poor tanner, who had taken the foundling to his home in a season of woeful dearth.

And, to his credit be it said, he never lost sight of either Simon or little Jabez.

He was wont to throw out words which he meant to be in season, but his harsh, abrupt manner as a rule neutralised the effect of his impromptu teachings.

Now, however, the seed was thrown in other ground, and as he intended, Simon's curiosity was excited. The Bible was lifted from the bureau as soon as they reached home, and after some seeking the passage was found.

Simon's reading was nothing to boast of, but Cooper could not read at all, and in the eyes of his unlettered comrades Clegg shone as a learned man. He could decipher "black print," and that in his days, amongst his class, was a distinction.

Slowly he traced his fingers along the lines for his own information, and then, still more slowly, with a sort of rest after every word, read out to his auditors—Bess, Matthew, and Matthew's wife (there in her best gown and best temper)—with slight dialectal peculiarities, which need not be reproduced—

"And Jabez was more honourable than his brethren: and his mother called his name Jabez, because she bare him with sorrow. And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, O that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested."

"Eh, Simon, mon, owd Jotty wur woiser nor thee. Theer's a näme fur a lad to stand by. It's as good as a lëapin-pow, that it is, t' help him ower th' brucks an' rucks o' th' warld."

Simon sat lost in thought. At length he raised his head, and remarked soberly—

"Parson Brookes moight ha' bin a prophet. Th' choilt's mother did bear him wi' sorrow. The näme fits th' lad as if it had bin mäde fur him."

"Then aw hope he's a prophet a' eawt, feyther, an' o' th' rest 'll come true in toime," briskly interjected Bess, adding, "Coom, tay's ready," further appending, for the information of their visitors, "Madam Clough sent the tay, an' sugar, an' th' big curran'-loaf, when hoo hëard as feyther had axed fur a holiday fur the christening; an' Mester Clough's sent some ale, an' a thumpin' piece o' beef."

"Aye, lass, an' as we'n a'ready a foine christening fëast, we'n no change parson's seven-shillin' piece, but lay it oop fur th' lad himsen."

But the christening feast did not proceed without sundry noisy demonstrations from Master Jabez. If, as Simon had once hinted, he was an angel in the house, he flapped his wings and blew his trumpet pretty noisily at times.

"Eh, lass, aw wish Tom wur here neaw to enjoy hisself wi' us. Aw wonder what he'd say to see yo' nursin' a babby so bonnily."

Simon was munching a huge piece of currant-cake, as he uttered this, after a meditative pause.

A look of pain passed over Bessy's face. She rarely mentioned the absent Tom, though he was seldom out of her thoughts.

"Yea, an' *aw* wish he wur here!" she echoed with a sigh, the fountain of which was deep in her own breast. "Aw wonder wheere he is neaw."

"Feightin', mebbe!" suggested her father.

"Killed, mebbe!" was the fearful suggestion of her own heart, and she was silent for some time afterwards.

But the feast proceeded merrily for all that, and no wonder, where Charity was president. And there was quite as happy a party under that humble roof in Skinner's Yard as that assembled in the grand house at Ardwick, where Master Laurence Aspinall was handed about in his embroidered robes, for the inspection of guests who cared very little about him, although they did present him with silver mugs, and

spoons, and corals, and protest to his pale and exhausted mamma that he was the finest infant in Manchester.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MISCHIEF.

IT was a time of distress at home and war abroad. Glory's scarlet fever was as rife an epidemic in Manchester as elsewhere. The town bristled with bayonets; corps of volunteers in showy uniforms, on parade or exercise, with banners flying, dotted it like spots on a peacock's tail; the music of drum and fife drowned the murmurs of discontented men, the groans of poverty-stricken women, and the cries of famishing children. All nostrums were prescribed for the evils of famine except a stoppage of the war. The rich made sacrifices for the poor; pastry was banished by common consent from the tables of the wealthy, in order to cheapen flour; soup-kitchens were established for the poor, and in the midst of the general dearth the nineteenth century struggled into existence.

It was this war-fever which had carried off Bessy Clegg's sweetheart, Thomas Hulme, to Ireland, in the Earl of Wilton's Regiment of Lancashire Volunteers, three years before. The honest, true-hearted fellow could not write for himself, postage was expensive and uncertain, and in all those three years only two letters, written by a comrade, had reached the girl.

To her simple, uninformed mind, Ireland was as foreign and distant a country as Australia is to us in these days. And to be stationed there with his regiment amongst those "wild Irishmen," conveyed only the idea of battles and bloodshed.

Yet she kept a brave heart on the matter, and hid her anxieties from her father as well as she was able.

In some respects, little Jabez *was* a Godsend to her. The frequent attention he required, combined with her labours at the batting-frame, and her household duties, tended to distract her mind from the dark picture over which she was so much inclined to brood, and to make her, if anything, more cheerful. Once more the voice which had been silent tuned up in song, for the gratification of the youngster, and in amusing him she insensibly cheered and refreshed herself.

Yet as she trilled her quaint ballads, or Sabbath-school hymns, she little thought her vocalisation was to furnish an envious mind with a shaft to wound herself and the one of all others dearer than herself.

Soon after the memorable christening feast, Matthew Cooper and his family had removed—or "flitted," as they called it—from Barlow's Yard to Skinner's Yard; and Sally, that peaceable man's termagant wife, was not the most desirable of neighbours.

The tea, and the currant-cake, and the beef on that unusually well-spread board, had filled her with pleasure for the time, but turned to gall and bitterness ere they were digested.

Why should the Cleggs be so high in the favour of Mr. and Madam Clough, and her Matt get nothing better than half-a-crown piece? He'd quite as much to do in saving the brat's life as Simon had, and with such a family wanted it a fine sight more.

So she argued and argued with herself, quite ignoring, or blind to the fact that it was not the mere impulse which *saved*, but the humanity which *kept* the babe that Mr. Clough recognised, and never lost sight of.

As Simon grew in favour at the tannery, the more excited grew Sally Cooper, until nothing would do but a removal to the opposite yard, where she could see for herself the "gooin's on o' them Cleggs;" and once there, she contrived to harass Bess by numberless little spiteful acts, as well as by her vituperative tongue.

Nor did little Jabez himself escape.

Parson Brookes, grumbling loudly at every downward step, found his way to Bess o' Sims, guided by the quick-swishing, regular beat of the batting-wands.

Mrs. Clough having, by ocular demonstration, satisfied herself that Bess was a sufficiently notable housewife and a kindly nurse, had replaced the worn-out long-clothes which Jabez inherited from "brother Joe," by a set of more serviceable and suitable short ones; had, moreover, sent an embrocation to allay Simon's rheumatic pains, and to crown the whole, supplied a go-cart for the boy, to help him to walk, and yet leave the hands of industrious Bess at liberty.

As Miss Jewsbury has said in her exquisite story of "The Rivals," that go-cart "was the drop added to the brimming cup, the touch given to the falling column."

Matt's worse-half—an inveterately clean woman, be it said—was occupied with her Saturday's "redding up" when she saw the wood-turner carry it in; and she thereupon trundled her mop at the door so vigorously and viciously, that the children instinctively shrank into corners or ran out of the yard altogether, beyond reach of her weighty arm.

And as, one by one, they ventured back after what they thought a safe interval, creeping stealthily over the freshly-sanded floor, and mayhap leaving the impression of wet clogs thereon, jerks, cuffs, and slaps were administered with a freedom born of her supposed wrongs.

When Matt came home, to offer his wages upon the household altar, the storm had not subsided; and he was fain to retreat to the quiet fire-side of Simon to smoke his pipe in peace, and escape its pitiless peltings.

He could not have selected a worse haven. It was a flagrant going over to the enemy.

Thither she followed him in her wrath, and in her

blind fury assailed not only him, but Bess, Simon, Mr. Clough, and Joshua Brookes, whom she mingled in indiscriminate confusion, casting aspersions on the girl, which wounded nobody more than her own husband.

In the midst and in spite of all this, Jabez grew apace. Life was not altogether sweetened for him by Mrs. Clough's kindness, only made a little less bitter, and certainly not less hard; since almost his first experience with the go-cart was to tilt at the open doorway, and pitch head-foremost down a flight of three steps into the stony yard, whence frightened Bess raised him, with a bleeding nose and a great bump on his forehead, amidst the mocking laughter of Sally Cooper.

A chair was overturned across the doorway as a barrier until Simon could place a sliding foot-board there. But Jabez had still many a knock against chair or table until Bess made a padded roll for his forehead, as a protective coronal.

Then every tooth cost him a convulsion, and any one less patient and tender-hearted than Bess would have abandoned her self-imposed charge in despair, his accidents and ailments made such inroads on her rest and on her time.

But even patience has its limits, and Sally Cooper strained the cable until it snapped. At a war of words Bess was no match for her antagonist; and rather than endure a second contest, the Cleggs left the fiery serpent behind, and quitted the yard.

Not willingly, for Simon, contrary to the roving habits of ordinary weekly tenants, had not changed his abode since his wedding-day; and the river was as a friend to him. He declared he "couldna sleep o' neets without th' wayter singin' to him." However, he contrived to find a very similar tenement, in just such another cul-de-sac, with just such another tripe-dresser's cellar underneath, and that without quitting Long Millgate. Midway between the college and the tannery this court was situated, its narrow mouth opening to the breezes wafting down Hanover Street; they could still look out on the verdure of Walker's Croft, and the Irk laved its stony base as at that same Skinner's Yard, which Simon lived to see demolished.

It was May; bright, sunny, perfumed May. The hawthorn hedges on the ridge of the croft were white with scented blossoms, and the Irk—not the muddled stream which improvement (!) is fast shutting out of remembrance—went on its dimpled way, smiling at the promise of the season. The echoes of the May-day milk-cart bells, and the flutter of their decorative ribbons, were dying out of all but infantile remembrance;—the month was more than a fortnight old.

It was 1802, and Jabez was almost three years old. He was running, or rather scrambling, about the uneven court, gathering strength of limb and lung from their free use, albeit at the cost of dirt on frock and face, and the trouble of washing for Bess.

She was singing at her batting-frame—not an unusual thing now, for rumour had whispered in her ear that the Lancashire volunteers were on their homeward march. Even as she sang, a stout young fellow in uniform stopped at the narrow entrance of the court and questioned two or three gossiping women, who, with arms akimbo, blocked up the passage, if they knew the whereabouts of Simon Clegg the tanner, and his daughter Bess.

"What! th' wench as has the choilt?" answered one of the women.

The young man shuddered, and knit his brows.

"The girl I mean was not married when I saw her last," responded he between his set teeth.

"Happen that's some toime sin', mester, or it's not th' same lass. That's her singin' like a throstle o'er her work at the oppen winder."

"And that's her choilt," said another, ending by a lusty call, "Jabez, lad, coom hither!"

Jabez, taught to obey his elders, came at a trot in answer to the woman's call. The volunteer looked down upon him. The child had neither Bess's eyes nor Bess's features; but he heard the voice of Bess, and over the woman's shoulder he caught a glimpse of her face at the distant window. It *was* Bess, sure enough!

Sick at heart, Tom Hulme, for it was he, leaned for support against the side of the dark entry. These women but confirmed what he had heard in Skinner's Yard from Matt Cooper's vindictive wife. The deep shadow of the entry hid his change of countenance. Without a condemnatory word, without a step forward towards the girl whose heart was full of him, he steadied himself and his voice, and mustering courage to say, "No, that is not the lass I want," strode resolutely out of the entry; and bending his steps to the right, turned up Toad Lane, and so on to the Seven Stars in Withy Grove, where he was billeted.

He had come back from Ireland full of hope, and *this* was the end of it! He had been constant, and she was untrue!

Tom had only been a hand-loom weaver, and was but a private in his regiment; but he had a soul as constant in love, as sensitive to anything dishonourable, as the proudest officer in the corps. He might have doubted Sally Cooper's artful insinuations, but for the unconscious confirmation of the other women, and the personal testimony of poor little Jabez, the innocent child, borne with sorrow by his own dead mother, bringing sorrow to his living foster-mother.

The little lispings of the child conveyed no impression to Bess's understanding, but one of the women bawled out to her from the open court—

"Aw say, theer's bin a volunteer chap axin' fur a lass nämed Bess Clegg; but he saw thee from th' entry end, and said yo're not th' lass he wanted!"

Her heart gave a great leap, and the blood flushed up to her pale face. Could it be possible that there was another Bess Clegg of whom a volunteer could be in search? Yet, had that been *her* Tom, he would have known his Bess again, even after five—aye, or twenty years. She would know *him* anywhere!

And so all that day, and the next, her heart kept in a flutter of expectation and perplexity. She wondered he did not come. The regiment was in town; he surely had not been misled in his inquiries because they

had "flitted." Yet in all her thoughts the grim reality had no place. Her perfect innocence and singleness of heart had never suggested such a possibility to her.

The days went by from the 13th to the 22nd, yet he came not. After working-hours Simon tried to hunt him up; but the billeting system, and ill-lighted streets, set his simple tactics at defiance.

On the latter day, Lord Wilton gave a dinner in the quadrangle of the college, to the non-commissioned officers and privates in his regiment, to celebrate their return, and the peace and plenty then restored to the land.

At the first sound of fife and drum Bess snatched up Jabez, and leaving house and batting-frame to take care of themselves, rushed along the street to the Sun Inn corner, where Long Millgate turns at a sharp angle, the old Grammar School and the Chetham College gate standing at the outer bend of the elbow. The better to see, she mounted the steps of the house next to the Sun—a house kept by a leather-breeches maker—and strained her eyes as the gay procession wound round from the apple-market, past the handsome black and white frame-house of the Grammar School's head master, and with banners flying, and drums beating, marched under the ancient arched gateway, between a double row of blue-coat boys.

She held Jabez high up in her arms to let him see, and his little arms clasped her neck, as she scanned every passing soldier's features. Two-thirds the corps had passed—she saw the loved and looked-for face, and radiant with delight, stretched forward and in eager tones called, "Tom!"

There was a mutual start of recognition, two faces crimsoned to the brow, then white as ashes, a keen meaning glance at the child, teeth clenched and eyes set with stern resolution; and, without another look, without a word, Tom Hulme went on under the whale's jawbone gateway; and Bess, with brain bewildered, hands and limbs relaxed, sank on the breeches-maker's steps in a dead faint.

A lady (Mrs. Chadwick), who had a little girl by the hand, caught Jabez as they fell, and putting the boy's hand in hers, bade her take care of him—she was perhaps a year or two older than he—whilst she raised the poor young woman's head, and applied a smelling-bottle to her nose.

Strange parting, strange meeting! How close the founts of sweet and bitter waters lie! How often separate streams of life meet and part again; some to meet and blend in after years, some to meet nevermore!

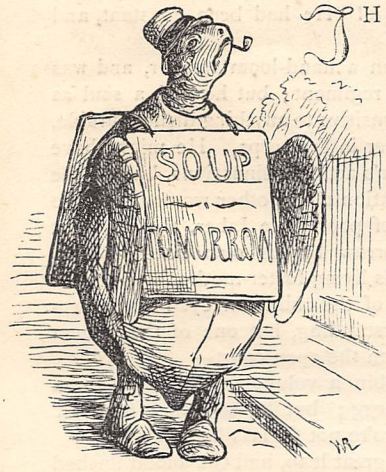
Another week, and Lord Wilton's Lancashire volunteer regiment had a man the less, the line had a man the more. Private Thomas Hulme had exchanged.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IS IT GOOD TO EAT?

BEING COMMON-SENSE PAPERS ON COOKING.

II.—HOW TO MAKE *REAL* TURLE SOUP.



THERE can be no doubt but that the season of Christmas is especially associated with eating and drinking. The most approved English method of exhibiting "good-will towards men," is by asking them to dinner. How many families there are with poor relations, in one respect resembling Christmas itself: they only come once a year! The hallowing influence of this holy season may be seen in all classes. The haughty abate somewhat of their pride, and have what is called quite a family party, often the event of the year to the children of the above-mentioned poor relations. How much more of true enjoyment to the giver is there, however, in this dinner than in some of a different nature during the height of the season! So gracious and so hallowed is the time, that the miser relaxes, though reluctantly, his purse-strings; the workhouse master approaches nearer to a man and a brother. The weary and heavy-laden prisoner is, in his fare, reminded once again of the outer world from which he is debarred. And even the hobnailed-booted ruffian refrains from kicking his wife on Christmas Day.

But the part of Christmas with which we are more especially concerned is the dinner-party. And our endeavour will be to help and advise that large class, the very back-bone of English society, whose status may perhaps be best described by saying that they are blessed with neither poverty nor riches. To the really poor, the Christmas dinner is very dependent on the poor man's friend, the baker's oven. Early on the day, the goose is carried there, prepared often in the somewhat primitive fashion of a heap of sage and onion on one side of the dish, and a pile of potatoes on the other. It is to be trusted that the baker's man is an honest one. A small piece cut off each joint of meat before baking, on Sunday, too often maintains the man for the week. The poor know to their cost how much meat will shrink in the baking. On Christmas Day, the number of geese sent to each baker's is something extraordinary.

But we will now soar into the more aristocratic region of mock-turtle soup and boiled cod-fish, roast sirloin of beef, boiled turkey and oyster-sauce, plum-

pudding and mince-pies. At least, we think we have heard of such dishes at this season of the year as being occasionally used.

However, one word of warning. The following awful catastrophe actually occurred: *Scene*—A dinner-party. *Time*—Soon after Christmas. *Host*—A

"I'LL STAND IT NO LONGER!"

nephew, with a wife and very large family. *Important Guest*—An uncle, rich—very rich; a bachelor; elderly, but irritable. At the moment the covers are taken off, he rises from the table, wrath written on his brow. "I will stand it no longer; give me my hat. This is the twelfth day running I have had roast beef and boiled turkey. I'll stand it no longer!" (*Exit in a rage.*)

Now, as I said in my last article, there is such a demand for mock-turtle soup about Christmas time that calves' heads have been known to fetch a guinea apiece, but every housekeeper knows how exceedingly expensive they are at this season.

The change, however, of real turtle soup for mock is in the opinion of most people a change for the better, and we will fulfil the promise we made in our last article, and describe as clearly as we can how to make *real turtle soup* from the dried turtle-flesh, at a less cost than mock-turtle soup can be made from calf's head when the latter is very dear.

The first thing to be done is, of course, to purchase some of the dried flesh, which is generally about ten shillings a pound, and can be obtained from any of the large London provision merchants, and is also occasionally kept by the better-class grocers.

Now the general fault that we have found people express in regard to cookery-books, is that they invariably

describe how to make such large quantities that the recipes are only adapted to hotels. It is evident, too, that if a cook can make three pints of soup, she could make three gallons. We will therefore describe how to make a small quantity of turtle soup—viz., three pints, which, by-the-by, is amply sufficient for ten people, or even more. Let those who doubt this—and they will be many—go at once, and see how many ladlefuls there are in a pint—the average is five. Now, at the commencement of a good dinner one ladleful is ample for each person. Three pints of soup would therefore give fifteen people one help each, but of course it would not do to have only just enough. Beau Brummel once said that he would never speak to a man again who came twice for soup; but he would be a brave man who would risk no one asking for more, when the party is a family one at Christmas time, and the soup real turtle.

First, the turtle-flesh must be obtained at least three days before the soup is required. Suppose then a quarter of a pound to be in hand. It has somewhat the appearance of glue. Place it in a basin of cold water about the temperature of a hot summer's day, and let the basin, which had better be covered with a plate, be kept in a warm place, such as a top shelf in the kitchen. The very last thing before the cook leaves the kitchen for the night, or when the kitchen fire has got low, and will have no more coals put on it, is for the basin to be placed in the oven. This is especially necessary in winter. In the morning the basin must be taken out before the fire is lit, and the water changed—*i.e.*, the flesh, which will be found to be a little swollen, put into fresh cold water, and if it smells rather offensively, somewhat like high fish, there is no harm in rubbing it all over gently with a lump of salt. This soaking process had best be continued for three days and nights, at the end of which period the flesh will be comparatively speaking soft, especially the thinner pieces. The last twelve hours the water may be quite warm, but not hotter than that the cook's hand can be borne in it without inconvenience.

The turtle-flesh must be then cut up into small pieces about two inches square, and boiled for about twelve hours in some stock prepared as follows—and it is in the preparation of this stock that the real secret of making good turtle soup lies.

Now, turtle soup requires far stronger stock than is required for ordinary soup, and it should be borne in mind that it is always considered a great luxury, and when purchased ready-made the usual price is a guinea a quart. I have mentioned this, as I consider in the present day an apology is due for recommending the buying of gravy-beef for making soups for small families where economy is of the slightest moment. It is as a rule quite unnecessary.

But to proceed—we consider real turtle rather an exception to general rules:—

Take a pound and a half of gravy-beef, an equal quantity of knuckle of veal, and one slice of lean raw ham, and place them in a large saucepan, which we will suppose to be perfectly clean, lid as well. Place in also the following:—One head of celery, two onions—one of which has half a dozen cloves stuck in it—a small turnip and carrot, about as much parsley as would fill a tea-cup, three tea-spoonfuls of dried marjoram, three tea-spoonfuls of dried basil, half a tea-spoonful of lemon-thyme, and rather less than half a tea-spoonful of a herb called pennyroyal. All these herbs can be obtained at Covent Garden Market in sixpenny and shilling bottles, the last-named being sold by the bunch. Add a small tea-spoonful of salt and a *little* cayenne pepper, bearing in mind that these last commodities vary considerably in strength, and that it is always easy to add more, but impossible to take back. Fill the saucepan, which ought to be a gallon one, nearly full with cold water. Put it on the fire to simmer gently for at least twelve hours, occasionally skimming off any scum that may have risen. Unless the above has been placed on the fire early in the morning, it will be necessary to continue the operation of extracting the flavour and goodness from the meat, herbs, &c., the following day, in which case recollect that the whole must be turned out into a large basin at night, and covered over with a cloth. Inexperienced cooks would do well to bear in mind the following maxim:—*If soup be left in the saucepan all night, it will be utterly spoilt.*

When the above has simmered long enough, and has been reduced by this means to about two quarts, it must be carefully strained into a basin, and all the fat removed in the usual way. We would then recommend as follows, premising that it is not absolutely necessary, though a great improvement, mentioning this as in some parts of the country the ingredient could not be obtained.

Get, if possible, a couple of pounds of conger eel, and boil it in the stock thus made for an hour or more; this had better be done where conger eel is readily obtained, and cheap. Where, however, it is not, get for the previous day's lunch, or dinner, a pound or a pound and half of the ordinary fresh eels; cut them into small pieces about two inches long, and let them boil gently in the stock till they are quite tender. Take them out with a strainer, throw them into a saucepan of boiling water for a minute, and then place them in a dish with enough boiling water to cover them, throwing in a couple of sprigs of fresh parsley. It is an exceedingly nice dish, often served at fish dinners, and called eel-souchet. Brown bread and butter should be handed with it. By this means the soup gets a fish stock added to it, and there is no waste, as the fish is eaten. Of course the ordinary method of cooking the fish is to boil it in water. When this is done it will be found that the water in which the fish is boiled, when it is cold, becomes quite a jelly. Now all this glutinous substance helps the soup. The soup must be again carefully strained, and, if it is necessary, cleared with a couple of whites of eggs, and then run through a jelly-bag a few times in front of the fire. The soup must then be placed in an enamelled saucepan, and the turtle-flesh added to it and boiled till it is as tender as thoroughly cooked calf's head; during this process of boiling the soup will probably reduce itself to the

desired quantity—viz., about three pints ; to this must be then added a claret-glassful of Madeira, which can now be obtained really good at forty shillings a dozen from any respectable wine merchant. If, however, it is not thought necessary to have Madeira bought on purpose—and it is a somewhat rare wine in the present day—a similar quantity of *good* golden sherry will do. The soup is now done, and only requires a few drops of lemon-juice added to it after it is put in the tureen.

One of the greatest mistakes in the use of wine for cooking is to think that any wine will do. I have known cases where people have ordered a few bottles of what they chose to call "cooking sherry" from the grocers, and filthy stuff it has been, enough to spoil anything. If you think turtle soup does not deserve a glass of good wine, my advice is, do not make any. It is no use adding a glass of some horrible concoction called sherry or Madeira, and then tasting the soup and saying, "Ah ! it is not a bit like what we had at Francatelli's." Of course it is not, and you have only yourselves to blame. The same thing applies to real mock-turtle. "What does he mean by *real* mock-turtle?" I can imagine you saying. But we live and learn. This is exactly the question I asked a waiter many years ago. We were discussing the important subject of what I should have for dinner.

"Soup, sir? yes, sir ; very nice mock-turtle, sir—real mock-turtle, sir."

This led to the disclosure—it was in the country—that it was made from calf's head, not pig's head.

Now, more than three parts of the mock-turtle soup sold in London—I do not mean in the better-class hotels or restaurants—is made from pig's head, and very nice it is too. Were it really made from calf's head, it could not possibly be sold for the money. At some future period, when speaking on the all-important subject of "economy" in cooking, I will give you the recipe. Half a pig's head can be bought for ninepence ; nine persons out of ten would not tell the difference between soup made from it and soup made from calf's head. As the pie-man said to Sam Weller, "It's the seasoning as does it."

In the above directions, I have only mentioned what I consider absolutely essential. When too many things are mentioned in recipes, people are apt to despair of trying them. However, there are several little things that might be added to the above stock during the period of making with advantage : some chicken-bones, bearing in mind that they must have no white sauce in connection with them or the soup will never be clear. A mushroom would be another little improvement. Any odd scraps of meat, especially roast meat, may be added. The only difference between clear turtle and thick is that the latter has some brown thickening added to it. But it is, in my opinion, a great mistake to begin dinner with a thick soup, which is a capital thing to lunch off in cold weather, but it is apt to spoil the very best sauce—viz., appetite. The best recipe I know of for this sauce is exercise. Of course it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing, and this was the opinion of a certain gentleman, who once went out to dinner, as follows :—

He was a short, middle-aged gentleman, with a waistcoat that conveyed the idea of having swallowed a water-melon. He was not, as may be imagined, fond of exercise as a rule, and therefore took a cab. Unfortunately, the cab was old and rotten, and the bottom gave way and came clean out, seat and all. The unlucky man inside had consequently to trot the whole way through the mud. As the cabman, quite unconscious of what had happened, drove on at a brisk pace, the middle-aged gentleman fruitlessly endeavouring to attract his attention all the time, on arriving at his destination, his feelings, as well as his legs, can be better imagined than described.

Cooking is a high art. There was some great foreign minister, I forget who, who owed his great success as a diplomatist to his cook.

I have got another recipe for an old aunt, worth thousands. I would not divulge it at any other time of the year but the present, when every one must be good-natured. It is, as I say, worth thousands—*i.e.*, if the aunt be old, rich, and capable of making a will. Yes, I will tell, and in so doing probably make hundreds of fortunes for others, some of whom may one day recollect me. The recipe is as follows :—Make the tipsy-cake with brandy.

A. G. PAYNE.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

POST OFFICE CLERKS.

TELL you about my work, ma'am? Well, I don't know that there is much to tell. I've been at it three years, and I get eight shillings a week and my food. Only that? Yes, ma'am, only that. It isn't much, certainly; but I'll tell you how I manage. I've an uncle living near by, and I pay him three shillings a week for my lodging, so that I've the other five for dress, washing, travelling, doctors, and—everything, in fact.

There are some young women who manage it, but I think they must have help of some sort. I know a lot live in kinds of Homes, managed by charitable people on purpose for them and needlewomen and teachers—respectable kind of young women, you know, ma'am—where they pay a trifle, and get lodged, and sometimes boarded too, if needful. Well, yes, ma'am, you're right ; it is a kind of living on charity ; but then, you see, it's to keep them decent and honest, and how are they to do it otherwise? One must live somehow, and they pay all they can. It's the fault of their employers that they can't pay more. If I liked, mine would give me ten shillings a week and my tea only, instead of eight and all my meals; but I couldn't

breakfast and dine nowhere on two shillings a week, so of course I'd rather stay as I am—unless I get into one of the Government offices, indeed. I would like that dearly; but then you do want such a deal of interest for anything of that sort.

This isn't a Government office then? No, ma'am, this is what is called a receiving house. It belongs to the grocer's shop it's in; and the owner, he gets thirty pounds a year from Government for keeping it, one per cent. on stamps sold, and six shillings a week for the telegraph, besides a penny extra on every message sent. The Government has the head offices, of course, and what are called the district and branch offices. I've a cousin in one of the district ones. Her godfather was the superintendent's brother, so that's how she got in.

They've got to go through a regular training first, and get a certificate, before they can enter; but it isn't difficult. My cousin trained me herself, and I was with her for awhile in the office, and soon learnt the work. The telegraph seems difficult at first, but once you've mastered it, it's as easy as easy afterwards. You've got to be able to read and send off a certain number of words in a certain number of minutes before they'll pass you, but I wasn't long doing it. I rather like that part; it's the Savings Bank business I can't bear. It's so awful difficult to keep all the little accounts correct, and not make mistakes, when you're continually called off for stamps and things.

How many branches of duty have I to attend to? Well, ma'am, let me see. There's stamps and money-orders, telegraph, letters, and Savings Bank—five in all; and for my part I like the telegraph the best, though the foreign messages are very difficult at times, and now and then you may make a mistake in counting the words, and charge it wrong. If you do, you're fined a shilling for it. You've got to sign your name to the sending of it, so the mistake is easily traced to you.

Any other fines? No, ma'am, that's the only one. Of course if the money in the evening don't tally with the account of stamps, &c., in the morning, you've got to make it good. If there's a loss in any of the departments under your charge, you're bound to make it right; but then there oughtn't to be no loss without carelessness; and you have to learn to be extra careful when your earnings and character depend on it. Oh, yes, certainly; character is one of the principal things required for getting into the Post Office. You must be known to be strictly honest and upright, and you must be a little above the common—dress nicely, and have had a decent sort of education; not only reading and writing, but to be a quick hand at arithmetic, and know something of geography and French. In fact, the more foreign languages you know, the better it is for you, on account of the telegrams.

There are ladies at the Post Office who know four or five languages, and are thought a deal of, and paid well; for the pay at the Government offices rises, you know. You go in at eight shillings a week too, and find your own food; but that's only for the first year. After that it rises to twelve and sixteen. If you're superintendent, you get as much as one pound four a week, and so on. You're always rising in the Government offices, and that's why I'd like to get into one of them so much—not to speak of your getting a pension after you've served twenty to twenty-five years; and then they pay you for over-hours, too, which isn't the case with us.

But I was telling you about the languages, wasn't I, ma'am? Well, there was a young lady at the head office who knew several foreign languages, and was so quick and clever every way that the authorities thought a deal of her, they did, and one day there came into the office a gentleman, and asked her to send off a telegram in French for him. She did it at once, and then he asked her to send one in German, and then in Portuguese. In fact, I forget how many he tried her in, for he'd been a great traveller himself, and he wanted to puzzle her; but she did 'em all, taking a deal of trouble about it, till at last he gave her one in Hebrew, and she couldn't do that; but she was so bright and civil about it, begging him to wait a little bit, and she would manage it somehow, that he was quite taken; and the end of it was, he made acquaintance with her, and married her.

Age? Well, ma'am, to tell you the truth, I don't know how old you must be before you can enter. I suppose there is a rule, for of course it's too important a place of trust for a very young girl, even if she'd the head and capability for the work; but I know you're not allowed to be taken *after* you're thirty. My cousin's eight-and-twenty now, and she's one of the principal young women at her office, paid well, and thought highly of; but if she were to leave, and come back again in a couple of years, they couldn't, by rule, admit her. Of course, once you are in, you can stay till you're past thirty, or any age—till you're eligible for your pension, in fact.

Another rule they have at the district offices. They can change the young women from one to another as they please, and without their being asked whether they're agreeable to moving or not. If two young women, for instance, don't agree, so that it's unpleasant for others in the office, or awkward in any way, one can be shifted to another district, and the young woman from there put in her place; or again, if two agree overwell, so that the work gets hindered; or for a hundred other reasons; and it isn't always pleasant to be moved on if you're settled and comfortable in a place. If a girl, however, is very anxious to remain where she is, and has urgent reasons for it, she can appeal to the authorities; and if her objections are thought stronger than the argument for her going, she's allowed to stay on. Of course in the receiving houses it is different. The shopkeeper engages us, and we stay with him till we leave of our own accord, or are dismissed.

What are our hours? Well, ma'am, twelve in general, from eight to eight. We are expected to be here by eight sharp, and to set to work at once. Our breakfast is got ready for us in the inner room, and we take it—somehow! Dinner at noon in the same way, and tea at five. How much time allowed us for them?

None at all, m'm. We've got to take 'em as we can. There are two of us here, and whichever isn't occupied at the moment slips in first and gets it, and then comes back and relieves the other while she snatches a bit. One can't sit down comfortably to it, because one may be called off any minute in the middle of a mouthful; minutes or half an hour, I think; but of course that's not near time enough for cooking anything and eating it peaceably, counting the coming to and fro; so they generally get a cold snack of whatever's handiest; and that sort of thing bolted down in a hurry is apt to disagree with you, especially when you're stand,

"I'VE HAD ALL THAT AND MORE DINNED INTO MY EARS AT THE SAME TIME" (*p.* 82).

and sometimes when town's full, and business lively, it all gets cold, or dried up, without either of us having a chance to get away to it. It's very uncomfortable, and I don't see why it shouldn't be remedied, especially with regard to the breakfast. If we came half an hour earlier we could get our breakfast comfortably, and begin work afterwards; but the masters don't seem to have thought of it, and of course it isn't our place to suggest things. At the district offices they're allowed a certain time to go away and get their meals in, as they're not given them in the office. It's twenty stand, standing all day long. We never sit down except to send a telegram; and of course it's very fatiguing; the more so that nearly every one that comes to the Post Office is in a hurry, and that if twenty people come in at a time they all want to be served first. No, m'm, at first I didn't think as I *could* go on with it. My head used to be in a whirl by the time evening came, and my legs were that tired I could hardly crawl home. As to taking a walk afterwards for the sake of exercise and fresh air, that's all nonsense. One is far too dead-beat with standing

only, to want any more walking than is needful for getting home. I am always glad to get to bed as soon as ever I've mended up my clothes, and done any other bit of sewing I have to do; and I've often fallen asleep over that; though of course I don't feel the tiredness anything like as much now as I did at first. One can always get used to anything in time; but I do wish there was better arrangements made about the food. They might have to employ more clerks, but it would make a deal of difference in our comfort, and prevent half of us from suffering as we do from indigestion and the like o' that. I've heard ladies say that Post Office clerks are always cross. I don't know that that's altogether true, but perhaps some of us are a bit sharp and testy, and you may put it down if you like to never being able to get a comfortable meal, and always being hurried.

"A shilling's worth of stamps, please."

"I want this telegram sent *at once*."

"Five pounds' worth of penny stamps, and make haste."

"I want to send a Post Office order to a lady in Wicklow, miss; and what's the nearest office to her place, can you tell me?"

"A packet of postage cards, and six halfpenny stamps; and please put a stamp on this for Hungary. Missis didn't know what it would be."

"Weigh these book parcels, please, at once; I want to send them by this delivery."

"What's the latest hour for the Mexican mail? and please cash this money order."

There! I've had all that and more dinned into my ears at the same time; and isn't it a stretch on one's temper to attend to each without seeming hasty or abrupt?

Why, in the season we often sell as much as twenty pounds' worth of stamps in a day. In the autumn perhaps not more than half, and it's pretty well all in shilling's-worths and less.

We separate the town letters from the country ones, count them, and give the number on a yellow bill. Then, you know, we've to keep a constant eye on the telegraph for receiving telegrams, as well as sending them off; and to enter all the money orders, and keep a strict cash account of everything, and sell envelopes and book-covers, and attend to *that* Savings Bank, and keep all the little accounts balanced, and have a civil answer for every question, and not keep nobody waiting a single half-second longer than you can possibly help, and be always upright, intelligent, hungry, neat, tired, and good-tempered.

For eight shillings a week!

A charwoman gets half as much again—sometimes nearly twice as much—has less to do, is better fed, and isn't expected to bring either the dress or the qualifications (all of which take time, skill, and money to procure) which are expected from us.

Eight shillings a week, and your food—with no time to eat it in! It do seem a little, ma'am, look at it in what light you will; but there! it's just our sort for which it is difficult to get what is called nice, *respectable* employment, with nothing menial in it. There's many a born and bred lady in the Post Office for that very reason, and thankful and glad to get into it. Work is never too plentiful for any when there's such a number crying out and clamouring for it.

MY *REAL* TURKISH BATH!

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE IN EGYPT.

CAIRO is Oriental—therefore it is dirty; but it is also delightful. No pictures could be too bright of what we imagined the bath to be. My expectation of seeing beautiful women in Cairo had been woefully disappointed. They were exceedingly scarce in the streets; but we fancied the bath to be a kind of ladies' club, with marble halls, plashing fountains, and soft-cushioned divans, on which dark-skinned houris reclined. My sister and I pictured to ourselves white-robed attendants gliding noiselessly about, amid a drowsy silence, and filled up our vision with chibouques, narghilis, sherbet, coffee, and delicious perfumes.

One fine afternoon we called for Madame Ali Mahomet and her daughter-in-law, according to appointment. They came out to us veiled up to the eyes, the long black silk cloak drawn over their heads, and all the gorgeous apparel underneath carefully concealed.

We stopped at a narrow passage which led directly into the outer hall of the bath. It was a large, dilapidated court, roofed in with planks. In many places these had fallen away, letting in a flood of warm golden light, that, like charity, covered a multitude of the sins of which the place was guilty. But alas, for our visions of marble halls, cushioned divans, and so forth! The interior of the court was surrounded with broad stone divans. These were covered with antiquated matting, apparently intended for the growth and protection of fleas. Intended or not, the fleas had taken advantage of such good cover to grow and multiply in a most alarming manner. A large stone basin, surrounded with seats, stood in the centre of the court. Women and children of all ages sat, lay, or walked about in every possible stage of undress. The noise made by this crowd of women was something

beyond description. However, bad as it was, it was nothing compared to an inner court, whither we presently penetrated.

But we were not left to observe "the manners and customs of the Egyptians" at our leisure. Wasseli and Hossua, our companions, gave us to understand that we must disrobe. We did as we were told; and I deposited my garments with a sigh on mats where the fleas were evidently playing leap-frog. In a short time our party was very little better off than "Malbruck's" mourner—*qui ne portait rien.* We were then provided with pattens, to prevent our falling on the wet, slippery floor. Not recognising the fact that I did not know how to walk in pattens, I started off alone. As might have been expected, I nearly measured my length on the floor. However, I was solemnly held up by two attendants, and stumped away as well as I could into the next room. It was low, small, and octagonal in shape. The inevitable stone basin and seats were in the centre. When we came in, a number of old women and young girls were occupying the seats. In one corner of an alcove was a large water-trough, which was being filled with boiling water. We took in these preparations without understanding them very well. We had imagined "the bath" to be one of hot air, and not of hot water. We had no objection to be stewed by the former, but strongly disliked the idea of being boiled in the latter.

The time was past, however, for us to decide for ourselves: we could only submit; but when the attendants, arming themselves with palm-fibre and soap, proceeded deliberately to wash us in the above-mentioned water, it was almost more than flesh and blood could bear. We had but three Arabic words between us, none of which meant "cold." I frantically demanded *moir* (water). They granted my demand by saluting our shoulders with douches of the scalding water, till I almost felt as if my skin was peeling off me. I have ever since a fellow-feeling for that unfortunate blackamoor whom his master tried to wash white. Our attendants were quite pitiless. Eyes, nose, mouth, ears—everything was covered and filled with the stinging white soap which they used. If we resisted at all, an attendant from behind would suddenly overwhelm us with some of the water—a measure which, repeated several times, reduced us to complete passiveness. They might truly write up over that alcove Dante's motto over the gates of the "Inferno"—*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*

I was very much surprised at the wonderful fairness of the women I saw at the bath. There were hardly any beautiful ones amongst them, except perhaps the door-keeper. She had a thoroughly Eastern type of features: a broad, low forehead, slightly aquiline nose, and lips rather full. However, her beauty was rather spoilt by the loss of one eye—unfortunately, a most common event in the East. The rest of the women had but two claims to beauty—the peculiarity of their complexions, and, in general, the colour of their hair. Their skin was of a peculiar white, devoid of a trace of colour—the *teint mât* that is often so much admired. This wax-like skin contrasted beautifully with the colour of their hair, a light brown, with golden *reflets* through it—the hair that Titian painted sometimes. There were only a few women who had dark skins and dark hair, such as we had expected to see. Our dragoman's daughter-in-law, little Hossua, was charmingly pretty. She was very small—in fact, she seemed to have put all her growth into her eyes—immense grey, with black eyelashes about a yard long, more or less. Her skin was fair, but she had not that queer white look of some of the golden-haired women. They were, I should think, daughters of Circassians and Georgians, who are renowned for the whiteness of their skins.

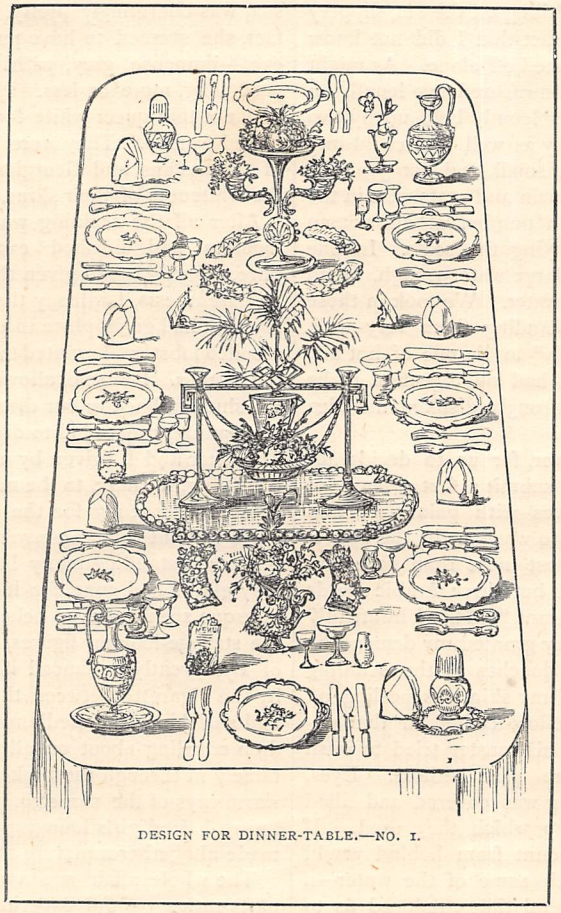
After all the scalding was over, and my four tormentors had finished excoriating me with palm-fibre, we were again given those objectionable pattens. In parenthesis, I will say that the natural duskiness of my skin had given place to a lively crimson, like that of a boiled lobster. I wanted to reject my former enemies, the pattens. I was not allowed; so, in blind obedience, we shuffled back to our divan in the outer hall. Our companions proceeded to dress, dripping as they were. My sister and I, driven by necessity, stole some towels belonging, I think, to the next group. We were soon dressed and ready for the carriage; but we did not leave without some *souvenirs* in the shape of fleas.

Notwithstanding many little inconveniences, I was very glad I had gone, for it was one of the most picturesque scenes I ever beheld. The grey, dusty hall; the strange-looking figures, some reclining in a state of *kef*, greatly enhanced if not altogether produced by the cigarette between their lips; others sitting up and shrieking like Bedlamites; the little naked children crawling about on all-fours; the pigeons flying tamely in through the broken roof; and, above all, the warm rays of the sun striking down on a group of fair brown-haired girls lounging beside the basin of water, made altogether a picture not easily to be forgotten.

The whole affair was a delightful, though in some parts rather painful, experiment. To any lady visiting Cairo in search of novel sensations, I should say: "Go to the bath." The physical sensations are certain. Never have I come across water so boiling, palm-fibre so hard, soap so stinging, and last but not least, fleas of such size or with such strength of jaw. And as for novel mental sensations, of those she can herself be the only judge. I certainly never enjoyed anything more curious and interesting in the way of travelling adventure than my first and last visit to a Turkish bath.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

IN no social custom do we see a wider or more marked contrast between the present and the past, than in the manner in which we, in modern times, decorate our tables, and the meagre fashion in which the dinner-table was spread centuries ago. It is strange to see how bare the board was in the far-off olden days, and to trace how gradually it became the custom to put on it more and more of the useful, the ornamental, and the ornamentally useful, until, as at this present moment, the laying of the table is most elaborate, may be most varied, and should be most artistic.



DESIGN FOR DINNER-TABLE.—NO. I.

Breakfast being one of our principal meals, we will first consider how to decorate the table for that matutinal repast. The decorations should be of a simple character, very different from the diversified and elaborate display on the dinner-table. A china bowl of flowers, a flowering plant, or a pot of ferns forms the best centre ornament. The principal decorations are more or less entirely of the useful kind, and consist mainly in the prettiness of the breakfast service—the butter-dish and egg-stand, the marmalade-pot and toast-rack, the salt-cellar and sardine-dish. In the breakfast services of Danish china (an inexpensive ware, by the way) we can get an immense variety of dishes for meats, hot or cold, for cakes, fresh fruit, toasts, and jams. There are bowls on high pedestals and bowls on low stands, dishes oblong, round, oval, square, and in the form of leaves; with a supply of these there need be no sameness or stiffness of appearance on a table.

The decorations of the luncheon-table should also be unostentatious, although a little more adornment may be introduced than at the earlier meal. An ornamental flower-pot, or a group of glass flower-troughs, containing moss and flowers, can be prettily arranged either in geometrical pattern, or to embrace closely the base of the flower-pot, where stood the castors in days of yore. But the beauty of the luncheon-table, and indeed of all tables set for meals, consists in attention to many details which may not strictly come within the term "decorations." At the risk of being accused of travelling out of my province, I must declare that chiefly upon a snowy, spotless, creaseless table-cloth, neatly-folded serviettes, brightly-polished silver spoons and forks, well-cleaned knives, sparkling glass—upon these does the general effect greatly depend.

Whoever saw a table look well, however beautiful the fruit and flowers that decked it, if they rested on a soiled or crumpled cloth? Whoever admired a table, whereon the glass was dim and the silver dull, however elaborate and artistic its ornamental decorations might be?

No; depend upon this—these and many other petty details, such as the exactness and precision with which the knives and forks, and other etcetera, are placed on the table, are of infinitely more consequence than the majority of people, more especially servants, appear to think them.

Another repast has edged itself into our day, and that is "five o'clock tea." It hardly pretends to call itself a meal, I should think; but it must not be passed by in silence, for it has so firmly established itself among us, that one would imagine that it had been an institution from time immemorial. No such thing; it sprang up but yesterday.

We shall find that our ordinary tea equipage looks too large and capacious for these occasions; therefore, we must seek for one specially dainty. We need not have a complete set, but may pick up a cup and saucer here and another there, and buy a little tea-kettle somewhere else, until we have collected all our requirements, for "odd sets" are quite allowable at this small meal.

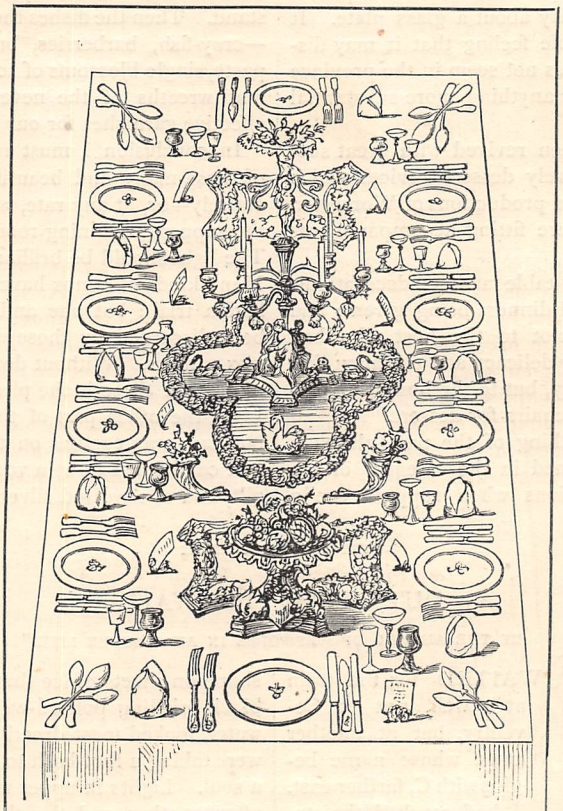
I will now try to enumerate all the requirements of a modern dinner-table, premising that this description is for what is termed "a dinner;" what has been said respecting the luncheon-table will suffice for ordinary

every-day dinners, where the dishes find their way on to the table.

It is quite reversing the order of things to put ornament before use, but as the centre of the table must be arranged first, I shall speak first of decorations.

All of these ought to be low in stature. Folks at dinner no longer play at bo-peep, hidden behind high and massive silver épergnes, or tall aspiring flower-vases. No ornament or dessert-dish should intercept the view.

The centre-piece is the first consideration. For this, fancy has supplied many ideas. Our grandparents thought nothing looked better than a plateau of silver, on which they were wont to set an immense épergne laden with many fruits, and a couple of ponderous candelabra holding many lights, and capacious wine-coolers. This centre-piece looked grand, but it also looked heavy and stiff.



DESIGN FOR DINNER-TABLE.—NO. 2.

But to come to our own tables. One idea, which has been carried out by some people, is that of having a fountain in the middle of the table. It only requires that a hole be cut through the table-top, or that a leaf having one be inserted, for the passage of a pipe which is to supply the rose-water, that rises and falls with gentle refreshing spray. But this pretty splish-splash is very apt to fall on the table-cloth, and make it look wet and untidy. Another device is to have a plateau of plate-glass, bordered by a bank of gay flowers arranged in the glass troughs, which have been in use some year or two for table decorations. On this sea of glass, china swans sail, bearing a light burden of flowers on their backs; and lilies float, and the whole scene looks charmingly cool and refreshing.

We need hardly remark that the largest design should occupy the centre; if the table is set for many guests, then two or more groups must be placed down the middle of it, the smaller ornaments being put here and there, according to the taste of the person who is arranging the table. An attempt has been made to introduce Japanese monsters—monsters in ugliness, not in size; we sincerely hope they will not appear on many tables; let our eyes be feasted with beauty, and not fall upon grotesque hideousness grinning at us from every corner.

We have seen a pretty device in glass; the stand is a mirror, its edge studded with glass globules; specimen-glasses grouped round a centre ornament, such as this, or placed in defile before each guest, are elegant additions; or in lieu of these, low cup-shaped glasses, each containing a lovely orchid. There is a prejudice against specimen-glasses, because, whether tall or short, they have the bad habit of falling over with the slightest touch. Some wise person has lately devised two methods for preventing these catastrophes, and now you can procure them with solid glass stands like a letter-weight, or placed in a little glass trough, which trough is filled with salt.

Latterly we have had an additional decoration to our tables, in the shape of small stands for the *menu cartes*. Several ideas have been brought forward, but as yet nothing specially pretty. Full-blown pansies, butterflies with half-closed wings, bivalve shells, and balls of cut glass have been designed as holders, and doubtless other varieties will appear anon; but meanwhile these must be used, for *menu* cards are indispensable, either one for each person or one for the use of two people.

There is great choice in these cards, as well as in the name cards which have also taken an important place at our dinner-table. The prettiest we think, which have at present appeared, are those which resemble china dishes and plates in miniature—the *menu* on a white oval dish, with gilt rim and monogram of host and hostess, the name card representing a plate of the same description.

Another quaint introduction is that of the old-fashioned willow-pattern: the *menu* card exhibits the well-known design on its edge, the centre being white for the inscription of the *menu*; while the name card is a small fac-simile of a willow-plate, with a white band across the centre, whereon to inscribe the name.

Instead of the old-fashioned water-bottles and their attendant tumblers, we have sets of water-caraffes, accompanied by glasses to match in pattern; these

are put either at each corner of the table, or two sets are placed down the middle.

For clarets and light wines, ruby-coloured glass shows in good contrast to the white cloth.

There is no doubt that more and more increasingly glass will be used on our tables for every available purpose, its sparkle, its glitter, its brilliance, add so much to that scenic effect which it is our great aim to produce.

At the same time, I cannot but think that china seems the most suitable for dessert-dishes and plates. There is a kind of unreality about a glass plate. It gives you the uncomfortable feeling that it may disappear any moment. It does not seem in the province of glass that it should bear anything more substantial than ice.

The ceramic art has been revived with great success, and many are the lovely dessert-services which can be bought in the various productions of Worcester.

Dainty d'oyleys of lace are fitting accompaniments to these dessert-plates.

So much for the dinner-table and its decorations. I lately heard of two rival dinners being given; and the palm was accorded, not to the host who had decked his table with every delicacy and elegancy that nature and art could supply, but to the host who provided his guests with cool chairs for dessert.

Suppers are not quite a thing of the past, although they may almost be reckoned in the category of bygones. There are occasions when suppers are a "must-be;" therefore, before concluding, we must give a few words to the decorations of the table at that meal. We have not very much room for extraneous ornaments, because at supper the meats make their appearance, and game-pies and lobster-salad, jellies and creams, cakes and trifles, all claim places. We therefore transfer much of our work to the cook. We must not, however, allow all the space to be occupied by the edibles. We must have a certain display of plants and flowers. There are always little vacant spaces where a small vase or specimen-glass can find room to stand. Then the dishes themselves can be ornamented—cray-fish, barberries, bright-coloured jelly, Italian paste, single blossoms of scarlet geranium, wild briony, and wreaths of the never-to-be-tired-of parsley, are effective garnishes for our supper-dishes.

In conclusion I must remind you that one and all of these many and beautiful decorations will be lost entirely—or, at any rate, will lose half their effect—if the supper and dining rooms are not properly lighted. The light should be brilliant, and yet soft and pleasant. Many kinds of lamps have been invented, and gas has had a trial; but one and all have again and again been discarded by those who can have the luxury of wax candles. Without doubt the light produced by a number of these is the pleasantest and most effective. Light the other part of the room with what you will, but have wax candles on the table. The candlesticks and candelabra now in vogue are those made of silver-gilt, and of oxydised silver. E. C.

OUT WITH THE WAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

"I WAITED for the train at"—well, not at Coventry, but at another town whose name begins with C, farther east. I had reached the station some little time before midnight, and found that the mail did not leave until 2 a.m. It was not worth while to go to an hotel; it was impossible to wile away the time at the station, whose lowered gas-jets looked like sepulchral lamps just going out. Accordingly, leaving my traps in charge of a sleepy porter, I started for a walk.

The moon came up as I tramped along the stretch of road which divides the station from the town. It was a bitterly cold night. The ground was as hard as the iron of the little bridge I crossed, spanning the little river. It was not frozen over, but the moon shone on sheets of ice that were fast coalescing. The black bristling pollard-willows, with their toes in the water, looked most drearily uncomfortable—as if they were taking a foot-bath to get chilblains. I met scarce a soul. Lights in upper windows were going out one after another, and the thought of the warm blankets between which the dousers of the glims were about to snuggle was rather tantalising.

At the top of a narrow lane the beetle-browed Blue Boar was just about to close. I could see the dashing marine recruiting serjeant, with his silver-banded cap cocked knowingly on one side, lighting his candle at the gas which flared above the laughing bar-maid's head—laughing, doubtless, at some gallant remark as to the extravagance of burning gas in a place illuminated by her eyes.

The usual beer-bibbers were dispersing with a gait like that of cart-horses afflicted with the staggers. The golden and ruddy patches that spotted the shadowed uneven pavement disappeared, as the red-blinded windows were shuttered in turn. The only persons left standing in the lane were the Blue Boar's drowsy landlord—built, as far as his "first-floor," very much like his house; a little band of musicians in seedy top-coats and dingy comforters, and the present reporter.

"Don't begin your n'ise here. I want to go to sleep.

Good night," said Boniface, as he went into his well-warmed hostelry, and when the grating sound of his key-turning and bolt-shooting was heard outside, a more biting coldness seemed to thrill through the keen air, as if the mercury had suddenly dropped to zero.

It occurred to me that it would give more purpose and piquancy to my small-hours wanderings if I accompanied the Waits on their rambles. They were willing enough to allow me—indeed, I do not know how they could have prevented me, unless they had given me in charge to a policeman as a homeless vagrant—and policemen were not numerous in the old town, and according to our subsequent experience, seemed on that night to be all under cover somewhere. Still, it was better to come to an understanding with the musicians. The wag of the party, a square-built stumpy man, who played the trombone, grinned when he heard my statement of my plight and wishes.

"Come along, master," he said. "It's a pity you hain't got ne'er a instrument, but anyhow you can blow your nose. You're like to have to blow it for a while to come, if you go trapesing about with us on a bitter night like this."

The only real musician of the party—its only really sober member, moreover—was Violin: a mild old man, with venerable long grey hair drooping round his big head, the heaviness—physical heaviness—of which seemed to account for the stoop of his shoulders. What ear-aches, what heart-aches, must his comrades' discordancies have caused that poor old man, as he deftly drew his bow across the strings—accurately stopped to the fraction of a hair's breadth, in spite of finger-numbing frost, and his friends' bewildering outrages on harmony—meanwhile fondly snuggling his cheek down to his fiddle, as a young mother snuggles hers to the head of her nestling babe.

Clarionet's permission for me to join the Waits, as volunteer ineffective unattached, having at last, or rather very soon, been granted with most comical simulation of reluctance, we started on our road.

For the benefit of the sleepers in the hushed, narrow street up and down which we looked, Clarionet led off with "The Angels' Whisper." Perhaps it blended pleasantly with the dreams of some of the slumberers, but if they could only have seen what a droll lot of angels were anything but whispering to them! Places of worship and burial-grounds abound in that old town. Striking into a cross-lane we passed a white brick meeting-house, that looked as if it might have been built in the days when Puritans shared temporal indulgence with Papists, and which seemed to frown at our frivolity. In the next street we halted in front of a crumbling old chapel of more ecclesiastical architecture, with another graveyard behind it. Here Clarionet struck up "The Soldier's Tear," or some such lugubrious strain. The whole of his repertory was in a minor key. Churches, chapels, and graveyards seemed to have a fascination for Clarionet. He made a point of halting in their neighbourhood. Our doleful ditty having been performed, apparently for the sole delectation of a carved Blue-coat Boy and Girl, who looked down in stony criticism, with the frost on the tips of their noses, from their niches over the doors of the Free School, we crossed the High Street, above which a church, which was an odd jumble of weatherboard, plaster, and Roman brick ruin, protruded a dial like a huge frying-pan; and took up our position in the rear of the churchyard, in front of a Methodist chapel, whose burial-ground was overlooked on one side by a Congregational, and on the other by a Baptist meeting-house.

Scarcely, however, had our first note startled the stillness of the back street, before a window was thrown up, and a series of inarticulate sounds, somewhat like the bellow of an enraged bull, was thundered from it.

"It's Brown the butcher!" whispered Clarionet in alarm. "Don't rile him."

But Cornopean, as an ex-militaire, considered that it would be derogatory to his character not to render railing for railing. The answer he received was a bootjack—or, rather, I very nearly received it, the missile ricochetting from the kerbstone and falling at my feet.

"He's coming down!" cried our terrified leader—"let's cut."

We executed a rapid, though scarcely dignified, strategical movement, which brought us into a quiet Queen's Street, consisting of private houses.

"He's an out-and-outer, is Brown," Trombone explained, as soon as he had recovered breath. "As harmless as his own sheep mostly, but two or three times a year he breaks out, and then he puts his back agin a wall, and lets fly at our whole police force, sir, superintendent and all. When he's knocked 'em all down, he lets 'em take him up, as mild as milk again. 'Brown's finished his soda-water,' we says, when he's knocked over the last bobby."

"That's our theayter," Trombone informed me a little later. "It's chockfull now of hats and clothes. It's let to a tailor. He can fill it better than Shakespeare. The drayma a'n't much appreciated in these parts. It's a beggarly livin' us professors o' the fine arts makes."

In a narrow curving lane, having on one side a graveyard containing a pie-crust-coloured modern church, and the dusky ruined columns and arches of an old priory, and on the other hoary out-cropping fragments of the old town wall, Clarionet once more called a halt. In an upper window of a house hard by there was a light.

"There's some one ill there," said Violin, opening his mouth almost for the first time; "we'd better not play, we shall disturb them."

"Speak for yourself, Catgut," growled his leader. "My music 'ont disturb anybody."

And he began to give forth his saw-sharpening, dying-pig's-squeaking-like melodies.

"Shut up!" almost simultaneously exclaimed Trombone and Cornopean, neither of whom had joined him, as the window opened.

"Oh, please go away," pleaded a sad young voice; "she'd just fallen off, and now you've roused her."

"You ought to have your head punched, Siggers,"

said Cornopean. "So you did," chimed in Trombone, as we trudged on, feeling—all except the culprit—very much ashamed of ourselves.

We turned out upon East Hill, and continued mute until we had passed another high-porched church, peering over the fives-wall-like boundary of the Botanic Garden. Clarionet wanted to begin again there, but his comrades would not let him. In front of the house of a local magnate a little higher up they proposed to play, and then Clarionet sulkily pretended he wouldn't. He soon changed his mind, however, and afterwards gratified his idiosyncrasy by making our next halt in front of a flint church—the only one in the town, according to local tradition, whose tower was unshattered by the siege in Stuart times, it having then been padded with wool-sacks.

"We've forgotten the Castle," said Trombone; "the old lady's safe for a shillin'."

"Well, she'll give it whether we go or not—she's sound asleep by this time—she won't know whether we've been, or whether we hain't," growled Clarionet, still sulky.

"No, that a'n't fair, is it now?" replied Trombone; and Clarionet being left in a minority of one, we diverged into the Castle bailey, marked with two stones that show where two Cavaliers who held the town against Fairfax were shot in cold blood after the town had been taken; and serenaded the custodian of the dismantled, crumbling, but still rock-like keep. Coming back into the High Street, we passed the Dial Church; old inns, busy as beehives on market-day, but then hushed as tombs; and the market obelisk blackening the white paving pebbles with the shadow of its moon-dial gnomon; and screened our performances in front of a box-like little church, planted in the middle of the street.

"Left wheel!" shouted Clarionet, who had just been refreshing himself from a small flask, which he did not hand on to his companions. "Left, right, left, right," he proceeded, as our footfalls echoed sharply in the house-locked lanes into which we now turned.

"Much *you* know about marching," hissed Cornopean, disgusted with his stinginess.

A trot at the double to the London Road warmed our toes, and raised our spirits. Having played before sundry white brick villas, Clarionet seriously proposed that we should climb over the palisading, and serenade the hospital. That he and his instrument could by any possibility be a nuisance—be anything but a solace—to anybody, it never entered into his mind in the faintest manner to conceive. His peculiar mode of visiting the sick was fortunately overruled. As we re-entered the town by its Head Street, Trombone, who played cicerone better than he played his lumbering bit of brass, called my attention to a tall red-brick house.

"That's where Lord Chatham used to live in the time of the war, I've heard my father say," he remarked. "*You* know, sir—

> "'Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham;
> Silly Billy, they say; but
> Billy worn't the silly o' that lot.'"

An eccentric old fellow in the outskirts of the town was, it appeared, in the habit of staying up to give the Waits a very early breakfast on that day, the 24th of December, and they were behind time.

"I've a great mind not to let you in," said their entertainer, when we reached his house. "I've been waiting I don't know how long. Go along home. You don't deserve a breakfast."

He relented, however, and I was glad enough to slip in with my companions for a warm before his roasting fire.

He would not hear of my not sharing his fare with them also; and never before or since have I so enjoyed almost scalding coffee, and smoking buttered toast.

"Merry Christmas, sir—I hope you'll be here again next year, and lose the mail," was Trombone's valedictory address to me as I started to catch the early train for Bishopsgate.

FRIEND OR FOE?

PATTER! patter! running feet!
Something stirring in the street!
Does it come, or does it go?
Patter! patter! Friend or foe?

Love, the merry tricksy sprite,
In my lantern sits to-night.
Be it coming friend or foe,
Love will "show him up," I know.

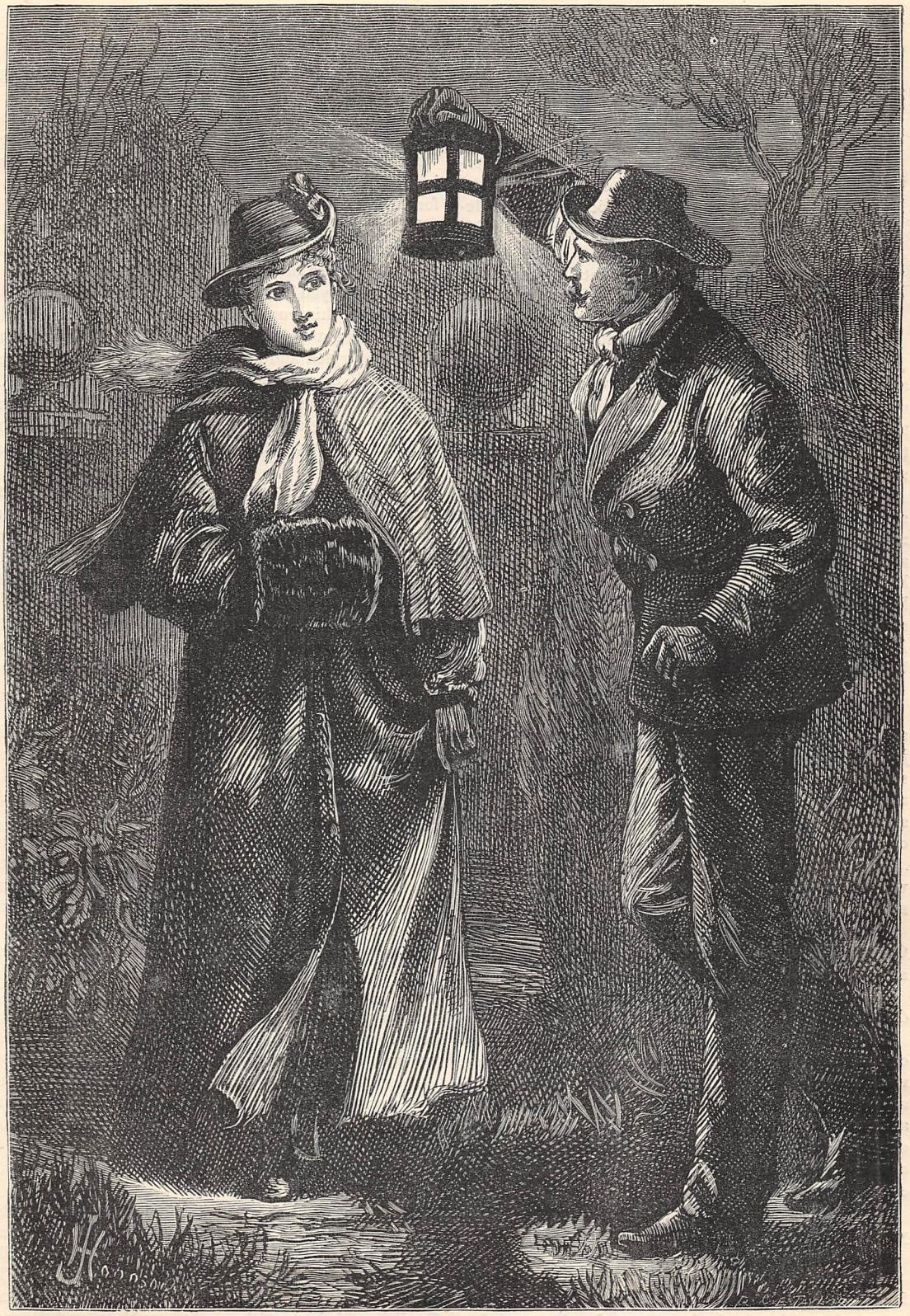
Patter! patter! nearer still;
Shall I?—no—I—yes—I will.
"Who goes there?"—"It's only me!"—
Ah! my little pet Marie!

Merry, loving, fond, and fair,
In the dark I see you there.
Still the sentry I will play:
"There's a password, love, to say."

What! She cannot answer me?
Has she lost her tongue, maybe?
Never mind, love; face full well
Tells what lips refuse to tell!

Passwords, questions, little one,
We can quite well leave alone.
Other folks than we, I know,
Shall solve our riddle: Friend or foe?

F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.



"FRIEND OR FOE?" (*p.* 88).

HOW I FARED WITH THE BRIGANDS.

ON the whole, measuring the matter by the ancient gauge, "All's well that ends well," I fared tolerably with my friends the brigands.

I had spent some days at certain iron-mines owned and worked by an English friend, and had departed very much delighted with what I had seen.

A good mountain road is a rarity on the Continent, and that rarity I now enjoyed. For awhile I was doomed to the native "diligencia," the most uncomfortable as it is the most ugly vehicle on wheels. The advice impressed on me by my mining friend I ventured to disregard. Almost his last words were, "Stick to the diligence," to which I responded by a negative shake of the head and a sceptical laugh.

At the wretched pothouse—the "ventorillo," or wayside resting-place—where we halted after a leisurely ride of a dozen miles, I descried through the stinking atmosphere of the straw-covered room, wine-cup in hand and cigarette between finger and thumb, a familiar countenance—the passing traveller who had been sojourning at Don Miguel's "venta." Carlos, at whom I glanced, looked confused, and studiously turned his back on the person on whom my eyes were fixed.

"Oh, here is your friend," I said.

But Carlos stared in amazement, and vehemently averred he had never seen the man before. The object of our attention wrapped his mantle around his shoulders, and lay down upon the bench behind the rude table. It was evidently, thought I, as we resumed our journey, a strange delusion on my part, a case of mistaken identity.

The day's ride was positively without an incident worth recording. It was the most ridiculously common-place affair after all.

"The poor beasts are tired, excellency," suggested Carlos, at the foot of a smart ascent; "may we not enjoy the walk? it is not far."

This seemed to be a reasonable suggestion, and we dismounted. I threw my bridle-rein to Carlos.

At that moment my arms were gripped behind close above the elbows, and forced rearwards; a knee was placed in the small of my back. Whoever the aggressor was, he knew his business. I was in a vice, and any opportunity I might have had at the moment of seizure—the first instant in these cases is your only chance—was destroyed by the manta in which I had enfolded myself.

"Take it easy, your nobility—we shall not hurt you."

"Tie a second knot, José."

They were different voices, no doubt, and I had fallen among thieves. The taciturn Carlos had disappeared, and it may be here once for all stated that he returned to the venta next day, coolly reporting my safe journey, and delivering a very flowery message from me to Don Miguel.

The unyielding knee was at last removed from my aching back, enabling me to face my captors. They were three in number. Suspicious shadows appeared in a narrow defile at their back, indicating a reserve force.

"If *you* please, sir," with the politest of bows and most charming of smiles, said the caballero who had requested me to take it easy, pointing to the defile.

"Who are you?" I asked, choking with rage. "You shall repent this, you broad-brimmed thieves. Untie me. Where are you taking me?" (this jerked out while I wriggled and spluttered in the vain attempt to free myself must have been comical—to my captors).

"If *you* please, excellent sir," repeated the caballero. "We are acting under orders. It distresses me much, virtuous stranger, but I can tell you nothing. If *you* please."

The muscular Christian whose bony fingers I suspect pinned me at a pounce, marched first, with a carbine; the second position was mine; the polite individual, and a short, stout little fellow, who was obliged to trot to keep up with his comrade, brought up the rear. The latter carried a musket over his shoulder, the other a breech-loader in sportsman fashion under his arm. That night we slept in the open air. One of my guards paced to and fro like a sentinel, each of the trio taking his watch during the night.

At daybreak the muscular Christian summoned his fellows, while I sat in the rocky niche where I had passed the night very sick at heart, but still dreamily critical of the glorious panorama unfolding around, above, and below. If I had been put on my oath I should have sworn that I had not slept sufficiently to be unconscious of what was passing around. Yet where was my watch and chain, with the little compass that I should have found so useful now? Where was the Deringer that had lain in my coat-pocket? The muscular Christian had the watch, for I saw him trying to convert the crystal of the compass into a burning-glass. How bloodthirsty I felt, with God's morning signal blazing out in the heavens above my head! Without remorse, had the chance fallen in my way, I would have shot them—one, two, three!

Descending a steep ravine, where the foothold was very uncertain, I faltered. You can't shine at mountaineering with your arms pinioned. The M. C. in advance savagely told me to be brisk.

"Be brisk yourself, miserable watch-filching picaro," growled I.

He waited till I reached him, and then fetched me a box on the ear that sent me over like a nine-pin. The others with a laugh raised me, and I will wager that the M. C. will not to his dying day (if that has not already arrived) forget the poetry of an Englishman's kick. It was all I could do, and I gave my mind to it. It was his turn to go down now, and

he traversed the next dozen yards without the trouble of walking. The polite cavalier and the little bog-trotter, I will do them the justice to say, laughed like hyænas at the manner in which their brother rolled over and over. They also prevented his clubbing me with the butt of his carbine, which he picked up and clutched for the purpose. I bore this ruffian a special grudge; he was the cause of my misery, for he was the passing traveller at Don Miguel's, and had, how I cannot guess, followed me as a shadow.

A league's tramp brought us still higher. Out of a dusky wood two men joined us, members of the band apparently. We halted, ate some black bread and sausage to match, and drank the ice-cold water of a passing rill. Thence forward once more, the way lightened by the amusing description given to the recent arrivals of the overthrow of the watch-stealer. Down into a sudden dip, over a rude bridge under which a torrent descended with noisy leaps and angry foam, round the base of a rock, and on a slight ascent appeared the broken archway of a mass of ruins, protected in the rear by olive-trees. A smashed Virgin still formed part of the archway. It was now approaching noon, and this was the brigands' haunt.

The polite bandit, whose name I soon found was Luis, himself gave freedom to my arms, asking a thousand pardons for the necessary compulsion, and for the behaviour of my enemy, bony-fingered Nicholas. Through what was once, in the legendary ages no doubt, a grand courtyard, there stood a line of rudely-renovated buildings, with one entrance in the centre. Under this archway massive doors, right and left, led to the brigands' habitations. Another courtyard was beyond, with the remains of a fountain in the centre; and benches, more or less dilapidated, remained still around the sides of the quadrangle. Into this space apartments, cave-like, and barred up with heavy iron-clamped doors, opened. At the extreme end a wall of rock rose sheer for a hundred feet, as might be seen through the foliage of the trees growing out of the niches. Into the darkest and dismallest cavern I was ushered by Luis, who intimated that I was quite free of the quadrangle until the captain, Don Antonio, arrived. The quadrangle was a natural Bastile.

Don Antonio arrived in the evening, a handsome, finely-dressed, gipsy-looking fellow, that might have sat for a fancy picture of a Cavalier. He wore patent leather riding-boots and gold spurs, and linen of spotless white. He addressed me in French, and asked me for my papers. Papers! I had none. Then he smiled sarcastically, and told me I might take my own time, but he would wait until his fellows secured my baggage, and then the handing over of the despatches with which I was entrusted would be my only passport of freedom. I told him that I had no despatches—he laughed; that my baggage had gone on in the diligencia—"Ay, ay," he said, "I know all about it. Make yourself comfortable; you shall not be injured if you remain passive."

"Then why am I robbed of my watch, struck by one of your rascals, and deprived of my pistol?" I demanded.

Luis, much against his will, was now forced to confess the truth. Nicholas, summoned, with a hang-dog expression disgorged the plunder. Don Antonio returned the watch, and said it was all a mistake; "your weapon," he added grandly, "remains with me until your pleasant visit to our castle is at an end." Nicholas he kicked and cuffed unmercifully across the quadrangle into the outer courtyard.

I was naturally puzzled at the request for "papers" and "despatches"—puzzled indeed at the whole affair. I had expected a conference on the subject of ransom, but Don Antonio had not mentioned it, but had treated me as if I were in some way a state prisoner. My cavern at any rate was dry, and it contained a pallet, a chair, and a table; and the quadrangle was free for walking, meditations, and tobacco. I was permitted at night to join the common meal in the outer courtyard, and dined heartily from a huge dish of chicken and rice, washed down with the natural wine of the country.

On the second day I found myself sole tenant, as far as I could see, of the quadrangle. The laughter and conversation of the band I could hear outside; also the neigh of a horse, and the bleat of a goat; I could detect the polite phrases of Luis, and once I made out the captain's voice. Nicholas brought me my breakfast—goat's milk, bread, lamb, melon, and a soup redolent of garlic. He never spoke, except with his eyes, and they plainly said, "I hate you." My retreat was at least cool and shady, and I retired for a siesta.

"Aha! where is the poor Englishman?" cried a merry ringing voice, clearly that of a woman.

The "poor Englishman" walked out and stood before a black-eyed damsel; she had a mountain of blue-black hair in graceful coils and rolls, and wore a charming costume—velvet bodice, short green petticoat, and a scarf that seemed to answer a hundred purposes. Sometimes it served as a coquettish head-dress, then as a mantilla, then as a robe, next as a sash. Her fingers gleamed with rings, and jewellery of the costliest kind shone in her hair and ears, and round her neck.

"Are you fair or dark?" she said before I had fully shown myself. "Oh, fair! I am so glad," she continued mischievously; "it's a change from these Gitanas."

Nita was my warder. She herself told me so, and laughed immoderately on informing me that the captain—ah! a humorous cavalier was Don Antonio—had armed her with my own Deringer, charging her to shoot me if I attempted to escape. Some time after I saw her bring down a pigeon on the wing, and her dare-devil resoluteness of expression never left a doubt in my mind that she would have performed her duty to the letter, had I made a sign of escaping.

A week passed, mostly in this girl's society. Don Antonio refused to grant me an interview; he was frequently absent. Luis, in the attitude of a page presenting a goblet to royalty, one evening gave me a *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* of the previous month, and a *Times* a fortnight old. These were tossed carelessly out of a portmanteau, whose contents were strewed on

the table. There were three finger-rings. Nita secured one upon which "Mizpah" was traced in enamel. I am wearing it at this moment: she gave it me. There was an exquisitely-chased lady's dressing-case, and two English novels, and three purses formed part of the same spoil. No second prisoner ever appeared.

Don Antonio walked into my quadrangle one evening, and closed the door after him. I fancy he had been drinking heavily; he looked rakish and slovenly. I had seen something like those stains on his shirt-front before—blood—the blood of the grape. He slapped me sharply on the back and, in excellent English, began—

"Well, my gallant captain, how fare you? Plenty to eat and plenty to drink, eh?"

"I have nothing to complain of on that score," I answered, "but your conduct in keeping me a close prisoner, without chance of ransom, is diabolical."

"Gently," he said, "never use strong language" (this very suavely). "Did you say 'ransom?' Ransom be ——, sir!" (this in a violent passion). "Do you take me for a Ratcliffe highwayman, Captain Farleigh?"

"Upon my honour, I don't know what to take you for," I answered. "You mystify me. Why do you call me Captain Farleigh?"

"Because you are Captain Farleigh; that's why."

"Indeed I am not; I'm a simple English merchant, whose time you are terribly wasting, and whose name is Hunter."

Livid with agitation, the astonished captain said, "Then you are not a Carlist agent? Don't expect five thousand pounds for Don Carlos? Were not waiting for the hard cash to be forwarded to you at Don Miguel's?"

Wherever a note of interrogation occurs in the preceding paragraph, let the reader take an emphatic "No" on my part for granted. At length, a trifle recovered, Don Antonio gasped—

"Then who on earth are you?"

"I told you my name is Hunter. Send a man to the T. and O. mines, and you may be satisfied. Mr. B——, the managing proprietor, is my friend, and I have been staying with him. Don Miguel knows all about it."

Don Antonio was quite sobered.

"Then I'll give you the best proof in the world that I am willing to make amends. You shall have my black mare, Petto; but it will be death to me if I am known to be cognisant of this. Even Nita must not know; and you must be off before daylight, or never."

Details were arranged, and Don Antonio went out, so it was put about, on a distant expedition. Luis was placed as my guard on this special night, and Luis was powerfully drugged. All therefore was clear. Antonio's spurred boots were on my legs; ten of his crisp notes were in my pocket; the watch ticked in its proper receptacle; each barrel of the little Deringer held a bullet.

All went well at starting. The polite Luis lay on the ground still as a stone; not a person was to be seen or heard; in the spot indicated to the left of the courtyard, Petto the famous mare snorted at the approach of the stranger whom she had never seen, but whom she was now to destroy or save. The cocks were beginning to crow. I took the hint, tested girths and bridle, and led Petto out of her stall. She was half inclined to resist, but her better nature asserted itself, and I was in the saddle and on my way swiftly and silently.

Presently Petto pricked her ears, A great grey stallion was thundering towards us, with Nicholas raving like Beelzebub on his back. Merciful powers! what a race ensued! While I shudder I tingle with delight at the bare remembrance of it. Petto started down the mountain at a tearing gallop, striking fire out of the flints, and literally bounding from rock to rock like a goat. The grey horse followed, with a scream of pain at the vicious spur of Nicholas. I heard the crack of his whip, his execration, and Nita's shriek as he dashed by the well. For myself I expected every moment would be my last. Petto leaped ravines, and never relaxed her headlong speed, though half a false step and the mad gallop would be over—the gallop of life, as well as the gallop for liberty.

The great grey, thundering behind, evidently gained ground on the flat. Out came the Deringer in the right hand, cocked for emergencies. At the break-neck speed we were going it was impossible to look behind; but the mighty hoofs were nearer, ay, and nearer still: that was one danger. Then came the mountain torrent: that was another. We took the last first. I can hardly expect to be believed, but beautiful Petto flew over that thirty-feet channel like a bird. The great grey was so close that, as we alighted on the better ground of the further bank, I could hear his splash, and hard breathing; he preferred to swim the river, and did it with marvellous rapidity. I had headed Petto too far to the left for the outlet pass, and to my horror now perceived that the great grey was galloping obliquely to cut off my retreat. The two lines began to meet, and horses and riders seemed by mutual instinct to prepare for the crisis. I had felt Petto's mouth once or twice, and had found her amenable to the faintest touch. Here we were within pistol-shot: the rider of the great grey, full of deadly hate, armed with a double-barrelled horse-pistol; the rider of Petto, racing for life and home, certain with the handy Deringer. Petto, however, by a sudden and almost miraculous effort, to my surprise over-shot the mark, and passed the great grey by three or four lengths. A new light dawned upon me. The reins were grasped with both hands, and sharp and sure the glorious mare halted, literally on her haunches. The grey, not calculating upon this, shied violently to avoid a collision, and Nicholas's bullet went wide. The smaller weapon told a better tale—not, thank Heaven, killing the man, but bringing down the horse upon him.

I had won, or rather the brave, beautiful Petto had won the game for me. From the last hill-top I could see the shepherds supporting a broken-legged man across the valley, and there were birds of prey hovering over a great grey horse.

"THIS WAS MORE THAN MORTAL MAN COULD BEAR" (*p.* 95).

IN ROUGH COMPANY.

THE last battle had been lost, the last fortress humbled; my country, crushed under the German foot, had turned upon herself, like the sufferer who in his death-agony tears his own flesh with his teeth. Though hotly engaged in four obstinate battles, besides many skirmishes and affairs of outposts, I had escaped without a serious wound, but I was ruined. Whether or not it was sound policy on the part of France to hazard all to prevent even the possibility of Prussia's obtaining a foothold in Spain, and extending her power to the shores of the Mediterranean, time may show; I for one decline the easy task of judging after the event. I will not say that the war was foolish and iniquitous *because* it proved so disastrous to my country and my private fortunes.

Before I was called to arms from the southern town where I was engaged in a large and lucrative business, I had been applied to by a London correspondent to recommend a competent and experienced man, thoroughly trustworthy, and a good linguist, to fill a

responsible position. I now remembered this letter, and learning on inquiry that the firm had not yet been able to get the man they wanted, I recommended myself; and my services were accepted readily, though with an expression of sorrow that I should find myself obliged to earn my living in a subordinate capacity.

I was treated with the very greatest kindness and generosity, and at the same time had the satisfaction of knowing that I was useful. The business was the same as my own, and I renewed my intercourse with many old firms in Milan, Brussels, Hamburgh, America, only on behalf of my present employers.

My acquaintance with the English language you may judge of by this present little sketch, which has not been revised by any one, and my knowledge of Italian and German is almost as good.

On first taking up my residence in this country I was made a sort of hero of—I was quite what you call a "lion." The war had excited so much interest, that any one who had just come out of that fiery furnace attracted attention, especially if his name had been mentioned in the papers, as mine had happened to be.

It was not until last summer, however, that I assisted at that form of English pleasure-making called the picnic; for my days are devoted to work, and it is only in the evening that I amuse myself.

But this entertainment was got up by a party of young men, bachelors, and as it afforded me an opportunity of making some slight return to certain families who had treated me with hospitality, I would not refuse to join, but determined for once to take a holiday. I invited as my particular guests the family of Mr. Winton, the senior member of my firm—not omitting to mention by name Miss Julia Stacey, a niece of Mrs. Winton, who was staying with them. I had always esteemed the English maidens to be the most lovable in the world, and I now thought Julia Stacey the most lovable of English maidens. Many girls there were as beautiful, and even as graceful, though none so exactly matched with my ideal of all that is lovely in womanhood, but the charms of her mind and disposition were as rare as they were adorable. Such purity of soul, such instinctive revulsion from everything that is false, mean, or cruel, such cheerful abnegation of self where the wishes of others were concerned, as characterised her, I did not believe had ever been combined in one mortal frame—if mortal she were, which at times I almost doubted, imagining that some brighter, holier being had deigned for a short time to inhabit that little less than angelic form.

If you ask me how I contrived to form so precise an estimate of Miss Stacey's character, I cannot give you any satisfactory answer. I had not seen her very frequently, and never under circumstances calculated to expose the hidden sources of her feelings; but I knew that I was right in my thoughts of her, as I know that I am alive, that I shall die, that red is red, and green green, without being able to say why or wherefore. A chance expression, a look, a commonplace act, will often give the observer a deeper insight into character than years of study. I *knew* that Julia was yet more good than beautiful.

She was not properly appreciated, either by her uncle and aunt, or by her cousins, the Miss Wintons. She was always doing them little kindly offices, bringing her exquisite taste into play in the arrangement of their dresses, bonnets, and so forth; and they all called her that dear, good, amiable Julia, but rather slighted her. Not intentionally, for they were very kind-hearted people, as I, a stranger admitted into their family on a most friendly footing, have reason to know. But with all my liking for the English people, I cannot deny that they have one fault which is almost universal—they are unable to separate the ideas of money and merit. Their respect for rank is merely homage to money which has been for a long time in the same family. The favourite saying that it takes three generations to make a gentleman shows this, for it means that father, son, and grandson must all have owned money before its divine influence can act fairly on the constitution. Now Julia Stacey was the orphan daughter of a clergyman, who had left her but poorly provided for; and she kept house for a brother, also a clergyman, in a small village in Essex. She might be patronised or petted, or even to a certain extent loved; but she could not be thoroughly respected, or considered as an equal, by young ladies who spent the amount of her whole income on their gloves and bonnets. Perhaps I exaggerate this British weakness, but it seems to me as I have stated it. At any rate, Miss Stacey might well have been left at home if I had not mentioned her by name—and I took care to do so.

I gladly turn to a great English quality—the sturdy, sanguine, determined disposition, which defies fate to the extent of organising out-of-door fêtes. One would really think that the weather in Great Britain was sometimes settled for a whole week together, to see the reckless way in which preparations are made that a change in the barometer or thermometer will utterly spoil. There is hardly an Englishman above the artisan class who does not possess a pair of skates, which he has an opportunity of using, on the average, about three times a year; and as for the ladies, they provide blue costumes, and engage river-side lawns at a ruinous price to display them in, for the Lenten University boat-race, which is generally rowed either in pouring rain or a snow-storm. Of course this confidence is requited sometimes, or it would die of inanition. Our picnic, for example, was a great success, not a drop of rain falling the whole day. Two or three of the bachelors, who had plenty of spare time, arranged about the provisions: the others had merely to pay their shares. I therefore met my party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Winton, their two daughters, and Julia, at the Waterloo Station, and an hour's beautiful ride took us to Teddington, from whence we walked into Bushey Park, the place of rendezvous, where the company were gathering together by road, rail, and river, till upwards of fifty were assembled.

There never was such a place for a hot summer's afternoon as Bushey Park. The long broad avenues, three and four deep, exclude every ray of sunshine; while the loftiness of the lowest boughs, under which

there is a free current of air from the open park around, prevents that oppressiveness which is experienced in a forest.

Gradually we dispersed in groups : some to play at croquet, for which lawns had been marked out, and hoops pitched ; others to make friends with the deer, tame yet timid ; while others dared the heat and wandered away to explore Hampton Court Palace and gardens, to lose themselves in the Maze, or even to take boat on the river. But whatever the ostensible amusement, the real object was flirtation. I mean, of course, among the younger people. At balls and picnics, folks who have outlived their romance are supers. There was balm for them, too. The scene was lovely, the air delicious. They would have been gasping anywhere else ; and towards evening they were well fed. We reclined on the grass in positions comfortable or cramped, graceful or uncouth, according to our respective natures, the men waiting on the ladies.

There were a few little misadventures, of course. The custard was poured over the salad, and the salad-dressing served with fruit tarts ; while some lobsters were introduced alive, black and pugnacious. But all this was theme for merriment, while the various cups were ambrosial, and the champagne excellent, and iced to perfection. When the sun had quite lost its power, most of us went down to the river-side and embarked in light skiffs, passing through a lock and exploring the stream beyond, startling many a quiet nook with song, till the stars came out, when we returned to the landing-place and wandered back by two's and three's (by two's, I fancy, for the most part) to the railway station. Ah ! it was a happy day—the happier for me that the Miss Wintons, who were fine girls, brotherless, and with a rich father, were much sought after, and Julia Stacey came naturally under my care.

The prolonged opportunity emboldened me to address her as a lover, and she did not refuse to listen. I fear that I talked a great deal about myself. I told her how, in my youth, I had served as an officer—of my adventures in Algeria—of how, on my father's death, I had left the army to attend to business—of the German invasion, and my ruin—and of how I should bless the event which had brought me to know her, if she would share my altered fortunes.

Time flew as we lingered under the trees in the placid moonlight, and—oh ! hard prosaic contingency—we had to run to catch the train. We were the last arrivals ; the first and second-class carriages were all full, and we only just had time to jump into a third-class compartment as the engine began to move. I was much vexed that Julia should have to ride in that hard squalid carriage, the seats and sides of which were black with grime, and the floor covered with heads of shrimps and other abominations ; but she made light of this, and was only disturbed at being separated from her party, which I, in my turn, thought of little consequence. Our only fellow-passenger was a sturdy man of the working class, who helped Julia in politely enough, and expressed himself civilly and intelligently when our thanking him led to a short conversation.

But at Putney, which was the last station we stopped at before reaching town, four very bad specimens of the genus Rough tumbled in, all under the influence of liquor, and one so much so that he dropped into the nearest seat, and fell asleep immediately ; and I would have been happy if the others had followed his example ; but, unfortunately, they had only reached the noisy and brutal stage, though their constant sups at a stone bottle, which diffused an odour of gin so powerful as to be perceptible amidst those of tobacco and onions which emanated from them, showed that they were not averse from testing any further phase of alcoholic experience. The very sight of the men in such a condition was enough to alarm Julia, who sank trembling into the farthest corner. I placed myself next to her, and our friend the working man closed up opposite her, so that she was protected against immediate contact with the roughs. But from the fumes of their very rank tobacco, and the blasphemy and obscenity of their language and singing, she could not be guarded. The latter grew so bad that I remonstrated with the principal offender—unwisely, perhaps ; but I really could not help it—and I drew such a torrent of filthy abuse upon my head, that it was like pulling the string of a Satanic shower-bath.

"You think yourself a mighty swell, I've no doubt," he said—or rather he did not say ; but that is the decent English of his address—"and that young woman of yours, she's mighty partickler, I dare say ; oh, yes. Wears a wail, she's so precious modest ; but we will have that off, and see what sort of mealy face she's so proud of. I'll 'ave your wail !" he suddenly added with a drunken laugh, as he staggered up, and made a snatch at the article in question.

This was more than mortal man could bear. I have never acquired the British art of boxing, but have always been an enthusiastic fencer and gymnast, and I struck the brute a blow hard enough to throw him back upon one of his hideous companions. In a moment I had all three hitting and kicking at me, and, though in the confined space they interfered with one another's movements, I should have been in a bad way if our original fellow-passenger had not risen promptly to my rescue. And a dexterous ally he was. Seizing one of the assailants by the collar, he turned him round, and opposed him as a buckler to the others. Fortunately, the scuffle did not last long, for presently the train stopped at Vauxhall, and poor Julia's screams brought ready assistance.

"You get the lady into another carriage," said the working man, as he proceeded to handcuff together the roughs, who were now quiet enough. "I am an officer, and came out to look for this little lot, who are wanted for a burglary business."

Poor Julia was ill for some days from the fright and the shock ; and I hope we shall have better luck in travelling companions when we make our wedding trip, than we had on the evening of our betrothal.

LEWIS HOUGH.

FIRST IN THE RACE.

SWIFT-GLIDING o'er the icy track,
I watch you slily turning back;
Your glowing face
With saucy look that tells me plain,
"As usual, here I am again
First in the race!"

His efforts to be free again
Are but Love's labour spent in vain,
Poor flutt'ring one!

But has it never dawned on you
That woman yielding, tender, true,

(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

And as upon the glistening field
Your glancing feet force all to yield,
Your skill defies:
So, too, you seem to think it right
All hearts should bow before your bright
Soul-piercing eyes.

Resistance? Why, the thing 's absurd!
You set the snare and catch the bird
From love of fun!

Is more in place?
And those who wish men's hearts to sway,
With gentle moves the game should play,
A waiting race?

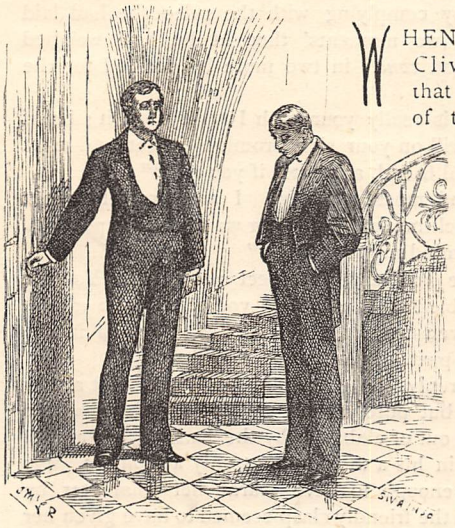
But there! what use to argue thus?
You know full well, you little puss,
You hold me tight!
By storm or siege, 'tis all the same,
With me you play a winning game,
Dear little sprite! G. W.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A PROUD WOMAN.



WHEN Bernard Clive asked that question of the lodger at Mrs. Spinks's, which we have recorded in the last chapter but one, the expression on his face denoted a want of admiration for the charms of No. 2, Alma Terrace, which would assuredly have offended the proprietress of that dwelling, and which even brought a glow of colour into the pale face of the woman he was addressing. "What! leave us for this hole!" said the elevated lines on the lawyer's forehead; and Mrs. Grey, taking her hands out of his grasp, answered very quietly—

"I left Woodleigh because circumstances gave me no alternative, Mr. Clive; and I came here, first, because the poverty of the place suited my means; and next, because I wished to be out of reach of acquaintances and society which I had no longer the power or desire to keep up."

She spoke with great dignity. Tall and strong as was Bernard Clive, this large, fair woman, with the regal figure and noble brow, was an equal match for him—a far better match than poor little impulsive Kate Bellew.

"I have offended you," he said quickly. "Forgive me, and tell me how—by coming here, or by what I said?"

"By neither; nor have you offended me. I never take offence where it is not meant; and I am sure you would not mean it."

"Thank you. You do me justice in that."

"But I should like to know how you found me out."

"In the simplest manner possible. I saw you come out of the governess' agency, in Harley Street, and——"

"It *was* you then!"

"On the other side of the way? Yes, and you eluded me very skilfully, but I went——"

"Forgive my interrupting you again, Mr. Clive, but, seeing that I eluded you—as you say—was it right to follow me and find out what you saw I wished to keep secret?"

Again he felt the rebuke, mildly as it was given. This quiet, graceful woman, with the grand blue eyes and gentle voice, had of a certainty the art of making herself minded.

"I do not know that it was right," he answered flushing; "but you must allow that it was as natural to follow and seek out a friend for whom one cares very much and truly, as it seemed unnatural for that friend to first desert a home where all valued, and then avoid a friend who had never offended her."

He meant to rebuke this time; but she hardly seemed to heed, and only asked—

"Then they gave you my address at the institution? Yet how could they when——"

"When they only knew where your letters were to be addressed? Mrs. Grey, it is as plain that you are not a lawyer as that I am. Do you think that was not clue enough? After finding out the pastrycook mentioned, to find out the hours at which A. Z. usually called for her letters was simple enough, and merely entailed a few fibs and a mild attack of indigestion."

She smiled—very little, but it was for the first time, and he was glad to see it—as she asked—

"How?"

"By the amount of leathery buns and rancid pastr which had to be consumed while extracting the d. sired information. It is fortunate I have a good constitution."

"I could almost wish you had not, Bernard," she said smiling still, though sadly. "Do not go on. You have played the detective, and succeeded—to what end?"

"To this, that never having given you cause to distrust *me*"—and he laid emphasis on the pronoun—"I can ask you to trust me now, and allow me to assist you as a friend may. I am a lazy fellow, Mrs. Grey; laziness agrees with me; but I can be active sometimes if I try very hard. Witness my exertions in the last twenty-four hours!"

"Have you told them—at Woodleigh—about finding me?" she asked.

"No," he said gravely; "I may have a thirst for information on my own account, but I shouldn't dream of sharing it without your permission. When I was a little boy I always went into a corner and ate my cake all by my own self. I didn't call all the others round and divide it among them, like good little Tommy in the story-book."

The grave, fair face looked up at him, laughing now.

"Yes," she said, "I know you!"

"Do you? I almost feared you did not."

"I know you guessed the reason of my leaving Woodleigh so abruptly."

"I think I did. Shall I tell you my guess?"

"No," she said decisively.

"As you like. Is that reason—supposing that I guess it—impossible to get over?"

"Quite impossible. Bernard, do not speak of it any more. Believe me, *this*—" and she laid her hand with a simple but touching gesture on the streamers of her widow's-cap, which had fallen on her bosom—"is not an empty mockery with me."

"Is it that you despise the new love or——"

"Despise! Oh, no," she interrupted, "but I pity it because it is given to one who has no capacity for loving left."

"Then you mean that nothing would induce you to marry again?"

"That is what I mean—yes."

"And you are so sure of this that you would even fly from the offer of love, however hearty and reverent?"

"Yes," she said steadily, "and farther than I have done if necessary."

"Mrs. Grey," said Clive as steadily, and with a keen quick glance, "if you had been as sure as you think, you would have stayed still. Flight is a confession of weakness, not strength."

He had meant to confound her, but he was mistaken.

She met his glance with the patient smile of sad experience, and answered—

"In most cases—yes. Not in this."

"Do you know," he said, bending forward and speaking with a touching appealingness, very different to his usual half-languid, half-sarcastic manner, "the sort of love you are rejecting?—how passionate it is, how humble, and how little would content it?—even friendship—friendship and a little of that kindness which you know so well how to show."

The sad blue eyes filled suddenly, and she put out her hand to stop him.

"Pray, pray be silent, Bernard. You do no good, and are only paining me cruelly."

"Do you think of the cruel pain you have given, and not to one only?"

"I do—indeed I do; but it is unavoidable. Should I have acted as I have done, if I had not?"

He was silent.

"It would have broken my heart, if that had not been done long ago," she went on sorrowfully.

Still he did not answer, and his eyes were fixed on the ground.

"Bernard," she said, in her former tone of grave, kindly dignity, "let us leave this subject now and for ever. I have gone through much trouble, and am preparing to go through more. I have left a happy and a peaceful resting-place, and contented myself with this"—looking round the cheerless little room—"to escape from that one thing. Do not bring it on me again. Remember, you have come to me this time against my will. If you would come again with it, it must be on my own terms, and with the strict understanding that unless they are complied with our intercourse must be brought to an end."

There was no mistaking the decision of the tone. Bernard Clive, experienced in women and their ways as a lawyer and a man of the world can hardly fail to be, felt that this one was in earnest, and that if he would retain her friendship and aid her by his, it must be by complying with the rules she had laid down. In two moments' thought he had weighed the *pros* and *cons.*: in two more he decided for the former.

"If that is really your wish I must obey it; but if I do, you will on your side promise to treat and trust me as a real friend, a brother if you will?"

"A friend most certainly. I am afraid I do not hold with self-made brothers for women in my position. You don't mind my saying so?"

"On the contrary, I respect you for it. You are more sensible than I; though you needn't be afraid. Having given my word I shall keep it, both in the letter and spirit. Is the bargain made?"

For all reply she gave him her hand—not a very small one, but purely white and perfectly shaped as though cut out of alabaster by the hand of a Phidias. He held it in his a moment, but only a moment. He had sense enough to have learnt her character by heart; and the friendly clasp seemed to have given her comfort, for glancing with a smile at the long-neglected tea-things, she said—

"And now let me ring for some hot tea for you. This must have all got cold while we have been talking."

"Have you not had your own?"

"No, I did not care for it then. I do now."

"Then by all means let us have it. It will seem homelike to see you pouring out tea again."

And Mrs. Spinks, after having very unwillingly answered the bell, replenished the tea-pot, and left the room with an indignant bounce.

Another half-hour of quiet, rather sad conversation, questions and answers on both sides; and Clive rose to go, incited so to do by his hostess looking at her watch, and saying, with a frank simplicity which disarmed offence—

"Bernard, I must turn you out. The good people here go to bed very early, and as I am not in the habit of receiving visitors, we must not shock their propriety."

"You are the most discreet matron I ever saw," he said, smiling as he got up, and then wondered to see the rush of violent, painful crimson which covered her face; "and when may I see you again?"

"Any day next week."

"This is only Wednesday! Well"—with a shrug of his shoulders—"if sooner may not be, I will call on Sunday."

"Sunday afternoon then; I go to church morning and evening."

His eyes twinkled as he saw that she would not have him in the evenings; but he only said—

"And you are bent on carrying out your resolutions?

How I wish I could dissuade you! Fancy *you* companion to some vicious old woman!"

"Old women are not necessarily vicious; and even if my one were, I might do her some good. Viciousness sometimes comes from unsoftened trouble; but troubles sympathised with must soften by degrees. Yes, I am quite resolved, Bernard; and remember, you have promised to let me know if you hear of anything. Do not mind if it sounds humble. I have no pride of *that* sort."

"I promise," he said, and then he took her hand again and went away, nearly tumbling over Mrs. Spinks, who *happened* to be brushing some crumbs off the oilcloth just outside the parlour door. Mrs. Grey did not cry again when she was left alone. She was not a woman given to crying in general. Deep grief seldom finds vent in lamentations, and Mrs. Grey had known grief heavier than most women. You could not look at her, and her face was as calm and unruffled as that of a marble statue—you could not see her pass, and her step was firmer and more upright than many girls'—without feeling, there goes one who has in very truth walked barefoot over the red-hot ploughshares of pain, and borne away the wounds deep-scored into her woman's flesh. She never spoke of her chief troubles. They yet bled too freshly to bear uncovering even to a kindly eye; and had it been otherwise, hers was not a nature which could find solace in speech; but those that knew her intimately (they were not more than two or three) knew that simultaneously with the loss of her husband had come other trials, greater almost in one sense: trials which had driven her from home and friends and obliged her to struggle, poor and unaided, with a churlish world. Not as churlish perhaps to her as to others. There are people who meet courtesy and kindness wherever they go, without ever appearing to claim it; or seeming aware that they are treated other than the rest of the world. Mrs. Grey was one of them. There was something in the unruffled dignity of her look and manner which inspired respect—something in the beautiful womanliness of her face and appearance which won her love and confidence; and the world gave her both. A noble woman in many things, with a large, sweet nature, wonderfully guileless and placid; with a wide benevolence and an unflurried gentleness and gravity, unspeakably refreshing to a tired mind, or an overworked body. Not a faultless woman by any means—else not womanly—but one who had marred her life by a great, grave error, of which even now she was hardly conscious, so rooted was it in the nature to which she was born. Pride!

There are different sorts of pride—some common and easily distinguishable, some uncommon and very hard to find out. Mrs. Grey's was of the latter sort, and was rather a close mantle of reserve which folded round her whole being, and at the first breath of serious wrong in those she loved, bore her away, bleeding inwardly, but sternly and impenetrably silent, out of their reach, even for penitence or atonement, altogether and for ever. Do not imagine that she was a touchy woman, or quick to offence. She was not. Anger, indeed, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not in her nature; and when she witnessed it in another, she had a way of opening her calm blue eyes, with a look of grave surprise and distaste very mortifying to the irascible one. She was slow in many things, especially slow to suspect evil in those about her; but once that suspicion had been forced on her, she was equally slow to relinquish it, and still more so to believe that others could think evil of her. Nay, when that other was one who *knew* her, whom she loved, or in whom she had confided, the cruelty and injustice smote on that silent heart of hers a blow for which there was no healing. She could not defend herself; she was too proud. She could not even stoop to seek an explanation; and so there was nothing for her but to put the sinner away, and go from him, broken-hearted perhaps, but rigidly silent, unrebuking but unexcusing, saying, "I forgive you;" and finding, as Rochefoucauld says, a charm in that word to condone a lifelong horror and a shuddering avoidance.

This was a fault, and no light one; but it had brought on her such bitterness of punishment and sorrow as an angel might have wept to see and know incurable; for how cure a disease unless you be aware of it? and Mrs. Grey, whilst repenting herself humbly of many a lighter sin, was still in entire and childlike ignorance of this.

At present, having decided, of her own gentle discretion, that a large latitude must be made for the ignorance of social customs natural to the lower orders, and having, to avoid the very faintest breath of scandal, dismissed her old friend at the primitively early hour of half-past eight, she never dreamt that the mischief she had affably gone out of her way to avoid was already done; and did not even awake to the consciousness that something was amiss with her landlady, till after two days' persistent surliness and inattention. Then indeed, with a kindly desire to find some excuse for the misconduct, she, instead of rebuking, cast about in her mind for a reason for it, and inquired whether Mr. Spinks was out of work; or whether they had received any bad news of the daughter who was in service.

"Out o' work, 'm?" said the landlady irately, and resenting the blandly-spoken words; "no, but it's double work as he'll be 'avin' to do if I've to give up lettin' these rooms, as I espect I'll be druv to if things don't halter one o' these days. No, m'm, I ain't 'ad no bad news o' my gurrl, nor am like to without she goes to the bad, as is a wonder more gurrls doesn't, with their missuses a-settin' of 'em sich examples."

"Mrs. Spinks," said the widow mildly (she was getting tired), "I am sorry your daughter's mistress is not a nice person. You should try and find the girl another. Shut the door behind you when you go out, if you please; you left it open last time."

And Mrs. Spinks went out, and shut the door, actually silenced; and joined Spinks, who sat mildly smoking and remonstrating in the chimney-corner.

"You mark my word for it, 'e'll be comin' to-night agin," said Mrs. Spinks energetically.

But night came on, and another night still, and Bernard Clive not making his appearance, the good woman began to feel an aggrieved sense of disappointment creeping over her, and to think that it might be possible, despite all that had passed, for her lodger to be as uninterestingly respectable and well-conducted as any of the other residents in Alma Terrace, S.W.

Judge, then, of her annoyance when, just before retiring to rest on Saturday night, Mrs. Grey said in her softest and quietest tones—

"By the way, Mrs. Spinks, my week is up to-day; so I may as well pay you, and give you a week's warning. I shall not require the rooms after next Tuesday or Wednesday."

"Ma'am!" stammered Mrs. Spinks, drawing back in almost ludicrous dismay, and looking at the silver in that smooth white palm as if it were a nest of vipers to sting. "You—you don't mean as you're a-thinkin' on leaving, m'm?"

"Next week. Yes, Mrs. Spinks. Will you count the money, and receipt it, if you please."

There was no mistaking that tone. Mrs. Spinks took the money, and began to fumble with it nervously.

"I'm sure, m'm, this is most unlooked. I 'ope as you 'aven't no complaint to make, which if it's anythink I can remedy—an' that chimney do smoke, I know—I'm sure me and Spinks——"

"Thank you, Mrs. Spinks. I have no complaint to make. If I have not been quite as comfortable as I could wish, it is doubtless because you have not been accustomed to lady-lodgers. Is that the receipt? Thank you. Good night."

And the lady rose and retired, leaving Mrs. Spinks ready to curse her folly in having been uncivil to so quiet and regular a lodger.

The good woman was gone to chapel on the following day when Clive arrived, according to promise; and going straight into the parlour, greeted his friend with the question—

"You got my letter yesterday?"

"Yes, and I thank you for it. It was most kind of you to recommend me."

"Kind! Oh, to Lady Beatrice! Well, I think it was; but remember I only hinted at you—said you might think of it. I am not at all sure you would like her."

"Why not? You tell me she is young and kind-hearted; from her name, I presume her to be a lady—three very pleasant qualifications. The question is" (but she looked royally calm as she said it) "whether she would like me."

"I do not think there is much doubt of that—do you? Only tell me, why shouldn't you go to the other?—three nice young girls really needing a mother's care, and no one to interfere with——"

"That is out of the question"—and she spoke with something like agitation—"I will not go where there are young girls, or girls at all."

"In the name of patience, why?"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

FLINT AND STEEL.

"OFFERED it! Of course she offered it. You don't think for one moment that I could have asked her for it, do you?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I did not think for one moment that you could have *accepted* it. Do I understand that you have?"

"Well, hang it all, Clive! it's hard if a fellow mayn't accept a loan from his own sister, and when it's forced on him too. I declined roundly at first, but she was bent on having her own way; and after all, you see, she doesn't want, and can't touch, it now, or for the next three years; and before then I shall have paid her back, and with interest. I insisted on that. I said, 'Understand, Kitty, if I borrow the use of this money now, you must receive five per cent. for it.' Oh! I assure you I made a point of that."

Clive's lip curled satirically. He and Dick Bellew were sitting over their wine in the Bellews' dining-room after dinner.

"I have no doubt that argument weighed with your sister, only—it is as well to look at the dark side of things, you know, Bellew—what is the good of paying five per cent. interest, if you can't return the principal?"

"But of course I shall return it."

"When?"

"Oh! by degrees. I shall have got settled in something by that time. If only that old uncle of mine would get me my commission, I——"

"My dear fellow, *you* could no more live on your pay as an officer than fly. As to paying between four and five hundred pounds out of it, the notion is simply absurd. Banish it."

Dick writhed disconsolately. He was leaning back in an arm-chair, with his back turned to the table on which the dessert still remained, and his legs stretched out to the fender. The red fire-light, leaping up, flickered and flared on his pale face, ruffled hair, and the strange little lines on his brow.

"It's—it's frightfully hard," he muttered, tugging pettishly at the ends of his fair moustache. "Whatever did my father mean by making such a will? It was a shame!"

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," said Clive, looking up from the walnuts which he was peeling with delicately lazy fingers, and nibbling while he talked; "I suppose your father wished to insure the rest of his family against beggary."

"Oh! you're a nice comforter for a man. Can't you tell me any one who would lend the money on Kate's security? You and she don't seem to hit it off well;

but I give you my word that it's safe to be handed over the very day she gets it."

"I don't in the least doubt it."

"And as to interest, of course I'd pay that regularly—five, six, even eight, or ten per cent., paid up every quarter—eh? Come, Clive, I know you haven't it yourself, but you must know some one who has."

"Possibly I do; but I should be doing you a very unfriendly act if I suggested any one. Depend on it, you would not thank me for it later."

"I shouldn't! Why not?"

"Simply because I should be assisting you to take a mean advantage of your sister's unthinking generosity. What, Bellew!"—the lazy blue eyes suddenly flashing out like the glitter of a naked sword—"you, a man and able to earn for yourself if you chose, a man with a widowed mother and half a dozen little brothers and sisters, and who ought to be the prop and stay of the whole family, rob a helpless girl of half the little money which, for aught you know, may be her sole dependence in time to come! Bah! if I were to help you in such a selfish, cowardly deed, I should despise myself as thoroughly as——"

"As *me*, I suppose you mean. Say it out. Oh, pray don't mince words!" cried Dick angrily; and then the door opened, and Kate stood in the opening, with the lamp-light on her white dress and brow, and on the knot of wax-like, sweet-smelling narcissus, nestled among the rich-coloured wavy coils of her beautiful hair.

She was a quick girl, and at the first glance saw that something more than a difference of opinion was amiss between the two young men. Even Clive's swift change from fiery scorn and indignation to languid absorption in a walnut, was not instantaneous enough to escape her notice; and Dick's face, always ready to take every shade of emotion, was red and quivering with angry mortification. Clive "rose" to the occasion.

"Here is your sister, Bellew," he said, "come to see why we sit quarrelling over politics in place of responding to the invitation of that pretty melody from above. I assure you I was enjoying it even here, Miss Bellew."

Kate did not believe him, and barely accorded a smile of civility to what she mentally pronounced to be "palaver."

"I was looking for you, Dick, dear," she said, turning to her brother. "I want to know about going to the concert to-morrow, because William must order the carriage this evening. Did you get the tickets?"

She had gone up to her brother and laid her hand on his shoulder, with a little caressing gesture which said, "I know that abominable man is quarrelling with you, and making you angry; but *I* am here now, and with me on your side he can't go on."

Dick got up rather irritably; but when does a man appreciate, or even understand, these little unspoken *finesses* of love, if they come from a mother or sister? Let it be a sweet-heart indeed—but that is quite different.

"What a tease you are, Kitty!" he said. "Yes, I got them; but I don't think they were for to-morrow. They're in my desk—no, you can't get them. I suppose I must go myself.—Are you ready, Clive?"

He was following his sister to the door, but Clive stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. Kate tripped on all-unconscious; and the young lawyer spoke in a very low tone—

"Bellew, you must excuse my plain-speaking just now. I am sure you can see the matter for yourself in the same light. Look at that child"—nodding his head in the direction of the white dress fluttering so lightly up-stairs—"you would never go and use her poor little money. I know you better than that."

"Then I suppose you know that I am competent to take care of my sister for myself, thank you," retorted Dick; "she's rather more to me, I hope, than she is to you!"

"Rather!" said Clive lightly. "Except as your sister, I was not indeed aware that she was anything to me."

"Then don't stand up for her against me. I asked you to do me a service. If you won't, I must go to some one who will, that's all. Let us go up-stairs."

"One moment! You imply that I have interfered with your conduct. I acknowledge it, and apologise for the impertinence. Now we will go up if you like, and I will take the opportunity of bidding your mother good-bye. I must be off before breakfast to-morrow."

"Going!" cried Dick turning round, his temper quelled in dismay. "What's that for? I say, Clive, you're not going to quarrel with me, are you?"

"I hope not."

"I suppose you're offended because I lost my temper just now," said Dick half sulkily; "but, you see, a fellow don't like to be dictated to, and told he's a—— By Jove! you know that's too much"—heating anew at the thought—"and if it had been any other man, I'd——but there! I say, Clive"—dropping again into the minor key—"you don't mean it, I know, and of course you can see for yourself how it is. Don't go and quarrel with a fellow because he can't take your advice in one matter."

"I always mean all that I say," said Clive coolly. "I've already told you, however, that what I said was unjustifiable. As to quarrelling, that is absurd. I had intended going to-morrow. You forget *I've* got my living to earn."

"I wish to heaven I could earn a living anywhere," said Dick despondently. "Look at my old screw of an uncle rolling in money, and won't even shell out to ——Ugh! I'm the most unlucky beggar on the face of the earth."

He was standing up under the gas-lamp, his shoulders humped up, his hands in his pockets, his light hair rumpled, a thousand little lines and wrinkles marring with a strange network the young, boyish face; the bitten ends of his fair moustache drooping raggedly over the weak, nervous mouth: a pitiful picture of wasted youth and anticipated old age, unconscious of its own dishonour. Clive looking down on him, in the full vigour of his strength and manliness, had

something of compassion in the gaze. His lips moved with what looked like "Poor wretch!" but the words themselves were inaudible; and just then the two younger girls' voices were heard on the landing above.

"I should so have liked to go," said Eve. "Fancy a month at Mentone now, when it is so damp and chilly here! Dr. Parish said it would do me more good than all those nasty tonics; and the Saltrams are so nice, and would have treated me quite as a grown-up——Oh, Madgie! isn't it hard?"

"Awfully," said Madgie's hearty voice; "but mama says you would want a regular outfit; and then the journey! She can't afford it. I suppose she has to give Dick so much."

"The Saltrams will never ask me again," sighed Eve. "If only we were not so poor! It is well for you who never feel ill"—and then the two girlish voices died away, and the men passed into the drawing-room.

Later in the evening, Kate was just finishing a song which Lady Margaret had asked for, when Clive's voice said in her ear—

"Will you give me ten minutes' conversation after that is done, Miss Bellew?"

Kate stared.

"Certainly," she said frigidly, and with an amount of astonishment in her manner which caused Clive to add rather pointedly—

"It is about your eldest brother, or I should not presume on such a request."

"About Dick!" said Kate quickly, and all her frigidity went. They were alone in the back drawing-room, where the piano stood. Heavy ruby-coloured curtains draped the arch which divided them from the rest of the company; and through the opening one saw a bright glow of lamp and fire-light; Dick sprawling on the sofa; his mother sitting near him, with her cup of tea perilously tilted on her knee; and the juvenile trio playing Bézique at the centre table. It all looked very bright and comfortable. Even Lady Margaret's somewhat shabby black velvet gown assumed a regal gloss and richness in the friendly fire-light; and Eve's frost-white face and crocus-coloured hair came out in Pre-Raphaelite relief against the bowl of dark green ferns behind her. And yet there were shadows and skeletons unbidden lurking behind all that glow and brightness which made the inner room look dark in comparison, and barely threw more than a refracted gleam on Kate's white dress and shining eyes, as she turned, her pretty dimpled hands still resting on the keys, her face upraised in eager, half-resentful inquiry, to the tall dark figure of the man leaning with folded arms upon the instrument in front of her.

"What about Dick?"

"Perhaps you will think me very meddling and intrusive in saying anything about your brother to you," Clive answered in the same low tone; "may I therefore ask you to believe that it is as his friend, and because I like him somewhat, and take as much interest in him as I can spare from my own concerns for any one, that I do so."

"I know Dick considers you his friend," said Kate, her fingers tingling. "No one can help liking him that knows him, and then you are a sort of cousin--of course you can say what you like."

"And you will kindly regard it as said in confidence?" He did not smile at Kate's answer, and she stared again.

"*In confidence*, Mr. Clive?"

"Exactly. Your mother has, I believe, confidence in me. I simply ask you to have it with me in a matter respecting Dick only, and for Dick's sake."

"If it is for Dick's sake——" said Kate, annoyed, but glancing wistfully at the reclining figure in the outer room—"I suppose—— Well, Mr. Clive, what is it?"

He did smile this time. Her reluctance to admit him to anything like intimacy, and her dread of refusing lest she might prejudice Dick, were too childishly manifest; and she saw the smile, misconstrued it, and disliked him more for it.

"Dick is very heavily in debt, as you know, Miss Bellew," said Clive; "I believe it comes to four hundred and eighty pounds; and where it has gone, except in folly and——"

"Please don't talk about Dick's follies," said Kate sharply. "He mayn't be as prudent and economical as an old miser of ninety. I dare say he isn't. I shouldn't like him if he were. Please go on. I know all about his debts. Perhaps you don't know that he is going to pay them all off at once."

"With your money," said Clive. "Yes, he has told me so; and I am hoping to induce you to change your mind."

"Change my mind! What on?"

"And to retract your offer of assisting him with that money your aunt left you."

Kate was speechless with surprise and indignation.

"You propose to lend it to him," said Clive calmly; "have you ever thought how he is to repay it, or when?"

"Of course not. Why, Mr. Clive, I——"

"He has now the same allowance as most young men in his position—much more than I had in my day—and amply sufficient for every reasonable want——"

"Dick says he can't do upon it, so I think you must be mistaken," said Kate rebelliously.

"Dick has proved he can't. He has already got into debt three times; and your mother has cleared him with great difficulty, by crippling herself, and depriving her younger children of their just wants. He is now in debt again, and she cannot help him. She is not young, and has already exposed herself to considerable blame and anxiety by outrunning her means for this one son. Do you justify your brother in this, Miss Bellew?"

"No!" cried Kate with a sort of passionate sob; "I—Oh, poor mama! of course, I know how hard it is for her; but *I* am going to pay this. He calls it lending, but it is not. I never want it back. I give it him. No one need trouble about his repaying it—or be afraid of my changing my mind," said Kate haughtily; "I don't know anything about law, but I would swear

or write anything now, and directly I am of age—— but surely a lady's word is enough!"

"Not always," said Clive with perfect coolness. "I am afraid business men would, for example, hardly be satisfied with it in the present case. You forget that, though you call this money yours, it is really not yours, but only in trust for you till you are of age; and if you were to marry it would (unless secured to your private use in the marriage settlement) belong to your husband, and be at his disposal."

"My husband!" cried Kate half laughing; "one would think he were in existence to hear you and Dick. How do you know I shall ever marry? You talk of contingencies and probabilities, and would like me to behave cruelly and unkindly to darling Dick now, because twenty years hence there is some remote chance of some one else wanting the money which he wants at present. I may be a novice in business, but I know that is—Oh, please don't say any more. I can't think why you, who call yourself Dick's friend, should be taking so much trouble to harm him."

"I don't suppose you can," observed Clive. "Pray sit still a moment longer, Miss Bellew. My ten minutes are not out yet. It is because I call myself Dick's friend that I want to prevent you from harming him."

"ME!" Dusk as it was, he saw the indignant flash in her bright eyes at this crowning injury.

"Yes, you. I have appealed to you for your own sake and your mother's, but I had better have spoken for Dick at once. Why should you, Miss Bellew, take advantage of his extravagance to propose and urge his doing a dirty, dishonourable act, which would lower him in the eyes of every man of honour? What! you, a lady, with a lady's feelings, and think that a *gentleman* would encourage your brother in taking a girl's money to pay off his debts—and such debts as his! If you brought him to such a pitch of meanness, he would never recover it, or cease to reproach you. Every penny you have would follow by degrees, and you would see yourself beggared, and your brother an idle helpless spendthrift, cut by every man worth knowing, and a prey to the miserable cads who alone would assist him in such an utterly unmanly mode of money-raising. There! I have made you cry, and when you have dried your eyes you will be satisfied with calling me a brute. That is always the way with you young ladies. However, I can't help it. Please to forgive me. I knew I should do no good, and I've done none. Now I am going, and I dare say you won't shake hands with me, but——"

"Wait one minute," cried Kate, lifting her wet face from the hands in which she had hidden it. "I am not crying; and as to calling you names—but I hope I am not as unjust and discourteous as——"

"As I am, *par exemple*," put in Clive, with a lively recollection of what took place on the evening of their first acquaintanceship. "Well, I have heard young ladies use even as strong expressions as 'brute' in regard to people they disliked. But I beg your pardon. Of course, I have no right to suppose you could do so."

It was keen retaliation, and cut to the quick; for Kate remembered too, and with a misery of shame which he was far from guessing, or he had never so spoken. If he could but have thought the words without saying them; or having said them, if he could only have taken them back! The sarcastic retort was hardly out of Clive's lips before he repented it, and was already cursing his own irritated pride, when Kate stood up flushing and paling like one who has received a stinging blow, but speaking with more dignity than he had supposed her capable of.

"Mr. Clive," she said, looking up at him with very childlike simplicity, "I know what you mean. You heard me say something very foolish to my brother the day you came here. It was wrong of me—hasty, and uncharitable but if you are one of a large family, you must know that brothers and sisters often talk in a thoughtless way to each other, and use strong expressions without meaning them, which they would be very sorry to repeat in earnest. If I had not thought it impossible you could remember or lay weight to such a silly speech, I would have apologised for it before, as I do now."

How strangely opposites meet! No two women could be more widely unlike than Kate Bellew and Averil Grey; and yet there was something of the latter's queenliness in the junior's girlish figure as she made her little *amende*. Clive felt it at once, and answered in a more subdued tone than she had ever heard from him.

"It was I who was wrong, and you have rebuked me justly. Of course I know the difference between a hasty word in one's own family and—but it is no use excusing myself; only, believe me, if I have disgusted you by my thin-skinned vanity, I have disgusted myself much more."

Kate believed it, indeed. There was a depth of self-contempt in the proud man's tone which moved her own generosity, and as he rose to go she checked him with outstretched hand.

"Let us both forget it, Mr. Clive, and think of my brother instead. What you said about him was dreadful. I had never thought of it in that light. Are you sure you meant it?"

"Every word."

"But what shall I do? His debts must be paid, and I have promised——"

"Will you let me advise you?"

"If you will."

"Tell your brother that you find what you proposed was impossible, being illegal, and that you would not be allowed to carry it out. If you will give me your word of honour, Miss Bellew, to do this, and to resist any after effort to induce you to make over part or all of your small property for your brother's use, I will pledge you my word that all he owes at present shall be settled within three months."

"Will you really?" cried Kate, all coldness forgotten in joy—"but how? He told me you could not——"

"Lend him the money? No; I am a poor man myself; but I can manage to procure it for him, and on such conditions as will oblige him to curtail expenses which are ruining him, and force him to exert

himself a little, as the eldest son of a widowed mother should be proud to do if he has any manliness in him."

"You are very hard," said Kate, wincing; "I beg your pardon, but I love Dick, and indeed he is manly. You don't know what a dear, good fellow he is. Many young men are extravagant at first."

"And go to ruin in the end, I dare say; but you would hardly call a man hard who would prevent his brother from tumbling over a precipice, even if he had to give him a rough jerk. Do you know why I care enough about Dick to try to check him? Simply because he has a look of some one I loved—my younger brother, who went to the bad, and—died in it."

He held out his hand as he spoke—something like a quiver about the stern mouth; and Kate answered sympathetically—

"I will give you my promise, Mr. Clive, only save Dick."

"Help him to save himself, Miss Bellew; and now thank you for your long patience. We don't get on prettily together"—and he smiled—"but even though you mayn't like me, or I you, we will remember that this is a bargain, and keep to it accordingly."

"WELL, MR. CLIVE, WHAT IS IT?" (*p.* 102).

"And I almost did like him for a moment," said Kate to herself, when he had joined the others. "I am glad he didn't guess it. A hard, discourteous man, whom one can't be kind to. And after all, he is only going to get the money from some one who will worry poor Dick; but it is for Dick's good—and the dear boy is rather idle, though I would never let any one hear me say so."

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

II.—THE UNDERPAID.

HE differs from his neighbour in poverty, the unemployed, chiefly in the fact that he has obtained more or less regular work. His condition is but little bettered thereby at first sight; but, after all, the advantages of being able to calculate on a probable weekly income are obvious, even though each day's wages has to be reckoned in pence instead of in shillings, and he may have to forego the possibility of a casual "lucky job" making him so "flush of money" that he can afford to treat his acquaintances at the gin-shop.

This "regular" work, representing a certainty to secure which is justly regarded as an effort worth considerable sacrifice, does in truth help very materially to separate a large body of the underpaid from what are called the dangerous classes. The more resolute and ambitious among the unemployed speak of it as the immediate means of "keeping them square," and we have reason to admire the fortitude with which hundreds and thousands of the inhabitants of our great towns endure constant privations, and even suffer want, and at the same time keep fast hold of the honesty and decency which they have learned to associate with constant and recognised employment, however badly it may be paid for.

The most hopeless aspect of the condition of these people is, first, that the callings which they follow are either unskilled labour, or such poor trades as require little learning, but may be "picked up" by any ordinary youth. Several of these are in fact far more readily acquired than some descriptions of common toil. It demands, perhaps, more practical experience to be a ploughman than to learn the commonest kind of French polishing, or chair finishing. A sawyer works harder, and maybe requires greater intelligence, than the man who collects haybands for stuffing cheap furniture; and many comparatively skilled employments, such as chair caning, cheap paper staining, whitewashing, and the rest of the underpaid trades, are so easily learned after a slipshod fashion, and there is such a multitude ready to avail itself of these means of living, that wages paid for the inferior work are always at starvation point.

GOING FOR LAUDANUM.

I do not intend now to refer to the weavers. Theirs is so eminently a skilled industry, that nothing but its having become almost extinguished in London by the operation of large factories in the provinces, and the removal of the duty on French and German silks and velvets, would have made it so wretched a business. The weavers, however, patient, careworn, almost starving as their remaining representatives may be, have no relation to the dangerous classes, except, alas! when, in despair of bringing their children up to the same impoverished handicraft, they leave them to join the already crowded ranks of the underpaid in other and equally unprofitable industries.

CASUAL HANDS.

Unlike the unemployed, it is not at all certain that the underpaid will be discerned during the course of

an ordinary daily walk. The inquirer who wishes to look upon some of the most painful sights in all great London, will have to seek them where they may be distinguished from the poverty which has gone over the boundary-line of crime, and the pauperism that has become chronic.

Not among the shambling youths and truculent vagabonds who haunt street-corners, and are to be seen about the doors of taverns; nor amidst the sellers of newspapers, or the casual porters; but in a score of employments where the wages are kept down to the lowest farthing, and even constant work is barely sufficient to find a family in food, without the addition of that outdoor relief from the parish which, strive against it as they may, the broken-down man or the sick woman must seek at a pinch, or in times of dear provision or of failing health.

Let us go, for instance, to the gates of one of our great docks, and note the group of ragged, haggard, unshorn men who stand talking together moodily, or sit on the pavement, their hands clasping their knees, or lean doggedly huddled up against the wall, sucking the few remaining whiffs from their black tobacco-pipes. They will wait for a whole morning on the chance of extra assistance being required, because of a ship being warped into dock, and casual hands called on at fourpence an hour. How they envy the regular labourers, who have a ticket, and are taken on at their half-crown a day for eight hours, with the usual half-hour for lunch! With what hungry, wistful eyes they regard the cans and barrels of beer that are entering the dock-gates, the pie-men and baked potato merchants ready to do business when the signal-bell at noon is followed by a rush of the men at work inside, who have earned the right to eat!

One or two of this dejected party may have a couple of slices of the workhouse loaf, spread with a bit of dripping, tied up in a cotton pocket handkerchief, and so may contrive to hold on till all hope is gone of obtaining even an hour's work that day. Even those who have been more fortunate, and are now inside the gates, may be compelled to mortgage an hour's earnings for a few mouthfuls of food, and a half-pint from that brisk potman who wheels in the midday porter on a truck. Week after week it is known that some of these poor fellows try to hold out with only just as much coarse food as will barely satisfy their hunger, and yet makes a large slice out of the family loaf, a large percentage of the ten or twelve shillings which even the luckiest of them can count as their wages for six days' labour. Yet there are men among them who have been not ill-taught, and by no means roughly nurtured: unfortunates who have gone under in the struggle, poor fellows who have been brought up to a superseded industry, and are too old to begin a new apprenticeship, with wives and children looking to them for bread. At one time a large contingent of these dock-labourers were weavers, whose soft hands and delicate touch had made the choicest fabrics that even Spitalfields could boast.

Indeed, one of the most painful convictions which this spectacle brings to us, is that many of the ordinary occupations of the lower class of working people are so little better than casual labour, that to go to the docks is regarded as an obvious substitute, and the man who has had the good fortune to obtain a regular ticket is not likely to resume the handicraft which is scarcely more certain or more remunerative.

The worst of this condition is, that in order to supplement insufficient wages, the poverty-stricken districts in which these people mostly live are burdened with a monstrous tax which, the equal distribution of the poor-rates not having been accomplished, is exacted from people many of whom are themselves struggling to maintain even a decent position, and some of whom, unable to withstand the pressure of claims which increase in proportion to the slackness of trade, themselves sink to the ranks of the underpaid. In the case of the dock-labourer the social anomaly takes a more definite and comprehensible shape than where an ordinary employer of labour is concerned. Wages are reduced to a point at which the labourer and his family cannot live; and the obvious answer of political economy is that there is a definite market value for labour as for other things, just as there is a definite value on investments of capital.

Doubtless; but where there is a large supplementary reserve fund in the shape of a contributed poor-rate, a whole series of questions present themselves, which will ere long have to be answered; the first of them being:—On what principle are private capitalists or shareholders in prosperous companies to be permitted to add to their profits by a reference to the public purse to adjust the labour market?

With some experience of the conditions and the occasions of poverty and crime in London, I declare that I regard this alternative pauperism as one of the most effective means of augmenting the ranks of the "dangerous" legion. Beginning with a kind of angry shame that they should be compelled secretly to ask for parochial relief, the men and women who receive the workhouse dole, and learn that they are ticketed with the workhouse badge in the printed list published to the ratepayers, begin to lose self-respect, and so frequently learn to look at society with a kind of defiant stare, and at last with a grin that says, "I mean to make the best of it, and to get as much without working for it as the law will give me." Visit the homes of the lowest of the people who have thus become degraded, and you will see comparative plenty. The husband, the wife, and even the children have learnt the defiant stare, the sneering laugh of the chronic pauper. He works only when he cannot live on charity; she has learnt, with wonderful aptitude, all the most readily available sources of benevolent distribution in the neighbourhood. The room in which they live may be bare and dilapidated, the house a hovel, the street a foul and pestilent slum; but the grate is not fireless, the cupboard seldom empty, even though it may only contain a replenished gin-bottle and a cracked mug. Step by step, and not slowly, they have become a serious charge on the rates, and find it is much easier, and perhaps far more comfortable, to supplement

"I ENTER IN—A WELCOME DIN UPRISES ALL AROUND."

"*COMING HOME*" (*see page* 107).

constant parish relief by a good deal of cadging among local charities, and a little occasional work, than to earn fourpence an hour when they can get it to do, and only to take a reluctant bite of the union loaf when the proverbial wolf is showing his grim muzzle at their children through the half-open door.

But there are others among the underpaid who too often threaten to become dangerous. Entering some of those wretched houses where the underpaid and the unemployed herd together—where whole families huddle amidst beds of sacks and straw, and cover-lids of rags—where the means of decency and health are denied to them and their children ;—where wife must go out charing, and even infants begin to make match-boxes or work for halfpence as soon as they can run alone—entering one of these places, I say, do we wonder to find that father or mother has gone to the corner where the gin-shop flares so bright and warm, and the door is always invitingly on the swing?

"Yes, to spend their miserable earnings in drink, and so to rob their starving children of bread."

Not so! To spend something in drink, yes ; but not necessarily for drunkenness or for the love of drink itself. That curse may come ; nay, it is approaching with rapid strides ; but there are some who, in the desperate knowledge that the fiery dram which may be bought for three-halfpence is potent for a time to allay sickening hunger, or that the dry bread some way seems to gain sustaining power from beer, have learnt to take drink which can be cheaply and instantly purchased, in place of food which is far enough off to need waiting for, and cannot be bought for the last twopence, even if it were ever so near.

It is common enough to rail about the besotted craving for drink among the poor, and there is dreadful truth in the accusation ; but let us all remember whence that craving often comes. Of the stifling streets, the freezing cellars, the foul and filthy dens, the noisome hovels which defy Boards of Works and Acts of Parliament ; of the utter destitution of means of preparing food, or of obtaining fire and utensils wherewith to cook it, even if it could be bought for pence ; of the wonderful organisations for keeping our abundant supplies of fish and other cheap nourishment from the mouths that hunger most ; of all the difficulties which beset even honest, self-reliant poverty, and its efforts after cleanliness, and a sufficiency of coarse food and decent clothing ; and then of the facilities for obtaining the terrible substitute of a dram —before we begin to moralise too severely.

Ask the doctor, the City missionary, the district visitor, whose experience has enabled them to trace, step by step, the degradation of the "underpaid" to the "dangerous," and they will tell you something that should check the mere common-places of blame and reproach.

Ask the chemist, who, as you see yonder emaciated, decrepit-looking woman slink out of the shop with slow step and faltering gait, answers your mute and painful inquiry by the one word, "Laudanum," and goes on to tell you how some feeble women, who have long borne the burden of daily work, such as charing or washing, come in at night and take a dose of the stupefier. And let us ask ourselves whether it is not possible to find a remedy for many of the evils we have seen—whether we cannot really benefit these wretched "underpaid," by helping them to help themselves.

COMING HOME.

ACROSS the turf, across the surf, across the flying foam,
Across the ice-bound Kentish hills,
The naked trees and frozen rills,
From foreign shores and foreign ills
I gaily journeyed home.

I knew the Hall was lighted all with Yule logs heaped on high ;
That berries, waxen white and red,
Hung kiss-provoking overhead ;
And madcap maids, none loth to wed,
Tripped lightly, sprightly by.

The stars were out, and all about the frost-flakes filled the air—
A light was in the church tower nigh,
Whence bells would ring out by-and-by.
The faces of the family
Seemed painted everywhere.

I enter in—a welcome din uprises all around ;
The girls quick clustering round to greet,
And kiss me in confusion sweet—
Save May, who in the window-seat
Is lost to every sound.

For cousin Fred, with down-bent head, is whisp'ring soft and low,
While rose-red blushes swiftly chase
The white rose shadows from her face,
Like sunset in a silent place
Where lithe white lilies blow.

Well, sisters will be fickle still ; and lovers have their day.
My mother's face of startled joy,
My father's welcome to his boy,
Will wake them from their sweet employ
The *bells!* 'Tis New Year's Day!

THEO. GIFT

JANUARY OUT-OF-DOORS.

THERE is unusual bustle in the rookery this morning. The birds have returned again from the great woods in which they have been roosting since last spring. In 1874 we noticed them actively pairing in their old trees and seemingly nesting on January 2nd; but they were probably choosing sites and allotting boughs to youngsters—"prospecting," as the Americans say—for the serious business of nest-making does not begin till quite late in the month in the earliest of seasons (in 1863 we noticed it on January 27th).

In the first field into which we turn (supposing us to be rambling in the north or eastern shires), two or three of the rook's foreign brethren, the hooded crow, are sure to be seen flapping up from some dainty morsel into the nearest tree. With the strong contrast of greys and blacks in their plumage, they are handsome birds; but they are sly and mischievous to the last degree, and, spite of their northern extraction, seem to possess much of the cunning and rapacity of the Indian crow, than which a bolder thief does not exist. They come to our shores in October, and depart in April, and while here nothing appears to come amiss to them—a dead horse or sheep is a welcome windfall, and they whet their appetites on shell-fish along the coast, as an epicure begins dinner with a few oysters. Game preservers remorselessly shoot them down. In many tracts of Scotland (where they remain during the year), it is wonderful how any grouse survive the depredations of these birds on their eggs. Occasionally they vary their fare by sportively picking out the eyes of young lambs. So cunning is the hooded crow, however, that he manages to laugh to scorn guns, traps, and nux vomica alike. He is the only bird which we rejoice to see made up in the modern fashion into a hand-screen, and, remembering his evil mode of life, it is with much pleasure that we inform his enemies that he does make a magnificent screen, with his strong jet-black bill and head, and his beautiful grey back.

Extending our walk farther afield on the "fytties," or low meadows, say near Great Grimsby, we find ourselves on ground beneath the level of the sea. It is restrained from breaking in by strong banks of earth and masonry, which are diligently watched and kept in good repair. As we skirt one of the curious "blow-wells"—ponds of circular outline and great depth—peculiar to this district, probably a little jack-snipe or a teal springs up from the lip of rushes which surrounds it, and is shot by our companion. These meadows are very level, with few trees or bushes, and generally swept by the keenest of winds in the winter months. But they are very dry, being admirably drained by broad deep "dykes," which run out through "cloughs" into the sea. There are no fens in this district; they are to be sought in the south of Lincolnshire, and at its junction with Cambridgeshire, Northants, and Norfolk. Their aspect at present would probably astonish those who only know them from the chroniclers' accounts of them in the times of our earlier kings, from novel-writers, or from such a poet as Drayton.

But there is the pleasant cry of golden plover, and five or six of these birds, so highly esteemed by epicures, fly up out of shot, and settle a quarter of a mile off in the meadow. It is quite worth an attempt to get these, but they are so wild in the open weather that some subtlety has to be called in. The sportsman hides behind a gnarled hawthorn, or in a dyke, while we take a long round and endeavour to drive the plover over him. In vain: they fly too much to the right. Another tedious circuit, and we have put them up again, and they fly unsuspectingly over the bush. Two little puffs of smoke, and down come a brace, or perhaps three, of these much-prized dainties.

Or it may be a wild duck is secured, which has strayed down from some inland pond. Another popular illusion may here be dispelled. Many connect Lincolnshire mentally with decoys and multitudes of ducks taken nightly during winter. In point of fact there is only one decoy in North-east Lincolnshire, at Ashby, near the Trent. Mr. Cordeaux, in his book on the birds of this district, states that in thirty-five years (from 1833 to 1868) carefully kept records at this decoy showed that 48,664 wild ducks were thus captured. The greatest number taken in any one season was 4,287 in 1834-5. In former days Pennant, however, speaks of 31,200 being taken in one season in decoys in the neighbourhood of Wainfleet. These figures, compared with the few taken at present, show the decline of wild fowl in the district, and that the writers of past centuries were not so given to exaggeration as we now rashly deem them.

Such are some of the incidents of this month in the country. Let us turn back to the garden and the neighbourhood of man, and see what songsters can be found in the open weather of January. The robin, "sacred to the household gods," trills his best ditty during any wet and open weather throughout winter. On a post or rose-bush he defies rain; it is frost that cuts his song short. Then he

> ——— ——— ——— ———"leaves
> His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
> His annual visit."

In the third week of the month the chaffinch may be heard singing in the orchard; or, sweeter indication still of spring, the skylark brings back the sunshine of past years with his carolling overhead. The thrush, however, is the songster usually associated in our minds with the opening year. The first spell of warm, soft

weather, bids him sing from the ash-tree just outside the garden, in which he intends to build later on in the season. The blackbird, as a rule, is a fortnight after him before he begins to whistle.

In an ordinary January, blackbirds and starlings pair towards the end of the month, and it is the cares of the nesting time which chiefly draw out the vocal powers of birds. These latter birds may be heard in pairs, or two or three pairs together, on the top of a lime or elm, whispering their singularly monotonous love-tale one to another.

The last week of January, 1874, was exceptionally mild and sunny. Thrushes sang every morning in Lincolnshire; the buds of the pear were swelling, and those of the quince already white. We even found two scented violets by the roadside on the 29th, and several others had been gathered before that date. These foretastes of spring are singularly grateful.

In the garden a very fair nosegay of winter flowers can be collected in January. Winter aconite, mezereon, hepaticas, blue and red, primroses, snowdrops, and crocuses ought to be found in its sheltered spots. In the wild or spring garden, under the trees, will be gleaming one or two forward polyanthuses, and plenty of periwinkle stars. Lichens and mosses will enhance the beauty of these blossoms rescued, as it were, from winter's clutches; for fine weather in January is as deceitful as the proverbial one swallow.

Extending our search to the flowers of the lanes and common, the green hellebore, so called from its greenish-yellow flowers, is one of the earliest blossoms of the year. It is particularly attached to the neighbourhood of old houses and abbeys; it was in such situations often cultivated, in old days, instead of the true "Greek hellebore" of the herbals (*H. officinalis*), and belongs to a family of plants of which the Christmas rose is a familiar example. Several "weeds," however, as they are deemed, save by the botaniser in January, are beforehand with it in blooming. Perhaps the red dead-nettle is the very earliest bloom of the year. In the dullest and coldest of weather, this ought to be found in the first week of January. It is followed, say a week later, by its congener, the white dead-nettle; and then, emboldened as it were, chickweed, groundsel, dandelion, and the whole battalion of garden pests begin to put out flowers. Every broken cliff, meanwhile, the edges of old quarries, the sides of shady roads, &c., are brilliant with golden sheets of furze, and it must be indeed a severe winter which represses the daisy.

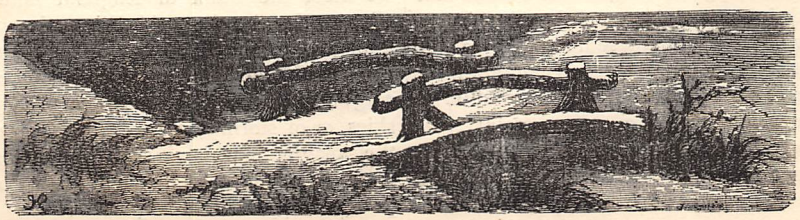
One of the best indications of approaching spring is found in the common wild honeysuckle. Long before Christmas, the pearl and emerald of its buds may be seen peeping out. They take full advantage of every sunny hour to swell and break into leaf, which takes place from the last week in January to the last week in March, according to weather and situation.

Besides the hare and rabbit, few of our common quadrupeds are now visible in the fields. Torpid and well concealed, they are waiting for settled fine weather. The weasel, however, may be seen hunting at times. With his long lithe body he can penetrate the runs of rabbits amongst tangled hedge-rows, or the winding retreats of the mole and field-mouse, with as much facility as he can glide through the mazy passages opened by mouse and rat in the wheat-stack. It will cross a stream on a hand-rail, or with equal indifference swim over it. Hunger now presses it severely. Woe to the unfortunate rabbit upon whose track it once doggedly fastens! Its quest is never satisfied till its cruel jaws have pierced the poor rabbit's brain. This portion of the animal is invariably devoured first by a weasel. One winter we rescued a sky-lark from one which was evidently very hard pushed for a meal. The creature followed us in the hedge-bottom, and on our placing the lark as we thought in a place of safety, before we had retired two yards the fell little assassin emerged from the hedge, and at once made a rush at the lark. Its first bite was fatal; the poor bird soon died; but we took care that its foe did not dine off it.

Were rabbits the ordinary food of weasels, there would be little doubt that the stock of rabbits, spite of their prolific nature, would soon be greatly diminished, so indefatigable a tracker of them is the weasel.

A familiar sight may often be seen in the flower-garden on a mild sunny noon in January, like a prelude of coming spring. This is a Peacock or Red-Admiral butterfly tempted to a brief flight in the sunshine, from its hibernation in a hollow tree or under the rafters of an outhouse.

Beyond cleaning, pruning, &c., in mild weather, very little work can be done in the garden this month. A few early beans and peas may be sown in the second week, and after them, in ten days, spinach, radishes, and salad herbs. Any bulbs (tulips, narcissus, &c.) that remain unplanted may be put in the ground during the first open weather. Those which are showing above the soil must be protected, if severe frost sets in. All garden walks should be kept dry by sweeping off the snow, and then a great deal of enjoyment may be obtained from the conifers and evergreens, whose dark foliage is never seen to such advantage as when relieved against a background of snow. When snow-laden these trees and shrubs often present beautiful and fantastic forms, which can be studied to advantage from a sheltered gravel walk.



THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

NOW, a sovereign, be it observed, is not pure gold. It is found in practice that a certain mixture of copper renders the coin harder and more durable. Supposing the whole weight of any quantity of gold to be divided into twenty-four parts, twenty-two of these parts must be of pure gold, and two of alloy, and such gold is standard gold, or twenty-two carats fine. Moreover, the privilege of coining money in this country is reserved exclusively to the Crown, and the Mint is always open to buy gold bullion at the fixed price of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce. In other words, every importer of gold has a legal right to take his bar of gold to the Mint and have it coined into sovereigns at the above rate, without any charge for coining. But in practice this is never done, for the Mint will of course take its own time to do the coining, and during that time the importer is losing interest on his capital. At this point the Bank of England steps in. It is authorised, and indeed constrained by law, to buy with its own notes all legally-assayed gold brought to it at the rate of £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. True, this is 1½d. less than would be offered at the Mint, but then this loss is less than that arising from the delay at the Mint. Well, day by day, this bullion is arriving at the Bank. Very fair to look upon are these bars of bullion; still fairer is the glittering mass of coined metal into which the machinery of the Mint converts them. And so turned at length into good money of the realm—

> "Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Heavy to get, and hard to hold,
> Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
> Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
> To the very brink of the churchyard mould"—

the gold passes from the strong-rooms of the Bank to its branches, thence to other banks, and through them to the nation at large.

But while in this way a great stream of gold is constantly flowing from the Bank, to discharge all the operations of commercial activity throughout the nation, another stream is as constantly flowing in a contrary direction. Day by day, and indeed hour by hour, the gold coinage of the country travels back to the Bank coffers. Each sovereign, when it comes back, has of course suffered more or less from the wear-and-tear of circulation; in other words, it has lost somewhat of its original weight. It follows that its intrinsic worth is so much less, and that this depreciation of value will steadily increase if the coin be permitted to circulate afresh. Now, a deficiency of a little more than a quarter of a grain is tolerated; that is, as a new sovereign weighs rather over 123 grains, one which does not weigh 122¾ grains is considered light. Accordingly, every coin as received at the Bank is weighed separately, by means of an apparatus which forms one of the most interesting spectacles in the building. In a room set apart for the purpose, ten weighing machines, moved by machinery, are constantly at work. Each machine is a model of exquisite workmanship. The actual balance, which is adjusted with the nicest exactness, is surmounted by a long brass channel, into which the sovereigns are placed. The coins slide steadily and incessantly down this channel; each one, as it reaches the plate of the balance, rests for a space of time hardly appreciable thereon. Then, if it be of full weight, a hammer on the right tilts it into one receptacle; if deficient, a hammer on the left pushes it into another. Thus, like the spirits of the dead doomed, according to Mahometan teaching, to pace the razor-edge, over which all must be cast headlong who are not good Mussulmans, each coin passes to its final assize. For a moment it rests in the balance, and then an inanimate judge, whose decision is unerring and final, dismisses it either to the purifying fires of the Mint, or relegates it to a renewal of its functions in the world of commerce from whence it has come.

Upwards of 70,000 sovereigns are thus weighed daily, each machine testing thirty per minute. In this way light gold is steadily withdrawn from circulation, and the coinage of the nation is maintained in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. The deficient coins are of course remelted and reminted at the Mint, and again issued as already described.

The arrangement by virtue of which the Bank of England is entrusted with the issue of coined money is quite in keeping with the traditions of the Bank. Indeed, the great recoinage in the reign of William III. formed one of the most signal of the many instances in which the Bank has rendered help to the Government. At that time the state of the coinage was so wretched, clipping and filing had been carried to such an extent, that a large proportion of the coins only weighed one-half of their nominal weight. The complete dislocation of values consequent on this depreciation, and the disturbance of all business relations, produced such consternation as —at that time—actually to threaten the stability of the throne itself. But the decision and prudence of William's Government enabled it to weather the storm, and to replace the old battered money with coins which at once attained the distinction of being the most beautiful coins in Europe. This distinction has happily been always maintained.

Turning now from coined money to paper-money, we meet the Bank of England note. Was it not Charles Lamb—dear old Elia—who called a bill of lading an epic poem? And so is a bank-note. True, the bill of lading, telling of foreign climes whence the cargo has been brought, of happy voyages under sunny skies, or of storm and peril and shipwreck, impresses the imagination more than the homely bank-note. And yet, though the latter tells a story of less dramatic power, it appeals to a larger audience. In itself it is

homely enough. Mr. So-and-so, chief cashier, promises to pay the bearer five pounds. Certainly this "promise-to-pay" is attractive to look at, well printed on crisp paper, pleasant to feel, and adorned with a passable portrait of Britannia. Its intrinsic worth is threepence; and yet this bit of paper has for centuries engrossed the attention of statesmen and economists. Some one has said that the crowning achievement of the British Constitution is to get twelve men into a jury-box. He might more truly have said that its chief aim is to insure that this promise-to-pay shall always be redeemed. On the successful solution of this problem depends the entire fabric of our currency, on which in turn reposes our commercial stability. Insure that whenever the bearer chooses to demand his five sovereigns they shall be ready for him, and this piece of paper becomes at once a thing which every one desires to possess. For it is money—that heathen deity, at once man's drudge and man's master, who has altars in every city, priests and worshippers everywhere, and who, like other heathen gods, often turns his votaries into swine. Follow this bit of paper into circulation, and you will find no one so sceptical as not to trust it, no one so ignorant as not to recognise it, none so indifferent as not to desire it; observe its potent influence, "to save, to ruin—to curse, to bless;" see how the love of it "passeth the love of woman," and you will not need the exquisite imagination of Elia to find it the prolific theme for the most cheerful of lyrics or the most doleful of dirges.

Our readers will readily understand that the Bank has spared neither pains nor expense in bringing the manufacture of the note to perfection. All that can be done to prevent forgery has been done, and there is now no document existing so difficult to imitate successfully as a Bank of England note. The paper used is unique in point of colour, thinness, and strength. It is made in pieces large enough for two notes, and a sheet of it, when sized and doubled, will support a weight of fifty-six pounds. The wire-mark is impressed in the manufacture by a process at once costly and laborious. This wire-mark is, of course, the greatest difficulty to a forger. Attempts at imitating it have generally taken the form of embossing paper according to the required pattern. The result, however, is clumsy in the extreme; and the wire-mark, and crisp, peculiar texture of the note, offer at once to eye and to hand a certain guarantee of genuineness.

Very interesting is it to watch the printing of the notes in the Bank Printing Office. From the time when the blank paper is delivered at Threadneedle Street till the completed note is lying ready for use in the Bank till, every successive process is distinguished by precision and caution; the very printing-presses are fitted with self-acting tell-tales, so that not one sheet of paper may be misappropriated or lost; while the registration and counting are elaborate in the extreme. And then, when after a career of greater or less duration the note comes back to the Bank, travel-stained and crumpled, its crispness gone, its cleanliness marred, what pains are taken to cancel it! The cashier who receives it, tears a corner off it; then holes are penetrated through it; then it is stamped and registered and docketed, and put away for seven years in the vaults of the Bank, whence it will finally emerge to be burnt.

An examination of the various styles of note which the Bank have issued at different times is at once curious and instructive. The present form of note is, as we have indicated, the result of many years of experiment and improvement. Accordingly, each successive kind of note exhibits a great advance on its predecessor in point of beauty of design and excellence of workmanship. But changes in style and texture are not the only ones which may be observed. Here is a note bearing date 1696. It is larger than the present note; contains about six times as much writing; has a reference to, and quotation from, the Charter of the of the Company; and purports to be paid by ten pounds a time, and to have a penny a day interest. Here again another note, whose date proves it to have been issued at a very early period in the history of the Company, was clearly re-issued for a less sum than its original amount, the difference being paid in currency, and marked on the face of the note. In fact, the note, to the extent of that transaction, served the purpose which would now be performed by a Pass Book.

And now, having explained how a good note is treated, let us turn to the counterfeit—to the imitation of a note. From the 1st of May, 1758, when Richard William Vaughan was executed at Newgate as the first forger of Bank of England notes, down to the present time, the Bank has had to be ceaselessly on the alert to thwart the efforts of the forger. Very large and very curious is the collection of counterfeit notes, including at once attempts so clumsy and so wretched that it is a marvel how any one could be deceived by them, and imitations which bear every mark of taste and dexterity. The care taken with some of the latter, indeed, proves that a knave is but a fool after all, and that one-half the labour and ingenuity spent in an attempted forgery of a bank-note, would have achieved greater results in an honest calling. On the whole, the Bank has had decidedly the best of the encounter, and the great rarity of any really persistent attempt now-a-days to imitate their notes, proves incontestably the excellence of the present style of manufacture.

We conclude with a few statistics. As we have hinted, Bank of England notes are never re-issued, but when paid in for gold are at once cancelled. They are then preserved for seven years, so that inquiries relative to forgeries or frauds on which the notes may throw light may be answered. The stock of paid notes for seven years numbers 94,000,000, and fills 18,000 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach three miles. Pile the notes one on the other, and the pile would be eight miles long. Join them end to end, and you will have a ribbon 15,000 miles long. Arrange them side by side, and you may more than cover Hyde Park with them. Finally, their original value was over £3,000,000,000 sterling, and their weight more than 112 tons.

"A NOBLE STAG SURVEYS THE SCENE AROUND."

EVENING.

A BROAD expanse of wide-extending heath
Stretches away to where a misty haze
Conceals the setting sun half-sunk beneath,
And softly mellows its last fleeting rays.

Standing amidst the craggy heath-clad ground,
His spreading antlers tipped with golden light,
A noble stag surveys the scene around,
And calmly waits the fast-approaching night.

The drowsy murmur of a rippling stream
Is wafted on the soft sweet-scented air;
And misty shadows, as in sunny dream,
With silent tread flit swiftly here and there.

Deep down amid the gorse and feathery ferns,
The skylark sinks to seek her quiet nest;
In silvery splendour the pale moon returns,
And casts o'er all a soothing sense of rest.

W.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WHAT to wear? Acknowledged to be one of the most, if not *the* most important question which occupies the feminine mind. Much money, much thought, much time are expended on it, and with what result? According to the opinion of some women of sterner nature, the present style of dress is suggestive of bad taste, bad hygiene, and bad morals. "Grace of outline, propriety of adjustment, personal peculiarities, delicacy in selection of colour, simplicity in choice of ornament, fitness to uses, and regard for the relations of quantity and quality, are each and all outraged."

The pretty well-dressed women of the day have not all the world on their side, and perhaps it is with the fear of new doctrines and opinions gaining ground—a very sword of Damocles hanging over their heads—that the milliners and dressmakers have been making such superhuman efforts of late, calling all the glories of such past ages of splendour to their aid as Louis XIV., Henri II., Henri III., and Louis XIII.

The beauties of the present day appear resplendent in the velvet and satin robes of Margaret of Valois, and the rich brocades, with velvet-appliqués and veinings of gold, which Madame de Montespan wore while she reigned supreme over the fickle heart of the Grand Monarque, ere Madame de Maintenon superseded her. They borrow the cape of the Incroyable, the waistcoat of Louis XIV., and the cap of Charlotte Corday. Dress is no respecter of politics. A beautiful woman aims only at being beautiful, and calls to her aid any adjunct she can.

The doggerel lines in which the belle of two hundred years ago boasts of—

> "My damask gown,
> My laced shoes of Spanish leather,
> A silver bodkin in my hair,
> And dainty plume of feather,"

are as appropriate now, only it is gloves that we import from Spain in the present day, and jet daggers and arrows would replace the silver bodkin; for the furore for jet grows rather than diminishes.

Fancy balls are the fashionable mania in the way of entertainments, and many of the dresses now worn by the *élégantes* in Paris would be quite suitable. It is only among the upper ten in England that these fashions find supporters as yet; they are too costly for the world in general.

But it is possible that women as a class will hesitate ere they abandon all this alluring splendour in favour of changes such as the strong-minded of the sex suggest; albeit in their opinion the higher life—moral, intellectual, political, social, or domestic—can never begin for women till they have been effected.

Alas for the would-be reformers! those halcyon days are far removed; for nine women out of ten would think the remedy a thousand times worse than the disease—supposing they admit the existence of disease at all. Listen! Stays are to be superseded by suspenders (*Anglicè*, braces) such as men wear, to which the skirts must be fastened; and as an inducement to such a fundamental change, the writer announces that a waist of twenty-two inches would ere long become thirty, or even forty; and this at a time when, to be *à la mode*, the waist can hardly be too slim, and dresses fit without a wrinkle, as though almost sewn on. In order to bring this about, in the cuirass or Joan of Arc bodices (the best-worn style for full dress), which come down to the hips without any join, the Parisian corset-makers have even introduced stays at least four inches longer than they have been before, and much tighter and firmer below the waist.

It will scarcely be necessary to give the address where the patterns of hygiene "under-wear" are to be obtained. It would be more to the purpose to tell how the so-called "under-wear" is made and trimmed in Paris. Here, as elsewhere in the great kingdom of dress, *le luxe effrené des femmes* shows itself. Flannel petticoats must be either pink or light blue, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; wide frillings of cambric, with similar lace six inches deep, are now considered correct, at the edge of the most invisible of under-garments. Skirts for wearing under evening dresses are made very long, with one deep flounce richly trimmed; and in place of crinolines, the *tournures* are more sloping, and in consequence far more elegant. The better arrangement of dresses is further brought about by petticoats made of stiff muslin, plain in front, with flounces up the back, the upper ones having double runners beneath, by which they are drawn together; and in addition they have a detached crossway pouf of muslin (saturated with unboiled starch, and not subsequently ironed), which is buttoned on.

Besides modern prejudices, our would-be reformer have many other powerful opponents. The Moslem prophet Aysha, according to his teaching, permitted no woman who spun to pray for the forgiveness of her sins until she had clothed not only herself, but all the angels in the seventh heaven. Yet the strong-minded women urge, as a special instance of the oppression of the sex, the labour entailed by the making and repairing of wearing apparel. Perhaps the task set by this prophet of old has had its effect on their minds, and they are appalled by the prospect suggested. Their crusade in

this respect, however, meets with no success now. Women are devoting more time than ever to the fine art of needlework, which the present style of dress necessitates.

But on one side of their arguments the agitators will enlist the sterner sex—viz., the deplorable costliness of the present fashions. Opposition, however, is generally of no avail, and in nine cases out of ten acts as an impetus. Still, what with voluminous drapery, silk and satin, fur and feather trimmings, embroideries of all kinds, and the introduction of beads wherever it is possible, we seem to have arrived at the maximum of extravagance in the matter of dress.

Mantles and dresses alike are trimmed with fur—skunk, marmot, and silver fox being most in favour; but feather trimmings are almost, if not quite, as well worn. Ostrich and cocks' feathers—the latter mostly undyed—are the more general kinds, but they are not by any means the only ones used. During the late brilliant visit of the Prince of Wales to France, one of the *grandes dames* received him in a dress trimmed with robings of canary-birds' feathers, and another hostess wore a bordering formed of the blue feathers from the wing of an equally tiny songster.

The bead mania is as rife as ever, and jet tunics and cuirasses cost fabulous prices—a mere bodice, six to sixteen pounds. Beads glitter alike on morning and evening dresses, and the newest kind of veils are spotted with the tiny blue steel beads, which have of late become the fashion. Broad throatlets of velvet, studded with beads and hooked at the back beneath a bow, are one of the trifling etceteras of dress which give so much style. Châtelaines can hardly be called trifles, seeing that the best cost often a hundred pounds; and the fashionable women of the day jingle as they walk, almost as heavily weighted as is a milkmaid with her yoke and pails, what with pocket-books, scent-bottles, scissors, thimbles, stamp-cases, card-cases, and hosts of other things, which are now worn on both sides of the waist, suspended by chains.

With all our cleverness we seem unable, in these modern days, to originate much. The châtelaines which our grandmothers wore are now worth twice as large a sum in the market as almost any modern ones, and most people would consider themselves lucky if, among family heirlooms, they discovered a large silver bag-clasp, with a hook attached. The addition of a new velvet bag would make this a very valuable, and moreover useful, addition to feminine personal possessions, and likely to awaken not a little envy in friendly breasts. These châtelaine-bags are now very fashionable, and hold letters, keys, and other articles which are likely to weigh down the pocket of a dress, a thing much to be avoided in the present style of skirt.

With regard to the make of morning dresses now, "froncé," viz., gathered fronts, are as much in vogue as during the summer, and a novelty from Paris is silk which is froncéed in the making. It will soon get out of condition, but, like other novelties, will doubtless have its day. The tunics rounded in front, and diminishing to a mere nothing at the back, are very generally worn, sometimes being made in the form of a triple tunic. In France, the pouf at the back of the skirt has been abandoned in favour of a triple box-pleat, which by means of strings underneath extends to the edge of the skirt, being ornamented with large flat bows. Most of the winter dresses in England, however, seem to have the pouf; but its size is diminished by some three straps, with bows in the centre, coming from the side of the tunic, and dividing it in two.

For seaside wear, the tailor-made cloth suits seem to hold their own, few having any other trimming save horn buttons and rows of stitching, though fur has a very softening effect. This style of dress is particularly suitable for the wheel-skating, which seems to form the principal amusement in the day time at Cheltenham, Brighton, and elsewhere, where pleasure-seekers kill time.

In London, rinks under cover are, it is said, being built, both at fashionable and exclusive resorts, and at the Horticultural Gardens; so a skating-dress ought certainly to be considered in providing for the winter. This should be of a hard, tough, serviceable material; the best skaters fall sometimes, the novices very often, and neither boards prepared with a compound of wax and similar ingredients, nor Portland cement, are calculated to improve either velvet or silk. No crinoline should be thought of; the drapery should be as clinging as possible, and, there is no doubt about it, bright-coloured petticoats are the best. At Brighton the costumes at the rinks have been very varied, but for effect, petticoats of striped red and stone-coloured cloth, or serge, worn with tunics and double-breasted jackets of stone-coloured cloth, a hat of the same shade with a red feather, and a red scarf round the neck, have carried off the palm. Hats are, it seems considered, *de rigueur* for skating, just as they are when ladies handle the reins.

Cashmere and silk, and homespun and silk, are the most fashionable mixtures for ordinary winter wear. All dresses must, to be *en règle*, be a mixture of two colours, or of two materials.

All bodices are basqued, and sleeves as a rule fit the arm. For demi-toilette, heart-shaped bodices are worn, but they are so elaborately made in the Medici styles, that there is no mistaking them for morning dresses; and nothing is more thoroughly *distingué* than white—white velvet and white cashmere, white silk and white Indian cashmere.

By no means the least graceful of the many styles in vogue is the Marguerite bodice, a reproduction of that which Faust's heroine affects on the stage. Maté-lasse has been a success, especially white, which has found patrons among many brides. It does not show to the best advantage by itself, but gains by a mixture with velvet or silk. Many of the new mantles are made of it.

In England, velvet and sealskin jackets, tight-fitting and semi-tight-fitting, with double-breasted jackets,

are the general style; but in France, Dolmahs and shapes adapted from them are worn. The long black silk cloaks, lined with fur, are very generally adopted there, and will be here, there is no doubt; they are so comfortable, more especially for driving. They are not intended to be worn in the house, when paying visits, but are left in the carriage. So many dresses now are made to wear without any additional out-door covering, and spoil so, when tight-fitting jackets are put over them, that nothing can be more useful than these cloaks, which are delightfully warm out of doors, and admit of brilliant toilettes for formal visits and afternoon parties. They are equally useful for evening wear.

Opera-cloaks are elaborately embroidered and braided. Among the newest are black cloth which have broad gold braidings down the front, like a Hussar jacket.

Those delightfully comfortable things, the Basheliks, are being adopted from Germany. The hood is thrown over the head; the two long ends wrap round the throat, and float on the shoulders. Braided cloth and embroidered cashmere are most used for them.

Bonnets are larger, but are quite as much like hats. They have feathers drooping over the large flat crowns, and bandeaux and bows of coloured silk below the brim, turning up a great deal at the side.

On the Rubens, Rabagas, and Dorothy hats, the latest novelty is the introduction of a brooch in the form of a claw, which often holds a ball. These are either jet or silver.

Shoes are worn in Paris out-doors and in, but they do not know there what English mud both in streets and roads means, and our nation remains faithful to boots for out-door wear. Indoors, most elaborate stockings accompany the dainty high-heeled shoes, which might have won the heart of the Grand Monarque himself, in the second and most magnificent period of his reign.

Pocket-handkerchiefs are no exceptions to the general rule of extravagance, and the last fashion is for them to have pleated frills of washing-silk to match the dress, edged with narrow Valenciennes.

Evening dresses are chiefly remarkable for the profusion of flowers with which they are trimmed. Châtelaines of flowers are the newest introduction, and fringes formed of daisies or violets. Matrons adopt such costly materials as velvet, woven with silk stripes, bearing shaded flowerets, which are perfect works of art.

At present, slim and slender figures have much to be thankful for, and stout ones are certainly at a disadvantage; but we cannot all, like royalty, make fashions adapt themselves to our personal peculiarities. Even grave defects, we know, among queens and princesses have been the cause and origin of certain fashions, which all the world copied. Still, the sex never seems to have been better aware of the power of beauty, or more anxious to secure it. Unlike sturdy Cromwell, who bade Lely paint him as he was, with every defect and wrinkle, they are not too proud to paint out the defects and wrinkles which Time and Nature bestow, and the vendors of cosmetics and other beautifiers must find their trade a good one, judging from what one sees in the fashionable 'atherings of this nineteenth century of ours.

NOT ALL BAD: A SKIPPER'S YARN.

I'VE been a good deal about the world in my time (said Captain W——, stroking his grey beard with his big brown hand), and I've seed a lot o' rough customers; but it's my opinion that the very worst of 'em all's got some good in 'em, if you'll only take the trouble to look for it; and that, let a fellow be ever so black, he's not all bad. You don't agree with me? Well, I'll just tell you a story.

It's about eight or nine years ago now—afore ever this Suez Canal, as we cum through yesterday, was made—that I was first mate of a steamer plying from Suez to Djeddah (the port of Mecca, you know) carryin' Gov'ment stores and fighting tackle for the Turks; for, of course, there was a row going on among the Arabs of the Hedjaz, as it seems to me there always is. I'd a precious rough lot for a crew that voyage—all odds and ends, like an Irish stew—Greeks, Maltese, Dalmatians, niggers, and what not.

Most of these men o' mine was too thick-headed to be up to much mischief, and I managed to get 'em along pretty well on the whole. Preachin' at 'em warn't much good, but when I talked to 'em with a handspike or a bit o' two-inch rope, they understood that well enough. But the worst of the whole lot was a Dalmatian, name of Spiro. To give him his due, he was a fust-chop sailor, like most o' his sort; for Dalmatia's a kind o' nursery of seamen for Austria, just like Finland for Russia. But that was all the good there was to be said for him, for a more vicious, bloodthirsty dog never breathed. In the parts where he cum from, they take to blood as natterally as a sailor to grog; and he was just like all the rest of 'em—never happy unless he was in a row with somebody.

Now, I may say without bragging that I've a pretty sharp eye for the cut of a man's jib—'specially when he's a-going to sail with me; and this fellow Spiro hadn't been aboard two days afore I'd picked him out as an ugly customer. He was pretty smart in picking me out too, as a chap what wouldn't stand no nonsense; and so it warn't long afore we got to eyeing each other, him and me, like two strange dogs making up for a fight. 'Bout a week a'ter we'd sailed on our first cruise, as we was a-lyin' in Djeddah harbour, this

chap Spiro was rayther slow over somethin' I'd told him to do, and I began hollerin' at him; when what does he do but turn round and cheek me like anything, right to my very face! I don't take cheek very kindly, that's a fact; and besides, I was reg'lar mad at having all the work shoved on to me this way; so I just up fist, and let him have it between his eyes, knocking him right to t'other side of the deck. It was more'n a minute afore he knew where he was; but when he cum to, he just gave me a wicked look out of the corner of his eye, and hobbled down below. The minute he was gone, up comes my chum Bill Barlow, the engineer (who had see'd the whole thing), and says to me—

"Tom," says he, "now you've done that, you'd better just shoot that 'ere feller right off; if you don't, your life ain't worth *that!*"

"Well, Bill," says I, "I'm pretty much of that way o' thinkin' myself; but still, I don't like killin' a feller in cold blood, somehow. Let's wait till he does summut, and then we'll let him know."

But Bill's words stuck in my head, and they stuck in it a trifle more two nights a'ter, when, just as we was a gettin' out o' the harbour, down comes a block from the fore-rigging within an inch of my head, and pretty nigh knocked my brains out. There was more 'n a dozen of 'em up aloft at the time making sail, so o' course it might have been a haccident; but when I see'd Master Spiro a-comin' down along with the rest, I had my own thoughts 'bout who sent me that 'ere sugar-plum.

Well, the second day a'ter that, just as we was 'bout half-way to Suez, Spiro was on the taffrail coilin' down a rope, when the ship gave a lurch, and his foot slipped, and overboard he went. If it had been only that, it wouldn't have mattered a pin to *him*, for not a man on board could hold a candle to him at swimming; but, d'ye see, he fell somehow flat-ways, and cum sitch a lick upon the water that it reg'lar stunned him, and he lay out on the water as limp as a wet rag. Well, I happened to be the nearest, so I sang out, "Stop her!" and jumped a'ter him, and collared him just as he was a-sinkin' the second time. But what with his weight, and the rough sea, I had to do all I knew to keep afloat; and by the time they picked us up, I'd swallered more salt water than all the grog on board could ha' put away the taste of.

Well, Spiro was put into his hammock, and kep' warm, but it was next morning afore he cum straight agin. The first thing he axed was, who saved him? And when they told him it was me, he just stared for a minute without sayin' nothin', and then flew up the ladder like a wild cat—came rushing up to where I was standing, and threw himself down on his knees, and took my hand and kissed it, and cried like a child.

I cum precious near pipin' my eye too, I can tell ye, to see so much natteral gratitude in a great hulkin' cut-throat like him. But the next minute he got up and stood afore me, as tall and grand as a king, and looks me right in the face. and says—

"Capitano" (he always called me that)—"Capitano, you no know all. You 'member dat block fall at your head de oder night? *I* trowed it; and when it no kill you, I tink kill you wid dis knife. See, you take de knife, drive into my heart—so!" (he gave me the knife, and stripped open his shirt)—"you hab revenge, and all done!"

Talk of a play! the way the feller said that, and the way he stood waitin' for the blow, never movin' a muscle, beat all the plays that ever was. I said nothin' for a minute—I couldn't ha' spoke to save my life—and then I flung the knife down on the deck, and says to him—

"I won't touch a hair o' your head, my brave fellow—only you be a good boy, and don't let's have any more nonsense!"

He gave my hand a grip that made it ache for a whole day a'ter, and away he went; and there (as I thought) was an end of that. But it warn't an end of it, neither.

'Bout a week a'ter, we was lyin' at Suez, takin' in cargo, and had pretty nigh got it all aboard, when, one a'ternoon, I took a thought (the weather bein' murderin' hot) that I might as well have a bathe; and so I did—as jolly a one as I ever had yet. I was just thinkin', a'ter paddlin' about for a quarter of an hour or so, that it was about time to be comin' out—when all to once, atwixt me and the ship, up rose a great, black, pointed thing, that I knowed directly for the back fin of a shark!

I warn't 'zactly frightened—there ain't *time* for that in sitch scrapes; all the fright comes a'ter it's over—I just felt my breath go for a minute, as if somebody had hit me in the wind; and then I found myself wonderin' how the shark 'ud ketch hold o' me—lengthways or sideways, or with my head right into his mouth.* I saw him lurch round in the water, ready for a rush, with all his big teeth grinnin'—and then suddenly there was a splash and a bubblin', and up rose the shark a'most upright in the water, wrigglin' like a speared eel, and the clear water round him turned all dark with blood; and then something gripped me by the shoulder, and I heard Spiro's voice saying quite coolly, "All right, capitano—he no hurt you now!" The feller had actilly dived under the shark, and cut a gash in him as big as the mouth of a letter-box—with the very same knife as he'd been a-goin' to kill me with!

The shark wasn't quite dead, but he was too hard hit to go far; and a'ter they'd picked us up, they settled him and hauled him aboard; and I've got a bit of his backbone now, made into a walking-stick.

Well, a'ter that, Spiro and me was the greatest chums goin'; and when the poor feller died o'fever, 'bout a year a'ter, I was as sorry as if it had been my own brother. Just afore he died, he gave me the knife; and this is it hangin' round my neck now. So you see, let a feller be as black as the mouth of the funnel, there may be good in him yet. And now let's go up and see what kind o' night it is, afore we turn in.

* In case this part of the story should appear incredible, the writer may as well state that he is describing his own personal sensations.

UNDER THE LIMES.

THE happy days when we sat together
Under the odorous trees,
'Mid the hush of the blazing July weather,
And the hum of the murmurous bees;

The bright old days, when the gloaming closed
The sweet eves' drooping eyes,
And each flower amid its leaves reposed,
And the stars crept out in the skies;

"THE HAPPY DAYS WHEN WE SAT TOGETHER."

And saw the summer noontide flood
The firs on the mountain's brow,
And heard the beck in the heart of the wood—
Who cares for its tinkle now,
Or sets sweet dreams to its fairy chimes,
As we did, darling, under the limes?

When the zephyrs woke from their sleep to float
Heavy with breath of flowers,
nd the wooing tones of the nightingale's note
Stole from the woodbine bowers,
And blent with the ring of our favourite rhymes,
As you read them, darling, under the limes!

Ah me ! the great boughs droop as of old
Over our rustic seat,
Where laburnum bows all his bounteous gold,
The lilac's kiss to meet ;
The roses bloom in crimson and white,
The violets purple the grass,
The wild birds sing, 'mid the blossoms bright,
To the breezes as they pass ;
Naught changed or gone from the dear old times,
Save we two, darling, from under the limes.

S. K. P.

SOCIAL LECTURES.

ON SWELLS.

SLANG is a very bad thing ; it has a thievish twang, and tends to corrupt the English language. Yet if a fact has only one name, and that a slang one, what is a speaker or a writer, who desires to allude to that fact, to do? Now the word "swell" is possibly of most disreputable origin, coined perchance by the Artful Dodger of some Fagin den, and for a long time the sole property of pickpockets and dishonest beggars. But it has pushed a way up in the world, and now occupies the place formerly filled by the equally slang terms, "blood," fop, dandy, with which it is by no means synonymous ; for a swell is—a swell, and there is no other name by which you can designate him. Some men are born swells ; to these the few remarks I am about to offer will perhaps be of little practical value ; but there are others who would achieve swelldom, and it is to them that I more particularly address myself on the present occasion. For as I have observed that there are many young men possessed of regular features, symmetrical figures, and respectable incomes, who gaze with an awful admiration, not unmixed with envy, at the gorgeous beings who flash upon them from the Row and the club steps—who dazzle them at the opera, and abash them in the ball-room—and as many of these eligible youths are fired by a noble ambition to emulate such paragons, but do not rightly know how to set about it, it has occurred to me that a few hints for their instruction and guidance may spare them many false starts and humiliating failures, and so save some from giving up the attempt in despair, and falling back among the ordinary crowd who seem to consider life as a mere arena for contest and for struggle ; who admit responsibilities, acknowledge duties, practise self-denial, and absurdly pursue such chimeras as love, friendship, and ambition. Let the neophyte take courage, for though a swell resembles a poet in this, that he is born, and does not issue, as some ignorant persons have imagined, from a band-box, like Hope, he differs from the paltry scribbler in the more important fact that he can be made. He can be made, and as the persons who have most to do with his manufacture are those artists who devote their talents to adornment of the person, the novice must begin by getting himself as well dressed as his present ignorance and uncultivated taste will permit, taking care to avoid bright colours and elaborate articles of jewellery, until further study under the best masters shall enable him to indulge in such luxuries with safety ; for if he neglects this advice, he will run the risk of splitting on that rock of would-be swells—vulgarity, and his hopes will be wrecked for ever. It is no easy matter for an unknown man to get a really first-class tailor to pay him proper attention ; the only method of procedure is to give a large order in the first instance—say half a dozen coats, eight or nine waistcoats, and as many pairs of trousers—to try each article on at every possible stage of its manufacture, and to give as much trouble as possible. I dare say that you may have observed how badly for the most part statesmen and persons engaged in scientific pursuits are dressed, even though their social positions may be high, their fortunes large, the tradesmen they employ of fashionable reputation. Why is this? It is because they take no pains about the fit of their own clothes, but trust entirely to those tradesmen ; and it is an idiosyncrasy of the hatter, the bootmaker, and especially of the tailor, that he feels no respect for the man who does not worry him to the verge of distraction. Now, without respect for the customer who is to be fitted no true artist can put forth his highest powers. And here I may remark that there is a grand old proverb, the true deep meaning of which lies hidden for the most part from those who utter it. I allude to the aphorism "Nine tailors make a man," which is used by shallow witlings in depreciation of that great art which principally distinguishes the civilised man from the savage ; as if the wisdom of ages, condensed by the wit of a genius, would establish any such flippant nonsense as that the artificer who works up the raw material of nature into a thing of beauty was in any way inferior in the scale of creation ! No, the true sense of the saw is that it requires the united talents of nine tailors to make a man, the ideal man, a swell. Guided by this light the judicious aspirant should, as he gains confidence, extend his patronage. One tailor may have a particular talent for riding-trousers, another for walking-trousers, a third for coats, and so forth.

But when he has once found a bootmaker, he should be constant to him. The wearer of boots, like the cobbler himself, should stick to his last, his *own* last. That is the best of boots, when the foot is once perfectly fitted the model can be fixed for ever in hard enduring wood, future copies may be relied upon as actual reproductions of the original, and the customer is no longer dependent upon the fluctuating skill of the craftsman. For that his powers do vary was

owned by a master in the art, who once exhibited so beautiful a boot in his shop-window, that an amateur wanted to buy it. But it was not for sale, and the proprietor refused to part with it at any price.

"Well," said the amateur, "can you make me another exactly like it?"

"Make another, sir!" exclaimed the artificer, "I did not *make* that boot; I struck it off in a moment of inspiration."

To obtain a shirt that will sit close to the breast in all movements of the body is no light task, and though the necktie is no longer such a stumbling-block in the path of him who would be well dressed as it was in the days of Beau Brummel, its perfect disposal will be found a considerable difficulty, which, however, with practice, fair natural abilities, and a careful study of the best models, is to be overcome.

Having attired himself in suitable clothing, including gloves which really fit him, and a hat that will cling gracefully to his head though the wind blow and his horse plunge, the incipient swell should now exert all his endeavours to form an acquaintance with some acknowledged model, with a title if possible, whom he may study at his leisure. This is often achieved by men starting under great disadvantages, who have devoted all their energies to that one object. It is strange if the noble ambition we treat of should inspire the breast of one who cannot, through family connections, or some old school or college acquaintanceship, get an introduction, if not to the great swell himself, at least to one of the satellites moving in his orbit, through whose means he may insinuate himself into speaking and bowing terms with him; and when he has once reached that point, there are many ways of worming himself into his intimacy. If the great man is in pecuniary difficulties, which is not improbable, he may buy a horse of him, or lose money to him at écarté; if he has a master-vice (and most men have), let him be companionable, and assume it; and as swells, like ordinary mortals, are subject to vanity, he must delicately flatter him.

Prior to or concomitant with this swell-stalking, the aspirant should strain every nerve to get into a *good* club. Many young men who are fitted by position, fortune, and inclination for swells, join second or third-rate clubs in the interim, hoping to gain admission into the more select ones at some future time. What is the consequence? Why, they get into a bad set; they are seen associating with ill-dressed men, who are quite outside the pale of fashion; they are marked as vulgarians; and when their names are put up at the clubs into which they desire admission, their chance is hopeless. The prospects of an utterly unknown candidate are infinitely better, so that the neophyte should get himself proposed for the very best club he can in the first instance. An insignificant candidate, especially if he is proposed and seconded by insignificant members, is far less often black-balled than one whose own or whose friends' merits and popularity have wounded the vanity or stirred the jealousy of the voters. It is the taller heads that are most likely to be lopped off. But should he meet with repulse, let him remain clubless rather than seek refuge in an inferior establishment. His perseverance will be rewarded in time.

It may be, however, that there is some young man amongst my hearers who is endowed with money, beauty, tranquillity, a due regard for his personal appearance, and other qualities essential to success, but who is positively without any acquaintance of the most distant kind who can place him even on the margin of polite society. Let him then enter himself as a fellow-commoner at one of the colleges of either university, or, better still, get a commission in a cavalry regiment. It is true that there is considerable difficulty about this latter operation in these degenerate days; he will have to pass an examination in the first place, and then to undergo the ordeal of drill. The discipline of the riding-school, watering parades, early stables, are very trying indeed to the higher nature which aspires to complete calm; there is also the risk of his regiment being ordered abroad. But he will probably be able to get into the Rag or the Junior, and that will give him the first step which he requires. That accomplished, he can retire from the service as soon as he likes.

But this is a digression; we suppose our neophyte launched, free from distracting cares and occupations, a member of a good club, living in chambers which he need not be ashamed of, and possessed of a sufficiency either of money or of credit, and we resume.

His hair must be dressed daily by a first-rate artist, to whom he should entrust the entire control over his head.

He must not often dance, though he should privately acquire the utmost proficiency in the art; so that when he is positively obliged to practise it in public, he may accomplish the task gracefully, and with as little exertion to himself as possible.

He should take no exercise on foot, but pay the greatest attention to his riding, and never mount a screw. The horse is so noble an animal that it is impossible for a good rider to look insignificant, plebeian, or undignified upon his back; so that the swell may ride at a pace which induces perspiration, if it is necessary for his health; he may even hunt, provided he carefully avoids those meets where cockneys and other vulgarians mostly congregate. All this, of course, is incongruous, abnormal; one conceives the perfect swell as merely lounging on foot, or ambling gently on horseback where people of fashion take the air, but engaging in no pursuit which might rumple or soil him. But there are months when he cannot be seen in London, and the time may hang heavily on his hands unless he engages in country pursuits and pastimes. He may therefore shoot, provided always he can do so without violent exertion. Cover-shooting, for example, may generally be taken very easily, there being plenty of sportsmen who are not swells ready to compete eagerly for the warm corners; and the practice of driving game seems to have been established expressly in his behoof. Shooting pigeons out of a trap is still less objectionable, provided the company be extremely select; but, in truth, the firing of a gun,

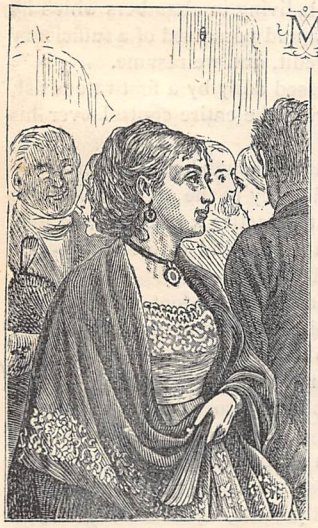
accompanied as it is with noise, smoke, recoil, and soiling of the gloves, is unsuited to him, and, like hunting, is only permitted as a concession to human weakness. The same remark applies to most other amusements: billiards is chalky, cards apt to excite, and the swell should never be excited. In short, I know of no pastime exactly fitted for him except croquet.

It may be that the neophyte has certain quondam acquaintances whose dress and style are compromising. If these are difficult to shake off in the ordinary way, the object may always be attained either by lending them money, borrowing it of them, or, best of all, asking them to back bills for him whenever they address him. If he is not short-sighted—in which case it would be impolitic to draw attention to a personal infirmity—he should wear an eyeglass, which will enable him *not to see* undesirable people without obviously cutting them. Rudely to cut any one is bad form, and only practised in these days at the universities. But an eye-glass in the hands of a dexterous swell will be found as useful as a parasol or a fan in those of a lady.

While the ambitious youth is qualifying himself in other respects, he must not neglect the moral and mental training, without which no amount of personal decoration can give him that high-bred air which is the peculiar characteristic of the real swell. He must never be angry or merry, or happy or unhappy, or frightened or amused or astonished; or should he unhappily experience one of those vulgar emotions, let him at any rate guard against the expression of it. He must learn to regard love as romantic folly, and friendship as a poetic myth. He may find more difficulty than at first he apprehends in cooling himself down to the proper degree of apathy and indifference, but dissipation, self-cultivation, and tobacco will aid him greatly. Let him consider to what a degree of perfection those Asiatics have attained, who spend their whole lives—as they trust to spend eternity—sitting or standing in one position, absorbed in listless contemplation of Buddha; and shall a civilised Englishman fail where a heathen barbarian has succeeded? Never! The true swell is his own Buddha.

LEWIS HOUGH.

MRS. MUDDLE'S PARTY, AND HOW IT FAILED.



MR. and Mrs. Muddle were going to give an evening party.

Mr. Muddle was a very moderately successful barrister, whose income from all sources amounted to but little over three hundred pounds a year. His amusement was painting, and in his leisure hours he laid colours on to canvas, and the result was what he and his friends called pictures, and what his enemies called by a less pleasing name.

His wife was a well-meaning little woman, anxious to show off, and inclined to do her best, but with not much idea of how to do it. They had been married some few years, and had entertained but little, though they had themselves been out a great deal. But Mr. Muddle was getting on now, and his wife wanted people to know it, "so the best thing we can do," she said, "is to give an evening party, then we can ask every one at once."

"Will it cost much?" he asked, "and won't it be a great deal of trouble?"

"Not nearly so much as anything else," she answered. "We have only to give them supper; that's all they will need. I should like it to be a really handsome supper," she added. "It is the first party we have ever given, and it must go off well."

"Yes," he said approvingly.

"So," she went on triumphantly, "let's give a really stylish affair,"

And Mr. Muddle, who had also secret longings to astonish the weak nerves of his friends, gave his gracious assent.

The next day Mrs. Muddle bought some printed forms, and filled them up, and this was the effect:—

"14, Silvergilt Terrace,
"Bayswater.

"Mrs. Muddle requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Blank's company at an evening party on Wednesday evening, January 21st, 187-, at nine o'clock. "[R.S.V.P."

"This is the 6th," said Mrs. Muddle, "so we have given them good notice. Now we must see about ordering in things for the supper. Of course the eatables will do the day before, but what about the wine?"

"Well, let's see; suppose we have—how many are coming?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know. I never counted, and they have not all replied. I should say about forty—oh, no, there must be fifty."

"Well, we'll have a dozen of sherry, for we have only four bottles left in the house. I wonder if it should be 'good.'"

"It doesn't matter a bit about that, so long as we have plenty. I think it would be as well to get very cheap wine. No one will find it out. I am sure I don't know the difference as long as it tastes sweet and nice."

"Well, a dozen of sherry, say at twenty-four shillings; and I think we ought to have a little port, just for the old folks—say three bottles."

"We had better have half a dozen."

"Well, then there's the champagne" (Mrs. Muddle

"A LETTER FROM A FOREIGN LAND" (*p.* 124).

gave a long sigh of relief. She had been so afraid her husband would refuse her champagne, and she remembered that the Browns, and the Crawfords, and lots of people had given *them* champagne). "It will want a good deal of that, for it doesn't go far."

"Yes," said Mrs. Muddle eagerly.

"You say perhaps fifty people coming. Well, we'll have two dozen and a half—on an average, half a bottle a person. Do you think we want anything else? Suppose we have a little hock and a few bottles of claret, half a dozen of each."

"It will come in useful afterwards."

"Well then, say three bottles of port at two and six, two dozen and a half of champagne at four shillings, six bottles of claret at one-and-six, and six of hock at two-and-six."

A week passed. The wine arrived, and Mr. Muddle brought home four dozen crackers, with which to garnish the table, and then Mrs. Muddle and her husband had a consultation as to what must be ordered in the eating way.

"Do you think we had better have in a supper at so much a head, and have done with it?" he asked.

But this, she said, would be very expensive, and, moreover, if they provided the things themselves, they would certainly have enough left to live upon for two or three days afterwards.

"We must have a turkey."

"Are we going to have a sit-down supper?"

"Oh, yes; it's so much more comfortable."

"But we can't seat fifty people at once."

"Then they can come down in two sets; we'll divide them."

"Then the first lot will gobble up the turkey."

"So they will. We must have two turkeys, two tongues, a ham, a large piece of sirloin of beef—about sixteen pounds, to look handsome—and some fowls—we shall want quite four fowls—and a piece of collared veal would look nice. Then we shall want some lobster salads—I should say four—and we had better have these from the pastrycook's, for I really don't know how to make them. Then we must have a raised veal and ham pie, and three dozen oyster patties—they pile up on dishes and look so nice. That will do for the solids and savoury things, unless we can get a couple of dishes of prawns—they look so nice."

"My dear Annie! There'll be too much."

"No, there will not; indeed, I think we shall want six fowls. Remember, only half this will go on table at once, and the other half will be left for the second batch. We have fifty people coming."

"Yes, but not fifty wolves, seeking what they may devour."

"Well, now for the sweets; it will be best, I think, to cook the other things at home, all but the patties and raised pie, which we must order from the pastrycook's, and also the salads. As for the rest, I can't bear home-made sweets, every one can tell them, so we must order them in. The Charles Muddles, remember, ordered in their entire supper, and it cost ten shillings a head. This won't cost anything like that."

"Well, let's do it well while we are about it. Young Carrington has accepted, you know."

"But, to continue the sweets, let us make out the list, and then I can order them," and then she continued—"Two trifles, two tipsy-cakes, four jellies, four blancmanges, four creams, and then we might have a cold plum-pudding, as it's Christmas time, and plenty of mince-pies—say three dozen—and three dozen other tartlets, and those sort of things, which we'll tell them to mix. And we might have a twelfth-cake, and a couple of sponge or pound cakes; and that will do, with the crackers and fruit. We will have any amount of fruit—that will make a good many more dishes—almonds and raisins, oranges, apples, grapes—plenty of grapes—and that's all," and she said the last words quite regretfully, and wondered if she *could* think of anything else, and suddenly recollected "two dozen boiled custards in glasses, and some dishes of macaroons, and those sort of things."

The house in which the Muddles lived was at Bayswater—one of the type common enough there. Let us briefly describe it. The rent was sixty pounds. On the ground floor was the dining-room; next to it the study, sacred to Mr. Muddle and litter; at the end of the hall was a little off-room, in which Mrs. Muddle commonly stowed away boxes. Up-stairs on the first floor were drawing-rooms with folding doors (thrown open). On the second floor were two bed-rooms; the front one, being that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Muddle, was the most imposing as to furniture and appearance.

Now to proceed. Mrs. Muddle concerned herself with little but receiving answers to her invitations till three days before the 21st. Then she bestirred herself.

Her first trouble was that all round the neighbourhood she could not find a confectioner to undertake the order for the sweets, &c., at so short a notice; and when at last she did discover one, it was at so grand a shop, that she felt she was putting herself under an everlasting obligation to the proprietor thereof, and did not dare to inquire the price of a single article beforehand.

The beef and the tongues were ordered, and then she had a grand consideration about the fowls.

"Four fowls," she thought, "will only give eight wings, and there are fifty people, I think—though I have never counted them, by the way—and every one likes the wing of a fowl. I shall order six—it's as well to be on the safe side."

So six were ordered. The day before, the ham and the tongues were boiled, and the beef was roasted; and then Mrs. Muddle found that by the time these were done and put away, and two of the fowls roasted, she was tired with trotting in and out of the kitchen; so she decided it would be best to get up very early, and cook the turkeys and remaining fowls next morning, which was done accordingly; and then she got out all the knives and forks and spoons she possessed, and all the glasses; but, alas! of the latter she had only two dozen of each kind—a very good stock, but not enough for fifty people.

"Jane," she said to the housemaid (her domestic force numbered two), "you must go to Mrs. Fanshaw's, and ask her if she would mind lending me two dozen glasses of all kinds.—Mrs. Fanshaw is the only one I really would ask," she thought, "for she is so good-natured."

Then Mrs. Muddle had a brilliant notion. She would have all the supper things put into the little room at the end of the hall. She had decided that she would not go to the expense of rout seats, so all the chairs she could muster in addition to the dining-room ones might also be placed there. Tea and coffee were to be placed in the dining-room first, for the benefit of the guests when they arrived. All this was settled to her satisfaction, and the servants carefully instructed how to lay the cloth; and then Mrs. Muddle felt greatly relieved, and went to lie down for an hour.

At seven o'clock Mr. Muddle came home, and was implored to dress himself; but it was remembered that he had to open and decanter the wine; so Mrs. Muddle made her own toilette, and had just accomplished it at a quarter past nine, and then the first double knock came to the street-door.

"Oh dear me!" cried Mrs. Muddle, as she rushed into the drawing-room; "it is very inconsiderate of people to come so early. I am so afraid the house smells of those horrid fowls and the turkeys. I wish I had had them cooked yesterday; and look at that drawing-room fire: it won't burn up; and the room feels like a vault." Then, as she heard the street-door open, she had a thrill of horror. Muddle was in the bed-room dressing, and there was no other cloak-room for her lady guests! Moreover, of course the room was horribly untidy!

"Oh, dear Mrs. Fanshaw!" she said, with a sigh of relief, "I am so glad it's only you. I was afraid it was Mrs. Charles Muddle come early on purpose to quiz. Would you mind waiting here a minute?" and she ran up-stairs, turned Muddle and his belongings bodily into the back room (which was not grand enough for visitors), banged her old dresses and everything else that looked untidy into the back room after him, and called out, "Come up, dear Mrs. Fanshaw;" and then she stayed chatting with her a minute or two in the bed-room, and descended to find that half a dozen guests had arrived, and found no one to receive them.

"I must tell Jane to show them up-stairs," she thought, and did so; and the cook poured out the coffee, and opened the door, but found it was impossible to continue doing both; so in the end Muddle had to descend (bad-tempered, of course, because he had no looking-glass before which to tie his white choker) and to pour out the coffee.

"If you please, sir," whispered the cook, "where am I to put the gentlemen's hats and coats?"

"On the hat-rail in the hall, of course."

"But, please, sir, it's full."

"Then pile it up."

By a little after ten every one had arrived. The front drawing was crammed, and the back drawing was crammed, and there were only seats enough for half of the people in the two rooms, so the remaining two-thirds stood. The atmosphere got very close, and the room was badly lighted, and somehow the people would not talk to each other; and before even an hour had passed Mrs. Muddle looked fagged and tired, and her guests seemed bored, and altogether in doubt as to what to do with themselves, or what was going to be done with them. Mr. Muddle had shown them his pictures; several were hung round the walls, and others he had fished up from his studio (as he loved to call the room sacred to litter on the ground-floor); but people did not seem to care for them. There was a little music at first, but it died away, and there was no attempt at anything else.

Somehow, too—how, Mrs. Muddle could not make out—the whole thing dragged. The people stared blankly at each other, the men doing a little feeble small talk, and the women wondering if their dresses were getting torn off their backs or not. Mrs. Muddle, to do her justice, did her best; but she found that her time was all taken up chatting a moment here and a moment there; and she made the mistake of being too polite to just a few of her guests—those she wanted to propitiate—and neglecting the general body. If she had only endeavoured to think of something that would have amused the majority, it would have made another affair of it. Then, too, she was so anxious about the supper, and so afraid the servants would not lay it properly.

"I think we might have a little more music," she said to Marian Hill; who thereupon sang a song with an inscrutable accompaniment, and apparently no melody and no words.

"I think, dear, we must be going," said Mrs. Wilmot. "It's getting quite late."

"Oh, no; pray don't," implored Mrs. Muddle. "We are going to have supper directly;" but Mrs. Wilmot thought of the dreary two hours she had spent, and would not be persuaded till Mr. Muddle, truly miserable, added his entreaties; and then a pale-faced young man, with straw-coloured hair and a plaintive look about the eye-lids, commenced to play a long, long piece of the tinkle-tinkle-up-in-the-treble description. Every one listened for the first five minutes, and for the second five minutes wondered when it would end, and during the third five minutes came to the conclusion that it *never* would, and resigned themselves to their fate.

At last there were two sensations.

The first was the ending of the piece. Then Mrs. Muddle whispered to her husband—

"What do you think? Those idiots down-stairs had put both trifles on table at once. I've told them to reserve one till afterwards. Take Mrs. Charles down when I give the sign."

Saddened and damped Mrs. Muddle at last entered the dining-room. Her next grief was that no one seemed to eat much; and as for two turkeys being wanted, after the first twenty people had supped, the first one had not half gone, and she was certain

there could not be more than five-and-thirty people. How stupid of her not to have counted them!

As for Muddle, he was a miserable man. His brother Charles had tasted the wine, shaken his head, and tasted no more.

"Where did you get your wine?" he whispered. "It's poison. My dear fellow, give a little or none, but never bad wine; and always buy it at a trustworthy place."

So the first batch went up-stairs, and the second batch descended at once, and had to wait till clean things came; and then Jane—that unfortunate Jane!—entered with a tray of glasses, and put them down on the stand of the butler's tray, and forgot that the centre strap was broken; and the result was that, with a crash that made people actually shiver, they fell through to the ground.

"Oh, Jane, it's too bad of you!" poor Mrs. Muddle said, with almost a sob—seeing, however, with relief that they were her own, and not Mrs. Fanshaw's glasses that had suffered.

At last everybody was fed, and the drawing-room had been cleared, and Mrs. Muddle asked some one to play a quadrille; but most of the people declared they must go.

Meanwhile those that were left (about twenty) tried to dance; but the quadrille didn't "go"—no one knew why.

"We'll have a waltz next time," said Mrs. Muddle. "That will set them on their feet."

But when the waltz was played, it was no better.

"I can't get into step," said Jack Crawford, who had stayed behind to dance with Nelly Roberts.

"No," she said, "no more can I, because the music is out of time."

"This carpet does nothing but ruck," said another.

"And I begin to feel quite choking," answered his partner.

Then suddenly it dawned upon every one that it was impossible to dance to music out of time, and on carpet that was not tightly put down, and that was moreover very dusty, so that people were choking, and getting smothered.

In half an hour's time Mr. and Mrs. Muddle were alone.

"Oh, Walter!" she gasped, "I am sure everything was dreadful."

"There was a great deal too much supper," he said crossly. "I have just been and looked in. Why, there were only two fowls cut, and one tongue. You didn't even count your heads, for there were only thirty-seven people."

"Oh, Walter! don't blame me," she said; "everything was wrong—everything was ridiculous; but I shall know better next time."

"So shall I," he said softening at that; "and I'll give them good wine another time, or else none at all."

So Mrs. Muddle's party failed, and left her with provisions that would spoil before they could be eaten, with wine that was undrinkable, and with the knowledge that instead of giving her friends a pleasant evening, she had given them the reverse; and all this was through want of management, and want of thought, and a desire to show off rather than to consider the comfort of her guests.

We have followed Mrs. Muddle in all the details of her party, and seen how and why it failed; let us by-and-by endeavour to show how, with the same means at her command, and at far less expense, Mrs. Fanshaw gave a party, and made it a success.

GOOD NEWS

THE sun crept in with golden ray,
The blackbird's mellow note rang clear,
A rippling brooklet murmured near,
Up came the scent of new-mown hay—
An evening calm to end a day
Of thunder-weather.
"God's love," said grandam, "stretches wide,
He sendeth light at eventide."

A child's voice in sweet treble read
A letter in a trembling hand,
A letter from a foreign land.
"And she will come!" the grandam said;
"I looked on her as on one dead
And unforgiven;
But that is past—and my old eyes
Shall see, at even, light arise.

"Good news! good news! for which I've prayed
Morning and night, and through the day,
That my lost dove might find her way
Back to her nest." The little maid
Looked wondering up. A golden ray
Fell on the letter.
"God's love," said grandam, "stretches wide,
He sendeth light at eventide."

JULIA GODDARD.

THE PEOPLE'S PLEASURES.

THE PEOPLE'S MUSIC.

CHOOSE your time—just after a late dinner we should not recommend it. From the number of persons who seem to be in a sort of doze, or stupor, at fashionable evening concerts, we should say that many are in the habit of taking their after-dinner nap and music simultaneously. But if you want to hear music to any purpose, go with a fresh mind. The language of emotion must not find you asleep.

Choose your company. Don't go with people who will be specially bored by the sort of music which specially interests you. To turn round in a moment of ecstasy over some thrilling passage, and be met with a yawn—an audible yawn from your unsympathising companion, who is sighing for a cigar, or cup of coffee, or a good sofa—is, to say the least, depressing—at times exasperating.

Avoid chatterboxes: they may not mean to be offensive, but they simply cannot hold their tongues all through a classical movement. Something is always catching their eye, and talk they will; and no snubs or snappish answers of yours will quiet them.

Some people will cough all through a concert, just as if they were at church and the sermon had just begun; others will insist on encoring all the wrong things; others will fidget or beat time with their feet, and make horrid crackling noises with their fans in the middle of a *pianissimo*, or even hum. Therefore, as sympathy adds so much to the enjoyment of those who love to hear music, we say to all such, "Choose your company."

And choose your concert. And here let us say that we do not belong to those captious or narrow-minded persons who only believe in the music of the past, or the music of the future. All styles may be good of their kind, though there may be an infinite variety of kinds; but things have come to such a pass in musical circles that no one dares say, "I like the Negro Minstrels, or the "Fille de Madame Angot."

This incessant dictation to people who "don't understand music, but enjoy it," of what they may or may not like, is an intolerable infliction. Let people judge for themselves, and by hearing with patience many styles, gradually acquire a right taste; but to dilate upon Wagner to an individual who can just see the merits of "Caller Herrin'," is like throwing a Greek play at the head of a schoolboy who only cares for jam.

There is a vulgar and common-place verbal expression of emotion, and there is a refined, a poetical or profound use of language for that purpose. It follows naturally enough that music, which is the special vehicle for expressing emotion more purely and directly than any words, may also be vulgar, common-place, refined, poetical, or profound. And just as all children rise through obvious melodies—usually the more common-place and simple—to appreciate better music, so we must remember that numbers of adults are mere babes in music, and will prefer the most trivial ballad to Beethoven and all his works.

From this point of view the Ballad Concerts of Mr. Boosey, at St. James's Hall, have done a good work. Though of course some indifferent ballads were occasionally sung, yet on the whole they were good of their kind, the singing as a rule excellent, and people of no fanatical musical proclivities—the "fond-of-music"-sort of people—went there, knowing that they would not be bored by classical music; and often came away delighted, with a kind of feeling that, after all, they were not so very ignorant of music, and had followed the ballads with the greatest ease: just as, after reading a little mediæval Latin, an indifferent scholar begins to think his knowledge of the language is, after all, considerable—until he goes back to his Tacitus, and then he feels very much like our popular ballad lover when suddenly confronted with a symphony by Schumann. His first instinct is to run, his second is a feeling of blank resignation, his third is a determination never to go to another concert if he can help it.

But still every year the progress of musical taste in England is more rapid—and this has come to pass chiefly through the increase of popular concerts at popular prices. The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, where some good music was always to be heard; the cheap oratorios at the Agricultural Hall, unhappily not resumed of late; the unequalled Monday Popular Chamber Concerts; the equally unrivalled Crystal Palace Saturday Orchestral Concerts; and, lastly, the great musical undertaking of Messrs. Novello at the Albert Hall—these, and other kindred movements throughout the provinces, have been the means of at once elevating the taste and gratifying the awakened appetite of an ever-increasing musical public.

Such old-established favourites as the old Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic Society, for oratorio, and Mr. Ella's Musical Union for chamber music, must ever be looked upon with reverence and pride by the English people. They were amongst the first of their kind, and whilst keeping up their exclusive and aristocratic character, they have had the widest influence for good, giving rise to the more accessible Oratorio Concerts of Mr. Barnby, the Musical Evenings of Mr. Henry Holmes, not to mention a host of minor societies in the suburbs of Brixton, St. John's Wood, Sydenham, &c.

Mr. Henry Leslie's unique choir has proved what English voices can do in concert, when trained with a Spartan rigour and animated by the enlightened enthusiasm of one whose speciality for choral "finish" and refinement astonished and delighted even M. Gounod.

It is impossible not to turn with interest to the series of concerts now taking place at the Albert Hall. This gigantic undertaking deserves every kind of support from the public, for it is a praiseworthy and systematic attempt to cultivate the public taste by giving admirably organised concerts every night. The area of the hall has been raised—so that the highest-priced seats are no longer down in a pit—and a vast awning has been lowered to bring down the height of the roof. Wooden sounding-boards have also been run up at the back of the orchestra. These appliances certainly enable the singers to cope better with the vast space, and as the Ballad nights, Classical, Oratorio, and Wagnerian nights succeed each other, we cannot but hope that the good seed of musical culture is being sown broadcast.

But by far the most remarkable of the late musical movements in London is that set going by the efforts of Mr. Dannreuther and Mr. Walter Bache, the ardent votaries of Wagner and Liszt. It is in consequence of the concerts organised by them in the teeth of opposition and ridicule, that the whole tone of writing and speaking about the "Music of the Future" in England has changed. People who thought Wagner unintelligible were coaxed into the Wagner concerts and entranced!

The greatest disciple of Liszt, in the person of Dr. von Bülow, next arrived on the scene. It is not too much to say that he took London by storm. Many who had never heard Liszt's prodigious pianoforte works, but gaped in a terrified way over his crowded pages, heard those myriad notes and thunder-claps roll forth with elemental grandeur from beneath Dr. Bülow's fingers. Mr. Dannreuther and Mr. Bache were not slow to follow his example; and the general public soon got into the habit of sitting breathless, if not delighted, during these astonishing performances.

But Dr. Bülow seized the Wagnerian *bâton*, and actually forced band and public into an enthusiastic reception of Wagner's music.

On one remarkable night last year, the Wagner concert at which Dr. von Bülow first conducted—crowded to the doors with an eagerly expectant audience—the real grandeur of "Lohengrin," and the "Kaiser" march, burst upon an English audience for the first time.

Adverse criticism could do little against such a triumph; and although there still appear to be difficulties in the way of producing an entire opera of Wagner's in England, still Wagner has gained a firm hold over a large and influential section of the musical public; and in Mr. Dannreuther we have at least one conductor ardently devoted to his cause, and fully competent.

THE GATHERER.

The Aquarium, and a Wicked Fish.

The aquarium bids fair to become a great popular institution, and it is with much satisfaction that we learn that the Metropolis will in a few months be on an equal footing with Brighton and Manchester, and possess a collection of the treasures of the deep at Westminster. That aquaria are coming thus into fashion is a hopeful sign of a growing interest in scientific research. We are waking up to see that the world is more full of wonders than we ever imagined, and our curiosity is urging us to go prying even into the depths of ocean.

A singular native of the sea was recently captured, and conveyed in triumph to the Manchester Aquarium. This was the Devil Fish, or, more properly, the Angler Fish, *Lophius piscatorius*, Fishing Frog, or Wide Gab—a fish for which there is no demand at Billingsgate. He is over four feet in length, weighs about eighty pounds, is almost all head, and has a mouth—into the bargain—like a yawning sepulchre. The name of Angler Fish is well bestowed: he is himself his own angler, line, hook, and bait. His piscatorial equipment consists of two long erectile filaments growing out of his head. Aided by these, his practice is to lie in wait for a prey amongst the rocks and weeds at the bottom of the water. We must not forget also to call attention to his eyes: he has large goggle ones, and wears a meditative look. This is, perhaps, the result of his mode of life. We all know that anglers are much given to quiet contemplation. No doubt he is the terror of his neighbourhood, and is called mean fellow, glutton, cannibal, assassin, by all his neighbours, poor innocent fish!

Wiser than his Creator.

On page 62 of Dr. Moreton's "Beauty of the Human Structure," he says, "If the calf of the leg had been providentially and prominently placed *before*, instead of being preposterously and prejudiciously placed behind, it had been evidently better; forasmuch as the human shin-bone could not then have been so easily broken!"

How to take Care of Furs.

Ladies, it has been remarked, as a general rule, imagine that care in putting away furs is all that is required: they think they can wear them when and how they please, provided they expend a few pence for camphor when they lay them aside. This idea should be corrected. More harm is done to furs by wearing them for a week after the weather has become warm, than during a whole cold season. When they are put aside they should be brushed the right way with a soft brush, an old linen handkerchief folded smoothly over them, and a piece of gum camphor kept in the box all the time, to scare intruders in the shape of moths.

To be Tasted.

Most people have heard of *bouillabaisse*, that most perfect of fish soups, whose praises were sung by Thackeray; but few can claim the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with it. If we would find its home and birth-place, so to speak, and enjoy it at its best, we must go to Marseilles. It is a noble hotchpotch of every sort of fish that can be netted; nothing too large, nothing too small to be placed in the boiling cauldron; but the larger fish must be cut in pieces. Then crown the mess with bay, sharpen it with lemon, stimulate it with tomatoes, fortify it with white wine, tickle it with garlic, and behold *bouillabaisse*. When you have tasted once, you will be inclined to taste again.

Condescend to Read this.

In one thing at least we may take a lesson from the Japanese. They are a people of grave and dignified courtesy. Imagine our Molly in the kitchen, or the cabman on the street, or the milkman, or the butcher's boy, habitually saying, "Pray excuse me," "Condescend to let me see it," "With pleasure," "Pardon my rudeness," "Allow me to offer you a cup of tea," &c., expressions which are heard daily and hourly among the servants and labourers in Japan. Politeness with them seems to be an instinct. Perhaps in time we may improve.

Trees and Climate.

It may not be generally known that the relations between the existence of large forests, and the maintenance of a warm climate, are of the most intimate kind; and the climate of a country in which forests are cut down gradually exhibits patent and appreciable signs of change. In Australia, the destruction of woods has already affected the climate in certain localities; and measures are being taken to replant the soil with fresh trees of young and rapid growth, and to restore the favouring influences so highly valued by all. The cork-oak, fir, red cedar, and other trees are there being planted, under Government direction, in room of the destroyed trees, many of which were useless in commerce, or for building purposes. In many localities of our own island—which is by no means so highly favoured in the matter of climate as Australia—the forester and botanist might go hand-in-hand with the meteorologist in the endeavour to improve the weather, so far as this may be practicable.

Blacklead in the Teapot.

The bloom, or glaze, or facing of green and black tea is generally artificial. In the case of green tea it is ordinarily a mixture of Prussian blue, turmeric, and sulphate of lime, or China clay; and in that of black tea it is not unfrequently a coating of blacklead. The tea prepared for the English market is notoriously subject to these adulterations; and it seems that this arises entirely from our own fancy, and not from any desire on the part of the Chinese to pursue such a practice. The adulteration is easily discovered by treating the tea with cold water, and then straining through muslin, and allowing the fine powder to subside.

A Marvellous Resuscitation.

Most of our readers will be aware that seeds such as those found in the mummy-cases of the Pyramids, which have lain for long periods of years in a desiccated state, will germinate when placed amid their natural earth. Professor von Heldreich, of Athens, has recently met with an analogous instance of long-delayed germination, in the seeds of a species of poppy (*Elancium*), which are proved to have been in a dormant or potential state for fifteen hundred years. The "slag" or refuse-meltings from the silver-mines of Laurium are being again examined and turned over, for the purpose of having the metal they still contain extracted; and the seeds, which were deeply buried and imbedded among the accumulated slag, are now springing into life and vitality on being restored to the genial influences of their native light and air. The age of the accumulated slags has been above stated at fifteen hundred years, but this long age may be exceeded in some parts of the mass. The germs or eggs of animal life also appear to lie, in some cases, in a dormant state for considerable periods. The *Rotifers* or minute animalcules inhabiting our pools may themselves, and as adult forms, be dried up by the sun from their waters, and be blown about as mere dust-specks, and may yet revive and return to perfect vitality on being moistened with water. These facts increase the puzzling nature of the physiologist's question, "What is life?"

In the Dead of Night.

Most people imagine that house-plants poison the air of a room by the exhalation of carbonic acid during the night. That this is a popular fallacy, and that it should be speedily consigned to the well-peopled limbo of "Vulgar Errors," was demonstrated not long since by Professor Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural College. To make the test as conclusive as possible, instead of taking the air from a room containing a few plants only, the professor gathered it from the college green-house, where more than 6,000 plants were growing. The room had been closed for more than twelve hours; and if the plants exhaled carbonic acid to an injurious extent, the analysis of air from such a room would certainly have disclosed the fact. Three specimens of this imprisoned air were gathered shortly before sunrise, from different parts of the room, the analysis of which gave 4·11, 4·00, 4·00 parts of carbonic acid in 10,000 of air, or an average of 4.03 in 10,000, while the outdoor air contained 4 parts in 10,000, thus proving that the air in the green-house was better than "pure country air."

The Roast Beef of Old England.

A story is told by a writer in one of our contemporaries of a Frenchman, who blandly remonstrated with an Englishman for his scorn of French beef. "I have," he said, "been two times in England, but I nevere find the bif supérieur to ours. I find it vary conveenient that they bring it you on little pieces of stick for one penny, but I do not find the bif supérieur." "Good heavens!" cried the Englishman, red with astonishment, "you have been eating cat's-meat!"

Good News for those who Sail the Seas.

A new invention is likely to be of great service to all who have to brave the dangers of the sea. This is the American swimming apparatus of Mr. Merriman, which has quite recently been exhibited on this side the Atlantic by Captain Paul Boyton. It is very simple in construction, being nothing more than a well-planned dress, made in two parts, which are united at the waist. The material of which it is manufactured is chiefly india-rubber. The dress consists of an inner and an outer skin ; the space between these two skins is divided into several chambers, and into these chambers air is introduced by means of tubes. The air, of course, gives buoyancy to the dress ; and when the wearer has donned it, and inflated the chambers, he will be able to support in the water a weight of 300 pounds in addition to his own weight.

The means of propulsion to be employed by the wearer is a double-bladed paddle of wood, and should the wind be favourable, he may take advantage of it by using the paddle as a mast for a small sail. It should be noticed also that he can assume either an erect or a horizontal position, just as he pleases. When erect, the water-line will be his waist-belt, so that he will have a clear outlook over the sea.

But this is not all. Some one possessed of it might find himself cast adrift—shipwrecked, let us say—many days' sail from land. In anticipation of such a misfortune, the swimming apparatus includes a water-tight bag, to be towed along by means of a strong line. This bag is large enough to hold a ten days' supply of provisions, a small bull's-eye lamp, a number of signal-lights, a long sheath-knife, and an axe—which last-named articles might serve to protect oneself with against any inquisitive or ferocious sea-monsters.

Altogether, the costume and its accompaniments appear very perfect in their way. We would not like to be shipwrecked anywhere, and least of all to find ourselves struggling in the stormy ocean on a dark night, and far from the nearest shore ; but if the worst must come, we hope we may have been able to rig ourselves out in Mr. Merriman's new dress, to fill our bag with wholesome provisions, to secure our paddle, and to light our lamp.

Habits of the Carrier-pigeon.

Certain interesting observations regarding these birds have just come to hand. When on the wing, the carrier-pigeon never feeds ; and after making a long journey, these birds may thus arrive at their destination in a half-starved condition. Nor will the bird eat on its arrival. It simply drinks a small quantity of water, and then goes to sleep for about two hours. At the end of its nap the pigeon eats moderately, and again sleeps ; and after forty-eight hours of this alternate sleeping and eating, it appears to recover its normal appetite. We remark in this instance the operation of a useful instinct, which prevents the wearied and hungry bird from taxing its already overwrought system by eating a large meal ; this practice being in strict accordance with the teachings of physiology, and with the dictates of the health-science of man.

Inch by Inch.

Observations regarding the growth of man have determined the following interesting facts : — "The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. This ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of three years is reached, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteenth year, being at the rate, for the average man, of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen the growth is feeble, being for the following two years about six-tenths of an inch a year ; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is seldom over one inch. At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases.

A Quaint Old Dance.

In a book called "The Dancing Master," published in 1728, appears the following description of a dance called "Longways," to be danced by "as many as will :"—"Note : each strain is to be played twice over. The first wo [short for woman] holds her handkerchief on her face, and goes on the outside below the third wo, and comes up the middle to her place ; first man follows her (at the same time pointing and smiling at her) up to his place. First man *do* the same, only he beckons his wo to him. First woman makes a motion of drying first one eye, then the other, and claps her hands one after another on her sides (the first man looking *surprizingly* at her at the same time) and *turn* her partner. First cu [couple ?] move with *two* slow steps down the middle and back again. The first cu sett and cast off." Most men would now look "surprizingly" at any "wo" doing this odd figure, without receiving an order to do so from "The Dancing Master."

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ELLEN CHADWICK.

THE song of the human throstle was heard no more floating across the batting-frame out of the window of its cage, in the dreary yard on the banks of the Irk. The swish of the wands might be heard when other sounds were low, but no more snatches of melody flowed in between.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Chadwick had not been content to leave poor Bessy at the breeches-maker's, when her swoon was over; but, seeing that the girl continued in a dazed kind of stupor, sent to the adjoining Sun inn for cold brandy and water, to stimulate the dormant mind. Bess drank, half unconsciously, and Mrs. Chadwick, leaving her little daughter Ellen to amuse astonished Jabez, waited patiently until the young woman could collect her ideas, and not only tell where she lived, but prepare to walk home.

By this time the road was tolerably clear. Mrs. Chadwick thanked the breeches-maker, and bidding Miss Ellen march in advance with little Jabez, herself helped Bessy Clegg homeward.

She never asked herself why or wherefore the girl had fainted, or whose the child she carried in her arms. She merely saw a modest-looking young woman stricken down by illness or distress, and put out a Christian hand to help her.

It was past Simon's dinner-hour, and they found him on the look-out for the absentees.

He was more bewildered than Bess when he saw her brought home pale and trembling by a stranger, whose dress and manner bespoke her superior station.

Mrs. Chadwick explained, seeing that Bess was incapable.

"The poor girl fainted almost opposite to the College gate, as she watched Earl Wilton's regiment march past. She recovered so slowly, I was afraid to let her come through the streets unprotected, especially as she had so young a child in her charge."

Simon thanked her, as well he might. Benevolence will relieve distress with money, or passing words of sympathy, but it is not often silken skirt and satin bonnet walks through a crowded thoroughfare in close conjunction with bonnetless cotton and linsey.

Yet Simon was utterly at a loss to account for her swoon. He could only conjecture that she had missed her sweetheart from the corps, and that the inquiring volunteer had been a comrade sent to announce Tom Hulme's death.

Observing how much he was confounded, the good lady thought it best to retire, and leave them to themselves.

"Come, Ellen, it is time we went home."

But Ellen, seated on a low stool in the corner, had her lap full of broken toys, which had found their way hither from the Clough nursery, and which Jabez displayed to all comers.

"My daughter appears wonderfully attracted to your little grandson."

"He's no gran'son o' moine, Misses, though aw think aw love th' little lad as much as if he did belung to us. Aw just picked him eawt o' th' wayter, i' th' greet flood abeawt two year an' a hauve back. Aw dunnot know reetly who th' young un belungs to."

"And you have kept him ever since—through all the trying time of scarcity?"

"Yoi; aw could do no other, an' a little chap like Jabez couldna ate much."

"It does you credit," said the lady.

"Mebbe. Aw dunnot know. Aw dunnot see mich credit i' doin' one's clear duty. But aw think theer'd ha' bin discredit an' aw hadna done it."

"I wish every one shared your sentiments," replied she.

By this time the little girl had relinquished the toys, kissed the little boy patronisingly, and was by her mother's side, ready to depart.

A word of sympathy and encouragement from Mrs. Chadwick, and father and daughter were left alone with their new sorrow.

Sorely puzzled was Simon to account for Tom Hulme's strange conduct. He could only come to the conclusion that he had picked up a fresh sweetheart in Ireland, and was ashamed to show his face.

"An' if so, lass, yo're best off without him," said he.

The stern troubled look on the young volunteer's face, which Bess had seen and her father had not, he could not understand, and therefore could not credit.

One day the girl said, as if struck by a sudden thought—

"Feyther, aw saw Tum look hard at Jabez. Dun yo' think as heaw he fancied aw wur wed?"

"He moight, lass, he moight," said he, knocking the

ashes out of his pipe; "but dunnot thee fret; aw'll look Tum up, and set it a' reet, if that's a'."

But there was no setting it right, for by that time Tom had left the corps and the town, and thenceforth Bessy's musical pipe was out of tune, and stopped utterly.

She worked, it is true, but she had no heart in her work; and though before her father she kept up a show of cheerfulness, in his absence she shed many and bitter tears.

Smiles and tears are among a child's earliest perceptions and experiences. Of the mother's smile in its full sense Jabez knew nothing. With all her winning ways, Bess could never supply that want, if want it could be where it was never missed, having so good a substitute.

But of the change which came over her when she knew that Tom was indeed lost to her, even the three-years child could be sensible. He had been early taught to show a brave front when he hurt himself, and the starting tears would subdue to a whimper; but for all that, tears to him meant pain, or disappointment, and as they fell and wetted the (not always clean) little cheek laid lovingly against hers, a tender chord was struck, he would press his small arm tighter round her neck, and with a sympathetic "Don't ky, Beth!" nestle closer, and try to kiss away the drops, which only fell the faster.

Low-spirited nurses do not make lively children, and Jabez, after a stout tussle with the whooping-cough, began to droop as much as Bess; so clear-eyed Simon instituted a series of Sunday rambles for the three, in search of plants and posies to brighten their dull home, and bloom to brighten the fading cheeks. Sometimes Matt Cooper, with one or two of his youngsters, would join them, but not often; Sal was so jealous of his friendship with the Cleggs, and the pleasant day was so certain to be marred by an unpleasant reception in the evening at home.

These summer walks seldom extended beyond Collyhurst Clough and quarries, or Smedley Vale, or through the fields to Chetham Hill, stopping at the "Cow and Calf" to refresh, and rest the little ones before they came back laden with wild flowers down Red Bank and over Scotland Bridge, to their respective "yards" in Long Millgate.

At first, whenever they took the lower road through Angel Meadow, they did their best to ferret out the parentage and connections of Jabez, hoping by their inquiries even to keep alive the memory of his marvellous deliverance, so that in case the missing father should return, there might be a mutual restoration.

These Sunday excursions did not drop with the sere autumnal leaves. A crisp clear day called them forth surely as sunshine had done, Jabez mounting pick-a-back on the shoulders of Simon or Matt when his little feet could no longer keep up their trot beside the bigger Cooper boys.

Frames were invigorated, cheerfulness came back to face and home, and Simon, who had a deep-seated love of Nature in his soul, finding her so good a physician, kept up the acquaintance through rounding seasons and years.

And from Nature he drew lessons which he dropped as seed into the boy's heart, as unconscious of the great work he was doing as was Jabez himself.

The boy throve and grew hardy. Companionship with older, rougher lads, sturdy fellows with wills of their own, made him sturdy too, a lad who would take a blow and give one on occasion; who would run a race and lose, and a second, and a third, until he could win. But Bess's gentle training was something very different from Sal's, and Jabez grew up tender as well as strong and bold.

A persecuted kitten had taken refuge under Bessy's batting-frame in the foundling's go-cart days, and in care for that kitten, and for a wounded brown linnet brought home one Sunday, he learned humanity. Matthew's lads were given to bird-nesting, and Matt himself saw no harm in it; but when that young linnet's wing was broken in a scuffle for the nest stolen from a clump of brushwood, Simon read the robbers such a homily they had never heard in their young lives, and as a corollary he took the sparrow home to be fed and nursed by Bess and Jabez till it could fly, an event which never came about.

In hot weather the lads pulled off clogs and stockings (there were no trousers to turn up—they wore breeches) and waded into pools and brooks, and Jabez would be no whit behind. On one of these occasions, either the current was too strong for the venturesome child, or the gravel slipped from under his feet, or his companions pushed him, no matter which, but in he went, and, but for the presence of Simon, would have been drowned.

Simon had been born on the river-banks, and could swim like a fish. At once he resolved that Jabez should learn to do the same, and begin at once.

"Yo' see, Bess, if aw hadna bin theer he'd a bin drewnded, sure as wayter's wet, an' th' third toime pays off fur all, so he mun larn to tak' care on himsel' th' next toime he marlocks [gambols] among th' Jack-sharps."

Jabez was not six years old when Simon Clegg gave him and the young Coopers their first lesson in swimming, in a delightful and sequestered part of Smedley Vale, where the Irk was clear and bright.

He had shown them nearer home how a frog used its limbs, and then, after a few preliminary evolutions to show how a man used his, took the lad on his back and, after swimming with him awhile, shook him off into the water to flounder about for himself.

Bess was often left at home on Sundays after that; and Jabez was not merely the better for his bath, but by the time he was eight years old was a fearless swimmer.

Yet although these country rambles had become an institution, Simon Clegg never neglected his Sabbath duties. Sunday morning was sure to see him, clean-shaven, in his best suit, with Jabez by the hand, and mild-eyed Bess beside on the free seats of the old church, under the eye of parsons and churchwardens; and Jabez, if he could understand little of the service, could gather in a sense of the beautiful from the grand old architecture, from the swell of the solemn organ,

the harmonious voices of the choristers, of the Blue-coat-boys in the Chetham-gallery over the church-warden's pew, and of the Green-coat-children farther away. Then the silver mace carried before the parson was a thing to wonder at, and fill him with awe ; and no one could tell how the clerical robes, and choristers' surplices, transfigured common mortals in his admiring eyes.

But those years of Jabez Clegg's young life had been full of history for Manchester and Europe.

The town had grown as well as the foundling. Invention had been busy. Volunteer regiments had been one by one disbanded, a daily newspaper was started, and peaceful arts flourished.

Then, ere another year expired, Napoleon declared the British Isles in a state of blockade ; British subjects on French soil, whether civil or military, to be prisoners of war ; British commodities lawful spoil ; and so War, red-handed War, broke loose once more. Again Manchester rose up in arms to defend country and commerce. A "Loyalty Fund" of £22,000 was raised for the support of Government. No fewer than nine separate volunteer corps sprang from the ashes of the old ones, and the town was one huge garrison. The commander of one regiment, the Loyal Masonic Volunteer Rifle Corps, Colonel Hanson, a remarkable man in many ways, was distinguished by a command from George III. to appear at court in full regimentals, and that with his hat on.

Messrs. Pickford offered to place at the disposal of Government four hundred horses, fifty wagons, and twenty-eight boats. Loyal townsmen, with more money than courage of their own, sought to stimulate that of others by sending gold medals flying amongst the officers of volunteer corps. "The British Volunteer" came from the press of Harrop in the Market Place, and once more the music of drum and trumpet was in the ascendant.

To crown the whole, Manchester, which had never been called upon to entertain British royalty since Henry VII. looked in upon the infant town, was visited in 1804 by Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, commander of the North-west District, and his son, to review this Lancashire volunteer army ; and the whole town was consequently in a ferment of excitement. Nothing was thought of or talked of but the visit of the Duke and Prince, and the coming review, the more so as reports differed respecting the appointed site.

Market Street, Manchester, which a well-known writer has commemorated as one of the "Streets of the World," was then Market Street Lane, a confused medley of shops and private houses, varying from the low and ricketty black-and-white tenement of no pretensions, to the fine mansion with an imposing frontage, and ample space before. But the thoroughfare was in places so very narrow that two vehicles could not pass, and pedestrians on the footpath were compelled to take refuge in doorways from the muddy wheels which threatened damage to dainty garments ; and the whole was ill-paved and worse-lighted.

At the corner where it opens a vent for the warehouse traffic of High Street, *then* stood a handsome new hotel, the Bridgewater Arms, in front of which a semi-circular area was railed off with wooden posts and suspended chains. Within this area, on the bright morning of April the 12th, two sentinels were placed, who, marching backwards and forwards, crossed and re-crossed each other in front of the hotel door : tokens that the royal duke and his suite had taken up their quarters within.

Beyond the semi-circle of chained posts, mounted horsemen kept back the concourse of spectators which pressed closely on the horses' heels.

Among the crowd was Simon Clegg, with Jabez mounted on his shoulders, albeit he was a somewhat heavy load. Simon was a man of peace, but he was a staunch believer in royalty, and that, quite as much as the spectacle, had drawn him thither.

It was a mild and cheery April morn, the windows of the upper room in which sat the prince, the centre of a brilliant circle, were open, and the loyal multitude feasted their unaccustomed eyes with the sight.

As Jabez looked on in a child's ravishment, a little dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, some six or seven years old, turned sharply round the narrow street by the side of the hotel on the flags where there was no chain to bar; passing unquestioned the sentinel on guard, who, seeing only a well-dressed solitary child in white muslin, with a sash and hat-ribbons of pink satin, concluded that she belonged to the hotel.

Once there, she asked fearlessly—

"Where is Prince William? I want Prince William!"

Then the sentinel began to question ; but the little maid had but one reply—

"I want Prince William!"

The soldier would have turned her back ; but the disputation had attracted attention in the room above.

An officer's head was thrust out.

"What is the matter?" asked he.

"I want to see the Prince. I want to know——"

"Bid the little lady come up hither."

And the little lady went up, all unconscious of state etiquette or ceremonial.

An officer in rich uniform, with jewels on his breast, took her on his knee, and asked what she wanted with Prince William.

"Oh, mamma and my aunts are wanting ever so to know if the review is going to be on Camp Field or on Sale Moor ; and Aunt Ellen says it's to be in one place, and mamma thinks it's the other ; and so, as I was dressed first, I just slipped out at the back door, and ran here to ask Prince William himself; for I thought *he* would be sure to know."

The gentleman laughed heartily, and the others followed suit.

"And who is your mamma, my dear?"

"My mamma is Mrs. Chadwick, and I'm Ellen Chadwick ; and we live in Oldham Street."

"Oh, indeed. And why are the ladies so anxious to know where the Prince holds the review?" asked the officer on whose knee she sat.

"Ah—that's just it. If he reviews at Sale Moor, he

will go past our house; and then we shall see all the soldiers from our own windows. Won't it be fine?"

Another gentleman asked what the ladies were doing when she left; and I'm afraid Ellen made more revelations anent their toilettes than was strictly necessary, for the laughter was prolonged.

She had not, however, lost sight of her self-imposed mission. Struggling from her seat, she said—

"Oh, please do tell me where is Prince William; I must go home, and I do so want to know."

"Tell your mamma, Miss Ellen," said he smiling, "that the Prince will review at Sale Moor; and take this, my dear, for yourself," putting a shilling (shillings at that time were perfectly plain from over-long use) in her hand.

"Oh, thank you! But are you sure—quite sure it *is* Sale Moor?"

"Quite sure."

The little damsel set off, as much elated with her news as with her shilling.

As she ran briskly down the broad steps, and beyond the barrier, she came in contact with Simon, who made way for her exit; and as she looked up smiling to thank him, her glance rested for a moment on the boy he carried; but no spark of recognition flashed into the eyes of either, and no one in all that crowd saw any connection between that dainty white-frocked, pink-slippered, pink-sashed miss, and the rough lad in the patched suit (a Clough's cast-off) and wooden clogs.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

TO MARTIAL MUSIC.

A SECOND time Jabez and Ellen saw each other ere the day was out.

She had rushed home with eager feet and eyes, through back streets, to startle Mrs. Chadwick, her newly-married sister, Mrs. Ashton, and a bevy of friends, with the confident assurance that the review would be at Sale, and to confirm it by the display of the plain shilling, which "an osifer had given her."

New Cross, where the volunteers assembled, was not then a misnomer. A market-cross occupied the centre space between the four wide thoroughfares, of which Oldham Street is one; and the open area was considerable.

The trumpets' bray—the tramp of troops was heard, long before the brilliant calvacade was set in motion; and every window—every house in Oldham Street (all good private residences of the Gower Street stamp) held its quota of heads and eyes, and costumes as brilliant as the eyes.

The house of Mr. Chadwick was situated near the lower end, and commanded a good view of the infirmary, its gardens, and pond in Piccadilly.

To-day, however, the royal party and the volunteers, many of whom had friends looking out for them, were the only prospect worth a thought; and as they marched proudly on, to the gayest of gay tunes, kerchiefs waved, heads nodded, and eyes sparkled with delight and pleasure.

As the Duke of Gloucester and his suite rode by, their chargers prancing to the music, Ellen, mounted on a chair by the window between Mrs. Ashton and her mother, suddenly pointed to an officer in their midst resplendent with stars and orders, and in an ecstasy of delight screamed out—

"Mamma, mamma! that's the gentleman that gave me the shilling!"

The little treble voice pierced even through the clamorous music.

A noble head was bowed, a plumed hat raised, and lowered until it swept the charger's mane.

"Why, child, that is Prince William!" was the simultaneous exclamation, as all the eyes from all the houses across the street were turned in wonderment to see the Chadwicks so distinguished; and Simon, who, still carrying Jabez, was trying to keep pace with the troops, wondered too.

Moreover, he recognised the lady and little girl, though seen but the once; for he earned his own living, such as it was, and had been too proud to call on the Chadwicks to say how his daughter fared, lest they should think he sought charity.

"Jabez lad, si thi, yon's th' lady an' little lass as browt yo' whoam when yo' went seein' the sodgers afore!"

And Jabez, from his shoulder-perch, looked up at the little bright-eyed brunette, to remember the white frock and pink ribbons he had seen at the Bridgewater, but nothing beyond.

The man's exclamation and attitude had at the same time attracted Mrs. Chadwick, who, smiling down on him and Jabez, spoke to Ellen; and she, reminded of the little baby who had been saved from drowning in a cradle, looked down and, in the fulness of her new importance, nodded too.

The momentary stoppage called forth a loud objurgation as a reminder from Sally Cooper, who was in advance with Matthew and such of her bigger lads as could step out; and Simon, equally anxious not to lose sight of the royal party, hurried on. But Sale Moor is beyond the confines of Lancashire, and Simon found the five miles stiff walking with a child nearly six years old on his shoulders, and Master Jabez had to descend from his seat, and trudge on his own feet.

This caused them to lag behind their friends, Sally insisting on Matt's keeping up with the soldiers in order that they might get a good place on the Moor, and they were thus separated.

Bess had remained at home. Never again could she look on marching troops without a pang.

Sale Moor was alive with expectant sight-seers. Stands and platforms had been erected for the accommodation of those who could afford and cared to

pay, there was a sprinkling of heavy carriages and a crowd of carts, but the mass of the spectators were on foot, vehicular locomotion being of very limited capacity.

Of these latter were the Coopers and Cleggs, of course. Sally, with the elders of her turbulent brood, had reached the ground in time to be deafened by the score of cannon Lord Wilton's artillery fired as a salute to princedom. She had planted herself firmly against one of the supports of an elevated platform, where the crowd of hero-worshippers was densest. She was tightly jammed and crushed against the woodwork; but what matter? she had a fine sight of the field, and as she watched the evolutions of the volunteers, congratulated herself and Matthew on having left "that crawling Clegg an' th' brat so far behint."

Almost as she spoke, there was a faint crackle, then another, and a yielding of the post against which she leaned—a loud crash, a chorus of shrieks, half-drowned by music and musketry, and the whole platform was down, with the living freight it had borne; and she was down with it.

The fashion, wealth, and beauty of Cheshire and South Lancashire had their representatives amongst that struggling, swooning, writhing, shrieking, groaning mass of humanity, heaped and huddled in indiscriminate confusion, with uptorn seats, posts, and draperies.

Strange to say, only one person was killed outright—that is, on the spot—for in its downfall the stand bore with it many of the throng beneath. But of the injured and the shaken, those who went to hospital and home to linger long and die at last, history has kept no record.

Amongst these, this story tells of two—two, differing in all but sex.

Mrs. Aspinall, ever frail and delicate, was borne to her carriage, with whole limbs but insensible, her husband and their son Laurence both uninjured by her side. Physicians were in attendance, and never left her until she was safely lodged in her own luxurious chamber overlooking Ardwick Green, and could be pronounced out of immediate danger.

Sally Cooper, with a sprained ankle, a dislocated shoulder, and many internal bruises, was placed in a light cart on a bed of straw procured from a neighbouring farm, with another of the injured, and carried to the Manchester Infirmary, to try the skill and the patience of doctors and nurses.

Neither recovered. The unwounded lady, sorely shaken, succumbed to the shock her nervous system had received; and Master Laurence, already petted and wilful, was left to be still farther spoiled by his widowed father and Kitty, his mother's old nurse.

Sally, strong of frame and will, impatient of pain and of restraint, was restive under the surgeons' hands, and defeated their efforts to ascertain her injuries. She exhausted herself with shrieks and cries, tossed about and disturbed bandages, rejected physic, which she called "poison," and soon put her case beyond the cure of physicians.

Too late, she became sensible of her own folly. Then, when recovery was impossible, she repented of many misdeeds, and none more than her slander of poor Bess.

And thus it was. When the mother was taken from the head of Cooper's home, Bessy's kind heart yearned to help the disconsolate man and his troop of children. Fortunately, the eldest was a girl of sixteen, and there was a younger girl of ten. Both of these had gone out to work, but now Molly had to stay at home and try to keep all right and tight there. And here Bess came to her aid. Without scolding or brawling, she put the girl into the way of doing things quickly and quietly. She encouraged her to persevere so that her cleanly mother should detect no eye-sores when she came home restored. She tried to persuade the boys to be less refractory—to help, not to irritate, their sister; and somehow Cooper's home began to miss Sal, much as one misses a whirlwind.

The kindness of Bess o' Sim's was duly reported to the infirmary patient, and at first chafed her sorely. She "hated to be under obligations, and to that lass of a' others." But Bess, leaving her own work—and the loss of an hour meant the loss of an hour's earnings—herself went to see Sally; and such was the influence of her gentle voice and touch, that Sally's chagrin imperceptibly wore away.

Towards the last she grew delirious, raved of Bess, and Tom Hulme, and forgiveness, and in the short calm preceding dissolution, confessed to Matt Cooper and the attendant nurse that she had cast a slur on Bess Clegg's good faith. Had made Tom Hulme believe that Simon had taken the lass from Skinner's Yard to hide her from him. That everybody in the yard knew that Bess was married and had a child. And that she had bade him inquire for himself. And almost her last word was a hope that Bess would forgive her.

Matthew Cooper himself hardly forgave his d d wife. How therefore should he carry this confession to Bess, and ask her to forgive?

He took a medium course; and after a few days' consideration, while they and the rest of the tanners were eating their "baggin" (a workman's luncheon, so called from the bag it is, or was, usually carried in), sat down beside Simon on a bundle of thick leather, and told him as well as he was able.

Simon was troubled; but he was not vindictive. He would have been less than a man had he not been bitter against the cruel woman who had causelessly wrecked his good daughter's life. But he was sorry for Matt, and broke out into no revilings. The woman was dead. The ill she had done had been fearfully punished; and neither curses nor reproaches could affect her or undo the mischief.

He left his cheese and jannock on the hides, untasted, drew his hand across his forehead, and went down to the river-side and across the wooden bridge for a breath of fresh air, and a waft of fresh thought.

He was only a rugged tanner, but he had a heart within his breast; he had a daughter on his hearth

with a great wound in *her* heart, a blast on her good name, and he was called upon to forgive the author of this mischief.

Simon had long been used to commune with his own heart. He had built up a wall round it with the leaves of that one book on his bureau; and whenever he was in doubt or difficulty, he read the precepts inscribed upon that wall.

He went back to Cooper, whose appetite had been no better than his own.

"Aw mun think this ower, Matt. Aw connot say aw furgive yo'r Sal o' at a dash. Hoo's done that as may niver be undone whoile thee an' me's alive; an' aw connot frame to say as aw forgive her loike o' on a sudden. An' aw mun think it ower before eawt be said to eawr Bess, poor wench!"

A week elapsed before the subject was broached again.

Then Simon spoke to Matthew as they were leaving the tannery-yard.

"Coom into th' 'Queen Anne'" (he called it quëan), "Matt, and have a gill; aw've summat t' say to thee."

There was nobody in the tap-room. They sat down to their half-pint horns of ale—times were too hard to afford deeper draughts—and Simon said—

"Aw've bin thinkin' o' this week, an' as aw connot forgive yo'r Sal, gradely loike, aw'll no put th' same temptation i' th' way of eawr Bess. Hoo'd better think Tum's takken oop wi' some other wench, than ha' th' shame o' knowin' th' lad's toorned her up i' disgrace. Hoo's getten ower th' worst o' her trouble, an' aw'm not going to break her heart outreet, and mebbe set her agen little Jabez into th' bargain."

Matthew could but assent to Simon's proposition. But Simon had not said his say.

"But aw'm not gooin to sit deawn wi' my honds i' mi lap, an' that grëat lump o' dirty slutch stickin' to moi lass. Yo' mun help me t' find eawt wheer Tum Hulme's getten to, an' help to set o' straight afore aw forgive yo'r Sal, tho' hoo be dead an' gone."

"Wi' o' my heart!" responded Matt; and he gave his huge hand to Simon in token thereof.

When the Duke of Gloucester inspected the volunteers at Ardwick on the 30th of September that same year, not one of the people I have here linked together witnessed the show.

The blinds were down at Mr. Aspinall's to shut out a sight, the like of which had made him a widower; and within the darkened nursery, wilful obstreperous Laurence fought, and kicked, and bit at old Kitty because she kept him within doors and from the windows at his father's command.

There was a christening party in Mosley Street at the Ashtons', at which not only the Chadwicks, but the Rev. Joshua Brookes—who had that day named the infant Augusta—were present. They had selected a public occasion for their private festival. It was a grand affair. Mr. Ashton was a smallware manufacturer in a large way of business, his house and warehouse occupying a large block at the corner of York Street.

And the baby Augusta, born the previous month, was a first child; his wife being younger than himself considerably. Miss Ellen, too, was there; her wonderful shilling, through which a hole had been drilled, suspended from her neck like an amulet.

Simon and Matt had given up their holiday to fruitless inquiries after Tom Hulme; and Jabez, after a stand-up fight with a boy in the yard, in defence of his kitten, had come in to have his bleeding nose and bruised forehead doctored by Bess, who shed over him the tears long gathering in their fountains for Tom Hulme's defection.

And somehow at that stylish christening feast, where the baby Augusta was a personage of importance almost as great as the celebrated Miss Kilmansegg, the orphan Jabez and his fosterers came on the table for discussion along with the dessert; Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. Clough, and Joshua Brookes concurring in the opinion mooted by the lady that something should be done to relieve the worthy tanner and his daughter of the cost and trouble of maintaining the boy as he grew older and would want educating.

That they should talk of the cost of maintenance when bread was a shilling a loaf, was no marvel; but that "education" should be named as a necessity for one of "nobody's children," can only be cited as a proof that either the boy's strange introduction to Manchester, or Simon's strange generosity, had excited an interest in both beyond the common run.

Yet that "something" was vague. The only definite and practicable view of the subject was held by Joshua Brookes, and he kept his opinion to himself.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE REVEREND JOSHUA BROOKES.

JOSHUA BROOKES had a child's love for toffy and other sweetmeats. These he purchased or obtained without purchase from an old woman as odd and eccentric as himself, a Mrs. Clowes, who occupied a bow-windowed shop in Half Street, which literally overlooked the churchyard, three or four steep steps having to be mounted by her customers.

And how numerous were her customers, and how great the demand for her toffy, lozenges, and "humbugs," may be judged from the fact that her workmen and apprentices used up eight or nine tons of sugar every week. Yet she was only a shop-keeper, and had begun business in a very humble way; but she was persevering and industrious, and success followed. She was active and energetic, and expected those around her to be the same. Yet she was kind to them, as may be supposed, for she gave every Sunday a good dinner to fourteen old men and women on whom

fortune had looked unkindly, waiting upon them herself, and never tasting her own dinner until her pensioners had dined.

Regular in her own attendance at the Old Church, she required her household to be regular too, though she left them little enough time to dress—possibly because her own toilette was so scant. The dress in which she presented herself at church was certainly unique for a woman of wealth. Her gown of sober stuff was well worn, a mob-cap (a fashion which came in with the French Revolution) adorned her head, over which, by way of bonnet, a brown silk handkerchief was tied. On rare—very rare—occasions an old black bonnet covered all.

Joshua Brookes, at odds with his clerical brethren, with his pupils, and half the world besides, was on good terms with Mrs. Clowes.

Rough, prompt, and uncompromising was she; rough, irritable, and unmannerly was he; both unpromising, hard-husked nuts, with sweet and tender kernels.

So rough, few ever suspected the soft heart; yet the woman who fed the poor before herself, and the learned clergyman who had a fancy for pigeons, and who cherished the drunken and abusive old crippled shoemaker, his father, to the last, must have intuitively known the inner life of each other.

The day following Augusta Ashton's christening, it fell within the round of the Reverend Joshua's duty to read the burial service over a dead townswoman in the churchyard. And now occurred one of those incidents in which the ludicrous and the profane blended and brought impulsive Joshua into disfavour.

As was not unfrequently the case, he broke off in the midst of the service, left the mourners and the coffin beside the open grave, threw his legs over the low wall, and mounting the steps into the confectioner's shop, said—

"Here, quick, dame! give me some horehound drops for my cough."

On his entrance, Mrs. Clowes broke off a narrative over which she and her shopwoman were laughing heartily, in order to reach the required drops, which went into a paper without weighing, and for which no payment was tendered. Back he strode over the church wall to resume the interrupted ceremonial.

It must here be remarked that Joshua had remarkably shaggy eyebrows overhanging his quick eyes like pent-houses; and that it was the wont of the schoolboys and others to annoy him by drawing their fingers significantly over their own.

A young sweep sat astride the church wall to witness the funeral; and, young imp of Satan that he was, he could not forbear drawing a thumb and forefinger over each brow, full in Joshua's sight, just as he reached the passage—

"I heard a voice from heaven saying——"

The shaggy brows contracted; he roared out, "Knock that little black rascal off the church wall!"

The mischievous little blackamoor was off, with a beadle after him; and the eccentric chaplain, whom no sense of irreverence seemed to strike, concluded the ceremony with no further interruption.

At its close, Mr. Aspinall and another mourner took the clergyman to task for his disrespect to the remains of the deceased Mrs. Aspinall, whose obsequies had been so irregularly performed. They said nothing of disrespect to the Divinity profaned; their own feelings and importance had been outraged, and they forgot all else even by the dust and ashes in the gaping grave; and little Laurence, cloaked and hooded, forgot his grief in watching the chase after the sweep.

"How dare you, sir, give way to these indecencies at the funeral of my wife? It has been most indecorous and insulting, both to the dead and her afflicted relatives."

"She's had Christian burial, hasn't she?" gruffly interrogated Joshua.

"Hardly," was the hesitating answer.

"She's been laid in consecrated ground, and I've read the burial service over her; what more would you have? Some folk are never satisfied."

Emptying half his horehound drops into the hand of Master Laurence, Joshua turned on his heel, went to the chapter-house to disrobe, and then back over the wall to Mrs. Clowes.

"I say, dame, you were not at church on Sunday."

"No, Parson Brookes; I was in Liverpool."

"Oh!" grunted he, "in Liverpool. Sugar-buying, I suppose."

"Yea; an' a fine joke I've had."

Joshua pricked up his ears: he did not object to a little fun.

"You mun know I thought I'd give Brankers', the new sugar-brokers, a trial, an' I went there an' asked to see samples; but th' young whipper-snapper of a salesman looked at me from top to toe, an', I suppose, reckoned up the value of my old black bonnet, my kerchief an' mutch, an' my old stuff dress, and fancied my pocket must match my gown; for he was barely civil, and didn't seem to care for the trouble o' showin' th' samples. So I bade my young man good day, and said I'd call again."

"And didn't, I suppose. Just like a woman," put in Joshua.

"Oh, yea, I did. I borrowed my landlady's silk gown, and fine satin bonnet, and put on my lady's manners; and then Mr. Whipper-snapper could show his samples, and his best manners too. But when I gave my orders by tons, and not hundred-weights, he looked at me, and looked again, as if he thought I'd escaped from a mad-house; an' at last he began to h'm an' ha, an' talk of large orders, an' cash payment, an' references; an' I told him to make out th' invoice, an' bring it. An' when I pulled out this old leather pocket-book, and counted the bank-notes to pay him down on the nail, good gracious! how the fellow stared! I reckon I'll not need to borrow a silk dress when I give my next order. It was as good as a play."

"Um! You women-folk think yourselves wonderfully clever. But come, I can't waste my time here." (Joshua had heard all he went for.) "Give me quarter-

a-pound humbugs; I threw half the other things away," said he.

"I don't think it's much you'll throw away, Jotty," replied the old confectioner, with independent familiarity, as she weighed and parcelled the sweets, for which this time he put down the money.

"It's much you know about it, Mother Clowes," he jerked out, as if throwing the words at her over his shoulder, as he turned to leave the shop, putting the package in one of the large pockets of his long flap waistcoat as he went.

His own house, not more than three hundred yards away, adjoined the Grammar School: a red-brick building, with stone quoins, now darkened by time and smoke, one gable of which overhung the Irk; the other, pierced for four small-paned windows, almost confronting the antique Sun Inn at the acute angle of Long Millgate, and quite overlooking an open space flanked by the main entrance to the college. From this, the east wing of the college, it is separated by a plain iron gateway and palisades on the Millgate side, and by a wall which serves as a screen from the river on the other side; and the enclosed space between rails, wall, college, and the front of the school served as a playground for such of the scholars as were willing to keep within bounds. It was divided into the upper and the lower school, each under a different master.

Joshua Brookes presided over the latter, and surely never M.A. had so thankless an office. He was placed at a terrible disadvantage in the school, not altogether because he had risen from its lowest ranks—not altogether because a drunken foul-mouthed cripple interfered with their sports, or went reeling to his son's domicile next door—not because he was unduly severe: other masters were that—but because his own eager thirst for knowledge as a boy had made him intolerant towards indolence, incredulous of incapacity; and his constitutional impatience and irritability made his harsh voice seem harsher when he reproved a dullard.

He lost his self-command, and with that went his command over others. Meaning to be affable to the poor, from whose ranks he sprang, he became familiar; and they reciprocated the familiarity so fully as to draw down the contempt of his *confrères*. He was a man to be respected, and they slighted him; a man to be honoured, and they snubbed him. What wonder, then, that eccentricities grew like barnacles on a ship's keel, or the boys failed in obedience and respect to a master, when their elders set them the example?

This defence of a misunderstood man has not taken up a tithe of the time he gave to his refractory class, to whom he went straightway from the confectioner's, whose "humbugs" had melted considerably, not wholly, down his own throat, before the hour for closing Latin Grammars and Greek Lexicons, and for pouring like mad down the steps, and through the gate, to the road.

Yet even the sweets he gave to the attentive did not conciliate: they only made the intractable more defiant; and even the recipients felt they were bribed.

Warned by the uproar of a large school in motion, as well as by the long-cased clock, Tabitha, his one servant, had her master's tea ready for him the instant he came in from the school, as he generally did, fagged and jaded, with the growl of a baited bear.

That day he simply put his head into the house, and bawled, "Tea ready, Tab?" and without waiting an answer, went on, "Keep it hot till I get back;" then closing the door, took his way eastwards down Long Millgate.

His journey was not a long one. It ended at the bottom of a yard, where a sad pale-faced young woman was switching monotonously at a mass of downy cotton, and listening at the same time to the equally monotonous drawl of a youngster in the throes of monosyllabic reading.

"Get larning, lad—get larning! Larning's a greet thing. Yo' shan read i' this big picture-book when you can spell gradely," had been Simon's precept and inducement; and Jabez, to whom that big pictorial Bible was a mysterious unexplored crypt, did try with all his little might.

"J-a-c-k—Jack, w-a-s—was, a g-o-o-d—good, b-o——"

"And I hope you're a good boy, as well as Jack," said Joshua Brookes abruptly, as he put his head into the room, and put a stop to the lesson at the same time. "But, heyday" (observing the swollen nose and bruised forehead), "you've been in the wars. Good boys don't fight."

"Then what did Bill Barnes throw stones at ar pussy for? Good boys dunnot hurt kittins," said Jabez, nothing daunted,

Bess explained.

"Um!" quoth Joshua, when she had finished, "he's fond of his kitten, is he?" and drawing Jabez towards him by the shoulder, with one finger uplifted as a caution, he looked down on the shrinking child, and said impressively—

"Never fight if you can help it, Jabez; but if you fight to save a poor dumb animal from ill-usage, or to protect the weak against the strong, Jotty Brucks is not the man to blame you. Here, lad," and into the pinafore of Jabez went the remainder of the "humbugs."

He patted the boy on the head, bade him get on with his reading, he did not know what good fortune might come of it, told him to come regularly to church, to love God and God's creatures, and went away, leaving Bess to prepare her father's porridge (tea was from twelve to sixteen shillings a pound, and beyond their reach).

Almost on the threshold he encountered Simon.

"Can't you keep that young sprig out of mischief? If he begins fighting and quarrelling at six years old, what will he do when he is sixteen?" he cried gruffly, as he brushed past the tanner, and was far up the yard before the man could think of a reply.

A couple of young pigeons were sent for Jabez about a week after, with a large bag of stale cakes and bread to feed them with. The name of the sender was unknown, but any one acquainted with the habits of Joshua Brookes (who contracted for Mrs. Clowes's

waste pastry, to fill the crops of his own feathered colony) would not have been troubled to guess.

Simon stroked his raspy chin, and seemed dubious, cost of keep being a question; but Jabez looked so wistful, his foster-father borrowed tools, and answered the appeal by making a triangular cote for them, and

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

THE children of the poor early begin to earn their bread. Legislature has stepped in to regulate the age and hours for labour in manufacturing districts, and to provide education for the very humblest. Jabez Clegg

"WHERE IS PRINCE WILLIAM? I WANT PRINCE WILLIAM!" (*p.* 131).

Jabez found fresh occupation in his care for them. Yet occupation was not lacking, young as he was. He could fetch and carry, run short errands, and help Bess to clean. Their living-room no longer waited a week to be swept and dusted, Jabez did it every day, standing on a chair to reach the top of the bureau, where lay the cynosure of his young eyes. He still took his Sunday lessons in field or stream with Simon, and through the week clambered up from monosyllables to dissyllables with Bess.

was not born in these blissful times, and he only narrowly escaped the common lot.

He was not eight years old, yet Simon, on whom war-prices pressed as heavily as on his neighbours, began to discuss with Bess the necessity for sending the lad to Simpson's factory (where Arkwright's machinery was first set in motion).

"He mun goo as sune as th' new year tak's a fair grip," decided Simon, and 1805 was at its last gasp when he said it.

But the new year brought Jabez a reprieve by the uncourtly hands of Joshua Brookes.

Meeting Simon and Jabez at a stall in the apple-market, where, the better to bargain, he had laid down a pile of old classical school-books (Joshua was a collector of these, which he retailed again to the boys at prices varying with his mood, or his estimate of the purchaser's pocket), he accosted the former.

"Well, old Leathershanks, what are you going to make of young Cheat-the-fishes there? I suppose he's to follow your own trade, he began to *tan hides* so early!" and the glance which shot from under his shaggy brows caused the boy to blush, and shrink behind his protector.

Simon's eyes twinkled, but he shook his head as he answered—

"Näy, Parson Bruks, we'n thowt o' sendin' him t' tn' cotton fact'ry. But it fair goos agen th' grain to send th' little chap through th' streets to wark winter an' summer, weet or dry, afore th' sun's oop an' abeawt his wark. But we conno' keep him bout it, toimes are so bad."

"H'm! Then what a stupid old leatherhead you must be not to think of the College, where he'd be kept, and fed, and clothed, and educated—*educated*, man, do you hear?"

Simon heard, and his eyes again twinkled and winked at the new idea presented to him.

"And apprenticed!" he echoed, with a long-drawn gasping breath.

"Ay, and apprenticed."

The parson, cramming his pockets with apples, for which he had higgled with much persistence, handed one to Jabez, with the question—

"How would you like to be a College-boy, Jabez, and wear a long blue coat, like that fellow yonder," (pointing to a boy then crossing the market on an errand), "and learn to write and cypher, as well as to read?"

"If you please'n aw'd loike it moore nor eawt!" and his animated face was a clearer answer than his words.

Joshua then read the lad a brief homily to the effect that only good and honourable boys could find admission, winding up with—

"If you're a *very* good lad, I'll see what can be done for you."

He interrupted thanks with—

"Easter's very near, Sim, so you'll have to stir your stumps to prove that our *honourable* young friend came honourably into the world. I'll get the forms and fill them up for you, and his baptismal register too."

He snatched up his books, and was off, the tassel of his collegiate cap and the cassock he wore flying loose as he hurried, and muttering to himself—

"What an old fool I am to bother about the lad! I dare say he'll turn round and sting me in the end, like the rest of the snakes I have warmed. As great an idiot as old dame Clowes!"

Chetham's College or Hospital is a long, low, ancient stone edifice, built on the rock above the mouth of the Irk with two arms of unequal length stretching towards church and town, and embracing a large quadrangle used as a playground, which has for its fourth and southern boundary a good useful garden.

It is needless to grope upward from the time when the Saxon theyn built a fortified residence on its site; sufficient for us that Thomas de la Warr, youngest son of the feudal baron of Manchester, was brought up to the Church, and in the fourteenth century inducted into the Rectory of Manchester, his father being patron. His elder brother dying at the close of the century, the rector (a pious Churchman) became baron. And then he put his power and wealth to sacerdotal uses. He petitioned the king, obtained a grant to collegiate Christ Church, erected the College, endowed it with lands; and here at his death the Warden of the Collegiate Church had his residence. Of these wardens, the celebrated Dr. Dee, whose explorations into alchemy and other occult sciences brought him into trouble with Queen Elizabeth, was one; and Dr. Dee's room is still extant—in occupation of the governor.

In 1580, at Crumpsall Hall, Humphrey Chetham was born; and he, a prosperous dealer in fustians, never marrying, at his own expense fed and clothed a number of poor boys; and, by his will, not only bequeathed a large sum of money to be expended in the foundation and endowment of a hospital for the maintenance, education, and apprenticing of forty poor boys for ever, but one thousand pounds to be expended in a library, free to the public—*the first free library in Britain!*

The estate was vested in feofees, and with them lay the power alike to elect boys and officials.

From the townships of Draylsden, Crumpsall, Bolton-le-Moors, and Turton, the boys were to be elected between the ages of six and ten, and were required to be of honest, industrious parents, and neither illegitimate nor diseased; and baptismal registers had to be produced. They had to be well maintained, well trained, and carefully apprenticed at fourteen, a fee of four pounds (a large sum then) being given with them.

The churchwardens and overseers were to prepare lists of boys, doubling the number of vacancies, stating their respective claims, which lists they had to sign

Easter Monday was the period for election, after which the feofees dined together in Dr. Dee's quaintly carved room.

Joshua Brookes was as good as his word.

He procured a blank form from the governor, and, Simon being no great scholar, filled it in for him. He found him the baptismal register without charging the regulation shilling; got the name of Jabez inserted in the churchwardens' list, and such influence as he had with feofees he exerted to the utmost, for the case was one involving doubt and difficulty.

Nor had Simon Clegg been idle. He and his crony Matthew scoured Smedley and Crumpsall, and more successful than in their quest for Tom Hulme, discovered the nurse who presided at the birth of Jabez. Her testimony, so far as it went, was important.

He had interested both Mr. and Mrs. Clough in the election of the foundling, and where the influence

of the gentleman failed, that of the lady prevailed; so that when the important Easter Monday arrived, two-thirds of the feofees were fully acquainted with his peculiar case, and more or less impressed in his favour.

It was the 18th of April, bright, sunny, joyous. Compared with its present proportions, Manchester then was but as a cameo brooch on a mantle of green; and that green was already starred with daisies, buttercups, primroses, and cowslips. By wells and brooks, daffodil and jonquil hung their heads and breathed out perfume. Bush and tree put out pale buds and fans of promise. The tit-lark sang, the cuckoo—to use a village phrase—had "eaten up the mud;" and the town was alive with holiday-makers from all the country round about.

It was the great College anniversary, not only election-day, but one set apart for friends to visit Blue-coat-boys already on the foundation, and for the curious public to inspect the Chetham Museum.

The main entrance in Millgate (said to be arched with the jaw-bone of a whale) and the smaller gate on Hunt's Bank were both thrown open. A stream of people of all grades, in festival array, poured in and out, and College cap and gown seemed to be ubiquitous.

For the previous week Mrs. Clowes and her assistants had been working night and day: her shop was in a state of siege. Every boy, and every boy's friend, seemed to have pocket-money to spend, and to want to spend it over her counter.

Then it was the great wedding-day of the year, and the church-yard swarmed like a hive; from every one of the many public-houses round College and church, music and mirth, clattering feet, and loud-voiced laughter issued. "The Apple Tree," "The Pack Horse," "The Ring o' Bells," "The Blackamoor's Head," were filled to repletion with wedding-guests; whilst the "College Inn," and the old "Sun Inn," held a less boisterous quota of the collegians' friends and relatives.

On those wet days when out-door play was impossible, the boys—besides darning their stockings—occupied their spare hours in carving spoons and apple-scrapers out of bone, in working balls and pincushions with coloured worsted in fanciful devices, and a stitch locally known as "colleging;" and with these on Easter Monday, and at Whitsuntide, they reaped a harvest of pocket-money; having liberty to offer them for sale. And when it is remembered that our notable female ancestors, poor and rich, wore indoors a pincushion and sheathed scissors suspended at their sides, it is not to be wondered at that these found ready purchasers as memorials of the visit.

But in that College Yard were anxious and expectant as well as buoyant faces.

The pale sad widow or the widower, with an orphan boy by the trembling hand, the uncle or next of kin to the doubly-orphaned candidate, were there, standing in a long line ranged against the building, and representing hopes and fears and eventualities little heeded by the shifting stream of gazers.

And there in that line, waiting to be called when their turn came, stood Jabez between Simon Clegg and Bess, with Matthew and the nurse on either hand. And ever and anon their eyes went up to the oriel window which faced the main entrance, for in the room it lit the arbiters of the boy's destiny sat in judgment on some other orphan's claim.

At length the summons came for "Jabez Clegg."

With palpitating hearts—for any body of men with irresponsible powers is an awful tribunal—they passed under the arched portal at the western angle of the building, following their guide past the doors of the great kitchen on the right hand, and Dr. Dee's room and the boys' refectory on the left, up the wide stone staircase, with its massive carved oak balusters, along the gallery, at once library and museum, where gaping holiday-folk followed a Blue-coat cicerone past shelves and glass cases, and compartments separated for readers' quiet study by carven book-shelf screens, hearing but heeding little of the parrot-roll the boys check off: "Here's Oliver Crummle's sword; theer's a loadstone; theer's a hairy mon; theer's the skeleton of a mon;" and so forth, but following their own guide to the nail-studded oaken door of the feofee's room—that door which may open to hope, only to close on disappointment.

The feofee's room—now the reading-room of the library—deserves more than a passing notice. It is a large, square, antique chamber, with a deeply recessed oriel window, opposite to the door, containing a table and seats for readers. There are carved oak buffets of ancient date, ponderous chairs, and still more ponderous tables, one of which is said to contain as many pieces as there are days in the year. Dingy-looking portraits of eminent Lancashire divines stare at you from the walls; but the left-hand wall contains alone the benevolent presentment of Humphrey Chetham, the large-hearted, clear-headed founder. Its place is over the wide chimney-piece, which holds an ample grate; and on either hand it is flanked by the carved effigy of a bird, the one a pelican feeding its young brood with its own blood, the other a cock, which is said (and truly) to crow when it smells roast beef.

But we smell the feofees' dinner, and must not delay the progress of Jabez and his friends.

A large body of feofees were present, many in the uniforms of their special volunteer regiments.

"So this is the little fellow who was picked up asleep in a cradle during the flood of August, 1799," observed rather than inquired one of the gentlemen, who appeared to be spokesman.

"Yoi, yo'r honours," answered Simon, making a sort of bow.

"Who can bear witness to that?"

"Aw con"—"An' aw con," responded Simon and Matt Cooper in a breath. "It wur uz as got him eawt o' th' wayter."

"Any one else?"

Bessy stepped forward modestly.

"He wur put i' m' arms on Tanner's Bridge, an' aw've browt him oop iver sin.'"

"Have you never sought for his parents?"

"Ay, mony a time. Mat an' me have spent mony a day i' seekin' 'em," said Simon promptly, "an' we could fand no moore than that papper tells"—referring to a sheet in the questioning feofee's hand.

"Then how do you date the boy's age with such precision?"

The nurse now sidled confidently to the front.

"If it please your honour's worship, aw wur called to stiff-backed Nan's dowter in the last pinch, when hoo wur loike to die, an' that little chap wur born afore aw left; an' that wur o' th' fifth o' May, seventeen hundred an' nointy-noine. Aw know it, fur aw broke mi arm th' varry next day."

"And the mother died."

"Yea!—afore the week wur eawt.

"And you think she was lawfully married? Where was her husband?"

"Aye! that's it. Hoo had a guinea-goold wedding-ring on; an' owd Nan said it wur a sad thing th' lass had ever got wedded, an' moore o' the same soort. An' aw geet eawt o' her that they're bin wedded at Crumpsall, an' a' th' neebors knew as th' husbant had had a letter to fatch him to Liverpool, an' had niver come back. Onybody i' Smedley knows that!"

"And you think they were honest, industrious people?"

"Aye, that they were, but rayther stiff i' th' joints, yo' know—seemed to think theirsel's too good to talk to folk like; or mabbe we'd ha' known th' lad's name an' o' belongin' to him. They owed nobbody nowt, an' aw wur paid fur moi jeb."

Jabez was called forward and examined; and he came pretty well out of the fire.

They found that he could read a little, knew part of his catechism, and they saw that he was a well-behaved, intelligent boy, with truthful dark grey eyes and a reflective brow.

There was a long and animated discussion, during which the boy and his friends were bidden to retire.

It was contended that the marriage of the boy's parents was not proven, that his very name was dubious, and that the founder's will was specific on that head.

Then one of Mrs. Clough's friends rose and grew eloquent. He asked if they were to interpret the will of the great and benevolent man, whose portrait looked down upon them, by the spirit or by the letter? If they themselves did not *feel* that the boy was eligible, as the nurse's testimony went to prove? That this was a case peculiarly marked out for their charitable construction. And he wound up by inquiring if they thought Humphrey Chetham would expect his representatives to be less human, less charitable, less conscientious in dealing with a bounty not their own, than that poor, struggling, hard-working tanner and his daughter, who had maintained and cherished the orphan in spite of cruelly hard times and still more cruel slander.

And then he told as an episode what Sally Cooper had confessed, and how and why Bess had lost her lover.

This turned the quivering scale.

"Jabez Clegg and his friends" were called in. The verdict, which turned the current of his life, was pronounced—Jabez Clegg was a Blue-coat-boy!

Before the night was out, while the flood-gates of all their hearts were open, Matthew Cooper, though nearly twenty years her senior, asked Bess to be his wife!

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"HOW SHALL I FURNISH MY DRAWING-ROOM?"

BEFORE we proceed to any decided step in buying furniture, there are several points which should be taken into consideration, and by these our minds should be more or less influenced.

When we purchase our goods and chattels, one of our first thoughts should be, Is the room a large or a small one? What is its shape? is another question to be answered. Is the house which contains it an old building, or one of modern date? is a third important point. And lastly, what is the aspect of the room itself—do its windows face north, south, east, or west?

One can readily imagine that the table, and couch, and chiffonier which might look remarkably well in a large and lofty room, would appear heavy for, and would overcrowd, one of smaller dimensions. As a rule, therefore, no large piece of furniture should be brought into a small room; at the same time it must be remembered that it is a possible error to go to the other extreme, and have everything on too diminutive a scale. I lately went into a drawing-room (*not* in an old maid's house) wherein were six little stands, and the chairs were all of such a slight and elegant style, that I ran my eye round the room, wondering on which I dare venture to sit down!

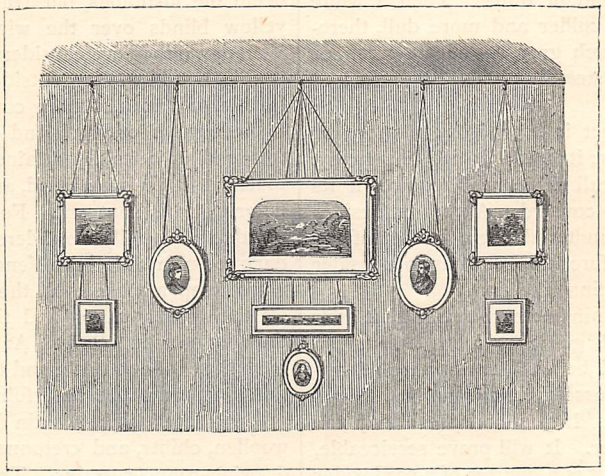
Again, old-fashioned pieces of furniture, which look so very picturesque, and which agree so admirably with diamond panes and latticed windows and old oak floors, appear quite out of place in a room which bears the date of to-day. It is also easy to suppose that furniture well suited to a square room would most probably not adapt itself comfortably to the requirements of a room that happened to be long and narrow.

Lastly, a room which is rarely or never cheered by the sun's rays requires to be differently furnished in some respects to the one which is often, or it may be continually, brightened by sunshine.

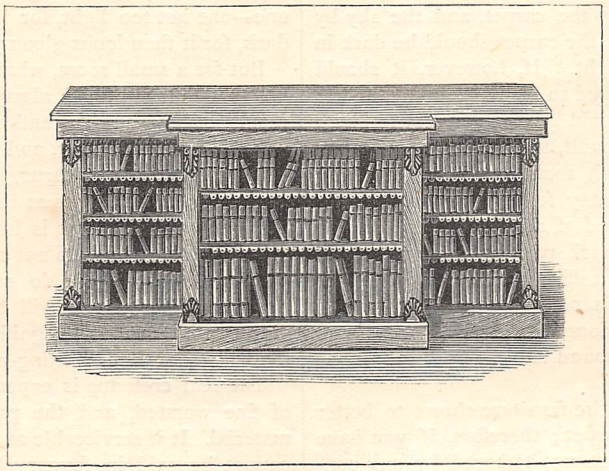
In buying the contents for, and arranging, our drawing-room, our great aim should be to make it a comfortable, cheerful, cosy, and yet withal an elegant room.

This desirable combination is, strange to say, rarely achieved, for how seldom it is that we enter a room which bears the marks of these various qualifications!

This one looks stiff, that one bare, another overcrowded, a fourth looks cold and uninhabited, a fifth too grand for daily use. Where is the feeling of home comfort in any of these apartments? But let us end these disparaging remarks, and see where the fault lies.



It partly arises from the mistaken notion so prevalent now-a-days that money, money only and money alone, will accomplish everything. In a certain sense, of course, this assertion is true enough; but in the question now before us, good judgment and good taste are two handmaids which give immense help, and their absence is at once perceivable. Money procures luxuries, but it is not money alone which produces comfort. I have seen a few drawing-rooms which always struck visitors with a pleasurable feeling, and they have invariably exclaimed, "What a charming room!" "What a comfortable and pretty room!" and when on several occasions I analysed the contents of the room thus apostrophised, and mentally put a price on the several pieces of furniture, it was surprising to think how inexpensive each article was in reality, and when I considered that the room had nothing in itself to form the attraction, I was forced to conclude that the effect was almost wholly due to the wisdom displayed in the choice of furniture and other etcetera, and the judgment exercised in the arrangement of it. If you wish to verify my words, pray call at two or three houses in any one terrace, and you will sometimes be almost startled—for, really, I have been—in entering a room which you naturally expected to be a complete fac-simile of the one just left, to find what a striking contrast existed.



I have sometimes been ushered into drawing-rooms whose very appearance chilled me on entering, and cast a gloom over my spirits—rooms which were furnished expensively. Costly were the curtains, carpet, and chairs; handsome were the ornaments; and yet the result was not satisfactory to the eye of the beholder, for a certain stiffness accompanied the grandeur, which effectually robbed it of all appearance of home comfort.

Do not misunderstand my meaning. It is quite possible for an expensively furnished room to look inviting and cheerful, and also for a poorly furnished room to look cheerless and unattractive, but in neither case would the presence of money make the required alterations.

For my own part, I think those drawing-rooms the prettiest which have been gradually furnished, rooms to which little additions have been made from time to time, whenever the owners happened to descry anything which suited the style and character of them.

It is possible to have a ten-roomed house furnished throughout in twenty-four hours—so we learn from the advertising columns of our newspapers—and were we to give an order for this to be done, we should of course be saved much time and trouble; but methinks we should soon grow heartily weary of our hastily gotten possessions, for there would be a great sameness about them.

Generally speaking, it is much more difficult to exercise taste in the furnishing of a town than of a country drawing-room, for frequently the former are somewhat dark, and small in size, and square in shape, all of which drawbacks a certain amount of duplicity and art is required to conceal and overcome.

We must now come to something more definite, and the first question to decide is, What paper shall we hang on the walls? A light-coloured one is invariably chosen, but even in this choice we must keep in mind the points which I enumerated at the commencement.

Experience affirms that a large-patterned paper

apparently diminishes the size of a room, and makes it look smaller than it really is; and that a striped paper on the wall of a long room has the effect of adding length. A mediæval pattern will only suit the room if the house is built in that style of architecture.

Have you pictures? Then choose a small-patterned paper. Is the room cold or dull? Then a white paper will make it look colder and more dull, therefore find one with a French grey, a delicate green, or a pale pink ground, and steadily eschew all buffs and drabs.

The choice of a carpet is a weighty matter, for carpets are costly articles; it is astonishing how many, many yards even a small room will require, if its boards are to be entirely covered. And then, besides the original cost of the material, there is that of the fitting and sewing, therefore it behoves us to consider well before we make our final decision.

If you aspire to an Axminster carpet, see that your purse is well stocked with golden guineas before you give the order. I should be well content with Brussels, a good bonâ fide Brussels, than which none will wear more satisfactorily. If you find the outlay too great, get a Kidderminster. It will prove serviceable, and is less expensive, for it is a quarter of a yard wider than Brussels. The only objection to this make of carpet is, that custom has awarded it its place in the bed-room. Some people prefer a tapestry carpet, but the patterns of these are usually of so florid and glaring a character, that they detract much from the general effect as it ought to be. It is considered correct taste to represent the earth by the carpet, and the sky by the paper—that is to say, the carpet should be dark in colour, and the paper light. If, however, it should happen that you are obliged to study economy, and to think of the future, I should advise you not to buy a carpet having a dark ground, for undoubtedly it will become shabby very much sooner than one having a light ground. Every dusty footmark shows on the dark carpet, and at the end of a year every place over which there has been much passing to and fro will show visible signs of the traffic, whereas on the lighter ground threadbareness is not nearly so discernible. The most economical colours are different shades of drab, but even a white ground is more useful than one of claret or maroon.

It must be owned that the furniture shows to better advantage on a dark carpet; therefore, if you have freedom of choice, and are not tethered by any consideration for the future, pray indulge yourself, and select a rich crimson, or a deep green, or a dark brown.

The hearth-rug should match the carpet in colour and general appearance, unless you prefer to have one of white wool.

The fender and fire-irons look all the handsomer if made of bright steel, but whether we go to this expense or not, we can exercise good taste by choosing a neat design. There are a great many fenders about in the world which are wondrously ugly, ponderously heavy, and elaborately showy in style.

Having papered the walls and put down the carpet, it is time we thought of blinds and curtains.

In buying the former, it is well to think of the outside, as well as of the inside appearance. Now, coloured blinds are doubtless more useful than white ones, especially in town houses, but green or crimson shed a much pleasanter light than yellow. You may deem me fastidious, but truly my eye dreads to see yellow blinds over the windows of a brick house. Venetian blinds are considered indispensable by some people, but in reality outside sun-blinds are far preferable, and are not more costly. The main object is to keep the room cool and shady. In the one case this end is certainly attained, but at the same time much fresh air is excluded, and all connection with the outer world is shut out. For myself I feel half suffocated, and wholly bewildered, when ushered into a dark room in which the Venetians are down.

To keep a room cool, the sun's rays must be kept off the window-panes, and this is what is effectually done by outside blinds. At the same time you may have the windows open, and the blinds inside the room drawn up, and thus cheerfulness instead of gloom will predominate. Silk or satin damask, rep, either silk or woollen, chintz, and cretonne, are the materials for the drawing-room curtains. The first three mentioned are costly materials, but woollen rep or chintz comes within the reach of ordinary folk. For a large room, or one which has a cold aspect, a bright warm-coloured rep is the most suitable. Crimson invariably looks well and at all seasons of the year—so also does blue if you can only find the right shade, which is a medium one—one not too light, for it soon soils; and not too dark, for it then looks gloomy.

But for a small room, what is there to compare to a pretty chintz? Chintz always looks cheerful, never seems out of season, and is most economical. It never fades perceptibly, and when soiled it can, for a small cost, be passed through the hands of the cleaner, from whence it emerges as bright and smiling as ever. The choice of patterns is immense; but even if your room is a small one, do not choose a very minute and prim pattern. If you do so, when the curtains are made and hung, you will be disappointed; for the pattern will look too insignificant, and more fitted for the bed-room than a sitting-room.

The real cretonne is expensive, because it is made of fine worsted, and the pattern is woven into the material. It is serviceable and wears well, but as much cannot be said in favour of the common cretonnes which now abound in our shops, and attract many by their gay and lively colouring and design. The patterns of these are merely printed on cotton, and the surface not being glazed (as is the case with chintz), the colours fade in consequence, or are quickly rubbed off, and all too soon the lovely flowers disappear, and the whole looks shabby.

For the white muslin curtains, a small decided pattern, such as a fern or rose leaf, will be found to be more effective than any very elaborate design; for the folds into which the curtains naturally fall, prevent any large pattern from being properly appreciated.

If these curtains are lined with pink or green book-muslin, they remain in good order for a much greater length of time; and the general effect, especially as seen from outside, is good. Broad ribbon of the prevailing colour of the room is now used to hold back curtains instead of cord and tassels. According to my notion, a vallance looks better than a pole, however handsome the latter may be. Dwellers in towns declare that vallances harbour dust, and soon become smoke-begrimed and soiled. I must leave the decision on this point to individual taste; probably to some people the absence of a vallance, and the presence of a pole, may *not* convey the idea of a bare and unfinished window.

We now come to what is pre-eminently termed "the furniture." What about our tables and chairs? Well, gilt is of no use in an every-day room, and rose-wood and ebony are somewhat expensive; walnut is less so; and if none of these come within our reach, we must have plain wood stained in imitation, and polished; and if this offends our eye, we can easily contrive to show as little of it as possible, by covering the tops of our tables with cloth, and by having no visible framework to our easy-chairs and couch.

An oval table is preferable to a round one, as now one never sees a table placed exactly in the centre of a room. An oblong table, kept exclusively for writing, is always useful, and may be made ornamental if the writing materials are selected with taste.

Then a little gipsy table sets off the room, especially if covered with a bright-coloured cloth. These are rather expensive pieces of furniture for the size, but if you like to be at a little trouble, they need not cost you so much. Get the joiner to turn a trio of legs, to stain and polish them, and to make an octagon top of common white wood. Then buy some cloth, fringe, and ornamental nails, and the table will soon be finished. The greater the variety of tables, both as to shape and size, the better will be the effect, and the same may be said respecting chairs. There should be chairs to suit all tastes and all ages, some high and some low, some with tall backs and narrow seats, some with short backs and broad seats. Easy-chairs should predominate, but two or three ordinary chairs will be found useful—for instance, one for the writing-table, and the others for occasional use.

In ordinary rooms a couch is more useful than an ottoman. If the room is large enough to hold the two, then a circular ottoman in front of the hearth-rug is a comfortable piece of furniture.

The coverings of the chairs and couch should match the curtains, but the introduction of another material is quite admissible. Sometimes it happens that a certain arm-chair is a prime favourite, and is soiled sooner than any of the others; this might be covered with a cretonne.

For over-covers a small-patterned, light-coloured chintz, or brown holland piped with crimson braid, is the prettiest and most serviceable.

A room without books looks desolate, and a room without ornaments looks bare. One seldom sees a pretty drawing-room book-case, and inlaid cabinets are not to be had for small sums of money. For myself, I would rather possess good, handsome books, and lovely ornaments, than spend all my money upon a handsome cabinet or chiffonier. A very pretty room, with which I am acquainted, has a long, low book-case, some six feet in length and three in height; there is a centre compartment, which projects about four inches in advance of the wings that flank it on either side; the depth of these wings measures eleven or twelve inches. The large and heavier books occupy the central division, while the smaller volumes fill the side shelves. On the top of this book-case are reared china bowls and plates, tall vases stand sentinels at either end, and cups and other knicknacks fill up the vacant space. The *coup-d'œil* is most pleasing.

It is not within my province to advise as to the choice of a piano, but I may just remark that the instrument should be placed in such a position that it will not be in danger of draught from door or window.

I think that we have now enumerated all the necessary pieces of furniture; it is almost impossible to offer any remarks as to their arrangement, except to say that the chairs must be scattered about the room, and the contents of the tables should not be arranged with mathematical precision. The ornamental adornments must be left entirely to the individual taste of the owner; I can only throw out a few hints on this subject.

It is better taste to have good photographs on the walls than badly-executed water-colours. In hanging the pictures, if there is not a picture-rod round the walls, put the nails which support the cord as close to the ceiling as practicable. A mirror over the mantelpiece always adds much to the cheerful appearance of the room; and if you would display good taste, let the frame which encircles it be neat in design. Brackets placed in the corners of the room, or elsewhere, take away much of the stiffness, especially if the room is a square one. Flowers here, there, and everywhere except on the mantelpiece always shed brightness and beauty.

The evil tendency of the present day is to have too many knicknacks about, until all home-feeling is banished, and one is inclined to think that the room has been converted into a shop.

We can render a room uncomfortable by too great a display of needlework. The fire is unapproachable because a fine flowered fender-stool bars the way. This chair must not be sat upon because its seat is covered with satin, that one because it contains a delicate cushion, another because its back is robed with a precious antimacassar. Away with such discomforts! Certainly, have needlework, and wool-work, and some dainty devices, for they bear traces of woman's presence, and give a home-like look to the room; but do not deck it with too many of these works of art, and by thus doing exclude all comfort and use; for let us ever bear in mind that we rob the drawing-room of its greatest charm and beauty, when we make it into an apartment which bears the marks of being either unused or uncared for. E. C.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE BARGEMAN.

"AHOY-EE! A-hoy-ee-o!"

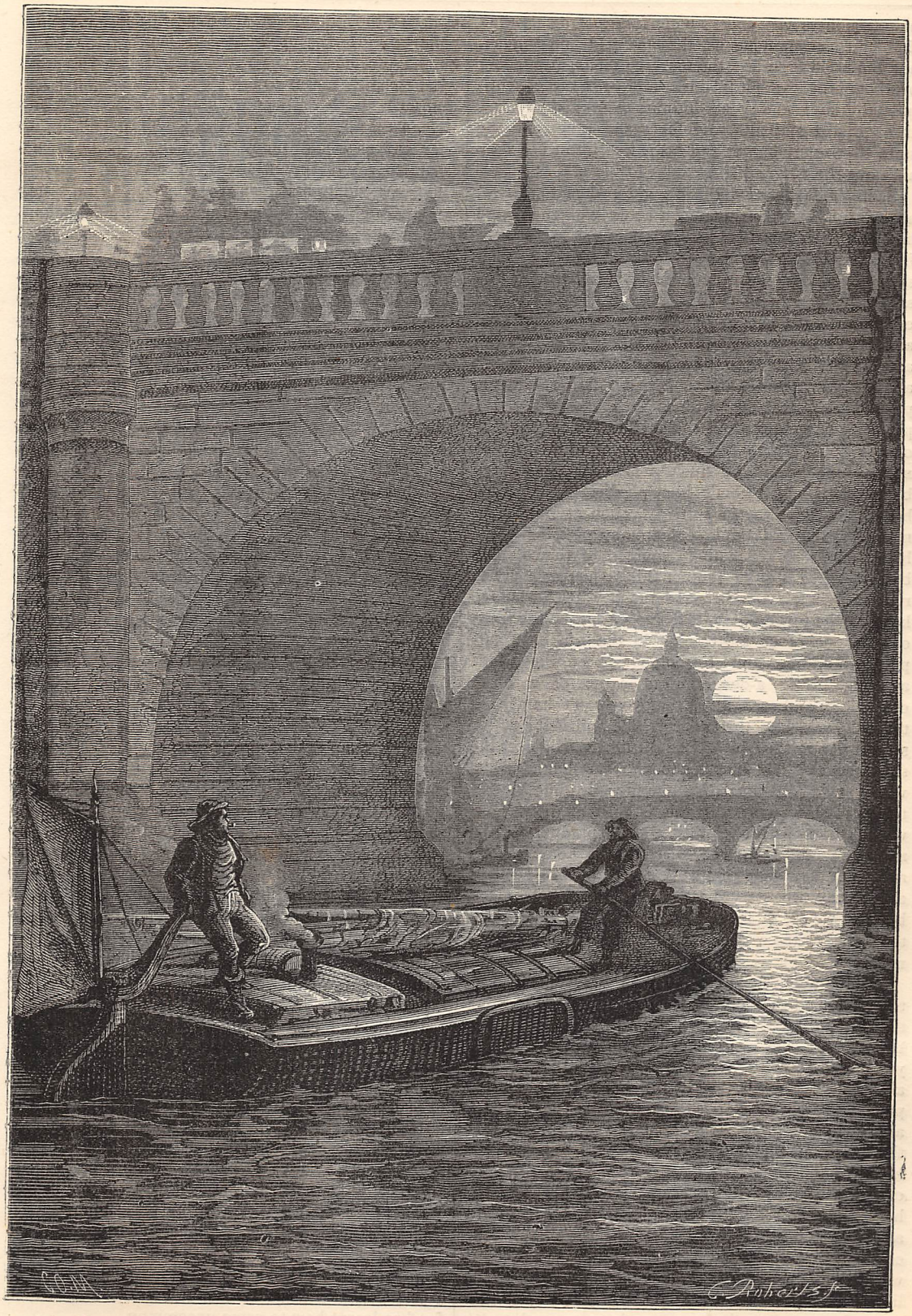
Lor', I shouldn't wonder if a good many people—ladies and gents, maybe — as have heard one of us a-hollerin' out this of a fine summer's night, just as we was coming along in sight of the lock, has thought—being at the time sentimental, like what they calls the serious songs in the "Little Warbler," as my pardner, Joe, sings a stave out of at odd times—I shouldn't wonder, I say, if they thinks to themselves, how pleasant it must be for to live on a barge, and go voyagin' up and down this 'ere sunlighted and moon-lighted river, with the trees a-rustlin' on the banks, and the water a-shining and rippling all round.

There's no partick'ler harm in thinking of it so, except that it ain't the whole truth, and nothink but the truth, as the coroner's clerk says when he's puttin' you to your oath respectin' a "dead body found," or else a sooicide as you prevents, maybe, through bein' a-layin'-to ashore amongst the mud, and watchin' against high-tide for to float you off, when perhaps you hears a scream right up by the parrypit of the bridge, and then a kind of a awful splash and a flutter, and a shriek as makes your blood run back from your fingers' ends, and all up to the roots of your hair; and then you goes out on the timbers, and looks as hard as you can down to the dark deep shadow as lays under the arch; and then you, and perhaps a wharf watchman, or a waterman as may be about, shoves off a boat, or lays out on the timber; and just as you sees a sort of a shape come drifting towards you in the light that's always to be seen on the surface, you make a clutch at it, and there's a gurgling and a struggling, and you haul it in, and it's a tangle of ribbon and clothes and long wet hair; and then there's a white *livin'* face, and tremblin' live flesh and blood; and then all the blood goes down from your head agin, and sets your heart a-thumpin', perhaps, and you feel ready to give the wretched creetur a shakin' for to bring her to her senses, and to wake her up to what she's nearly done by drawin' her feller-man into what's often lookin' death in the face for him as well as for her, if he's tempted, as well he might be, for to go into the river and let her get hold of him out of shoal-water.

But I'm a-rambling on right away from the subject, as is the way, I think, with men that lives on the water. They can keep a steady hand on the tiller, or get a regular heavy pull on the long sweeps when they're in the stream, but their thoughts goes a-wanderin' all the same while their eyes is wide open, while, of course, such summer days as I've mentioned, when the tow-ropes is on, and they're going quite smooth down between the regular locks, and smokin' a afternoon's pipe, listening drowsy-like to the soft thud of the horse's feet ahead, and the ripple of the water astarn, they must be poor chaps if they don't go off into all sorts o' dreams. I don't say as I ever tried to make po'try myself, but it wouldn't be a wonder but what some of our chaps had tried it afore now; not as there's much of readin' and writin' among us at present, any more maybe than making a kind of list of cargo with a bit o' chalk, or signing a delivery-sheet; but then there's much to be done even with a bit o' chalk and a memory, if you've got the knack of makin' up things, as my pardner has more than once added a verse or so to the "Little Warbler" when he's been sociable inclined, and we've been settin' comfortable at our tea, with maybe a bloater as a sort of extray inducement for him to come out strong.

It's at such times that the ladies and gents afore-said, when they sits in their own boats and sings, "Flow on, thou shining river," and such like, or when they're on one of the banks of the Thames, a-fishing or courting in a punt—or perhaps on the Lea river, down there by the white bridge at Horse-shoe Point, forgets for a moment all about the many that's faced death in the water by the way of the bridges, or a sudden leap in the dark—forgets all about the inquest, and the workus shell, and the funeral—forgets even about the reskies of them that is pulled out by such as us, and has to go up before the magistrate, and be sent to prison till they come to their senses. I don't wonder at it, for one, not when I'm a-settin' in the sun, and going easy with the tow-rope; for the barge that me and Joe works is pretty enough, and all clean painted, and the cargo, whether it's gunpowder, or new-mown hay, or general things, as we may call merchandise, is no detriment to the look of the *Pretty Jane*.

I mention gunpowder, don't I, because I'm going to talk about the dangers we undergo when we carry such, as was proved only the other day when, as the newspapers said, half of London might ha' been blowed to ruins but for the three barges and the steam-tug being just where they was? But I don't mean to say a word about that. Men have been facing death that way for years and years, and nobody the wiser; and when the fright's blowed over, and the houses down by Regent's Park is rebuilt, they'll most likely have to face it the same way again, except perhaps that they'll be cut off their bacca for a time, and no cookin'-stoves will be allowed aboard if known



THE BARGEMAN.

of. But, bless you, there's more facing of death than that every day among us, through cold and hunger, and the night fogs, and the morning mists, and falling overboard in the pitch dark, and—what the sentimental ladies and gents thinks of less than all—through dirt and filth, and fever and ague, and the state that many barges and boats get into when they ain't like the *Pretty Jane*.

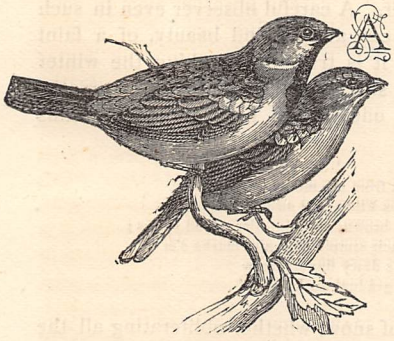
Summer days and autumn nights, when the barge, all painted gay, goes rippling on between green wooded banks, where the fields beyond is all fresh and beautiful, and the cattle stands and looks at us out of their sleepy eyes, and the corn-fields lays mellerin' in the sun, and the lark sings overhead, till the grey of the evening comes down, and the light gets more of gold and less of burning heat in it—all these is one thing; and the *Pretty Jane*, and her neat brass-bound cabin, and the shiny stove, and our best tea-things, and the painted tray, and my pardner Joe's wiolin, and the parrot, is one thing; but coal barges out on the tide of a winter's night, and guano barges, and loads of manure that might be smelt a mile off; and cargo boats with cabins that's like pigsties, and human beings stowed away in such a fashion as no farmer now-a-days would think of doing by pigs, let alone horses as is so much more counted of than human beings—these is quite another thing; just as a pretty run down in fair weather, and the boy at the horse's head on the towing-path, and Joe or me at the tiller, or else one of us a-dreaming in the sun on a tarpaulin—and me and Joe alongside of the wharf a-taking in or a-delivering of cargo of a bitter cold night, and such a fog that you can't hardly see the gangway, and the lanterns like will-o'-the-wisps, so that you're likely every hand's turn to slip over the side between the barge and the iron-bound piles, where you'd be jammed to a mummy—is quite another thing. I don't take the missis with us now. Joe, which is the missis's brother, and my pardner, he and me go together; but the missis has a home ashore, and a bit of a shop that we'd saved up for—I might a'most say we starved and pinched ourselves for, but that we did it by giving up the drink. We never took the children aboard after little Benjy died—never!

Talking about fair weather, and the silver ripple on the river, and the song-birds, and the golden evening time, makes me think how my poor missis—her name being Jenny, but not named after the barge, though you might think so—how she laid out little Benjy on a clean white pillow, with a holland sheet, on the poop, and how we stopped to go ashore on the lock and get some green boughs, and a few flowers that the lock-keeper pulled from his garden, to put round him, and made a sort of a tent with a square of sail-cloth; and how Jenny sat down by it with her face in her hands, and I went to the tiller, and Joe stayed ashore by the horse's head, and we went through the country as still as if it was a funeral, which indeed it was, because we meant to bury him next day in the little churchyard on the hill, where Jenny goes still once a year to see the grave, as is green and pretty even yet, though this was ten year ago, and the other children's growing up, and two of 'em old enough to be put to something. You'll excuse me, this ain't what I rightly meant to say; but concerning of them that faces death daily and nightly, of other men and women as might be us, and of children perhaps as dear and as well-favoured and pretty as little Benjy. Why, there's over ten thousand men, women, and children actually living on board of boats and barges day and night!—on board of barges where the cabins, many of 'em, aren't so big as ours in the *Pretty Jane*, and where whole families has to eat and drink, and wash, and sleep, and live, in a way that a stable's a palace to, and a pigsty in a dairy-farm a parlour in comparison. Children are born in these places; need I go fur to say that they die there? Over ten thousand, when last the Government took the senses of the people——census, is it? Well, never mind, let's say when they was last counted—which, mind you, was more notice than might have been expected of the Government, and hasn't been followed up by anything that I ever heard on. Over ten thousand living on board as stated, out of pretty nigh thirty thousand as gets a living by barges and boats in the carrying trade. There's them that knows as well as the Government that this don't nigh come up to the true number now. More children have been born and reared since then in the stifling cabins; more women have toiled at men's work as well as their own, and took their share of danger and of drink in a hard life; more men have faced death, along with them that's maybe as dear to 'em in their way as some of the sentimental ones aforesaid is to them, though perhaps a queer and a rough way of showing of it. The calkilation now is that taking not fur off five thousand miles of waterway of rivers and canals in England, and taking of an average which I hold, with my pardner Joe, is four boats to a mile (such is the growth of the business), and reckoning only a man and wife and two children to each barge—as is below what anybody can prove for themselves by visiting the cabins, where oftentimes there is three or four, and even five, and sometimes two families—we comes to this point, namely, that something like forty thousand at least, and nearer ninety thousand in my opinion, is to be totalled up before you can say, "All told."

I've heard from seafarin' men, and them that has been to China, that there's what's called floatin' villages of junks—as is the name they give their boats out there—and that the people there live on a very little, and their morals ain't up to much. We might as well perhaps look at home; not as to morals we won't say, but as to the ways of living where common decency ain't very easy, and health ain't hardly possible, let alone what might be called manners; and especially as there hasn't been as yet a schoolmaster sent by Government as would even go so far as to teach writing with a bit of chalk on the back of a tea-tray, such as I might execute myself, or to read with a proper sentiment out of the "Little Warbler," which Joe has learnt how to come uncommon.

FEBRUARY.

PRELUDES OF SPRING.



A COUNTRY walk, if people learn to despise wet feet, has its own charms in this as in every month. Nor is the landscape altogether unlovely. Every here and there a faint tinge of white and green colours bush or brake, while the celandine or the Lent lily blazes under its shelter, to say nothing of the kindling fires of the gorse which edge the sandy lane, or light up the waste corners of fields. The butter-bur is another flower of the month, which may be found along most brooks ; while from overhead the songs of lark and thrush fall upon the ear as pleasant preludes of spring. Many complain that there is nothing worth looking at in the district where their lot is cast, when the fault is their own. They will not previously prepare themselves for observing nature, and the eye only sees that which it is trained to see. Every country house, and every one fond of natural history, ought to possess some of the admirable standard works on English birds, beasts, fishes, and plants, which can now be so easily procured. Then a man both knows what to look for and can recognise it when found. Indeed, it is surprising what prizes occasionally come before the notice of those who learn to observe. Thus a friend had the good fortune, when one day rambling in Kent, to find the only recorded British nest of the American cuckoo. It contained four eggs, three of which were accidentally broken. A little further on he lighted upon a nest of the larger shrike, with young birds in it. Its discovery enabled him to confirm a fact stated in the books, but concerning which considerable doubt has existed, for every thorn near it bore the dead bodies of flies, spiders, worms, &c., like a larder carefully stocked by the old birds for their progeny. Still continuing his walk, it was his privilege to behold one of the rarest of British birds, the bee-eater, sitting in its splendid plumage on a rail between two fly-catchers.

Wood-pigeons are now very destructive to winter greens, and sometimes a capital dish may be taken from their crops after shooting them, as they only swallow the tenderest shoots. These birds have increased largely of late years, and the system of gun licences operates greatly in their favour. In severe winter they do much harm to the farmer's turnips ; indeed, their flesh then becomes so rank as to be almost uneatable. It is extremely difficult to approach them, but the gunners keep a decoy bird for the purpose, which is tethered in a turnip-field, while its owner lies in wait with his gun. In this manner numbers are often shot. The wood-pigeon is very long-lived. One of these men informs us he has kept one such decoy bird for eleven years, while he has known of a friend possessing another for nineteen years, which then escaped to the woods. The murmuring of the "aërial wood-pigeons" (as Virgil beautifully calls them) is one of the most peaceful associations of the country. Year by year a magpie tenants an old nest in our garden, and gets off her young, when the vacant nest is immediately taken possession of by a pair of wood-pigeons. During the breeding season, by extending a little protection to them, they become very tame, and greatly enhance the charms of home. In January, 1869, on a neighbouring farm, three acres of cabbages were utterly destroyed by wood-pigeons, nothing but the mid-ribs and largest side-ribs of the leaves being left. In severe weather field-fares and larks are often compelled to follow their example. In February, 1870, a field of swede turnips was thus attacked. Curiously enough, it was found on shooting some of them that the field-fares confined their attention to the pulp of the swedes, while in the case of three larks which were examined their crops were filled with the green leaves, and a few small stones.

Early in the month the starling's spring note may be heard, though they do not pair until March, when their low love-twittering is inexpressibly pleasant after the silence of most birds during winter. Then too they may be noticed huddling together by threes or fours, like love-birds, in a very comical manner. The starling was Waterton's favourite bird, just as the swallow family is for ever associated with Gilbert White. It is an indefatigable insect-hunter, and always seems too busy to condescend to any kind of frivolity. We once saw a pair of them feeding a young brood on the lawn. The latter would not look for anything for themselves, and victimised their parents in a most amusing way, depriving them of every dainty which they found. Although one of our most harmless and useful birds, and one to be especially encouraged by farmers, many starlings are annually shot in Lincolnshire, under an ignorant belief that they drive pigeons out of their cotes. During this month they fly in companies, which are sometimes of vast size, occasionally darkening the air like a cloud. Thus in 1865 one such flock was seen on the Grimsby coast, which was estimated to contain 18,000 starlings. Many of these birds would be immigrants, spending the winter here, and returning to the Continent with mild weather. A little flock of thirty or forty birds is no uncommon sight on our lawn upon a February morning, and their proceedings inculcate in a very practical way the lesson of ceaseless activity.

Some other sights and sounds in the country afford unerring foretastes of spring during this month. About the second week the sorrowful spring note of the golden plover may be heard in their haunts on the open meadows, and by the first week of March they

have commenced moulting and changing their winter dress. This transformation is very remarkable. The golden yellow of the winter months disappears, and the bird is clad in deep black plumage on its breast, so that an uninitiated eye might regard it during summer as a different species. The gulls (which are now very numerous on ploughed land, especially the herring gulls) show wonderful diversities of plumage at different seasons, and when young or in maturity. A man must have made some progress in ornithology to be able to distinguish these variations. In rough weather on the open seaboard of the northern counties, flocks of the snow-bunting, often containing thousands of these pretty little birds, may be seen. They are locally known as "Norway sparrows." But the characteristic black and white plumage of the male bird is seldom seen in these flocks, as they leave before it is fully attained. The green plover (or lapwing) also occurs in such localities at this time in enormous flocks. Of one such flock, seen in 1873, it was calculated, by counting up to 100, and taking the rest in sections, that it contained about 4,000 birds.

A walk in an inland county during this month may lead, in cold weather, to our flushing from any secluded pond a couple of that pretty and diminutive duck, the teal. Like most of its congeners, when wounded it endeavours to escape by diving. A friend shot one, which fell into a muddy ditch. He was surprised, on walking up, to find no trace of the bird. So certain, however, was he of the spot, that he stirred up the bottom with his ramrod, when the winged bird emerged, and was captured. True to its instincts, when the water was too shallow to admit of diving, it had tried to conceal itself in the mud. Game birds are now pairing, and thinking of the great work of the year. As we pass the tufts of brown fern in one of these pleasant woods, the birds are so tame that they scarcely deign to hurry off into the thicket; and on raising the ruddy fronds with a walking-stick, a fine pheasant, with maybe a well-marked white ring round its neck, merely hops a couple of yards further in, so confiding has it become with the 1st of February.

As a natural consequence of February weather, the statistics of rain-fall and the state of the glass are eagerly studied in every country house. Indeed, February is a charming month for those whose hobby is the rain-gauge; and the manner in which an old gentleman fond of meteorology rubs his hands and chuckles, as he stands at a window watching the steady rain-fall which is so depressing to younger men, is very provoking. A man with such a hobby is often as great a nuisance to a household as is he who prides himself on early rising. Yet the rain-measurer may tell us something worth knowing of our apparently capricious climate—as, for instance, that the driest part of England is the West Riding of Yorkshire. On descending the coast, the rain-fall slightly but regularly rises. Travelling westward, especially on the coast, it is copious, attaining, as might be expected, a high figure in Cornwall. In Wales it is higher still, and is enormous at the Lakes—150 or 160 inches per annum, compared with 27·46, the average of North Lincolnshire in seven years up to 1872. On the west coast of Scotland, and especially in the Hebrides, the natives must always live in a Scotch mist through winter. A careful observer even in such a climate as this can always find beauty, of a faint and shadowy kind it is true, by watching the winter landscape lose its sharp outlines as the mist-wreaths drift over it. In one of his finest poems, Collins notices this :—

"Be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Eve's dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

While the beauty of snow, whether obliterating all the season's ravages amongst the flower-garden, or when lying in gracefully heaped drifts sparkling in the noontide sun, need hardly be mentioned. Such pleasures as these are some compensation to the dweller in the country for the social life and intellectual activity of the city, and demand a carefully cultivated taste, an artistic power of perception, and a contented disposition, if they are to be enjoyed to the full.

Amongst the blossoms of February, should be noticed the retiring blue petals of the germander and Buxbaum's speedwell; towards the end of the month, marsh marigolds blaze under the alders by the stream, which are themselves covered with catkins. The "boatman" and "whirligig" beetles now begin their skating season on the streams which these trees overhang. The yellow avens, and especially the primrose, will be seen in their usual localities, towards the end of the month unfolding their flowers. In the garden the apricot will be in full blossom, and the gooseberries putting out perceptibly green buds. Altogether, the month is the precursor of spring, and natural phenomena are in a transitional state. From the elder and hawthorn bushes, which are also breaking into buds, may be heard the spring notes of the tits—the greater, blue, and cole tits—and very diligently do these little birds explore the drooping foliage of the spruce fir, as they cheer each other with their good news of more genial weather.

Garden operations this month are necessarily dependent upon the weather. All creepers on walls must now be neatly pruned and tied in. Lawns must be rolled and mown, and new edgings of box, daisies, &c., may be planted. This is the last opportunity for transplanting trees and shrubs. Ranunculuses are to be planted, choosing mild weather and a rich loamy soil, five inches apart. In the kitchen-garden, raspberries must be pruned and tied, and the crowns of rhubarb plants well mulched and sheltered with boxes or the like, in order to obtain an early crop. Beans, peas, carrots, turnips, and lettuces are to be sown also for early crops. Salading must be attended to, and towards the end of the month early potatoes may be planted, but they must first have been well sprouted in a warm dark room. Such tubers come up much earlier and stronger than those put in without this preliminary attention.

M. G. WATKINS.

"EARN AND LEARN."

(The Prince of Wales.)

A YOUNG man stood by a joiner's bench—
Flung chisel and maul away,
And cheerily cried to his wife, "Dear wench,
I've laboured enough to-day.
Lay down your knitting and sit by my side;

(Drawn by R. BARNES.)

I'll sing you a song to-night,
While the shadows are falling at eventide,
And the log on the hearth burns bright.
There's a time to work and a time to earn,
A time to rest and a time to learn.

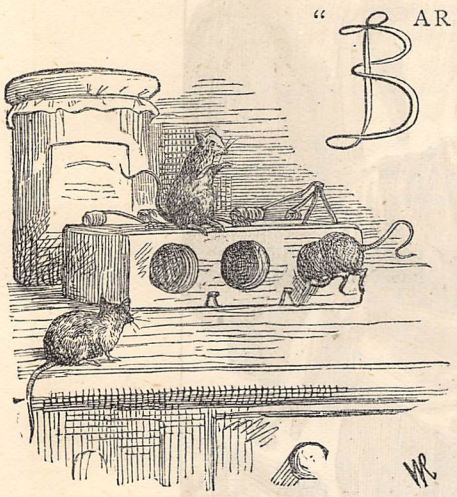
"'Tis not a song of wassail or war,
A song of women or wine;
A goodlier song, I trow, by far,
Shall be this song of mine—
For him that labours with muscle and bone,
Or labours with brain and skill,
For the Queen that sits on her stately throne,
Or the lass that works at the mill—
A song the goodwill of all to earn,
For every man and woman to learn.

"Men and women, from cradle to bier,
All have need to earn;
Rich and poor, and peasant and peer,
All have need to learn.
The poor man earns his daily bread,
The rich man power and name,
The statesman to stand at a nation's head,
The scholar a glorious fame.
Each child of Adam was born to earn,
This is the lesson we all must learn.

"None so dull that he may not know
More than he knew before,
None so wise that he may forego
To learn yet somewhat more:
To learn all his duty to God above,
To self, to kind below;
Better to do, think, help, and love,
Wiser and better to grow.
'Tis the son of our Queen that bids us earn,
He may be our King who bids us learn."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE ART OF SHOPPING.



"BARGAINS! Bargains!! Bargains!!! Selling off!!!! For a few days only—The whole of a Bankrupt's Stock, at fifty per cent. below cost price.—Silks, Laces, Velvets, Furs, Hosiery, Ribbons," &c. &c. &c.

I looked at the flaming advertisement, and thought this was just the chance for me. Our housekeeping bills *were* large, there was no doubt about it; and Jack, dear, good Jack, who was so patient and kind, had said only that morning that he wished I would try to buy things less expensively, and not make all my purchases at the largest and best shops. Really, the times were so hard, and the children wanted so many things, and he looked so anxious, that if I could save two or three shillings, what a good thing it would be! So I boldly entered the shop.

It was very much crowded. There were evidently a good many people besides myself who wanted to save a few shillings. I had to wait some minutes before I could be attended to, and every one seemed so eager and so impatient that I got quite nervous. At last a shopman came up and inquired what I wanted. I all but replied, "Bargains! Bargains!! Bargains!!! Fifty per cent. below cost price." I had been so absorbed in the idea of saving a few shillings, and thinking of Jack and the children, that I had entered the shop more with an idea of reducing my household expenditure generally, than of purchasing any particular article. However, now that I was in I must buy something; but what? that was the question. It had been a great rule with mother, who had been a notable housekeeper, and who was taken from us all too soon, that everything was dearly bought that was not wanted; and just now I did not want anything pressingly.

The shopman—who, I suppose, thought from my silence, and my evident bewilderment, that I was in search of something rather out of the way—here began enumerating the various articles which were on this occasion only to be obtained on such advantageous terms.

"Silks, ma'am?—lovely black silks, fifty per cent. below cost price—table-cloths, towelling, flannels——"

"Flannel!" that was the very thing. It was always useful where there were children; and our eldest girl would soon require some new flannel petticoats. "I want to look at some flannel, if you please."

"Certainly, ma'am.—Flannel for this lady."

"It must be white flannel, strong, and of a wide width," I said, in answer to the shopman to whose care I was now committed.

"What length did you require, ma'am?" We have some very cheap remnants, really almost being given away."

"This one, seven yards and three-quarters, we can supply, during the sale only, for eight and tenpence."

I rapidly calculated. I should want two yards for each petticoat; four yards would do.

"Have you a remnant of four yards?"

"Well, I am afraid not exactly four yards, madam; five yards and a quarter we could do for you, or two yards and three-quarters, or three yards and a third, or one and a half; but not four yards. Don't you think this would do, ma'am—five yards and a quarter? Remarkably cheap, five and threepence three-farthings. You will find that this flannel will wear like a piece of wire; we can warrant it not to shrink. Thank you, ma'am. What else can I have the pleasure? Children's socks, ma'am?—ridiculous price, twopence halfpenny each; very good socks—ordinary price, eightpence three-farthings. Eight pairs?—thank you, ma'am. Some very cheap children's gloves, ma'am. One penny farthing per pair. Four pairs?—thank you, ma'am. Should never think of offering them at that price, but we wish to clear out our summer's stock before the winter."

"Oh! I thought it was a bankrupt's stock?"

"Certainly, ma'am, bankrupt's stock. Here are some remarkably cheap children's dress-pieces—remnants—six yards, one and elevenpence three-farthings—elegant goods; eight yards, two and elevenpence three-farthings; thank you, ma'am—the eight yards. Some cheap kid gloves for your own wear, one and sixpence farthing, as good as those usually sold for two and sixpence halfpenny per pair. One pair?—thank you, ma'am. One pair quite sufficient, do you think, ma'am?—selling out very quickly. Two

pairs?—thank you. Is there nothing more to-day? We have some very cheap articles here; we don't wish you to buy, only to look" (this was in answer to a deprecatory movement from me, for I was rather alarmed in thinking of the number of things I had already purchased). "We merely wish you to see what we are doing. Very cheap collars, three-halfpence each, ma'am—one and threepence per dozen; capital collars—last all the winter. These are really bargains. As soon as the sale is over we shall mark them at their proper price—sixpence halfpenny each. One dozen only? Nothing more to-day, you think, ma'am?"

"Nothing more, that is quite all," I replied decidedly, for though I had certainly purchased the articles at ridiculously low prices, I had bought rather more than I intended, and was anxious to see what I had to pay.

The bill was soon made out: flannel, five and threepence three-farthings; hosiery, one and eightpence; gloves, fivepence; dress remnant, two and eleven three-farthings; ladies' gloves, three and a penny; collars, one and threepence; total, fourteen and eightpence halfpenny. Surely I had not spent fourteen and eightpence halfpenny! Socks, twopence halfpenny; gloves, three-halfpence—fourteen and eightpence halfpenny! It was incredible! That was a large sum out of my allowance of three pounds a week. However, it had to be paid, and arranging for the parcel to be forwarded immediately, I left the shop.

"I have been buying some bargains at a shop where they were selling off, Jack," I said to my husband.

"That's right, little wife, if you have only bought wisely. Let us look over your parcel. Why, what is this for? it seems a nondescript sort of an article. Is it for drawing-room curtains?"

"Oh, Jack! that is for a dress for Nellie."

'A dress for Nellie! rather light for winter, is it not?"

Of course it was. The children wanted warm clothing now, and the material I had bought was thin, and soiled as well. I looked tremblingly over the parcel, and it was astonishing how different everything seemed when quietly examined at home. The socks were none of them the right size, and if they had been they were so commonly made up, and had such thick heavy seams, that they would have pained the delicate little feet; the gloves were soiled and thin, of no use in the cold weather, and when next summer came the children would have outgrown them; the kid gloves for myself split right across directly they were put on, and were besides evidently intended for some deformed individual, one of whose fingers was considerably thinner than the rest; the collars were badly shaped, and never would fit; and although the flannel, the only article that answered the purpose for which it was intended, was both good and cheap, I had a yard and a quarter more than I wanted.

"Never mind, little wife," said Jack, who looked very much inclined to laugh, but was restrained out of compassion for the mute misery depicted on my countenance; "you'll learn wisdom by experience. Better luck next time—only, we can't afford many experiences like this."

Evidently this sort of thing would not answer. Usually I went to good shops, and got good articles; but on comparing notes with my friends, found I paid the highest price for everything. Happy thought! I would talk to Fanny Herbert about it, and take her advice. She was such a clever housekeeper, at least so people said, though for my own part I must say——

Fanny was delighted to be of use. It struck me that a glow of delight spread over her countenance, when she heard that I had been such a goose, but of course that I must bear. She said—

"I think, my dear, on the whole, you will find that people living in London can buy drapery goods as reasonably as can be expected. No dweller in any town in England possesses equal advantages with a Londoner for dressing elegantly, and at the same time economically. At these very sales of which you have now such a wholesome dread, very cheap purchases may be made, if you only make up your mind before you enter the shop what, and what quantity, you intend to buy, and do not allow yourself to purchase anything which you do not require. No, the difficulty in housekeeping is, to my mind, decidedly not dress, but provisions. Did you ever buy your meat at one of the large markets?"

"No, I never did."

"I always buy mine at the Farringdon market. The train brings me to within five minutes' walk of the place. I take with me a large straw bag in which to carry my meat; when I have made my purchases, I hire a boy, at the small charge of a penny, to carry my load to the station, and, on leaving the train, a railway porter or a small boy is generally to be found who will assist me in conveying my provisions to my residence. Go with me, and doubtless you will effect a material saving."

When Jack was told of our plan, he said he could do better than that. He could go to the market for me, and bring up what I required. This was charming. I quite longed for the time to come when I could save a little money in the purchase of a joint of meat.

"Let us be careful about one thing, dear Annie," said Jack, "and that is, not to buy more than we positively need; I feel sure that is *the* great mistake with young housekeepers. They buy too much of a thing, and so any saving that they may make in buying cheaply is swallowed in the unnecessary outlay."

I was obliged to assent to this, though my spirit was beginning to rebel against the constant allusions to my one unlucky escapade.

The next evening a cab drove up to our door, rather before the usual hour for Jack's return. Cabs were so unusual with us, frugal people that we were, that a melancholy vision immediately crossed my mind, of my husband run over by a brewer's van, and brought home, maimed and injured for life. This fear was soon dissipated by the appearance of Jack, triumphantly bearing a straw bag, from which he speedily produced a large leg of mutton.

"This is the way to save, evidently, Annie," said he, scarcely waiting to lay aside his coat and hat before he entered on the subject. "How much do you say you pay Jackson per pound for a leg of mutton?"

"Tenpence halfpenny," I replied.

It is necessary to bargain, and that you would not like, and I should not like it for you."

"But, Jack, the cab! I suppose you took the cab to carry the leg of mutton. How much did you pay for the cab?"

"Ah!" said Jack, "that was two shillings, but——"

"AT LAST A SHOPMAN CAME UP AND INQUIRED WHAT I WANTED" (*p.* 150).

"Tenpence halfpenny! Fancy that! Here is a fine leg of mutton, weighing seven pounds and a half—ninepence per pound—five and sevenpence halfpenny only for that splendid joint, my dear. Why, let me see. At tenpence halfpenny per pound you would have paid six and sixpence three-farthings for that leg of mutton. Here is a clear saving effected on one joint of meat only of eleven pence and one farthing. But there is no question, this sort of shopping ought to be done by a man. It is not at all the sort of thing for a lady.

"Oh, Jack!" I cried, "we're quits, we're quits! Never mind, darling, you'll learn wisdom by experience. Better luck next time—only, we can't af——"

But Jack had rushed out of the room.

This was in my early housekeeping days. Since that time I have made several attempts to buy things at the cheapest, and have often found I paid considerably more in the long run than I should have done if I had bought them in the regular way. I have been taken by obliging friends to wholesale

warehouses, where they had an introduction, to find that there I could only buy articles by the dozen. I have braved the pressing attentions of furniture dealers, and bidden at auctions, to find that, when they reached home, the goods I thought so excellent were damaged. I have exchanged something I did not want for something I did, to find that—on my part at least—exchange was no robbery; and I think I may now congratulate myself on having learnt from experience a few lessons, which I would gladly give to wives and mothers desirous of cultivating the art of shopping.

One of these lessons is, that there is no economy in buying a third-rate article because it is cheap. The best is usually worth the highest price. Of course, in many instances, this kind of economy cannot be practised, because the money is not at hand; but it is well worth a thought whether it would not be wiser to put off buying anything at all until one can afford to buy it good. With children's dresses, for example, how a good material can be passed from one child to another, then turned, re-turned, made up again, altered, re-fitted, trimmed differently, and brought out at last once more as good as new. Of course, I am supposing now that the mother can use her fingers. If the dress has to be "put out" each time, there will not be much saving. Oh, that in these days of enlightenment it were a little more usual for girls to be clever with their needles!

Another lesson is that a thing is not necessarily good because it is expensive. Here experience and common-sense must come in. It is astonishing how soon a little attention will enable a person to tell at once whether a material is likely to wear, or to wash, or to shrink, or to fade, or to fray, or to cut, or any other horror. Like every science, the art of shopping requires learning, study, and forethought; and when it is thoroughly acquired by a wife or mother, she may by its aid procure comforts, and even elegancies, for a sum which without it merely suffices for necessaries.

There is an old proverb which, like many another, is full of wisdom, and that is, "A store is no sore." It is, generally speaking, a saving both of time and money to buy a large quantity at a time of anything that will be likely to increase in price; and those who, without forethought, buy each day only what is required for the day's needs, to use another old proverb, "let money run out at the heels of their boots." Coal may be laid in at the end of the summer to last through the winter; potatoes may be bought by the sack or the load, instead of by the pound; apples by the bushel, and soap by the hundred-weight; for soap will not waste half so much if it be kept till it is dry. In this way many pennies and shillings may be saved.

Care should be taken, too, to remark at once upon any goods sent in which are not quite as they ought to be. Undoubtedly, and naturally, tradesmen give their choicest goods to their largest customers. Next to these come the customers who know when they are well served, and who decline to have inferior articles palmed off upon them. Unless this is done systematically, like David Copperfield, "our appearance in a shop will be the signal for all the damaged goods to be brought out immediately." Above all—and this is advice which, though often given, cannot be too often repeated—do your shopping yourself. Do not give your orders to the servants to give to the tradespeople; but go round to the shops, choose what you want, and pay for it at once. That most objectionable practice of a tradesman sending round, and a mistress giving orders for articles, to be paid for—some time, is the cause of ruin and misery in many a home. Of course, a tradesman puts on an extra charge for credit—it is only fair that he should; of course, it prevents the bills being constantly and closely checked, which is the right thing both for customers and dealers; and it leads to the purchase of many an unnecessary article, which would never have been thought of if the money had had to be paid down at once. Personal illness, or more urgent duty, may prevent the mistress of a household from doing her own shopping; but love of ease and indolence ought never to be allowed to do so. And these are the great hindrances to the acquisition of the art of shopping. Given a certain amount of health, energy, and common-sense, and what may not a woman accomplish? In providing for the wants of her household, experience daily grows upon her, and in an incredibly short space of time she comes to understand one of the great secrets of modern domestic life, and that is, not only to make each sixpence do its lawful and proper work, but in many instances to let it stand in the place of a shilling.

TWENTY-ONE.

WHAT, if I live to see
Three-score begun,
Shall I not give to be
Just twenty-one!

If I might wish to-day
Wishes I've none,
Save that my life might stay
At twenty-one.

Youth's brightest hours fly,
Golden sands run;
Now spring is old, and I
Scarce twenty-one.

Love is so new a thing,
Full of bright sun;
Kisses can leave no stin
At twenty-one.

Silence! the roses fade—
My dream is done,
For in its grave is laid
Sweet twenty-one.

Live while you may—be sure
Time waits for none—
Days come when we're no more
Just twenty-one!

C. B.

ENGLISH FORESTS UNDER THE SEA.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., F.G.S., ETC.

THE well-known couplet in Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—

> "Now rolls the deep where grew the tree!"

is nowhere better illustrated than along the English coasts. A fringe of submarine forests surrounds the dry land, over whose sites, at low water, especially where the sea-bed is shallowest, you may walk for miles. I have frequently heard wondering remarks from non-geological tourists who have seen these suggestive phenomena for the first time. There was the sea-bed, and here old peaty soils, full of recumbent trees forming its floor! What inference more natural than that sea and land had changed places? The experienced geologist is well aware that every square yard of dry land suggests to him similar alternations, but these things are known only to the wise and prudent. Even as regards the "forests" visible under water, he knows they are not all of the same date. The heavily mineralised wood seen lying in the London clay at low tide, in various places in the Isle of Wight, and elsewhere, must be left out of our present article.

The "forests under the sea," which we are about to discuss, remind us of nothing of this kind. A very slight examination of the trees and plants found in them assures us that these woods, ancient though they be, are not separated from our time by any of those enormous ages with which geological speculations are apt to harass us. They have all a homely and an English appearance. In them we find abundance of oak and elm, alder and willow, hazel and fern. The horny cases of the beetles frequent in them belong to the same species as those which still people our fresh-water streams. The shells are also of the same familiar kinds. The hazel-nuts so abundant, the catkins and beech-buds, the willow-leaves and marsh-plants, all assure us of the recent event which depressed the sites of these submarine forests to their present lower level.

In one instance, perhaps, the imbedded plants found in the submerged soils might lead a careless observer astray. At Cromer, on the Norfolk coast, is a submarine forest, plainly visible after a north-west gale has stripped off its superficial covering of sand and shingle. It runs out to sea for a considerable distance, paving the bottom of the German Ocean. Southward it extends in a broken and irregular manner for forty miles. In the black clay of this ancient forest you may see the trunks of trees standing, with their roots spreading through it as when they grew. You may pick out fir-cones by hundreds, and disinter seeds of water-lily and buck-bean, rhizomes of ferns, and a host of other plants. You would have no doubt whatever, at the first glance, that this is only one of the many fringing submarine forests to which I have referred, or that it was of the same age. When you examine the tall cliffs, however, which rise almost perpendicularly above you for 200 feet, you see that this "forest-bed" strikes underneath them, and is therefore older than they are. Every slice peeled off these wasting cliffs by the north-westerly gales exhibits a new section to view, with fresh stumps and wood. How far the forest stretches inland I cannot say, but it must be some distance, for the cliffs hereabouts waste at the rate of at least three feet a year.

Then, the animal remains of the Cromer forest-bed are all of a different character to the plants, and, so far, form a wide contrast. It is as if some huge travelling menagerie had allowed its wild creatures to escape into an English forest! We meet with three species of elephant, one of tiger, the bones and teeth of rhinoceros, those of a beaver, twice as big as any living species, six or seven different kinds of deer, and many other animals less striking. This forest-bed is much older than any of those "under the sea" I am about to describe. Geologists term it *pre-glacial*—that is to say, it grew before the strange physical change took place which wrapped Great Britain—and, indeed, the whole northern hemisphere—in a winding-sheet of ice and snow, similar to that which now invests Greenland. These Arctic conditions extended, maybe, over hundreds of thousands of years, if we are to judge by what took place in the interim. It was after this rigorous northern winter had passed away, that all the other forests grew which are to be seen under the sea. The latter are therefore called *post-glacial*. When they flourished, the great Germanic plain now occupied by the waters of the German Ocean was low-lying dry land, where herds of hairy elephants (Mammoths) wandered amid a continuous scrub-forest of dwarf oak, alder, and willow. Through this level plain the Thames poured its waters—along that continuous valley marked on the Admiralty charts as the "deep-water channel." Further to the north it was joined by the Rhine, forming a stately river, which debouched into the North Sea. The latter has been a sea for ages, as its depth of 600 fathoms plainly shows. Along its floor exist marine creatures which, before the days of deep-sea dredging, were supposed to be extinct, their remains having been found only among the numerous fossils of the "crag" strata, or even in the chalk. On the other hand, an elevation of only 120 feet, if it took place under the German Ocean, would once more convert the latter into dry land. But it is evident that this upheaval, great as would be its geographical influence over the area in

question, would not affect the physical conditions of the deep North Sea bed. Mollusca and sponges would continue to live there as before.

A line of soundings shows us that the floor of the German Ocean is comparatively shallow as far as the "Dogger Bank," off the Northumberland coasts. The old valley to which we have referred hugs the outline of the English shores all the way, and here and there we have deep holes that may have been lakes when this sea-bed was low-lying plain. Over an immense area the dredging-boats are constantly bringing up peaty soil, showing that the bottom was once dry land. The remains of post-glacial animals are also frequently brought up.

A collector at Yarmouth bought all the bones and teeth which the fishermen lately dredged up, till he was tired of purchasing; and his collection now shows tusks and teeth of the elephant, grinders of the hairy rhinoceros, antlers of deer, &c., in profuse abundance. These have all come from the adjacent shallow sea-bed.

It is difficult to reach the Hunstanton forest without the assistance of a boat, so far does it lie out to sea. About a couple of miles from high water mark you come upon the submerged forest, full of trees, trunks, and branches, all of them so soft that they yield to the pressure of the finger. In this respect the Cromer trees are much harder, and more full of iron sulphite. The black peat, in which the trees lie, is composed of matted leaves, twigs, bog-moss, &c. It was once inhabited by herds of deer and wild oxen, as is evident from the abundance of their remains. Nay, savage man seems to have also been a denizen of these "wild woods," for a flint celt, or stone axe, was found imbedded in one of the submerged trees.

Nearly all our estuaries appear to be underlain by these ancient forests. Mr. Lucy, F.G.S., has recently described one under the Severn, twenty or thirty feet beneath the present level. Within the last few weeks I have had occasion to draw public attention to one beneath the river Orwell, in Suffolk. The latter extends down the old valley from Ipswich, for a distance of six or seven miles. The river-channel, at low water, is partly excavated out of it. We dug through the compact bed of peat, which now represents it, for a depth of seven feet, until we came upon the ancient soil on which the forest formerly grew. The upper part of the forest-bed was crowded with trunks of beech, scrub-oak, and hazel, and was composed chiefly of matted leaves, so perfectly preserved that every vein could be seen, and all the leaves identified.

Coming further south, we find a submerged forest, evidently of the same age as the two last mentioned, underlying the Thames. At various places between Woolwich and Erith the remains of this interesting deposit may be seen at low water. It is overlain, in the marshes, by six or eight feet of alluvium. When dug into it yields abundance of stools and trunks of trees, leaves, &c, as well as remains of the red deer, and long-fronted or native ox. At St. Leonard's, near Hastings, the remains of another submarine bed are to be seen at low tide. Further to the south at Brackleham, and to the south-west in Torbay, we come upon others, which seem to lie in deeper water than usual. At Lyme Regis, Porlock, Minehead, Weston-super-mare, Sharpness, Millendreth Bay, Falmouth, Barnstaple, Bideford, Holyhead, Morecambe Bay, and elsewhere, are visible many other "forests under water." The description of one, as regards the trees, leaves, and plants, and also the associated animal remains, would answer for all.

One needs little geological knowledge to perceive that when this thick fringe of submarine forests grew, the land occupied by them must have stood up higher than it does now. The question remains—did it stand high enough to convert what is now the shallow German Ocean into dry land? Geologists believe it did, and that the peat-bed and Mammoth remains lying along the floor of the latter are pretty much of the same age as the submerged forests. Of the two they are older, and these old woods may have grown when the depression was slowly going on which ultimately transformed the low-lying marshes of the Germanic plain into a sea-bed. That the geographical separation of England from the Continent, and of Ireland from England, is one of the most recent geological phenomena connected with these latitudes, all scientific men are agreed. Not only does the fringe of ancient forests surrounding the British Islands indicate this, but it is further supplemented by the animals and plants which still live among us. All our native species are identical with those found on the mainland of Europe. Our mammals, birds, insects, fresh-water fish and mollusca, land and aquatic plants, are the same as may be seen on the other side of the German Ocean. They must, therefore, have naturally spread over what is now Great Britain before the depression took place which converted the latter into a group of islands. The exact similarity of the shell-fish, trees, plants, and animals found in the "forests under the sea" to those on the dry land tells us plainly of the former connection of fauna and flora, and indicates how it was broken. Here, therefore, we catch a glimpse of primeval England, shivering in a less warm climate than the present, perhaps partly on account of the absence of the gulf-stream influence before she became an island. She is clad in woods and forests even more dense than those described by our earliest historians—a continental prolongation, with Ireland, into the unknown Atlantic. Savage man contends for the mastery with bear, and wolf, and hairy Mammoth. The flat, boggy, Germanic plain becomes marshier; the North Sea laps further and further to the south, and so gains upon the morass as the depression goes on. The Atlantic has already assumed the sovereignty of the low plains of the Channel, although it did not wash over the Irish Sea until some time after. The "strip of silver sea" gains with the centuries, until the isolation is complete, England has become an island, and Ireland has followed the example, even before the faunal migration has extended to the western verge, leaving behind species of reptiles and mollusca, abundant on the east side of the German Ocean, less so on the English, and not at all represented in the sister island.

MRS. FANSHAW'S PARTY, AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED.

IT was Mrs. Fanshaw's turn to give a party now. She lived in the same terrace as Mrs. Muddle, so that the capabilities of the house were precisely the same. She sent out her invitations about ten days in advance.

"We'll have a nice party," she said to her husband, "but we'll aim at having things well done and pleasant rather than grand. So, to begin, I shan't have printed forms for the invitations; written ones cost less and look less pretending." And, considering all things—the size of the house, the depth of her husband's purse—he was "something in the City," and had about £350 a year, the same amount as Mr. Muddle—Mrs. Fanshaw was right.

"Thirty-two acceptances, Charley," she informed Mr. Fanshaw; "just even to a shade, sixteen couples including ourselves. They are pretty well assorted, too—married and single, young and old."

"What do you want me to do in the way of helping you?" he asked.

"You must order in some wine, let me turn out your smoking-room the day before, and—well, that's all, dear; you are at work all day, and deserve to enjoy your party at home, and not to be bothered about it."

Mr. Fanshaw's smoking-room was the back dining-room; the little off-room at the end of the hall was Mrs. Fanshaw's work-room—*i.e.*, the place in which she kept the sewing-machine, and made the new frocks and mended the old ones belonging to Tommy and Carrie.

"Very well," he answered with a sigh, for his retreat would be washed and scented and dusted, and made to look generally respectable, he thought, and the prospect made him sad. "I think we'll order in some wine for the occasion, and not touch what we have in the house."

And then they came to the conclusion that they would give unpretending wine, and that good.

"And as I do not think, for the sake of our pockets—nor for the sake of the example it would be setting others in our position—we should give champagne to a party of thirty people, why, we'll do without it." Mr. Fanshaw was given to moralising on a small scale.

"Certainly," answered his spouse. "It is absurd for poor folk to do badly what, without being extravagant, they cannot do well; but as for the example, why, there's no one to be affected by it."

"Examples, like our servant-maids, have followers when least expected"—and Mr. Fanshaw was suddenly made to realise for his pains that ears were not merely made to hear with.

	£	s.	d.
½ doz. Sherry, at 42/-	1	1	0
½ doz. Claret, at 24/-	0	12	0
½ doz. Chablis, at 36/-	0	18	0
2 Bottles of Port, at 48/-	0	8	0
	£2	19	0

This was the wine list which Fanshaw carried off with him to a wine merchant on whom he could rely, and three days later there was a comely row of bottles in the wine-cellar of No. 15, Silvergilt Terrace.

Mrs. Fanshaw said nothing more to her husband about the details of the coming party. "He's in the office all day long," she thought to herself, "and it is a shame to bother a man about household affairs."

She thought over her plans one morning, however, and having decided how things were to be done, and what things were to be had, and the time to commence operations, she went on her daily way as usual, feeling that it would never do to upset all the house because three days hence a party was to be given in it. Just a week before, she went to the confectioner's and ordered to be sent on the morning of the 23rd (the festive day) a couple of shapes of cream, a large handsome trifle, a couple of high sponge-cakes, some tartlets and fancy cakes, a few light confectionery dishes, and a raised pie of veal and ham; and some rout-cakes and pound-cake, &c., for the evening.

Two days before the 23rd, Mrs. Fanshaw had her little work-room turned completely out, and made ready for the hats and coats of her gentlemen visitors; and the same day the drawing-room was put thoroughly "to-rights." She knew that the carpet was neither loose nor dusty, but in order to make it pleasanter still to dance upon, she got down the holland drugget, which made the drawing-room look so white and clean in the summer time, and had it put tightly down. Then she saw that the anti-macassars and trifles about the room were in their usual spotless order, and put a couple of small tables into the back room, and moved the large table in the front one altogether out of the way, and had it sent up-stairs; and the couch which went along the fireplace was put into a less obtrusive position. On that day, too, Mrs. Fanshaw had a small ham and a tongue boiled, and instructed her husband to bring home some crackers, which he did; and remembering they had some pretty little glass dishes, he also brought home some candied fruit and a few tins of preserved ditto, to fill them with, all of which put Mrs. Fanshaw in high good-temper.

"You must get back as early as you can on Wednesday, Charley dear," she observed, "so as to get dressed in good time; and mind you introduce the people who don't know each other. I have put a couple of card-tables into the back drawing-room, so

that the old folks may enjoy a quiet rubber if they please."

"Mind old Clayton has a pretty girl to talk to."

"Oh yes! he shall be provided, the arrant old flirt; and you must take care poor Mrs. Gomez has the easy chair, because she can't see very well, but likes to be comfortable, and hear all that's going on; and let little Mrs. Taylor have some one bright and full of talk near her, because she's so shy."

"What are you going to do with the people—I mean in the way of amusement? Remember what a mess the Muddles made of their party."

"Poor little woman! She didn't know how to manage. Why, she never even laid her supper beforehand; and as for amusing her guests, such a thing never occurred to her. Yet it is very easy: we have only to get the people who are likely to amuse each other near together, then we'll have a little talk, a little music, and the first dance while the first batch (which, mind, must be chiefly the married folks) are having supper; then more dances, the old folks will have their cards, and the whole thing will go off all right, I am sure."

"What do you want with my smoking-room?"

"Why, the dining-room will be all ready for supper, everything on table, and the key in my pocket; so the back room will be first a tea and coffee room, and afterwards I shall have refreshments there—just cakes and biscuits, and sherry and port, and claret-cup, and lemonade: people who are dancing like these things."

"Can you make claret-cup?"

"Oh, yes, dear—a couple of bottles of claret, a couple of bottles of soda-water, and some sliced lemon and loaf-sugar make it well and simply."

The next morning Mrs. Fanshaw saw that a couple of fowls, a turkey, and a large piece of beef were well roasted, and the smoking-room was thoroughly turned out and put in order.

When the eventful Wednesday came, there was not so very much to be done. The wine was opened and decantered before Mr. Fanshaw went out, and an hour later the confectionery came. Then Mrs. Fanshaw was very busy. First she got out a couple of bottles of jelly, and having put them down near the fire for half an hour, so that the contents might dissolve, she poured the jelly into a couple of moulds, and put them to cool. Then out of some corn-flour, milk, loaf-sugar, and some vanilla for one and essence of almond flavouring for the other, she made a couple of shapes of blanc-mange.

"Jellies and blanc-manges cost only half the price when one gets them in this way, and are more wholesome into the bargain," she said, and proceeded to mix the lobster salad—enough for two dishes she made, and it cost her four shillings. (Mrs. Muddle had paid seven-and-sixpence each for those she ordered of her grand confectioner.) Mrs. Fanshaw's next performance was to blanch a great many sweet almonds, and to stick them *all* over the two sponge-cakes she had ordered in for the purpose. Then she placed them each in rather a deep glass dish, poured a good deal of sherry over them till they were well soaked, and wound up by making some boiled custard, and pouring that over them; and then she had the tipsy-cakes ready. While all these (*i.e.*, cakes, jellies, &c.) were arriving at cool perfection, she got out the things, laid the supper-table, put everything ready, and placed relays in the side-board, and piles of plates and forks and spoons handy. The table looked exceedingly well, what with tall dishes of fruit, and the trifle, the creams and jellies, and crackers, and fowls, and turkey, and beef, and salads, and the coloured Chablis glasses. The effect was quite grand.

By half-past eight Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw were both dressed, and in the drawing-room; the front bed-room above was ready for any one who wished to apply a few finishing touches before the glass. The supper-room was locked up. There was a neatly-dressed servant (the general servant) ready to open the door, and show the ladies into the smoking-room, where the nurse-maid retailed tea and coffee, or to direct them up-stairs; and everything was ready. Mrs. Fanshaw had even remembered to have the pretty little brass guard placed before the drawing-room fire, in case of an accident to the dancers; and cards were placed on the tables in the back room, and the piano opened in the front.

"The room looks exceedingly well. It's nicely arranged, and gives plenty of room," said Mr. Fanshaw approvingly—"and you look exceedingly well, dear—quite enough dressed to be complimentary to your guests, and not enough to out-shine them."

Whatever was it that made the whole affair so different from her own party, poor Mrs. Muddle wondered, though she was soon able to tell herself as she noticed the clear hall, with the hats and coats stowed away in the room beyond; and the tea-room, in which later there were light refreshments placed, and a sofa on which people could sit and chat. The stairs too were patronised, and a couple of chairs favourable to flirtation placed on the landing. The old folks soon took to their whist, and the rest chatted. "The right people all chance to get together here," she thought, though it was not chance but a little management that did it. Mrs. Fanshaw, too, seemed to have no anxiety, and to be enjoying herself as much as anybody, and so she was.

There was some music at first, while the people strolled about; a little later, and sooner than she had intended it, Mrs. Fanshaw proposed a dance; and in a few minutes Carrie's music mistress, who had been among the guests (for she was a lady, and Mrs. Fanshaw felt for her), and who *did* play at quadrille parties, was seated at the piano, and soon many pairs of feet were going over the nice smooth drugget with a great amount of satisfaction.

It was a bright, pleasant party, and when supper-time came, and the room was unlocked and lighted up, people could not help thinking what a nice and well-filled table it looked. Everything was good, the wine altogether drinkable, and the two servants waited well; and when one or two had finished they went up-stairs, and one or two others came down, so that there was

a gentle stream of well-dressed gobblers until all the multitude had fed.

There was plenty and to spare of everything, enough left to fill the larder for a few days to come, and yet Mrs. Fanshaw had not spent more than half what Mrs. Muddle spent.

After supper there was some more dancing and some more music, a last hand at whist, and a final chat; and when, at three in the morning—for it was such a jolly party, they said, and *would not* go before—every one went, they declared it had been the pleasantest evening they ever remembered.

"It was the management that made it go off so well," Mrs. Muddle owned to her husband. "*I* shall know what to do next time."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Fanshaw," said Nelly Roberts, all excitement, "it *has* been so nice—and," she whispered, "I'll tell you a secret to-morrow."

"I guess it—Mr. Crawford has pro——" the rest of the speech is lost to the ears of posterity for ever.

"A very nice party; I have spent such a pleasant evening," Mrs. Gomez said, and so they all said; and when they were alone, Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw congratulated each other with smiling faces, put out the lights, agreed that Tommy and Carrie should have a good stuff off the remains next morning, and then trotted off to bed to sleep the satisfied sleep of the givers of a very SUCCESSFUL EVENING PARTY.

UP THE WHITE NILE.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

WHILE staying at Khartoum, we arranged that after the great pressure of business had passed with the traders who visited the town during the season, and before our return to Egypt, we would take advantage of the offer of some of the European residents who owned a large trading boat, that we would accompany them on a short excursion and hunting trip up the White Nile, as it was an opportunity that would not present itself often of our seeing that seldom-visited part of the country.

Khartoum is situated on the east bank of the Blue Nile, and about one mile above the junction of that stream with the White Nile. The former river is called "blue," but the colour is really a deep brown, being much more impregnated with the rich earthy matter from the regions from which it flows than its sister stream, which is of a light grey colour. Near Khartoum, when the water is at its full height in July, the Blue Nile is about seven hundred and eighty yards white, and twenty feet in depth; and the White Nile five hundred and ten yards wide, and fifteen feet deep; the current of both is about two miles an hour.

The situation of the town is low, and unhealthy at most seasons, and were it not for being well embanked, it would be liable to constant inundations at the periodical rise of the river. It possesses many good gardens in which fruits and vegetables are well cultivated, and dense groves of palm and tamarind trees also contribute their stores to the well-supplied market. Most of the houses are constructed of mud-coloured sun-dried brick; the Government stores and principal houses are, however, of well-burnt brick, and rather superior in arrangements; but the best establishment in the town is that of the Catholic Mission, which is built of good brown stone, with a very superior garden, and schools in which from eighty to a hundred children are educated.

The inhabitants are a great mixture, almost every country in the East having one or more representatives; and during the trading season, numbers of naked and armed negroes from the Bahr il Gazal, and even farther south, jostle with Egyptian and Arab tribes and hunters from the Nubian Desert, traders from the Red Sea, among them a few Persians and natives of India, Abyssinians and warriors from the Galla country—more interested in slave-dealing than in the ostensible bartering of gold, feathers, ivory, or cattle—Greeks, Maltese, French, Germans, Italians, very few English, many Turks, and a good sprinkling of Bashi Bazouks and Arnauts (irregular Turkish troops), who are used as garrisons and collectors of taxes and tribute in the Soudan, which duties they carry out to perfection in the usual overbearing, tyrannical, and plundering fashion peculiar to Turkish officials in distant regions.

On the day fixed for starting on our trip, nearly the whole European community turned out to view our departure, and give us advice of all kinds, although scarcely any of them had ever been more than a few miles out of the town, and only two of our party had been up the White Nile before. Our boat was a large, single-masted, almost flat-bottomed craft, built at the Khartoum arsenal, which is situated a few miles up the White Nile; a spacious cabin reached from the stern to midships, and though somewhat crowded with bundles of bedding, boxes of stores, crammed saddle-bags, rifles, fowling-pieces, ammunition pouches, saddles, &c., afforded ample accommodation for our party of nine. On the cabin-roof were tethered four powerful and fierce dogs from Erment in Upper Egypt, which were tolerably well trained for hunting purposes.

After many farewells and much shouting, our twelve sturdy Khartoum sailors towed our boat down the river, and on rounding the point we entered the White

Nile with a full sail bending the tall tapering yard before a strong northerly breeze, and scaring the crocodiles which showed in considerable numbers on the banks and islands as we passed.

On reaching Machadar, where the river is so shallow that it can be forded on foot, our boat was driven fast upon a mud-bank, and during the two days it remained in that position, some of our party landed at the invitation of a few of the Baghara Arabs who inhabit the right bank of the river, and who informed us there were plenty of giraffes and lions in that neighbourhood. We saddled some of their capital horses, and after a few hours' ride through a dense forest of mimosa, heglig, sycamore, and sunt trees, and a tremendous undergrowth of reeds and creepers swarming with small blue monkeys, we came to a wide plain, and almost immediately saw three fine giraffes about half a mile off in the open. The mounted men immediately gave chase, and the tall animals went off at a terrific pace and most ungainly gallop, and would have soon distanced us, but something in the bush, near which they were running on their left, caused them to turn sharp to the right, and pass close across our front, when two rifle-bullets brought one down stone-dead.

Early one morning we were roused by one of our men, and on turning out, saw on the left bank four fine elephants watching our boat; and one of them, evidently the mother, was continually caressing a young calf, which was trumpeting shrilly in alarm. Their leader, which stood some few feet in advance in the water, was a magnificent fellow, with enormous tusks, and him we determined, if possible, to have. Six of our party entered our small boat, and rowed quickly towards him. He did not move until we were about three hundred yards from him, when he raised his trunk and trumpeted loudly. The others immediately made off, and as he prepared to follow, we all fired, hoping even at that distance to disable him with our heavy bullets; but, although he staggered, and seemed half stunned with their blows, he turned and lumbered heavily off, crashing through the thick forest. As soon as we landed we pursued on his track, but could not overtake him or any of the party, so returned tired, disappointed, and hungry to our boat.

On arriving at Kaka, we found the inhabitants had already been informed of our approach by some of the small parties we had seen on the banks; and we were received and welcomed by the chief and several of the principal warriors of the tribe, from each of whom we had to submit to their rather unpleasant mode of friendly salutation—viz., a mild expectoration in our faces—and on our returning the compliment most vigorously, we were conducted by the delighted savages to the chief's hut.

He was a very fine, powerfully-built old man, about six feet three in height. Indeed, most of the men were very tall, muscular, and active-looking fellows; and although perfectly black, and having woolly hair, their features were fine and regular, not having the slightest approach to the negro, like those of the neighbouring nation of Dinkas.

Both sexes are perfectly naked, except the married women, who wear two tanned hides, ornamented with beads, shells, small iron bells, and rings. Most of the men wear ivory bracelets on the right arm, and a small skull-cap of ostrich feathers, with the full ends trailing down their backs. They are armed with spears, well-made clubs of heavy hard wood, and shields of elephant and rhinoceros hide.

An expedition was soon formed for a hunting incursion into the Dinka country, where large game is more abundant; and after one day's sail up the river, we found a large party of Shillooks had crossed the stream, and with numerous horses were waiting our arrival. Here we saw six warriors of the Djibba tribe, great hunters and a very warlike people, inhabiting the country between the Sobât and Giraffe rivers, where there is abundance of all the largest game, but unfortunately too far for our limited time to allow us to visit with the natives, who strongly pressed us to do so. They were fine sturdy fellows, not quite so tall as the Shillooks, but broader built, and with complexions of a warm copper-colour. They wear a peculiar weapon on the right arm, formed of a broad flat ring, sharpened on the outer edge, and with which they make themselves very formidable when fighting at close quarters. Another peculiarity is that they wear the hair of their slain enemies twisted and plaited into a long tail, ornamented with beads, cowrie shells, and ostrich feathers.

We soon saddled and mounted the horses provided by the Shillooks, and plunged into the tangled forest, the natives on foot spreading out and bounding forward with great activity. After some time advancing, we were gratified by some of those from the front returning, and saying they had found a large herd of elephants, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing about sixty enormous brutes quietly feeding among the trees. We Europeans selected two fine animals, with magnificent tusks, to try our rifles upon; and riding up as quietly as possible, just as our black friends commenced yelling and throwing their spears among the herd, we succeeded in killing one with two shots; the other, wounded, backed against a tree, and then made several savage rushes, which we avoided; and after receiving a few more bullets, he succumbed. The others had all disappeared, pursued by the natives and some of our party; and while we reloaded, and followed more slowly, we were alarmed at hearing loud cries in Italian, and soon beheld, preceded by his dog, one of our companions, who could scarcely keep his seat, as the scared horse tore through the underwood, and strong matted creepers, which hung like rope-nets from the trees. As he rapidly passed us with his head low and arms pressed across his hat and face, to protect himself and avoid being dashed from his saddle by the low branches, we saw he was pursued by a large number of the infuriated elephants, which came crashing through the trees directly towards us, breaking down huge branches as if they were matchwood, and trumpeting in a most terrific manner. We could barely restrain our frightened steeds sufficiently to allow us to fire into the advancing mass, before they

turned and most ingloriously bolted with us. Luckily our volley had caused the elephants to halt or turn aside, for had they pursued us, we must have been overtaken, as our horses could scarcely struggle through the forest, and not only would not pause, but swerved whenever we attempted to reload our rifles, the discharge of which from their backs, and the close approach of the elephants, had so utterly scared them, that it was late before we had all gathered together near the bodies of the two elephants we had first shot, and which we now found had been deprived of their tusks by our black companions during our absence; nor could we afterwards find any trace of them, so securely had they been hidden or buried. And when all the native hunters returned, they solemnly vowed they had not taken or seen them, and also that they had not succeeded in killing any elephants, as we had frightened them away with our guns; but that if we would join them, we would all make an incursion into the nearest Dinka village, and there carry off as many slaves and plunder as would be worth ten times the four tusks. We of course refused, and returned to our boat in great disgust, not only at the loss of the tusks, which were each from eighty to one hundred pounds weight, but we could plainly see by the whispering and laughing among the Shillooks that they had secured and hidden the ivory.

On our return to Kaka we complained to the old chief of our loss, but from the gleam of satisfaction which passed over his sable countenance, as he vowed his men would never have taken our trophies, we knew it would be no further use our troubling ourselves about them. But next morning the disgust was on the side of the chief and his people, as they saw us quietly drop down the river on our return voyage to Khartoum, without leaving them a single bead or present, or even the pleasant salutation of friendship, although they ran some distance down the river inviting us to return.

"OUR HORSES COULD SCARCELY STRUGGLE THROUGH THE FOREST."

But although our exploits in ivory-hunting were not great, or thought much of in Khartoum, we felt very pleased as we returned to Egypt that we had taken this trip up the White Nile, and seen these countries which, when under better government, and a total abolition of the slave-trade, will some day amply repay with the abundant treasures of nature any loss which the suppression of that abominable traffic may cause to those who at present profit by it.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

KATE had given her word, and never dreamt of going back from it; but the task was not an easy one, and she might have remained puzzling over the miserable question, "how to do it," for ever, had not Dick himself assisted her to the solution. Dick was not happy in his mind. Lord Lovegoats had, to quote the young man's own phrase, snubbed the nose off his face on the occasion of their meeting in Hyde Park. Lady Margaret's own nose was quite red from incessant rubbing, and her face wore an irritating expression of despondency, much like the handkerchiefs with broad black borders which some ladies *will* flourish in the world's face, as a sort of outward symbol of the grief they ought to feel; while Clive had said nasty, rude things to him, which slashed up poor Dick's self-love, and made him nervous and petulant. He had not the least idea of going back from his own way, or relinquishing such a tempting windfall as Kate's money; but somehow the idea had lost its first charm, and even perpetual iterations of "Of course it's only a loan, I shall pay it back to her with interest and all that," failed to afford him the moral consolation that might have been expected. When on the following day Kate saw her brother sauntering up to her with his hands in his pockets, and a more jaded look than usual on his face, her heart began to leap in quick impulsive throbs, and she was fain to stoop her head over the bowl of tulips and hyacinths she was arranging, to hide the rush of colour to her face.

Dick did not speak at first, but stood looking on in moody silence till Kate, feeling that her face was betraying her, gave him a spray of white, fairylike bells, and asked him if it wouldn't be a beauty for his button-hole.

"Beauty? H'm! oh, it's well enough," grumbled Dick. "I say, it's fine to be you, with nothing to do or think of but playing with flowers and that rubbish."

"Can I do anything for you, Dick, dear? and, oh! don't you like to see the flowers set out prettily round you?" said Kate.

Dick grunted again.

"For me? No, of course not. Since you're so clever at twisting flowers about, Katie, you'd better stick to it, and then you'll be able to make swell wreaths and crosses for my grave when I'm in it. I dare say it won't be long first."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Kate, with a quick shudder of pain; and then her native common-sense came to her aid, and threw back the shock his words had given her. "How can you talk such nonsense?" she said, with a little wholesome anger.

"Oh, of course it's nonsense to you," said Dick sulkily. "None of you might care; but I tell you what, it'll come to that some day, if things aren't altered."

It was on the tip of Kate's tongue to say that she supposed it would come to that some day, whether things were altered or not: Nature not being likely to abrogate her law of universal dissolution in favour of Dick Bellew; but the retort never got farther than the least little sparkle in the corner of her bright eyes. Kate had plenty of mother-wit in her composition, but she would have smothered it all rather than give the tiniest twinge to those she loved, so she controlled herself and said nothing; and Dick took umbrage thereat, as was natural.

"Well, have you nothing to say to-day?" he asked. "Upon my word, this is a lively house to come home to! A schoolroom full of noisy children, my mother going about with a face like a galvanised gurgoyle; and you so abominably rude to my friends, you actually drive them out of the house. Upon my life, it's enough to—but there, it's all of a piece;" and Dick turned on his heel with what he meant for a bitter laugh of derision.

Poor fellow! he had no idea what a delightful subject for a comic paper he would have made; and, fortunately, Kate was too fond of him to see the joke as keenly as she would had it been any one else.

"Dick," she said gravely, "I did not mean to be rude to Mr. Clive. He does not like me—he said so," and the young lady's cheeks coloured high at the remembrance—"so it was not to be expected that I should be very *empressée* to him. Of course, every one has different tastes in girls" (Kate thought here that Mr. Clive's tastes were very different to the majority of her friends'), "but some people might think it rude to express them in——"

"Did Clive tell you he didn't like you?" cried Dick, turning round with a laugh which rather hurt Kate. "By Jove! he's a cool hand—too cool by half some-

times"—and the laugh died out in a sudden frown. "I'm not sorry for some things that he would go to-day. Those successful fellows haven't much sympathy for a poor devil who doesn't know what to do for a sixpence to bless himself with.—Of course it's all nonsense about my taking your money;" and there he came to a pause, waiting to be contradicted, and set right with himself.

Kate, however, disappointed him. Never thinking but that he was in earnest, her heart gave a great bound, and she looked up in nervous silence to see what would follow.

"You might regret offering it, or want it back as soon as you came of age, and before I could give it you," Dick went on rather crossly; "and though I needn't say I should return it with interest——But of course that was only a joke of yours. We neither of us meant to touch it for my debts," finished up the young man, in a tone whose rising indignation at not being interrupted again savoured of the comic.

Very slowly, and with a burning face, Kate answered, her hands busy among a heap of yellow tulip-buds, the sunshine on her drooping head—

"You think it is better not? Y—yes, perhaps it would not do——" and there *she* came to a full stop, silenced by the burst of bitter, incredulous laughter which greeted her faltering words. Ah, dear me! was not Clive to be indeed detested for setting her so detestable a task!

"Wouldn't do!" repeated Dick scornfully, "Ha! ha! ha! So you've changed your mind already, have you? Upon my word, you're of a prudent nature, my fair sister. It's well I never thought of taking you at your word. I knew too well the worth of a woman's promise; though I must say that it's rather insulting too, and there are not many men who would stand such a reflection on their honour from a bit of a girl. Pray, did you think——"

"No, Dick, no; of course not," stammered poor Kate, without in the least knowing what she was accused of thinking. "Indeed, it's not that; I only thought that other people might say that——I mean that no one would accept such——Oh, Dick! please don't think I want to keep it."

"Don't begin to cry!" cried Dick impatiently. "*That* I can't stand. Of course you want to keep it. What else? You would have liked to get a cheap name for generosity, but when you came to think——"

"Letter for you, please, sir," said Buttons, opening the door briskly, and with a perfect consciousness that Miss Kate had whisked round to the fire to hide her tears, and that Mr. Dick was walking about in a rage, written in every prim pucker of his innocent countenance. Dick proved the latter by the way he snatched the letter off the tray; and Buttons retired to linger a minute or two on the mat outside the drawing-room door.

"From Clive!" muttered the young man; and then he tore it open, and read the pencilled note within:—

"DEAR BELLEW,—I have just heard of a friend who will be willing to let you have a loan of £500 on your note-of-hand, and under certain conditions arranged beforehand. They are rather hard; but unless you have a better offer, I would advise your looking in at my chambers to-morrow morning between ten and eleven to talk them over."

Kate was looking eagerly, questioningly at her brother, but her glance sank before the triumphant mirth with which he turned on her.

"Well, my dear, you needn't have been in such a dreadful hurry to secure your money-bags. I told you nothing would have induced me to touch them, but I just thought I'd try how much worth there was in your grand offers. Ha! Kate, I'll know who *not* to trust to another time. Perhaps you wouldn't have been in such haste to retract, if you had known that I never intended to accept your sham generosity. There are plenty of people willing to lend me twice as much if I would only ask for it. And listen to this——" and he read aloud the first part of the letter, ending with "There, Kittie! I hope you see other people have more confidence in your brother than you. Where's my hat? Oh, don't make any protestations; I'm sick of talk. What have I done with my hat? Be so kind as to tell my mother I shan't dine at home. I'm going to the club. No, I don't know when I'll be back. What is that to any one? My family are not so pleasant or agreeable that I should stay at home from morning till night. Oh! there's my hat. What is it doing there? 'Pon my soul, it amuses me to think you fancied I ever meant to accept your offer." With which final shot exit Master Dick, thinking himself *so* great and grand, poor boy, in having humiliated his young sister, and utterly unconscious of how pitiably little he would have appeared in any but her generous eyes.

These young men who snub their sisters, bully their mothers, and sneer at all home duties and home affections, in the hope of appearing manly and dashing in the eyes of their fellow-men—does no one ever stoop to enlighten them as to the utter *un*manliness, the contemptible pettiness of such a line of conduct? Does no one ever tell them that the strongest and bravest men are always the most tender and unselfish; that the greatest of this world's conquerors have bowed their heads at the sacred name of 'Mother;' and that the God-man himself has turned the immutable laws of creation aside, and broken the very bonds of death, in pity to a sister's tears? No, the fact of it is that men worthy of the name look on these petty mannikins with too vast a contempt, to care how much the latter expose the meanness of which they think it "grand" to boast. Looking on the women in their families as precious and tender things, doubly sacred from their helplessness, men have no pity on the ephemeræ who are almost invariably the curse of the homes they despise, the life-long burden on the women they ill-treat.

When Dick was gone, Kate cried unrebuked, though not for long; as, her horse coming to the door, she was obliged to get ready for her ride, and fresh air and brisk exercise soon carry away the tears of youth. "Oh, dear! I hope Dick will be in a good humour when he comes home this evening," Kate hoped.

An idle hope; or, at least, one which whether

granted or not mattered little to Kate, as Dick did not come home till many hours after his sister's brown eyes were closed in healthy sleep, and faint whitish streaks were beginning to appear in the eastern horizon, and herald the approach of day. Then, indeed, Lady Margaret's maternal watchfulness heard the latch-key turn in the lock below, and the unsteady step of her first-born stumbling as it passed up-stairs to his own room. Poor lady! many a watchful hour had Dick given her before now; and the younger ones wondered at the composure with which, on the following morning, she received the news that Mr. Dick had a headache, and wasn't able to come down to breakfast—merely ordering a cup of very strong coffee to be made and taken up to him, with no comment beyond a faint expression of annoyance on the news. Kate, with the egotism of youth, put down Dick's headache and non-appearance to the ill-usage he was labouring under from herself in particular and the family in general; but Lady Margaret knew better, and when her son made his appearance for a moment, before going to his friend's chambers—pale, hollow-eyed, and nervous, with shaky hands and irritable brow—the mother met his complaints with a lack of outward sympathy which shocked Kate, who was keeping in the background till forgiven.

"This sort of thing will never do, Dick," she said, with an air of aggravation which puzzled her daughter —"even if you were only killing yourself; but the example——I am thankful Tom isn't at home." And Dick shrugged his shoulders pettishly, and went out with some mumbling remark about "lecturings," which Kate tried to excuse, as mother was a little bit hard. She was often up awfully late at balls, and had a headache, and didn't come down till late in the morning, without being blamed for it the least bit in the world. And now he was gone without looking at her, so that she did not know whether she were forgiven or not.

Evening decided in the negative. Dick did not come home to dinner; and when he made his appearance at tea-time, it was in company with Clive, upon whom Lady Margaret at once seized for a confidential talk, during which Kate had leisure to find out that her brother was even more thoroughly out of sorts than before, and disposed to snub her most ingratiating advances. Madge and he had already had words on account of a cuff bestowed on George, whom the younger girl considered as her own special property to quarrel with and protect, so that those two juveniles had retired to spend the evening roasting chestnuts in the schoolroom; and Kate, finding that Eve was, as usual, too much absorbed in a book for gossip, retreated to the piano, in hopes that some of Dick's favourite music might have a soothing effect on him.

She was anything but pleased when, after about ten minutes' solitude, some one sauntered under the arch, and behold, it was not Dick, but the young barrister.

"Am I interrupting you?" said Clive, with that half-smile which Kate hated on his face, and which seemed to say, "I know you detest me, but I don't care in the least."

Aloud he said in addition—

"I thought you might like to hear what has been settled about your brother's affairs."

"Thank you," said Kate, who was indeed longing to know, though not from him, "I dare say my mother or Dick will tell me all about it to-night; we always talk over family things when we are alone. Has it not been a lovely day?"

"Very lovely," replied Clive, the smile a little more visible—she positively seemed to *amuse* him!—"and the night is still more so—too fine altogether to be wasted indoors, wherefore I am come to bid you good night, and leave you to your family chat."

"Good night," said Kate, rather unwarrantably mortified; and then she remembered that Dick had accused her of being rude to his friend, and driving him out of the house. Was she doing so now? Her cheeks flamed up at the idea.

"But it is very early," she said, trying not to speak stiffly, and hoping Dick heard and approved, "and the night will keep. Are you tired of us that you hurry away so soon?"

"I am not the least tired of you," said Clive, "not having had sufficient opportunity—as yet; but 'prevention is better than cure,' you know, so——However I really want to speak to you for one minute, so if you will try to endure me for so long, and not leave off your playing, I will do so."

"About Dick again?" asked Kate, with a quick nervous thrill producing quite a little peal of false notes, and which made her brother exclaim in horror from his easy-chair.

"No," said Clive gravely, "except that I know you have kept your word—at some cost, I am afraid."

Kate's colour rose again. The treacherous colour always *would* come and go, in her fair young skin, in that unpleasant way.

"At what cost?" she asked proudly. "I don't quite know what you mean. Of course I did as I promised. I don't know if I was wise——"

"It is always wise to take advice from people who *do* know," said Clive calmly. "But what I want to ask you now is something quite different. You know Lady Vanborough, I believe?"

"Bee Vanbor——" began Kate, then checking herself quickly—"you mean the younger Lady Vanborough, don't you—Sir Alec's widow? She is one of my greatest friends."

"And so you really like her? Well, I agree with you."

"Do you?" said Kate, a little satirically.

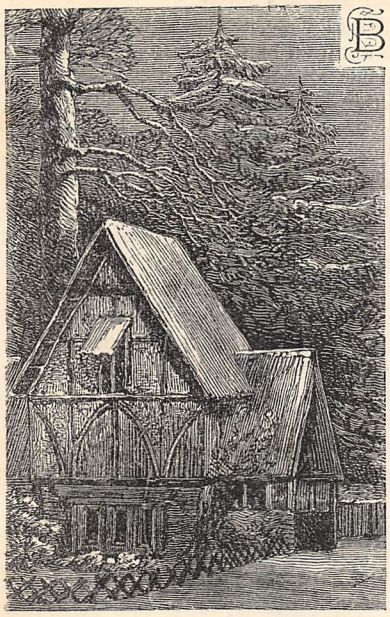
"And I am very glad to hear your opinion."

"Why?"

"Oh! because I thought that one woman could praise another without a single 'but' (always provided that the latter were ten years older than herself, and not likely to cross her path in any way). Good evening"—with which Clive departed as imperturbable as usual, and leaving Kate fuming because she knew that he had not given her a shadow of his real reason, and was equally aware of, and indifferent to, her knowledge of that fact.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

BERNARD CLIVE.



BERNARD Clive had had a hard life, and it had tended to make him to all appearance, and certainly to his own belief, a hard man. His father, a country rector, had from the day of his wife's death concentrated his whole affections on one child, the baby whose birth had cost its mother's life; and who, after growing up into a delicate, handsome boy, wayward and winning, and spoilt by father, brothers and sisters, had gone to college, got into trouble, drifted from bad to worse, and died a miserable death before his twentieth birthday in the quaint, secluded home, whose happiness he had destroyed from the first hour of his wasted life.

It was Bernard who had followed him through his evil courses, trying with patient brotherly kindness to lead him from them; but Bernard had always given way to little Cyril in their childish days, and it was not likely Cyril would give way to him now, until it was too late for amendment; and when his brother brought him home, it was not to begin a new life in this world, but to pass the last few weeks of existence in seeking for a better "length of days, even life eternal" in the world to come.

Bernard used to say quite coolly, and as a matter of course, "The governor likes better to see Philip about him;" and no one in the family grieved more heartily than Bernard when, just before Philip left Oxford, the rector, whose eyes had long been failing, lost the sight of them altogether, and was thus shut out from the view of that face which had grown so dear to him. His daughter, who came next to Bernard, was married already; but her husband had died in the first year of their wedded life: died of softening of the brain, a malady so terrible that, but for her elder brother's aid and sympathy, her own mind might have given way under the strain. He brought her home too, after all was over; and shortly afterwards Philip took orders, and returned to Woodleigh as his father's curate.

"My right hand and my eyes," the old man would say fondly. "Bernard is a clever man, they tell me; but he's away in London doing for himself, and prospering finely; and I should be lost without Philip. Fancy the dear lad consenting to live here with his allowance for a salary—and for my sake! But Phil had always Cyril's eyes, and his was a tender heart through all."

Mr. Clive never guessed that it was Bernard who had persuaded Philip into the sacrifice, and had used his own prosperity to augment his brother's allowance to the rate of a very fair salary, frequently denying himself even necessary comforts and indulgences to add to those of the family at home. Philip knew it, and so did Harriet (Mrs. Barnard), who often received crisp bank-notes for ten and twenty pounds from her brother; but with a peculiar shy reserve which, springing from being undervalued, had been his burden through life, he had begged that his father might not be told; and his request was scrupulously complied with.

"It is a real pleasure to my father to receive anything from you, Phil," he said to his brother; "it would not be so from me;" and the curate acquiesced.

It had grown to be a family matter of course that Bernard was no favourite. "A dry, cold, taciturn sort of fellow like he did not care about that sort of thing." Some people must get the kicks and some the halfpence in life. Philip got the halfpence, and Bernard loved him well enough to be content with the kicks: loved them all well enough to be glad to drink beer instead of wine, and see Harriet driving her now infirm father in a little pony-carriage—his gift—and deny himself an autumn tour, that Harriet's one little girl might be sent to an expensive school at Brighton. Mrs. Bernard had been left badly off in consequence of the legal inability of her husband to make a will during the last months of his life. He had made one some years before his marriage, leaving the bulk of his property among relations of his own; and on that will they acted, leaving Harriet with little more than had been secured to her in the marriage settlements for herself and her child. It was an iniquitous affair, but even Bernard's law practice failed in giving his sister the victory. He did the best he could for her instead; and Harriet thought him surly and unsympathetic because, when she abused her husband's relations with feminine warmth and vehemence, he merely shrugged his shoulders with the sarcastic observation—

"Merely the way of the world, my dear. Don't excite yourself, and don't put your faith in relations in future."

"Bernard! how can you!" cried his sister indignantly. "I am sure there are no other relations who could behave so shamefully, so meanly, so——"

"Are you?" said Bernard coolly; "I'm not. If you take my advice, Harry, you'll never be *sure* of any one, unless it happens to be his own interest to further yours."

"I don't believe you, Bernard!" cried his sister; "you mayn't be very passionately attached to any one, but I don't believe you would ever do an unkind turn to me, or Minie, even if it were for your *interest*—horrid word!"

Bernard stooped and kissed her, laughing. He was not given to caresses; but even that shred of

justice moved his gratitude. It was something to be told by those to whom he devoted himself that they did not think he would *rob* them! Some minds are obliged to be contented with small favours.

Philip had been the trouble of late. His disposition was not very unlike Cyril's; though his life had as yet been as exemplary as his brother's had been the reverse; and though, in addition to the latter's passionate, impulsive character, he shared Bernard's obstinacy and determination of will. The Clives were descended from some of the bluest blood in England, and, like many people whose means are not commensurate with their station, were intensely proud of it; wherefore it was of course necessary that if Philip married—as was very likely, he being peculiarly sensitive to feminine grace and beauty of a refined type—his choice should rest on some one as well dowered in point of birth as of worldly means. Both Bernard and Harriet had been secretly anxious on this subject of late: the former, lest Philip should go and fall in love with some penniless girl—"When of course they would have a dozen children at once, and I should have to keep them," thought Bernard; the latter, lest Philip should fix on a wife among the middle-class young ladies in the little country town nearest to Woodleigh—"Some one whom one would never dream of visiting," said Mrs. Bernard, with a little shiver of dismay, when she discussed the subject with her father, Philip being out among the poor.

"No fear, my love, no fear!" the old gentleman answered confidently. "If it were Bernard, indeed—a queer fellow always, and too much like your Uncle William for me to fathom—but Phil will never disappoint us. Wait awhile, Harry my dear, and you'll see that he's as particular as we could be; there's time enough."

But Harriet had not to wait long; the time was near at hand.

At the bottom of the rectory-garden stood a small cottage smothered in jessamine, and originally built for some particular curate belonging to a previous rector. Mr. Clive, having no private fortune of his own, had not been able to keep a curate; and during the boys' school and college days, the cottage had been let to an elderly female cousin. Unfortunately, just as Mr. Clive's blindness was coming on, this good lady found out that the cottage must be damp. In one room, where she had not been during nine of the thirteen years of her residence there, she found blue mould on the paper, and stains of moisture most distressingly evident upon the ceiling. On the strength of this she took to bed with a bad cold; and on the strength of that cold she died some four months later, declaring with her last breath—she being then some ninety odd years of age—that it was the damp of the cottage which had killed her. Harriet wrote up to Bernard, begging him to find a new tenant for them.

"Either a relation or a friend, if you possibly can, dear Bernard. Remember, the cottage opens *into* our garden, so that whoever lives there must be almost one with us. You know my dear father's extreme exclusiveness, and how entirely I share it; so I need not ask you to be more than careful in your choice of a tenant; and you are aware that at present it is impossible for us to afford any alterations in the garden fence which would at all cut off the cottage from us, in case of the people there being undesirable for intimates."

Bernard was aware of both facts. A couple of weeks later he wrote—

"I have just heard of a likely tenant for the cottage from our cousin, Canon Digby. A widow lady, with an invalid relation, has been boarding with his brother-in-law, Dr. Dunn, at Hastings. The winds there, and the noise of a family, are too much for the invalid lady, and they are anxious to find a quiet little cottage in a pretty country place. Both Canon Digby and his brother-in-law speak in more than high terms of both ladies, the widow especially. She is still in her first weeds, middle-aged, somewhat reserved and exclusive, but dignified, graceful, and refined enough to win respect and attention from every one. The Canon is sure you would be charmed with her. However, as she seems to the full as particular as you are, perhaps a personal interview would be best before deciding anything. To this end I have suggested that the widow lady should go down to Woodleigh, see the cottage, and pay you a visit."

This suggestion was carried out, and with such effect on both Mrs. Barnard and the visitor, that before another fortnight the two strange ladies were comfortably established at the cottage.

"My poor cousin, Miss Hyacinth de Vaux, said it was damp," said Mrs. Barnard, while going round the little tenement with her widowed lodger. "But considering that she was ninety-five, poor dear, and had lived thirteen years here without ever using this room, I *do* think imagination had something to do with it."

"It looks to me as dry and pretty and sunshiny as a house could well be; and I am sure the quiet and country air will agree with my poor relative," answered the other lady, in the full gracious tones which had taken Mrs. Barnard's fancy from the first. "We will certainly seek no further."

And she who spoke was the stranger we have already met in Alma Terrace—the object of Mrs. Spinks suspicions—Mrs. Grey.

Harriet, the ultra-exclusive, had set a dangerous example in yielding to the fascination of a voice and manner exceptionally refined. Philip followed it.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

THERE was to be a grand ball at No. 4, Gresham Square, the De Ponsonbys' family mansion, for it was the day of Petre's coming of age.

"We didn't give a ball when Dick came of age," said Kate to her mother.

"I should think not," said Lady Margaret, with a shiver. "If Dick were only half as steady as Petre! But he has left me no money for balls or anything else. No one can help a stammer, but there are much worse things——"

"Now, mother," cried Kate, "you don't mean to say that you'd rather have that stiff, clumsy Petre, *with* his stammer, than poor darling Dick, who can cure himself? By the way"—with a sudden change of subject for a still more interesting one—"I must have a new dress. I've nothing to wear—positively nothing—and did you notice that one in Regent Street?—sea-green tulle bouffante up to the waist, and with a cloud of tulle thrown over it, just looped back with a long trail of daisies and primroses. It was—oh! too exquisite—the very thing if I were a blonde; but if I had something like it in mauve, with——"

"Are you sure you have nothing that will do?" broke in Lady Margaret. "You had a new dress for Lady Gore's dance; and I declare I don't know what to do when the bills come in."

"It is a great bother," said Kate, laying her pretty head sympathetically against her mother's knee, and turning up her face for a kiss, "but——Oh, no, none of them would do; and I did wear the one you mean again, just before Christmas, and got it frightfully torn. Don't you remember? And anyhow one must have a new dress for a grand affair like this. Every one else will, you know"—an unanswerable argument, before which Lady Margaret yielded, as she always did to Dick's pleadings, sighing but silenced.

"Of course I don't want you to look worse than other girls," she said sadly.

"King Cophetuas don't look at beggar-maids now-a-days, mammy dear, I can assure you; and you know my Bashaw must be an extra big one, able to set Dick swimming, and take the whole family—— By the way, after all I am not sure about lilac being a good colour. It doesn't light up nearly as well as green; but then I am rather dark for green, and I'm not dark enough for maize. What a hateful person I am! I don't know any one so horribly difficult to dress if one even *thinks* of anything but white!" and Kate puckered up her brow, and almost stamped her small foot, in hearty disgust for her own unmanageable appearance. Said Lady Margaret soothingly—

"Don't think about it, dear; but order the fly, and we will go to Madame Clarice at once."

She sighed again, poor hard-up mother! as she spoke; and yet she never thought of urging the economy which she knew was becoming positively necessary; and Kate, who would have parted with all her little fortune to her brother, and been glad of so doing, dreamt as little of the possibility of going without a new dress when she was tired of her old ones, as of going without her dinner when she was hungry.

Why should the idea occur to her when nothing had ever suggested it?

Later in the evening she was describing to Dick the dress she had fixed upon, and enhancing on the sweep of the train and arrangement of the flowers, with an animation which made Clive (he was always there now, Kate said) observe in his driest manner—

"I never appreciated till now the importance of dress. What a wonderful thing it is! The construction of a new ministry seems nothing to that of a lady's 'polonaise.'"

"Fancy your knowing the correct name!" said Kate good-humouredly; "but it is a wonderfully tiresome thing if you like, especially if you are not a blonde," and her face took a pensive shade as she thought of the green dress aforementioned. "It is so difficult to decide," she went on. "I have not ordered it yet; but I think—don't you, mama?—that the one I was describing to Dick was the nicest."

"It was frightfully expensive," said Lady Margaret, "frightfully. I can't think where Madame Clarice gets her conscience. Twelve guineas for a dress which will only look fresh for one evening! You will ruin me, Katie."

"Why, you dear old darling!" cried Kate, putting a white hand on either of her mother's shoulders, "you wouldn't like me to go in a dressing-gown, and I haven't a dress of any sort that I haven't worn before."

"Do girls' dresses only wear once?" asked Dick. "What awful rubbish they must be! Ha, Kate! don't you preach to me about extravagance again. —We are all tarred with the same brush, you see, Clive."

Clive said nothing. He merely looked at the fire and smiled; but that smile stung Kate more than any words, and spoke, to her, a whole volume of comments on her magnanimous assertions uttered so short a time before. The red blood rushed up into her face with such a glow, it even dyed the pretty fingers still resting on her mother's shoulders.

"Why, Kate, how red you are!" cried George, who, his bedtime not having arrived, was amusing himself by swinging on to the back of Clive's chair, and taking a lively interest in the conversation of his elders. Clive looked up sharply, meeting Kate's honest, shame-faced blushes with a keenly scrutinising glance; and George found himself suddenly ousted from his post of espionage on the barrister's chair.

"There is one great advantage in ladies' dresses over luxuries in general," said the latter presently. "They are bought, made, and worn not for the wearer's selfish indulgence, but for the purely unselfish reason of giving pleasure to other people, or doing credit to her own. No one ever heard of a woman buying a ball-dress to wear in her bed-room, or for her own solitary gratification; therefore one of these two objects must be the motive of all those ethereal 'toilettes' which gratify our eyes at night; and I have no doubt that Miss Bellew's will fulfil both. By the way"—with a swift change of subject—"I also am going to this famous ball."

"Are you?" said Dick languidly. "I didn't know you knew the De Ponsonbys."

"I do not; but a friend of yours, Lady Beatrice Vanborough, does, and has kindly asked me to go with her."

"And you agreed! The De Ponsonbys seem to be enlisting all their benevolent acquaintances in the cause of helping to fill those hideous rooms of theirs. I shan't show myself, I know."

"Why, Dick! Oh!" cried Kate, waking from a meditation which, to judge by expression, was not a happy one—"all I cared about in going was that you would be there."

"Thank you, my child, but you see I've no hankering to meet Uncle Theo after his language in the park last week; and he's just as likely as not to be there. De Ponsonby was a sub. under him in my lord's army days; and they're both 'Carlton' men, you know."

"But Uncle Theo never goes to balls—does he, mother?—Oh, Dick! do come. There will be no one else there that I care the least for, except Bee Vanborough," said Kate pathetically, and quite unconscious of the poor compliment she was paying to the gentleman who was so busy trying to arrange the focus of Eve's stereoscope, that the young lady might employ it on some photographs he had brought her. He saw it, for he was quick-sighted to a fault; but he also saw her unconsciousness, and smiled, not ill-temperedly. I don't think he was an ill-tempered man, though he called himself one.

Dick hemmed and hawed, and wouldn't promise. "Well—if Clive is going," he said at last. "And I wonder if any of the other fellows I know are."

"A fellow I know is," said Clive, "and, by the way, about the last person I should have expected to meet at a ball here."

"Who's that?"

"Oh, no one you know. I met him in New York when I was over there a year or so ago. He was not going into general society at all then—lived a hermit sort of life, and wouldn't look at a woman."

"Dear me! Why?" said Kate, opening her brown eyes in great amazement at this last item.

"A sort of modern Timon," added Eve. "I should like to meet him."

"Only he wouldn't look at you," said Madge, "so where would be the good?"

"Eve isn't a woman, so he would," put in George. "She's only a girl. Oh, is it my bed-time? I'm sure it isn't nine yet. Oh, need I go yet, mama?"

"But what had made your friend so misanthropical?" said Kate, returning to the charge as George was ejected. Clive looked a little annoyed, as if he had said more than he meant already.

"Oh—some family trouble, I believe. I dare say he would not care to have it remembered now. By the way, he was not a friend of mine; I only met him once or twice. He had been abroad for years."

"Is he going with Lady Bee?" asked Dick; and Clive answered, "No," rather shortly, as if he did not care to pursue the subject. Kate started another.

"Talking of Bee, mama," she said, "do you know she has engaged a companion at last? She wrote to tell me so. I do think it is the funniest idea."

"I thought ladies in her position often wanted a friend or companion," said Clive, as Lady Margaret said, "Very funny," in acquiescence.

"Yes, and when her husband died three years ago, everybody said she ought to get one for propriety because she looked so young," replied Kate; "but she set herself against it quite obstinately. Mama was quite vexed with her."

"Well, my dear, because it was out of sheer opposition to her mother-in-law."

"Well, mother mine, old Lady Vanborough is so disagreeable; and really Bee did not need a companion. She is one of those women who are perfectly able to take care of themselves anywhere."

"And therefore, as a woman's vocation in life is to be taken care of, thoroughly unwomanly," put in Dick.

"Dick," said Kate solemnly, "you don't know anything in the world about women. *I* could take care of myself, and I'm not unwomanly."

Clive laughed—"Logic unanswerable!" he said. "At any rate, Lady Bee has testified to her womanliness by yielding now—'Best proof of womanhood you still will find in that sweet aptitude to change her mind.'"

"Yes, but this is such a queer arrangement," Kate said. "Nobody thinks she needs a companion now; so she has been looking out for one for some months, only not to go out with her, not to accompany her to the opera or anywhere, not even to appear when she has guests at home, without a special invitation: just for a companion for herself when she's alone and dull, to talk, or read, or sing to her as she wants, write letters, and all that sort of thing. She has been ever so long finding one to suit; for she would have a lady, and a pleasant-looking one; and pleasant-looking ladies generally wanted to go out with her; but now she has got a lady who hates society, and agrees with her in all her notions."

"In other words, a companion who objects to playing foil to Bee, as much as Bee objects to her companion playing sheep-dog to her," said Dick yawning. "Sensible women! And what like is the damsel? Elderly, I presume?"

"Not old, Bee says; and adds—oh! here is her letter:—

"'She has such a lovely face and style, that simply to have her sitting near me at work will be Paradise, after solitary gapings by myself, or dual bickerings with one of the Vanborough girls. If it were only to prevent those detestable young women from volunteering visits on the score of my loneliness, she will be a blessing. You must come and look at her.'"

"Upon my word!" cried Dick. "We'll go together, Kittie. A girl too, and secluded in Bee Vanborough's boudoir! What an inducement to put up with her unbearable tongue, and go there often! Lovely, eh?"

"I don't think the lady is a girl, with all due deference to your anticipations, Bellew," spoke Clive very slowly. "I am afraid you will be disappointed. You forget your friend's tendency to exaggerate."

"Why, have you seen her there? What is she like then?"

"Like a middle-aged widow lady, with her hair in bands, and a widow's-cap, and sufficient quiet reserve to hold her position," Clive answered, in the same

chilling way, and rising to go. Dick made a face of disgust.

"So much for your swans, Kittie! I am glad Clive saved me from being duped into a call.—And what about the loveliness, eh, Clive?"

Clive was just bidding good night to Lady Margaret. He looked over his shoulder.

extravagance. Do you believe that it really hadn't crossed my mind before?"

"What hadn't? Are you crazy, child?" asked Dick, pinching the plump arms linked round his.

"No, but I am going to manage with what I've got. I hope I shan't look very horrid and dowdy," said Kate, with a little pout of her ripe under lip, "but if it

"OF COURSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO LOOK WORSE THAN OTHER GIRLS" (*p.* 166).

"Really, you must not ask me to pronounce against any lady's claims in that line—besides, every man has a different opinion in these matters. What poet was it who said, 'Oh, womanhood, most fair within thyself'?—Good night.—Miss Bellew, I shall expect to see you the most magnificently plumed of all the birds of Paradise on Friday next."

"He will be disappointed then," said Kate gravely, when the door had closed. "Dick, dear (nestling up to her brother), "I am so glad you said *that* about will save twelve pounds—and at all events" (brightening up) "you will have to go with me now, for if I am a dreadful failure I shall want some one to stand by me."

"Thanks; a calm suggestion! I wonder the idea doesn't cross your limited mind, Miss Kittie, that if you were a 'dreadful failure,' as you call it, I might be ashamed to show in your company."

"A very likely notion! As if you cared less for me than I for you!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

FISH AND FLESH IN LEATHER LANE.

THE man who is in Leather Lane is there. As this may savour somewhat of the nature of a truism, we hasten to state that among the inhabitants of Leather Lane, especially at certain seasons, there would not appear to prevail that certainty of position and locality which exists in more favoured spots. As the fact of being in Leather Lane, and yet not being there, would obviously lead to most inconvenient, if not most disastrous results, the before-mentioned inhabitants, on certain evenings, about nightfall, impressed with a sense of the danger besetting chance comers who might possibly labour under such misconceptions as we have named, take the opportunity of calling and shouting out at intervals, "Here you are!" "'Ere yer are!" "Yer y' ar!" so that the passenger who may possibly have had only a lingering suspicion of having been where he was up to that moment, becomes strengthened in his conviction by this loud and corroborative expression of public opinion, and proceeds on his way with greater confidence.

We have said that the inhabitants of the locality take these precautions in order to prevent misunderstandings in the minds of passers-by; but it must be admitted that they would not appear to be entirely actuated by such a purely unselfish motive. For they habitually mention in the same breath that they have potatoes to sell at a penny a pound; that their cabbages are three for twopence; that their fish was never better and never cheaper, and so on. So that a cynic might possibly say their whole aim and object is to sell their potatoes, cabbages, fish, &c., and their shouting out that you are there, when you had not the remotest suspicion of being anywhere else, is done only to startle and attract attention.

If this be so, it would be to their advantage if they did not all shout so loudly at one time. For the result is that the ear becomes so accustomed to hear the same statement in so many tones, that it is at last as impossible to be startled, as it would be for a soldier by the report of a musket on the field of battle. It would be impracticable, however, that any arrangement obviating the defect mentioned could be made, since each merchant is so deeply impressed with the quality, cheapness, and excellence of the goods he sells. Never was such an assembly of conscientious and high-minded dealers in the world. They are all bawling themselves hoarse with their tremendous efforts to make the public understand what bargains they are letting slip every minute that passes. Take their goods in your hands, look at them, feel them, taste them, count them, weigh them, do anything except take them away without paying for them; and, after that, if you don't buy them, just to prevent the man going out of his mind in frantic efforts to understand how it is you can let such an opportunity slip, you must be hard-hearted indeed. We have found the study so interesting in the crush of the crowded pavement, the smell of fish and vegetables, the flare and stink of gas and naphtha-lamps, and the screams and yells of the dealers, that we have thought it worth a close and attentive inspection.

The chief fish sold are soles, plaice, eels, mackerel, haddocks, and herrings, fresh and dried. We shall see a shock-headed, bull-necked vendor behind a stall, with a heap of plaice on one side, a tub of very dirty water on the other, and a small block and a knife in the middle. The inevitable naphtha-lamp of course flares overhead.

"Now!" roars the hatless, thick-set trader, as he grasps a large plaice with his great thumb driven into its gills, and flops it into the water to give it a fresh appearance. "Here y' ar!" Then he roars again, as with three bangs of his knife on the block he cuts off the fish's tail and two side-fins—"Who'll 'ave this lot? who'll 'ave it for sixpence—fivepence—*fourpence?*" This last as he chops off its head and throws it into half a sheet of newspaper, for the inspection of the public. "The whole bloomin' lot for fourpence," he adds persuasively. It is promptly bought, and "Come on, come on, come on!" shouts the merchant again, "as many as yer like; I'm ready for yer; who'll 'ave this lot for fourpence?—any number on 'em here. Who'll 'ave this lot?"—(bang—bang—bang)—"'ere y'ar for fourpence—*fourpence!*" (yelled out with crimson face and starting eyes)—"Here, take it away;" and he pitches it into the arms of a thin, wan woman, with a child at her breast, and gives her two fishy pennies in exchange for her sixpence. "Who's on again?"—(bang—bang—bang)—"who's for this lot? Oh, you may smell 'em, missus; and now go home and tell the old man there's a chap in Leather Lane selling fish as don't stink—fourpence. Will y' 'ave it?" And she does have it, as most of the crowd do eventually, for the man's fish are prodigiously cheap, and how he manages to sell them so is his business, and not Leather Lane's.

Next we come to a man who, after contemplating a hamper of bloaters for some time, appears to have made up his mind that it is among the deepest problems of social economy that he should be able to sell them for six a penny. Pending the solution of the problem, however, he is prepared to dispose of them at that price. "Never knew 'em so cheap," he exclaims, as he lays six of them in a row on a piece of paper, "and they'll eat like butter. Who's got a penny?" Leather Lane would seem to be sensitive as to this direct challenge on the subject of its pecuniary resources, and exchanges pennies for herrings so rapidly that the man has a busy time of it.

But the most extravagant dealer in fish is surely that

man with an enormous tub half-full of fresh herrings, into which he keeps diving the upper half of his body, and selling the proceeds at twopence a dive. In he goes, and up he comes, his hands laden with the red-eyed glistening fish, which eager trembling dames stand ready to receive with great pieces of paper or their aprons. Such a trade is this man doing, that the people keep rushing away from the little crowd gathered round him and his tub, laden with their herrings, until you would think that every man, woman, and child in Leather Lane and its neighbourhood would have a herring for their breakfast to-morrow morning.

"Here you are, twopence a pound!" the vendor keeps shouting, but as he shovels them away most recklessly, without a pretence of weighing them, "twopence a dive" is a far more accurate description of his terms of business.

In butchers' meat too, a large trade is done in Leather Lane. The shops, which throughout the week have kept their own ground, on Saturday night come over the pavement, and thrust their wares prominently before the notice of passers-by. You walk in an avenue of legs and shoulders of mutton extended above your head by hooks, while bullocks' hearts swing invitingly by their windpipes before your nose. The shops are usually aristocratic enough to dispense with the naphtha-lamps, and carry their gas by means of india-rubber piping out to their stalls in the roadway. Then they dash into their trade with all the recklessness characteristic of the neighbourhood. There is no cool calculation of profit and loss. "Any price you like to-night, ladies. Pull away! pull away! pull away! Lovely meat, and bound to clear it out to-night.—What shall I weigh you, ma'am?" (to a pale woman, with a pale child at her side, and a pale baby in her arms. The woman's eye has rested for a moment on a bullock's heart). "Fourpence a pound that one—just look at it" (deftly hooking it down, and putting it under the eyes of the woman).

"How much does it weigh?"

"Over six pounds," is the result of a brief introduction to the scales—"two shillings."

It is too much, however, for the butcher's customer, and she moves slowly away.

"Don't go away," urges the butcher, "you won't get one cheaper. Or look here," he whispers, going a few steps after her, "don't tell anybody else and I'll put it in at three and a 'arf!"

But his customer shakes her head, and walks on, sorely straitened probably, poor woman, to find food for the mouths at home.

No such thoughts however, trouble the mind of the butcher as he goes once more to his meat bazaar, and roars and rants and raves for the rest of the evening.

But for really extraordinary transactions in the meat trade, commend me to those two men who have a temporary counter before them, loaded with joints and pieces of meat. Goodness only knows where their meat comes from, but if you never saw shoulders of mutton sold for half-a-crown apiece, it is worth while turning aside to see it done. For done it is, and other bargains equally cheap.

Many tit-bits and delicacies may be picked up. Here is a solitary man with a pole festooned with pigs' heads, all seeming to cry out, "Fourpence!" in concert with the man, and the great ticket that is stuck in the mouth of one of them helping to keep up the illusion.

Another stall deals in nothing but rabbits, all skinned and cross-legged, and looking as if they were prepared to lay their paws upon those exposed hearts and livers of theirs, and swear they have all come straight from Ostend that day.

Most varieties of fish and flesh can be bought in Leather Lane, and some of the richer and more isolated inhabitants of London might wonder at the luxuries "the poor people" consume. For everything, luxurious or necessary, is cheap in Leather Lane, and "the poor people," if it were not for the fearful waste of their money in drink, might live even better than they do. But here, as in most other parts of London, too much passes over the public-house bar, causing meatless meals where meat should be. This becomes more apparent as night draws on, and drink begins to make its devotees noisy and quarrelsome; for long after the stalls, lamps, and remaining stock have been taken away by their owners, shouts and rows bear testimony to the depth of the evening's potations, hindering the anxious night from closing over Leather Lane.

But the last drunkard staggers home at last, or falls senseless in the nearest doorway, and solemn silence comes upon the scene, so that nothing but a hovering scent of the decaying refuse of animal and vegetable matter in the streets, which a wise and benevolent local government will allow to lie there all that night and following Sunday (teaching as it does such an admirable lesson of cleanliness and self-respect to the poor people around), remains to remind the observer of the noise and bustle that enlivened the street an hour or two ago.

IS IT GOOD TO EAT?

BEING COMMON-SENSE PAPERS ON COOKING.

III.—KITCHEN ECONOMY.

THERE isperhaps no word so little understood, or rather so misunderstood, as the word "economy." Just as there is a vulgar and popular impression that political economists are a hard-hearted, selfish class, so domestic economy is too often regarded as a synonymous term for meanness and want of hospitality. Conversely too many are apt to confound extravagance with liberality. Economy in regard to money has been defined as "the judicious use of money." So in cooking it simply means the judicious use of materials. In fact, economy is closely allied to common-sense, whereas extravagance is the twin sister of ignorance. Good cooks are never wasteful. The difference between a good dish and a bad one often consists simply in the fact that in the one all the flavour has been extracted from the materials used, and in the other, part, often the best part, has been lost and thrown away. Nowhere is waste and extravagance so wanton and reckless as among the extreme poor, and the more ignorant the worse they are. The savage method of cooking roast pork illustrates our point. As savages are more ignorant even than the lowest of our own lower orders, we ought to expect to find them more extravagant and reckless. Such is the case. On one occasion an Indian wigwam or hut, containing a live pig, caught fire. After the fire had subsided, and the embers were raked away, the remains of the unfortunate animal were found inside, which on being tasted proved to be far superior to the raw flesh to which the Indians were accustomed. Consequently on great occasions when a dish of roast pork is required, it has been the custom ever since to drive a pig into some small hut or house, and then set the house on fire. Now, this method has all the charm of simplicity, but still it is not altogether an economical method, though there are some dens and hovels even in this country where no one could regret the experiment.

But to take a simple case to illustrate our point, we will describe that very common sauce, lobster sauce, and contrast it as it is with what it ought to be, trusting that our description of the latter will be attended with the practical result of enabling those who read it to make it for themselves, should they so desire, besides something in addition.

First, we all know the lobster sauce which too often is handed round as an accompaniment to some boiled fish, such as turbot or brill. It consists simply of melted butter, with small pieces of lobster—some white, some pink—cut up in it; but as to the liquid sauce itself, it does not contain even the slightest flavour of lobster whatever. On the other hand, good lobster sauce is of a bright red colour, and tasting so strongly of lobster that it is too often apt to entirely overpower the flavour of the fish. Yet this latter has probably been made out of exactly the same materials as the former. What, then, is the difference? Simply this:—In the one case all the flavour of the lobster has been extracted, and in the other it has not. Cutting up the meat of a lobster and putting the pieces into melted butter is no more making lobster sauce, than cutting up a calf's head and throwing the pieces into boiling water would be making mock-turtle soup.

We will suppose, now, the very ordinary case of some lobster sauce being required for a small party, say eight persons; the ordinary method being for a lobster to be ordered, the white part of the meat cut up and put into some melted butter, while the pickings, so called, generally make a tit-bit at the kitchen supper, with the usual accompaniment of at least a pint of vinegar. Now, what is the difficulty? First, even a small lobster is amply sufficient to supply sauce for double the number. Every one who has eyes, and knows how to use them, must have observed how invariably is it the case that in small households fish sauce of any description is always made in gigantic proportions. We have seen melted butter of the consistency of a pudding brought up for four persons, in quantity sufficient for the table d'hôte at the Grand Hotel in Paris. Make up your mind, therefore, as follows:—Order a moderate-sized lobster, and have a dish of lobster cutlets as an entreé in addition to the sauce for the fish.

Now, there are few prettier dishes than lobster cutlets, and few easier to make, yet how rarely is it met with in small households!

First get a lobster containing some spawn and coral. Cut open the lobster and remove the whole of the meat, including that in the claws, cut it up into small pieces, and put it on a plate in a cool place, to be used as we shall explain by-and-by. Next take the spawn and coral and place it in a mortar with about twice the quantity of butter, and pound it well together, adding a good pinch of cayenne pepper. You will by this means obtain what is called lobster

butter, and without it is impossible to make either good lobster sauce, or patties, or cutlets, or bisque—the latter being, in other words, lobster soup.

This lobster butter has a strong lobster flavour, and is of an exceedingly brilliant colour. It will keep a long time, and good cooks should always try and have some by them, as ofttimes lobsters contain neither spawn or coral. Scrape all the lobster butter out of the mortar, and place it in some small jar for use. Next (we are supposing that eight persons are the number at dinner) take about a dessert-spoonful of the cut-up meat and put it by for the sauce—this quantity will be amply sufficient—and take all the rest of the meat and place it in a mortar, and pound it up with the following materials, previously chopped *very* fine: a piece of onion as big as the top of the thumb down to the bottom of the nail, a small tea-spoonful of chopped parsley, and a piece of lemon-peel the size and thickness of the thumb-nail. But while these are being pounded, let us return to and finish making the lobster sauce. First make a little rather thin melted butter, using milk instead of water; add sufficient lobster butter to make it a bright red colour, this lobster butter containing as a rule sufficient cayenne pepper for the whole sauce. Add the dessert-spoonful of lobster meat, about half a salt-spoonful of anchovy sauce, and the same quantity of lemon-juice, and the sauce is complete. The quantity of melted butter made should be regulated by the size of the ladle in the sauce-tureen. There are over twelve ordinary ladlefuls in half a pint; as a rule each person takes one ladleful, therefore half a pint of lobster sauce is more than sufficient for eight persons. If you don't want waste, tell your cook to pour a tumblerful of water into the sauce-tureen, and see how much it looks, and never to make more melted butter for eight or even ten persons. The melted butter should not be made, however, until it is nearly dinner-time, as *properly* made melted butter is apt to decompose or run oily if exposed to heat too long.

And now let us return to the rest of the lobster, which we left being pounded in the mortar, and to which have been added the chopped onion, parsley, and lemon-peel in the proportions we have mentioned. Mix in sufficient lobster butter to make the whole mass appear of a bright red colour—about a brimming teaspoonful is generally sufficient to a medium-sized lobster. After this add some ordinary butter, about two ounces, but of course the quantity must vary with the size and meatiness of the lobster, but sufficient must be added to make the whole quantity into a sort of thick pudding, which when struck with a table-spoon makes a noise like—slosh.

Next mould the mass into a quantity of small pieces, the size and shape of an oval pic-nic biscuit. This moulding is best done with the hands, by throwing the piece from one palm into the other. Dip each piece in a well-beaten-up egg—of course, one egg is sufficient for the whole quantity—and then into some fine dry bread-crumbs. Fry in some *boiling* fat or lard for about two minutes, and put each piece on a cloth to drain for a few minutes in front of the fire. Stick a small piece of the end of the small claws of the lobster—say about three-quarters of an inch long—into each, to represent the bone of the cutlet, and the dish is complete, though it had better be put in the oven for four or five minutes just before serving. Now, when lobsters are fairly cheap, the cost of these pretty little red cutlets varies from one penny to three-halfpence each. I once made twenty from a lobster that cost one shilling and sixpence; this was four months ago, and in London. There are many foolish, ignorant people, who on seeing such a dish would imagine that it must be a very extravagant one; and yet these same persons would think nothing of having a dish of six or eight ordinary mutton cutlets handed round as an entreé, costing at least sixpence each. Besides, there is no comparison in the appearance of the two dishes. There are, perhaps, few entrées more invariably passed by at dinner-parties than mutton cutlets, unless dressed ones, which, especially when truffles are used, are very expensive. A dish of bright red lobster cutlets, neatly arranged in a silver dish, with a pile of crisp fried parsley in the centre, always looks nice; and if economy is very much thought of, a few bread-crumbs added to the mass before moulding will increase the dish, but we don't recommend the method: we wish to be practical, and the probable result of the suggestion to the cook is that the cutlets will be spoilt, and the cook will have the best claw for her supper, served *au naturel—i.e.*, with the vinegar.

It seems very dreadful, when one comes to think about it, but how horribly dependent we all are upon our servants! and, as a rule, how far less regard have they to economy than we have ourselves! This is probably owing to early education—for instance, the girl who in childhood has been accustomed to see her mother buy coals by the apronful. Yes, gentle reader, such is the fact, which you may see for yourself any day in some of the poorer neighbourhoods in London. I recollect a case once in which the apron-strings gave way, thereby causing the coal-cellar to make a sudden and unexpected appearance on the pavement, and calling forth the exclamation of—

"Drat the thing!"

Yet this very girl, who, as we said, has been used to see her mother lay in coals in this fashion, when she goes out to service is so overcome by the inexhaustible supply, as it seems to her, in a cellar containing several tons, that from sheer thoughtlessness she is extravagant to a degree. In most houses the ashes are thrown up far more often in the dining-room than in the kitchen.

Another, and ofttimes a more terrible difficulty that young housekeepers have to contend with, is the impenetrable stupidity of the women in their employ. I recollect a most amusing case that occurred many years ago in a house at Woolwich. An elderly lady—one of the good old sort, not above occasional interference in domestic matters—had personally superintended the preparation of that somewhat nasty creature in the raw state, a hare for jugging. The richest of gravy had been prepared, the joints of the hare had been neatly browned in a frying-pan without being cooked. Cloves, port wine, &c.—nothing had

been forgotten, and the whole had been placed in a large jug, and only required being put to simmer gently in some boiling water. Now, the elderly lady wisely thought that the copper would be as safe a place as any wherein to stand the jug, the water reaching about half-way up, this method having the additional advantage of leaving more room on the kitchen fire, besides obviating the risk of its being upset by the saucepan, if the jug were placed in one, being hastily moved. Directions were given accordingly.

Imagine the elderly lady's face on discovering, about a quarter of an hour before dinner, that Mary Ann had put the jug in the copper by simply emptying it in!

But I fear I have rather got away from my subject, which is that of economy. Now, economy is the very soul of cookery, and can be alike practised in the palace and the cottage, and, unfortunately, is less regarded in the latter than in the former. It is wonderful how many really nice dishes may be made out of odds and ends. In a well-managed house there ought not to be enough left to keep even a dog; whereas, if the truth were known, the contents of the dustbins alone in England contain sufficient food to almost banish poverty from the land. This may seem a strong statement, but it is no more strong than true. Recollect waste is a crime; and were it in our power—which it is not—to be able to multiply food even to a miraculous extent, it would not the less be our duty to "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

A. G. PAYNE.

"IMAGINE THE ELDERLY LADY'S FACE.

HOW I MANAGED MY SERVANTS.

"I HAVE inquired of all the tradespeople, Jack, and asked every one I know, and I cannot hear of a girl anywhere, and Eliza goes on Monday."

"Let me see," said Jack, "you have asked all the tradespeople?"

"Yes, and they almost laughed in my face."

"Have you written to somebody in the country?"

"I don't know anybody to whom I could write. I expect that people who get servants from the country have friends who engage them there, and send them up. Besides, Mrs. Harcourt told me that a country friend of hers said there used to be a good many servants to be had, but now-a-days there were so many inquiries for them that they were taken up directly."

"Oh! Have you asked your friends?"

"Yes, and they all promised to look out for me, but I have not heard of one yet."

"Have you been to the registry office?"

"Yes; I have paid half-a-crown at three different places, and there the matter has ended. I don't see any advantage in paying an indefinite number of half-crowns, and not hearing of one servant."

"Nor I," said Jack. "Have you advertised?"

"No, I never thought of that."

"Why, that's the very thing. Put an advertisement in the paper, and I have no doubt you will soon hear of one. There must be plenty of servants to be had. Here, get me the pen and ink, and I will draw the advertisement up for you, and then put it in to-morrow. What are we to say?—

"'Wanted—a good general servant, honest, respectable, obliging, efficient, and cleanly. She must be a good plain cook, and able to wash and get up linen. A person accustomed to children preferred.'

"That's the sort of thing, I think."

"Oh, no, I am sure that will not do, Jack. The woman at the registry office said she had better not say anything about the children or the washing, or we should not have a single application. The best way was to give no particulars, but get them to apply, and then try and induce them to come. How will this do?—

"'Wanted—a general servant where another servant is kept. Liberal wages and a comfortable home for a respectable person. Apply,' &c., 'on Thursday, between 12 and 2.'"

"Very well," said Jack; "if you want vagueness, that is vague enough. Let us see what that will bring."

I waited for Thursday morning with some anxiety, This was the first time I had had any difficulty about servants. Mother, I knew, had never had more than three in all her long married life, one of whom came to her when quite a child, and stayed until she married at the respectable age of thirty-five; and when she heard that mother was ill and not likely to recover, she insisted upon leaving everything and coming to nurse her "best earthly friend;" and I am sure that not one of my mother's daughters mourned her loss more sincerely than did Hannah. Hannah's youngest sister had lived with me from the commencement of my married life until now, when she too was going to be married; and my present difficulties arose from the necessity of finding some one to take her place.

Four applications were the result of my advertisement. The first was made by a young lady most elaborately dressed. On entering the room, she immediately took the initiative—inquired how many we were in family—what perquisites were allowed—what holidays given. After hearing my replies, she considered a moment; then, rising, she bowed gracefully—said, "Thank you; I am sorry to have troubled you. I don't think this is quite the sort of thing to suit me"—and politely withdrew.

The mind of the second applicant was entirely engrossed by the desire to make me acquainted with the bad qualities of her last mistress—"She was so mean, and so bad-tempered. I told her several times that I should have to leave her, and she kept asking me to forgive her, and saying she would try to do better; and the master he'd come into the kitchen, and he'd say, 'Emma,' he'd say, 'I know you've a deal to put up with,' he'd say, 'but never mind,' he'd say; and she cried bitterly, for at last I said, 'No, 'm,' I said, 'I can't put up with it no longer,' I said; 'you and me will have to part, 'm,' I said." As I displayed no eagerness to be the successor of this misguided lady, this long-suffering individual withdrew.

The third was a sad, depressed-looking girl, whose appearance interested me at once. She told me her parents were dead, and she had come up from the country to a situation, which she was leaving at the end of three weeks, her mistress refusing to give her a character.

"I'm afraid, ma'am, I am not clever; but if you would teach me I would try to learn," she said pitifully.

"But, my good girl, I want some one who can do the work, not who requires to be taught. However, I will take your name and address, and think about it and let you know."

The fourth applicant was exactly the servant I wanted. Clean, tidy, and rather quick, she evidently knew what she was about and what she ought to expect. The lady with whom she had lived told me she understood her work and would do it. I had to make choice between the two. Jack told me I was to please myself, but no one in their senses would hesitate for a moment. With many misgivings, I sent the clever servant over to my friend, Mrs. Harcourt, and chose the inefficient one.

The remembrance of the first month we spent with that girl is like the remembrance of a nightmare. She

was so willing that I never asked her to do anything but she rushed at it, and in rushing broke half the crockery of the establishment. Her idea of cleaning was to remove dust from one part of the house to another, and in tidying one room she would untidy three or four. She had no idea of punctuality, or method, or order; and yet she would work, work, work, from early morning till late at night, until I felt like a slave-driver. And then I had got her on my hands. I could not send her away, because she had no home to go to, and I could not conscientiously recommend her to any other situation. At last I made up my mind I would set to work and devote myself to teaching her. I began first thing in the morning, and kept on all day, showing her how to do everything. Whatever she did badly I made her do over again. After repeated efforts I got her to put things into their proper places; and when once she understood that there must be a place for everything and that everything must be in its place, the rest was comparatively easy. She seemed to wake up to it all at once; and though I could not recommend any one else to make the experiment I did, yet for me the result was most satisfactory. That girl has been with me now four years, and has grown more efficient and more devoted with each year. The girl I had sent to my friend stayed with her eighteen months, then left to better herself; but I do not think any amount of wages would tempt my household treasure to leave my service.

For my own part, I must say, if I were a girl of the present day I should not like to live as servant under the majority of mistresses. I should know that I was expected to render unceasing, untiring, and devoted service, and in return be suspected of numberless faults, and begrudged many reasonable comforts. What a miserable custom that is, for instance, that prevails in so many households of "allowancing" a servant—weighing her food out to her, and giving her so many ounces per week! Why not be liberal, and take into consideration that servants working hard all day require far more food than we do, who sit sewing, and take a very moderate amount of active exercise?

After many years' experience, my advice to those mistresses who keep one or two servants only would be: In inquiring the character of a servant, be very careful to ascertain that she is thoroughly honest. Tell her when you engage her that you understand she is so, and that you want her to assist you in preventing anything that in the least approaches to waste or extravagance. Let her see from your conduct that you have a regard to economy, and after that trust her. Do not lock up any household necessary from her, but make her entirely welcome to all she needs. With the majority of girls you will find at the end of a twelvemonth that you are not the loser. You may spend the greater part of your time in locking up, and if a girl is disposed to do it, she can outwit you. If, on the contrary, she is on your side, she can economise in many ways that you could not, and save you besides from the moral degradation of living in an atmosphere of watchfulness and suspicion of those about you. At the same time, keep your eyes open. If you find that you have unfortunately taken into your service a girl whose sense of honour does not answer to the trust reposed in her, far better send her away at once; you will never make anything of her. I am quite sure, however, that these girls are decidedly the exception.

When once you have secured a good servant, do not be backward in raising her wages without being asked to do so. Ten shillings given willingly and unasked is as much thought of as a pound or two would be which had been obtained after a struggle. If a girl does her duty, and stays with you, she is worth more wages at the end of twelve or eighteen months than she was when she first came, and she ought to have it.

A very vexed question between servants and their mistresses is that of "followers." I have heard ladies talk as if the height of moral depravity consisted in a girl having a follower. My good lady!—happy wife and happy mother!—did you ever have a follower? Did any one ever venture to make love to you? And did you not find it on the whole rather enjoyable? Think of that time, and do not be too hard upon your servant, who is only following your own most excellent example.

So much for what your servant has a right to expect from you. In return, you have certain work for her to do. Take care that that work is done properly and regularly; and if anything is missed or slipped, no matter how small, speak about it at once. No greater mistake can be made than to let a fault pass and say nothing about it, hoping things will be better next time. A right-minded girl likes to feel that a firm hand guides the domestic reins, and that if bad work will surely be blamed, good work will as surely be appreciated and understood. And, again, never allow yourself to argue with a servant. A lady who does that, loses her position at once. Let your wishes be reasonable, speak them quietly and firmly, and there let the matter end.

As the result of experience, I would say that unless this sort of feeling can be established between servants and their mistresses—a feeling of respect and regard on one side, and of sympathy and consideration on the other—we must expect that a very few years will work deplorable changes; and that whatever discomforts the ladies of the present day may have to endure, their daughters will have far worse. She will be a wise mother who endeavours to prepare her child for the trouble which may lie before her. If a girl be acquainted early with the details of household management—if her mind be filled with a sense of the dignity of labour, instead of the foolish scorn for it which, unfortunately, so many young ladies now possess—if she be taught that no work can be degrading which is done from a sense of duty, and in the service of those we love, she will be placed at once in a position independent of, and in sympathy with, her sisters in an inferior rank to her own, and will be in a great measure qualified to achieve a woman's noblest work—namely, to make the happiness of a happy home.

"A LOCKET ON THE FLOOR LET FALL" (*p.* 177).

MY LADY'S COUSIN.

OH, Gurston towers grim and grey,
Upstarting from the heather brae!
I greet you whistling on my way,
Whistling as I go.

The sunlight flashes on your pile,
The green boughs break its golden smile,
The stream runs rippling past the while—
Rippling soft and low.

I see the garden wall, the door
All lapt and wrapt in ivy o'er;
My lady's cousin, Francis Gore,
May enter there full bold.

I see the sisters, tall and straight
As two twin poplars at the gate—
Queen Maud with looks as dark as hate,
And Lilian's clustering gold.

I see the wee half-sister too,
Her bonny eyes of harebell-blue
Full often tear-mists shining through,
And none to take her side.

Poor child! she found her knight at last,
And knew the long sad hours were past
When on his heart, full firm and fast,
Frank clasped his promised bride.

But hark! what stirs the sisters tall?
What passionate anger shakes the hall?
A locket on the floor let fall,
And which shall claim the prize?

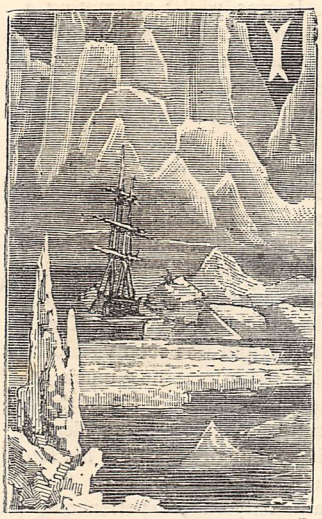
A man's crisp curl it doth enfold,
"To my heart's love" in letters gold.
And who has won that love untold?
Maud speaks of tender sighs,

But Lilian tells of hand-clasps long;
And bitter grows the wrath, and strong—
A storm of jealous strife;
When to the twain Frank gently leads
His shy sweet love, and smiling pleads—
"Kind cousins, greet my wife."

THEO. GIFT.

A DECADE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

BY A LATE EXPLORER.



IN all the long annals of Arctic exploration, there was probably never a duller time than in the year of grace 1864. The old North Sea sailings were over and almost forgotten, and nothing new had taken their place. A generation had arisen who were only dimly conscious of what was meant by the grand old searches for the North-east and North-west Passages "to Cathay and Cipango"—to India, China, and Japan; to whom Parry, and Ross, and Franklin were only names, and to whom the noble story of the seeking for our lost admiral was as vague a tale as the then far-off Crimean war.

The North-west Passage had been discovered by Maclure and his men passing across the frozen strait. Franklin's expedition—or all that then remained of it—had been discovered in dreary King William's Land, and with M'Clintock ended the last of the English voyages in quest of discovery or on philanthropy bent. Denmark was in the midst of war, though, with the exception of maintaining colonies on the bleak shores of Greenland, it is little that she has done for Arctic discovery. Germany had not then a navy, and Petermann was only hoping against hope in Gotha that some day the Fatherland might also share in the gallant deeds that had been done in the far North. America was steeped in blood, contending for a national existence. Kane was dead, and Hayes just home from Smith's Sound, but with no time to tell his tale, or listeners to attend to it—all was quiet along the Arctic Potomac.

England, which alone of all countries was most capable of following up the discoveries that she had chiefly made, held aloof. With a huge fleet and a large complement of men and officers lying idle, crossing top-yards, holy-stoning decks, and "making it" so and so, she lay sleeping on her oars—refulgent in foreign eyes from the laurels she had won in days gone by, rather than from what she was then contending for. One man—and one alone—stood and cried in the wilderness, with a loud and plaintive voice, for more ships and more men under the Union Jack in the Arctic seas; and that man was Sherard Osborn—captain then, admiral now. Year after year in the Geographical Society he delivered one of his eloquent appeals for the resumption of Arctic exploration. But he spoke to dull ears. There was no popular enthusiasm on the matter. A committee was, of course, appointed. The committee—as committees do—prepared a memorial; the memorial was presented to a minister whose thoughts were not as their thoughts. He only heeded "swingeing" majorities and a large surplus, and in due time the committee had to report, with a long face, that they had either got a polite refusal, that insurmountable conditions were attached to a

problematical assent, that they were promised an expedition—not when the Greek Kalends came, but—when "our ship comes home," or that they had been laughed out of the august presence of the Imperial Chancellor of the Exchequer with a jest worthy of the Fellows' table in a Cambridge College, and just good enough to raise a guffaw in the Australian bush. To be in earnest was vulgar; enthusiasm was voted unfashionable, and sentiment, by the brainless portion of the world and their admirers, was pronounced "bad form." Meanwhile those who had once shared in these famous exploits within the Arctic Circle were dropping one by one into that cheerless darkness known as the "retired list." Lieutenants bloomed into captains, captains became admirals, and admirals grew old and grey and obese; but still there was no Arctic expedition in Baffin's Bay, and one "leading journal" as regularly led public opinion by following the beaten track, in pooh-poohing the whole affair, and with wearisome reiteration pointed out, with Pecksniffian philanthropy, how wrong it would be to send valuable men and ships to be lost in the North Sea, and to spend a few thousand pounds out of a revenue of seventy millions for the advancement of geographical knowledge, the training of our seamen, and the glory of the English name in the history of maritime discovery.

During the last ten years, though our whalers have been allowed to plough the Northern seas alone, Arctic exploration has not been idle. Other nations have stepped in, and reaped the harvest into the possession of which we were born, as into a birthright, but were too apathetic to gather. Leaving out of account the early voyages of Othere, the brothers Zeno, and other problematical navigators, Arctic exploration, so far as its objects are concerned, may be divided into four classes:—1st, the voyages in search of a North-east Passage to India; 2nd, the voyages in search of a North-west Passage, the last of which was Franklin's; 3rd, the voyages in search of Sir John Franklin, which terminated with the *Fox* expedition under Captain (now Admiral Sir Leopold) M'Clintock; and, 4th, voyages undertaken purely for geographical and general scientific discovery. All those of the last ten or twelve years have been of this nature. Let us briefly recount them, or at least the chief of them. Every one knows the history of Kane's expedition—their two winters in Smith's Sound under great privations, and their escape south in their boats to the Danish settlement of Upernavik in Greenland. Of this expedition Dr. I. I. Hayes was the surgeon; of its inner life the outside world knows little except from Kane's own florid narrative, but if Greenland gossip is to be believed it was anything but pleasant. Ill-managed, ill-devised, ill-manned, and ill-found, the result even under pleasant circumstances could not have been good; but when trials brought out the true character of its members, the result was pitiable in the extreme. Suffice it to say that, by means of private subscriptions, Dr. Hayes in 1860 managed to get afloat in a small schooner—the *United States*, of 133 tons—with a crew of his own selection. Whether the Greenland joke that they were all officers without a *seaman* being amongst them is true or not, we have their commander's own word that they worked harmoniously enough, and the result, if perhaps not so great as the learned doctor would have us to believe, was sufficient at least to gain the marked esteem of the Royal Geographical Society, and cause the expedition to be remembered in the annals of Northern enterprise. The vessel was so heavily laden that in crossing the Atlantic it was never more than eighteen inches out of the water. It was assailed by the high winds that blow round Cape Farewell, and the wonder is that the little vessel did not go to the bottom in the stormy weather which prevails at the Davis' Strait gateway to the Arctic regions. In passing Cape York he found Hans, the Danish-Greenland Eskimo dog driver, who (all for the love of Shanghu's pretty daughter) had deserted Kane's expedition, and remained behind among the wild Eskimo of Smith's Sound. For years he had pitched his camp here, waiting and waiting in hope that Kane, who was then lying in the Havanah Cemetery, or a whaler might touch there and take him off from among his wild associates, of whom he was then thoroughly tired. Hayes took him, his wife, and child along with him, and though we dare say Hans was no better than he should be, Dr. Hayes throughout his narrative betrays a most unaccountable dislike of the lad, and accuses him of every crime, including that of being concerned in the death of Mr. Sontag, one of the members of the expedition, who fell through an opening in the ice. It was whilst attempting a sledge journey to the Eskimo settlements, during the long dismal Arctic night, when the white bear and, it may be, an owl or other bird of prey are about the only animals stirring, that this admirable officer lost his life.

After being repeatedly driven out of that "gateway to the unknown regions"—Smith's Sound—and getting his vessel injured by collision with an iceberg, he anchored in Port Foulke, twenty miles south of where Dr. Kane did—in lat. 78° 17′—though by the irregular coast-line they were distant more than ninety miles from Rensselaer Harbour, so familiar to every reader of Kane's narrative. Here he wintered, and was soon visited by his old friends the Eskimo, who were now much decreased in numbers. There were scarcely 100 of them. Kane's ship had apparently sunk, after being cleared of everything by the natives, though regarding her fate they told rather contradictory stories. They found abundance of reindeer, and only once experienced (in the month of March) cold as low as −69° Fahrenheit. In the early spring, dragging sledges after them, they crossed the strait, and roughly sketched out the coast to about lat. 81° 30′, to a point now marked on the map as Cape Lieber. On the 10th of July the vessel broke out of the ice, and finding that to attempt further exploration in such a craft might lead to a repetition of Kane's disasters, or worse, their course was directed homeward, where, without much incident, they arrived, only to find the country in the midst of war. In this gigantic struggle most of the members were afterwards engaged, and it was not until 1866 that the narrative of the expedition was published. It

(Drawn by J. Wolf.)

DESOLATION.—A SCENE IN GREENLAND.

"*A DECADE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION*" (*see page* 173).

was an entertaining work, but to a geographer most unsatisfactory. Everything seems to have been sacrificed to a silly striving after effect, and the "hifalutin" which seems to be the curse of all Transatlantic Arctic explorers saturates every line of what is otherwise a really meritorious literary production.

The Swedes had never done anything for Arctic exploration. But in 1858 they resolved to thoroughly explore the group of islands known as Spitzbergen. This had been visited from an early period, and was very familiar to the whalers; indeed, about 300 years ago the Dutch had a blubber-boiling village, called Smeerenberg, erected on the shores of one of the bays, which then abounded in whales. These have now deserted the coast, and with the exception of some Norwegian and Russian walrus-hunters, who winter on the island, it is little visited.

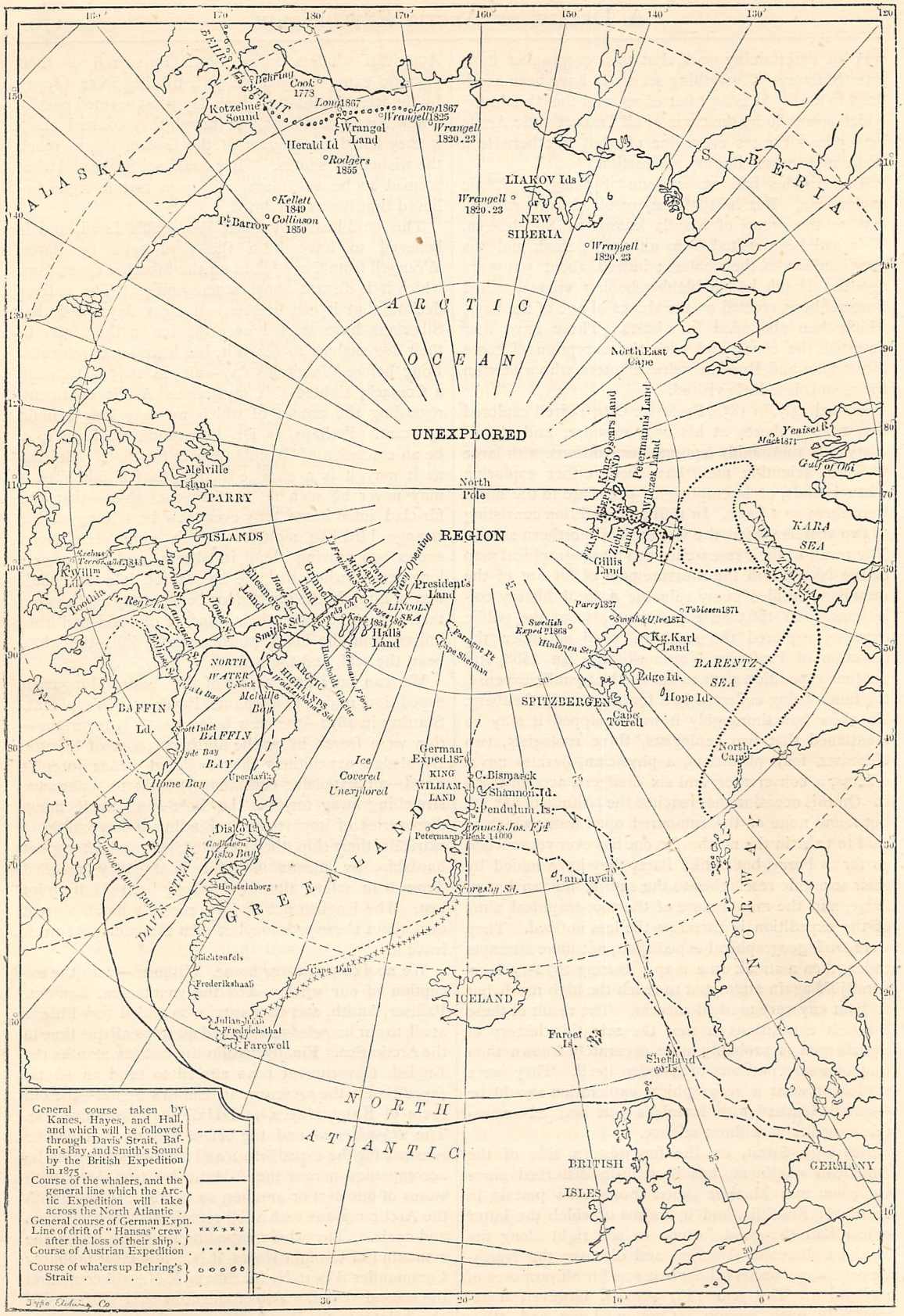
Accordingly, in 1858, Professor Otto Torrell explored the western shores at his own expense, and almost every year thoroughly equipped expeditions, with large staffs of scientific men, have been either exploring these islands, or attemptiug to penetrate to the north from them as a basis. In 1861 an expedition consisting of two vessels visited the western and northern shores. The result of their researches was a topographical map of the island, and the measurement of an arc of the meridian, besides many valuable natural history collections. In 1864 an expedition, also at the public expense, explored the southern portion, under the direction of Professor Nordenskjöld. In 1868 still another expedition went to the north at public expense, the funds being collected in a few days in Gothenberg. To show how thoroughly it was equipped it may be mentioned that two geologists, three zoologists, two botanists, four physicists, a physician, besides naval officers, a conservator, and six dredgers, accompanied it. On this occasion they reached the latitude of 81° 42′, but found none of the rumoured open water which is said to exist in the north. No one has ever yet reached so far as Parry, but unlike Parry they have added by their scientific researches to the sum of human knowledge, and the mere failure of the topographical aims of the expedition is therefore the less noticed. They were *truly* geographical expeditions, not mere attempts to lengthen a streak on a map. During 1872–73 Nordenskjöld again attempted to reach the high north, but without any very marked success. The result of these Swedish expeditions is that the scientific history of Spitzbergen is probably more accurately known than that of many portions of Sweden itself. They were models of what a geographical exploration should be —not "Hamlet" with Hamlet's part omitted—scientific expeditions without science.

Behring's Strait, on the far western side of the American continent, has been little disturbed since Collinson and Maclure sailed through its portals in search of Franklin, and by means of which the latter officer had the good fortune to sail right along the northern shores of America, and discover the North-west Passage, useless though it was for all purposes of navigation. The year 1867 proved, however, a remarkably open season. Captain Long and other American whalers sailed north in search of their gigantic game to about lat. 70°, till they were stopped by the ice. In front of them lay what seemed part of a new Arctic continent, but though they coasted along it they failed, on account of the broken ice, to reach the wished-for shores. They could see peaks and what seemed to be volcanoes, and from certain signs believed that it was inhabited.

This land has been called Wrangell's Land, and is believed to have been the land seen by Baron Wrangell from Cape Jakan on the Siberian coast, from which it is distant about seventy miles. The natives declare that it can be seen on clear days, and that Siberians have started over the ice in the winter in their dog-sledges to reach it, but have never returned. Long before Wrangell's day—viz., in 1645—Deshneff, a Cossack, sighted this mysterious Arctic continent, regarding the nature of which we may long remain ignorant. Perhaps, as Dr. Petermann thinks, it may be an extension of Greenland over the Pole. Be that as it may, it is a strange thought that if inhabited it may never be seen again for generations—that the fur-clad inhabitants may even now be talking of the strange bird-like monsters which were seen seven snows ago moving along its shores, and that after a long period, when the tale has lapsed into the condition of a myth, the mysterious beings may again make their appearance with their wonders of wood and iron, knives, and the black powder which kills the white bear, the seal, and the walrus.

We can only now speak of the Austro-Hungarian expedition, under Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht. Starting in 1872—the crew being mostly Hungarians—they were frozen in on the northern coast of Siberia. By sledge expeditions they explored Franz Joseph's Land—an extensive continent (?) hitherto unknown, stretching away towards the Pole—and made many discoveries of importance. Finding it impossible to extricate their ship, they deserted her, and after great hardship, by means of their boats they reached Tromsö in safety, after having long been given up for lost. The English public have recently heard a great deal about the expedition, but with this notice we must leave it.

We now come nearer home. Hitherto—with the exception of our whalers and the yachtsmen, Lamont, Palliser, Smith, and Rickarby, who added very little, if at all, to our knowledge—we had no ships all this time in the Arctic Sea. Finally, within the last few months the English Government have agreed to send an Arctic expedition in the present year. Smith's Sound—the old route of Kane, Hayes, and Hall—has been fixed on. The *Bloodhound* and the *Alert* will most likely be selected for the expedition; and they may possibly be accompanied across the Atlantic by transports with stores of one sort or another, so as to send them into the Arctic regions with a full complement of provisions and coals. The whole expedition will be under the command of Captain Nares, R.N.; and most probably Commander Albert H. Markham, R.N., will command the second vessel. All of the crew and officers will also belong to the Royal Navy; and so numerous are



SKETCH MAP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

the volunteers, that it is believed there would be little difficulty in manning the vessel altogether with officers !

The plans of the expedition are not yet settled, but they will most likely be something as follows :—It will leave in June, and after crossing the Atlantic, and coasting along the western shores of Greenland, calling most probably at some of the little Danish settlements, the vessels will cross Melville Bay—a dangerous locality, where numerous whalers have been crushed by the ice—and then push for Smith's Sound. Near the mouth of this strait a depôt of stores will be formed, to fall back upon in case of accident. One of the vessels will be left at a certain point to retreat to in case of disaster, and the other will push as far north as she can. Communication will be kept up between them ; and in the spring sledge parties will be sent out to explore as far north as possible—to the Pole if they can. The expedition in any case will return by the autumn of 1876. What can be accomplished must always be purely problematical. The best-found ship, the most skilful command, and the most experienced crew can do nothing in the face of the ice. An ice-floe of a few miles lying in front may frustrate all their plans. On the other hand, if the sea is open, there seems no reason to prevent their sailing as far north as Hall did, and then, by parties dragging sledges with provisions, &c., after them, traversing the eight degrees which separate them from the Pole. Here, however, the reader should guard against the idea that the empty braggadocio of "reaching the North Pole" is the sole incentive to the expedition. This may be the idea of those who are infected with the Alpine Club-bish vanity of climbing up a mountain, only, like the King of France in the story-book, to come down again and "set the newspapers talking !" But wise men have other things in view: the exploration of some of that 1,131,000 square miles of the world yet unknown, with the hundred problems in its geology, zoology, botany, and meteorology yet unsolved, ought to be the main objects—all others are subsidiary ; and it is to be trusted that the Government will make due provision in the equipment of naturalists and other scientific men for accomplishing this. It can only be hoped that before 1876 our gallant countrymen, who are now about to take away our reproach in the eyes of foreign nations—that with all our ships, and all our money, we have let poorer nations cut us out in Arctic discovery—will accomplish the hope of the Matchless Parry, and will, *mutatis mutandis*, perform what Martin Frobisher declared to Queen Elizabeth was "the only thing left in the world whereby a notable mind may be made famous and fortunate."

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WHATEVER else may remain stationary, fashion certainly does not, and in any prophecy concerning it, one can only be sure that it will show no diminution in the matter of costliness. France, notwithstanding all her misfortunes, seems to have plenty to spend on luxury ; and French milliners and dress-makers find such liberal patrons among Americans, who care little what they pay, that prices are likely to go up rather than down—a state of things husbands and fathers may not hear with their proverbial equanimity.

February is a month of hope. We have passed through the worst rigours of winter, and are looking forward to spring ; but it has this drawback, that winter clothes begin to look shabby in more brilliant sunshine ; so that it behoves one to look about for novelties. Prudent womenkind will have turned the recent sales with which most of the best drapers celebrate the advent of the New Year to profitable account, and so have laid in a stock of good things, at a fair price. Bargains are sweet to the feminine mind, tradition sayeth, and the struggles in the early days of such sales, at the Regent Street and similar establishments, are better imagined than described. Costly dresses lie in heaps on the floors of some of the upper rooms, while eager purchasers ransack the store with unthinking haste. The counters where ribbons and remnants are to be had, below cost price, are as much besieged, with two and sometimes three rows of well-dressed women, as the Bank of England with both sexes about the time the half-yearly dividends are paid. Perhaps if the drapers followed the same plan as the governors of that highly respectable institution, and classed their customers according to initials, making those bearing the same letter be served together, a little less confusion might ensue. Good things at reduced prices are wise economy and benefit everybody. The shopkeeper is glad to realise his stock, and so prevent loss by deterioration; and customers to whom the very latest novelty is not a necessity are sure to make some desirable purchases. Cheap things, however, are to be avoided. They wear badly, and are a poor investment ; but worse than all, in nine cases out of ten, the low price is achieved by grinding down the abject poor, whose absolute want makes them work at the very lowest figure. Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was no myth. His warnings apply to many other overtaxed and hungry mortals besides needlewomen, and in the memorable lines —

> "It is not linen you're wearing out,
> But human creatures' lives,"

many other words might be substituted for "linen"

with equal truth. There are beings in London who will be content to pocket a shilling profit on the making of a thousand wooden skewers, and trousers are made by hundreds for three shillings a pair, and even less.

How to dress is, however, the subject now under discussion.

The most fashionable materials for every-day wear are epingline, bazin-de-laine, armure, bege, and vigogne; cashmere and silk mixed holding its own still, for composite dresses, as they are called—that is, dresses made of two materials—continue to be *à la mode*. Gimp is much worn by way of trimming, and a novelty in the mode of making are large, deep, round aprons reaching almost to the hem of the skirt. These are cut in a single piece, and terminate beneath the sash at the back, or rather beneath a large bow formed of two long loops and a piece across.

Polonaises, notwithstanding dire prognostications to the contrary, are very general. They are made without any waistband, the front cut in one with the tunic, and a basque at the back. Sometimes they are joined down the front with bows, and have a succession of bows down the back also, and tortoise-shell buttons are introduced very often upon them. Large pockets placed outside on the hips are a feature of pretty well all dresses now, both for evening and morning wear, and there is a decided tendency in the present style of draping skirts and tunics to develop the figure, and not hide it.

Double-breasted jackets, edged with fur, are in Paris sent home with most of this class of useful dresses.

The Boyard mantles are the newest ones in Paris. These are made in coloured cloth, bound with fur, having large cloth sleeves, also edged with fur. Coffee-colour, iron-grey, and marine-blue are the shades in which they are seen most.

Opera-cloaks are more studied across the Channel than in England, for a Parisian *élégante* buys them to accord with the rest of her toilette, and Englishwomen rarely indulge in more than one or two, which they wear indiscriminately with all shades of colour. Indian cashmere is the favourite material. It can be bought by the yard now, in a variety of delicate tints, and is almost as effective as China crape, and far cheaper.

In the recent very cold weather, a few "Sorti du Bal" were made in cloth, and covered all over with silver braiding, being edged with the now universal feather trimming.

"Tricot Neige" was another new thing born in winter. It is made of wool with a silk foundation, the pattern being somewhat open, so that the silk lining is seen through. A year or a year and a half hence ladies will begin to patronise it in England—it generally takes *perfide Albion* about that time to accustom itself to new ideas in the matter of toilette.

From opera-cloaks, as a matter of course, one turns to evening dress generally, and under this head there is much to chronicle. The taste displayed in these dresses is certainly great, and it is here that the exceeding extravagance of dress in the present day shows itself most. Some of the more *ravissantes* evening toilettes—the favourite adjective of a French dressmaker—are either white tulle, made with a diversity of quilles, and gossamer puffings, over blue silk, and worn with a blue silk cuirass bodice—for the bodices are often quite different from the rest of the dress—or white tulle with velvet bows dotted about the surrounding flounces, and accompanied by a black velvet tunic, trimmed with white and silver. There is a great deal that is new in the form of the bouillonnés, &c., of which tulle dresses are composed. They are most generally arranged in diagonal gatherings across the front, with quilles down the side, edged with narrow mossy fringe, which is being re-introduced. Then again a most effective design is a series of diamonds, with a small velvet bow at each intersection, and large bouquets thrown carelessly on the skirt at the back.

Lace is a very favourite trimming on velvets and brocades, and the point de France of Louis XVI.'s time is the latest mode. It is somewhat lighter than Honiton. The finer the lace, the more fashionable in this nineteenth century of ours. It is used as trimming in a cascade down the centre of the front, and interspersed with rosettes *à la* Louis XIII., made of silk or satin lined with a contrasting colour, and having a button in the centre; or merely crossing the front in straight rows, headed by trails of leaves or flowers; or it is laid plain round the train, without any fulness.

A propos of trains: February is the month in which Her Majesty generally begins to announce her Drawing-rooms; and though a sort of quasi-official announcement was given some time since that these Court receptions were to be held later in the season of 1875, in order to accommodate loyal subjects the better, there is sure to be at least one early Drawing-room; and Court-dress ought to occupy an important place in a gossip on dress.

From time immemorial we English people have considered it a *sine quâ non* that, in order to pay homage to our Sovereign on such occasions, we should assume a certain dress, and in this we have only followed suit with other European nations. In America, however, the sterner sex decline to conform to any such established rule; and the diplomatic representatives of the United States appear before Victoria in ordinary full dress. A most amusing scene took place in the House of Representatives when this was decided on, Mr. Sumner introducing the subject. The Lower Chamber became very facetious, one honourable member (for doubtless American representatives are "honourable," in Parliamentary language, as with us) prescribing "a cocked hat looped up with an American Eagle, a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, butternut pantaloons, closely-fitting yellow stockings, with gaiters, and a buckskin vest, one side black and the other side white within, as an appropriate dress for an American *diplomat* on all occasions;" while another "honourable" friend moved "that diplomatic agents shall not be permitted to wear any Court-dress except such as shall be prescribed and pattern-drawn by the chief tailor of the nation, who is now presiding over its destinies."

This in allusion to the then President, Mr. Johnson, erewhile a tailor.

The hints given above as to the making of evening dresses will apply equally well to Court-petticoats, which are, in fact, nothing but full evening dresses. Very strict rules are laid down as to what may or may not be worn by ladies attending Courts and Drawing-rooms. Plumes and lappets are a necessity; but there is much variety in both. In old days only white feathers were worn; but they are far more generally of the colour or colours of the rest of the toilette, and are often mere tips, instead of the long plume touching the shoulder. Lappets used to be veritable lappets of lace or blonde; now long tulle streamers or veils, such as bridesmaids wear, are quite as general, and these are either of white or coloured tulle, according to the fancy of the wearer. Low dresses *must* be worn, unless the Queen's special permission to the contrary is obtained through the Lord Chamberlain; and the other necessary adjunct is a train, which can either come from the waist or from the shoulder; the body and train must be alike, the skirt or petticoat being of a contrasting shade, or of tulle of the same colour. *Débutantes* invariably wear white—all white; so do brides, if they are presented within a year of their marriage; but a married woman presented for the first time need not wear white as a matter of course.

So many dresses now are made with independent trains, both for evening and morning wear, that a Court-dress differs but little from them, except that the train is much longer—at least three yards long, and oftener four. The favourite materials for trains will be matelassé, striped and figured velvet, satins, costly brocades of various kinds—among them the newly-introduced Anne of Austria brocade, which is a black ground with the pattern in silver—and the Genoa velvets and brocades, which cost in Paris 100 francs a mètre, and it takes a dozen mètres for a train. As a trimming for trains, flounces *à la coup de vent* are the last thing. They are so called because they are caught down carelessly, just as the wind might blow them.

A word as to dinner toilette. People having plain square-bodiced velvet dresses (and who has not?) may rest content that they are never so fashionable as when quite plain.

White silk petticoats are much more worn than cambric for evening wear—not as a skirt beneath tulle or tarletan, but as a veritable petticoat. Edged with lace, they make the dress stand out better.

Bonnets are still much more like hats than anything else, and the most general shape is turned up in front. White felt trimmed with "syringa," a name given to a thick sort of white silk, is considered full dress; and a scarf of this syringa ravelled at the edge, $\frac{2}{16}$ wide and a yard long, is pinned under the chin, as tulle used to be; and white plush finds favour once again for millinery trimmings. The newest Parisian bonnet shapes are the "Marechale" and "Restoration."

The following items may prove tempting to such of the fair sex as desire to be "beautiful for ever:"—

"A CARD TO THE LADIES.

Mr. Gibson's Innocent Composition, so greatly admired for its wonderful effects, in removing by the roots, in half a minute, the most strong hair growing in any part of the head or face, without the least hurt to the finest skin of ladies or children. He sells this useful Composition at 5s. an ounce, with such full directions that any persons may use it themselves. Also his curious Preparation for coaxing hair to grow on bald parts, when worn off by illness, it being allowed by many who have tried many approved remedies to fully answer the desired purpose. Likewise his Beautifying Paste for the face, neck, and hands, so well known to the ladies for giving a true enamel to the skin, in pots, at 10s. 6d."

Or maybe this:—

"GLOVES FOR LADIES.

The true prepared French Chicken and Dogskin Gloves, for clearing and whitening the hands and arms, perfumed and plain. As some ladies have had but small confidence in these Gloves till they have been prevailed upon to wear one Glove for eight or ten nights, when they have evidently seen to their agreeable satisfaction that hand and arm brought to such a superior degree of whiteness over the other, as though they did not belong to the same person," &c.

There is, however, a drawback to the obtaining of the full benefits of all herein offered; for the first of the two advertisements appeared in the *Chronicle* of April 5–7, 1764, the latter in the *Chronicle* of April 19–21, 1760; but it tends to show that our ancestors were much as we are, and that neither all the female vanity, nor all the puffery of which one hears so often, originated in this much-abused century of ours.

FEBRUARY.

"RING out a passing knell—
Dead is the Winter-King!
Over his grave let snowdrops wave
And the golden crocus spring."

The sun with kisses warm
Hath lulled him into rest,
And unchained streams in waking dreams
A new-crowned Queen have blest.

Winter's fair youngest-born
Stands doubting where to tread,
The violet dyes are in her eyes,
And the breaking clouds o'erhead.

The wild winds toss about
The maiden's shining hair;
The birds sweet sing, the flowers up-spring,
And the fouats make music rare.

The merry joy-bells peal;
Bright shines the sun above—
Cheeks redder glow, for lovers know
Hers is the reign of love.

"Strew snowdrops o'er his grave,
O maiden fair to see!
A King lies low under the snow,
And has left his crown to thee."

JULIA GODDARD.

The Rose.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* WALTER H. SANGSTER.

Andante. *mf*

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Where sleep - ing sunlight all the day,..... On that green lawn re -
2. And on the lawn the self-same day, ... Where sun - light sweet re -

- po - ses, One rose for me will wait and stay, A - mong..... her s's - ter
- po - ses, I lost my heart and stroll'd a - way, To dream..... a - bout the

ro - ses, One rose of all the ro - ses. A - cross the lawn one summer's day, When
ro - ses, One rose of all the ro - ses. When on the lawn some fu - ture day, A

gol - den light re - po - ses, My lov - ing eyes be - held her stray, With blush - es thro' the
fair - er light re - po - ses, My steps, by hap - py chance will stray, To claim, among the

ritard.

ro - ses, One rose of all the ro - ses, One..... rose of all the ro - ses.
ro - ses, One rose of all the ro - ses One..... rose of all the ro - ses.

IN AMBUSH.

HALF-HIDDEN in the holly's shade,
Dark with the weight of snow o'erlaid,
I see you plainly!
What plot are you two hatching now,
Lurking beneath the sheltering bough?
You're hiding vainly!

Besides, I can't for very shame
Turn tail and run; and such a game,
'Twere sin to spoil it!

A warning shot—it whizzes past!
Another—fairly hit at last!
Nice warm work this is!

(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS)

But never mind—with eyes downcast,
I'll let you think you have not passed
Before my vision.
"Let's snowball him! 'twill be such fun!"
The words are whispered low by one,
In soft derision.

Ho! ho! so that's your little plot!
You may be sure that I shall not
Attempt to foil it!

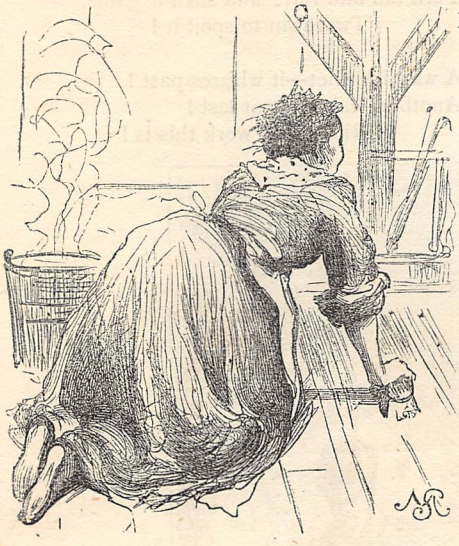
Well, fire away! Your stock runs low;
Reward must come at length, you know—
Returns of kisses!

Bravo! I've caught you both at length!
In vain resist with all your strength,
And blushing faces!
Love's toll you know's a warmer thing
Than making snowballs just to fling
From secret places!

W.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

CHARWOMEN.



YES, m'm, please, m'm—it's me as charedfur Mrs. Wallis as 'd the 'ouse afore you, m'm, an' used to come reglar every Saturday was a month, an' give the 'ole 'ouse a thorough cleanin' out, which need it, it did, for a dirtier pack of servants I never see'd, an' never lifted mop nor broom more than they could 'elp the livelong month. "What'd be the good of 'aving you elseways, Mrs. Nuttle?" they'd say right out, an' larfin' like, when I'd grumble a bit at the ground-down an' grubbed-in blackness o' the boards an' things. Well, m'm, they'd the larf; but I do ensure you it made a deal of differ to me, as 'ad to take hextra strength to get the dirt out anyways; and Mrs. Wallis a-callin' out to the 'ousemaid—

"Do see what that charwoman is a-doing of, Em'ly; for she've been down at that kitchen floor this two hours, as it 'adn't ought to ha' took 'er the 'alf o' one."

Yes—an' it wouldn't ha' took me as much as 'alf, if Mrs. Wallis 'ad but looked one quarter as sharp arter 'er own 'ousemaid, a strong, 'ealthy, well-fed young 'ooman, as arter me, a poor creatur with one nussing baby eleven weeks old, an' four other children, which the eldest was but nine, an' the youngest could just make out to run by 'isself.

I do think charwomen leads a 'arder life than most people; an' partly fur the reason that they're nearly always married folks whose 'usbands can't support 'em, an' with small children to provide for. Now, m'm, there's my 'usband, for instance. When 'e married me, I was a 'ousemaid myself, an' he were a bricklayer's foreman, an' earnin' very good wages, so even my missus didn't think but I'd done very fairly fur myself; but you see John was rather a superior sort o' man, fond of 'is bit o' readin' an' the like; an' he used to take in a paper wi' some o' th' other men; an' then they got to talkin' it over at the public; an' then the landlord he said, "Why not 'ave a debating s'ciety," says he, "and all the members meet 'ere every Saturday evenin'?" An' in course, m'm, you know what was the end o' that; fur fust John took to the drink, an' then he foun' out as the papers said workin' men was bein' ill-used; so he comes 'ome about midnight, rantin' an' ravin', an' smashin' a chair to show 'ow the gentry folk were a-smashin' 'im, an' near sent the baby inter a fit; an' me beggin' an' prayin' 'im to shut up an' come to bed; but bless you, m'm, it's no manner o' use talkin' to a man wi' the drop in 'im; an' only a week arter that he jined a strike wi' 'alf o' 'is feller-men; an' every penny o' my savin's went in keepin' us afore it come to a end; an' I don't think he were not to say sober two days out o' th' week the 'ole time. He's never got a foreman's place agin, nor kept steady since; an' afore the third child came, I 'ad to begin goin' out charing, to make sure o' 'aving food enough, 'nd the rent paid up to time. But about a year ago 'e tumbled off a ladder when 'e'd 'ad a drop too much, an' broke 'is right arm, as 'ad to be tuk off, an' 'urt 'is leg so as he can only make out to 'obble ever since, an' the 'ole keepin' of the fam'ly comes on me; for what 'e earns, pore feller, in mindin' cabs an' odd jobs o' that sort, 'e thinks 'e's got a clear right to; an' thankful I am when he don't come on me fur drink-money out o' my earnings as well.

So that's 'ow I come to be charing, m'm, you see, as there's nothin' else I could do; an' 'ard enuff it is to keep an 'ungry man 'an four children on the little one manages to earn day by day.

Ladies often says to me, "Mrs. Nuttle," says they, "we do wish as you could manage to dress a little more decent, for," says they, "your clothes are that old, they aren't fit to be seen cleanin' of the dore-step; an' you know we don't like to recommend you to good 'ouses, becos you ralely don't look decent at times." An' it's true, m'm; but what'd you have? fur what time 'ave I to mend my things, when arter I do get 'ome of a night there's the master's supper to get, an' the baby to nuss, an' its bits o' things to wash, an' the other children's clothes to mend; an' I 'most dead already from workin' like a 'orse from six o'clock in the mornin', an' boun' to be at my place by six on the morrer?

Stands to reason I can't 'ave no time fur smartenin' myself, an' yet I were a sprucer girl in my 'ousemaid days than many a one I see in the 'ouses I go to now. As to buying new thinks—where's the money to come from? Why, I've got a real decent Paisley shawl, as was given me by my old missus when I married, in pawn this fourteen months, an' I've never been able to 'ave it out since, an' don't believe as I ever will.

What do I usually get? Eighteenpence a day, m'm; that's the general rate everywhere; though two or three times I 'ave got as much as two shillings. 'Alf-days a shillin'. No, m'm—it aren't no more in proportion, an' I'd rather do the 'ole day any time, for the mornin's far the 'ardest 'alf; an' then ladies very seldom wants you of an arternoon; so that you loses sixpence which you can't afford, 'owever glad you mought be of an arternoon to yourself. Eighteenpence

a day *and* your food? Oh! yes, m'm—that in course; an' some ladies are very kind, an' will let me 'ave bits o' broken meat an' bread, an' the like, to take 'ome to the master an' the children. In most well-to-do 'ouses, indeed, it's a reg'lar reckonised thing as the charwoman may 'ave the scraps from dinner; but since I've got too poor to dress decent enuff for good 'ouses, I've 'ad to be content wi' poor gentry, an' people livin' in a small way; an' as often as not they wants all the scraps to bile down or use for their-selves; so it's only now an' then I come in fur summat fur the children. I generally take 'em part o' my own supper, anyways, poor lambs, fur I can't bear 'em to be disappinted when they comes runnin' out to meet me, an' see what I've got for 'em; but that comes 'ard on me again, you see, m'm, an' I aren't a very strong woman, so to speak. I've 'ad seven children in ten years, an' buried two; an' it's tuk it out o' me in the way o' strength.

Who minds 'em in the day? Well, m'm, I 'as to pay a neighbour to do it. At fust it was only the baby, an' a neighbour's little gurl used to come and mind it, an' bring it me twice a day to nuss, fur a shillin' a week; an' Polly—that's my eldest—she minded the others; but now, by token o' that there School Board, Polly 'as to go to school along of the others as is big enough, an' my neighbour's darter as well; an' I've to pay 'er mother two shillin's a week for mindin' Tim an' the baby, an' two more fur their food; not that the baby takes much—bless 'is 'art!—as I nusses 'im at night and afore I goes out of a mornin'.

Rent, m'm? Well, you know, we've one room, an' a sort o' little washus at the back, an' we pays three-an'-sixpence a week for it; so you see, m'm, countin' I earns nine shillin's a week, four an' three-an'-six is—let me see—seven-an'-six, an' leaves only two shillin's over fur food, an' clothes, an' everythink for the rest.

Couldn't do on it? No, m'm, we couldn't, nohow, if the parish didn't allow us somethink; but since the master 'ad 'is accident, they've allowed me a shillin' a week for 'im, an' four loaves o' bread. 'Tain't much, but we manage to do on it; an' we couldn't otherways. We should 'ave to go into the 'Ouse altogether; an', God 'elpin', I mean to keep clear o' that while I can.

But all charwomen ain't quite as 'ard up as me? No, m'm—that's true; but it's a poor life fur the best on 'em, an' a very 'ard-workin' one; fur you can't calkilate on being al'ays in work, an' you might lose a good place thro' layin' by fur a day's rest to prevent you from breakin' down altogether.

The woman as lives in the front parlour over me, she goes out a-charin' too; an' she'd been out the 'ole week at one 'ouse, gettin' ready fur a new fam'ly to come in. Well, I don't know no harder work going nor that; an' on Friday when she come in she were all in a tremble, an' looked that beat, says I to 'er—

"Mrs. Chores," says I, "when that job's done you do ought to take a rest for a day or so, or you'll knock up, an' my word for it."

"It's done now," says she, "an' I'm goin' fur to take your advice. I wouldn't go out to-morrer if it were to 'arn a goolden guinea, I'm that used out."

Well, m'm, 'alf an hour arterwards there come to the 'ouse a lady as sometimes employed Mrs. Chores, a-wantin' 'er to go up to 'er 'ouse that evenin', if she could, an' stay all next day; fur 'er sarvint 'ad left all on a sudden, an' they wanted 'er to clean the 'ouse up ready fur the new one. Mrs. Chores she was a-lyin' down, looking quite ill an' shivery like, an'—"Jinny," says she, "does she know I'm in?"

"Yes," says I, "as I said so at onst, not thinkin'." So she comes down, an' told the lady the troof, as she were too knocked-up to stir out again that night. Madam she seemed a good deal put out, but she asked could she come to-morrer. Mrs. Chores said she couldn't. She didn't dur give the simular reason, so she jest said as she were engaged.

Well, the lady she went away; an' if Mrs. Chores got five minutes' sleep that night I shouldn't ha' guessed it, she were that sick an' ill. The fac' was, she were a dilicate 'ooman, an' 'ad been liftin' of 'eavy weights, as 'ad overset 'er. She didn't come down till ten o'clock next mornin', an' were jest settin' at the door with a cup o' tea I'd made 'er, when the very lady passed by. She didn't say nothin', but she just looked at Mrs. Chores, an' gave a sort o' jerk of 'er 'ead to 'er darter as was with 'er; an' from that day to this they've never given the poor 'ooman a job, an' never will neither; an' it was a good 'ouse—'ard work, but good pay an' food; an' very often a 'andkercher of broken meats to bring 'ome. But there! I dare say she thought as Mrs. Chores 'ad behaved badly to 'er; fur I 'eard 'er once say to a lady in whose 'ouse I were charin' that there was no end to the 'umbug an' deceit of pore people; an' 'ow they were so well off, they wouldn't take work when it was offered 'em. If she knew a little more what poverty is, an' 'ow 'ard we do work—sometimes till we downright drop—she'd change 'er tune, I'm thinkin'.

Why, there's Mary Keefe, a poor widowed Irish-woman as lives opposite. First she lost 'er 'usband, and then 'er married daughter came 'ome deserted and dyin' of consumption, an' bringin' a baby with 'er, wot died fust, poor lamb! an' then 'er son went to Ameriky, as that last was a kind o' relief, fur 'e'd been in prison fust, along of 'is mother bein' so took up with the sick darter she'd no time to look arter 'im, an' when food grew scurce he went to the bad. Well, m'm, *that* nearly broke Mary's 'art. She'd al'ays been a decent 'ooman, an' while 'er 'usband lived, a well-to-do one, rentin' the 'ole of that little 'ouse; but sickness an' death swept it all away; an' when she'd paid the boy off to Ameriky, she 'ad to come down to a little back room 'alf the size o' mine in the 'ouse as 'ad been all 'ers, an' went out charin' fur 'er bread. No, nor I never 'eard 'er say a word o' growlin' or complaint all along; but al'ays as clean as clean, an' the cheerfullest creatur' going, ready to give you a cup o' tea if she 'adn't another pinch in the 'ouse, an' to share 'er loaf o' bread with any neighbour as asted 'er.

Well, m'm, bein' a good washer she were often 'ired out fur that puppose by the day; an' went down two

days every fortnight to wash at one 'ouse, a grocer's I think it were. It were a bitter cold winter three years ago, d' you remember, m'm? everythink froze up 'ard; an' 'e'd tuk it inter 'is 'ead to 'ave all the basement new painted, so when she went down one week the missus told 'er she must take the tubs out inter the little yard at the back an' wash thur; fur Mr. Gulch, he wouldn't 'ave the nice yaller paint all splashed with soapsuds an' water.

"Shure, ma'am, I'm feared it's very could 'twill be," says Mary, in 'er smilin' way; fur she knew the yard were paved with stones, an' a damp, gashly little place, as 'ould give you the shivers in summer.

"Oh! no, it won't," says the missus, smilin' too; "there's no draught with that 'igh wall at the side, an' the 'ot water'll keep your 'ands nice an' warm. I'd like to 'ave mine in some all day long."

Well, Mary she didn't say no more, but went to 'er washin' an' stood at it all day, tho' 'twas that cold that the end of 'er apron an' skirt, where they got splashed with the water, froze 'ard as a board, an' she 'ad to keep breakin' ice on the pails o' cold water when she went to rinse the things. The servants they pitied her dreadful when she come in to her dinner, she looked so blue, an' 'er pore arms all chapped with takin' 'em out of the 'ot water inter the nipping air; an' says they—

"We wouldn't be you, Mary, fur somethink;" but Mary she says—

"Shure Misther Gulch was the kind man in helpin' me to git me boy away, an'," says she, "I aren't the one to make difficulties wid him ef I can hilp it. P'raps the morrer'll be thawed," says she.

It wasn't a thaw. It were frost and fog too, an'

"WHATEVER'S COME TO YOU, MARY KEEFE?" (*p.* 189).

when Mary come they all saw as she'd got a bad cold on her chist, an' one o' the servants up an' told the missis it were the washing.

"Oh! that's nonsense," says she; "Mary said nothink about it last night, an' every one has colds at this time o' the year. Give 'er 'er breakfast 'ot an' comfortable, an' let 'er get to work. There's not much left to be done."

Well, m'm, it got done. though Mary telled me she kept feelin' wuss an' wuss till she could 'ardly breathe; an' when the last things were 'ung out, an' they called 'er inter 'er tea, she couldn't touch bite nor sup. She sat down, but she felt 'alf crazy an' chokin' like; an' she 'ad to get up agin an' say she must go 'ome, fur she were too ill to stay. Ma'am, it were a thick yeller fog an' frost then, an' she's telled me since she never quite knew 'ow she got 'ome. Her chist seemed like as 'twas on fire; an' every now an' then she 'ad to sit down on a dore-step an' gasp. She got 'alf feared to do that at last, lest she mightn't ha' got up agin; an' when she reached the dore of 'er 'ouse, the woman as lodged down-stairs said to 'er—

"Whatever's come to you, Mary Keefe? Ye look like a corp itself."

"Och, shure! Mrs. Donovan," says she, "an' I think it's dyin' I am. Go up wid me, fur the luv o' th' Almighty, an' light me a bit o' fire, fur I can't lift a han' to it at all, at all."

"Indade an' yer not fit to go inter yer cowld room," says Mrs. Donovan. "Take a stritch on me bed below whilst I light yer fire an' make ye a cup o' tea. Ye'll not be afther goin' up-stairs till it's warrm for ye."

An' 'ow long d'you think it was afore she did go up-stairs, m'm? Three weeks, an' for the best part o' that time she wasn't out o' Mrs. Donovan's bed onst. It were 'flammation on the lungs an' bronchitis she 'ad, an' she's never got over 'em. You can 'ear 'er cough, cough, coughin' of a summer's day at her work, an' of a winter she'll be laid up fur days an' weeks, onable to 'arn anythin'. The cold took such a grip on 'er lungs, the doctor said as there warn't no curin' 'er, an' fur my part I don't think as she can last long; but she's just as proud as proud, an' 'ould rather die at 'er work than ask charity, or go into the 'Ouse; an' if you'll believe me, she's al'ays ready to do a day's work fur them Gulches, an' won't 'ear nothink laid agin 'em. "For shure," says she, "how could they tell it was doin' me harrm? Wasn't the misthriss rale sorry whin I was laid up, an' sint me a poun' o' tea, she did, the Lord reward her!"

That decent old body in black crossin' the street is a charwoman, m'm—one as is employed by a reg'lar lot of 'ouses, as keeps 'er in pretty constant work. Her only slack time is when they goes away fur their summer 'olidays; and then she's often out o' work fur six or eight weeks, off an' on. She's a lone woman, too; but she's a married darter in the country, 'ose always sendin' to 'er fur 'elp; an' every now an' then a scamp of a son on 'er 'ands when he runs away from a place, or gets kicked out; an' she 'as to keep 'im till she can fin' 'im another. Mrs. Bosely is 'er name; an' I don't know a more respected 'ooman nowhere. You ask her minister, an' the ladies who employs 'er, that's all. There isn't one 'asn't a good word fur Mrs. Bosely, an' good cause too; for a decenter, quieter body never stept, an' that ain't all. She lives over a rag-an'-bottle shop, an' next room to 'er lives a crippled old 'ooman of seventy-six, who's lost the use on 'er 'ands sixteen years back with rheumatics. Well, m'm, Mrs. Bosely she've done everythink fur years fur old granny, just fur all as if she were 'er sister, an' they not kith nor kin. No matter what time she's to get up on a mornin', afore she goes out she lights granny's fire, puts the kettle on, tidies her room, an' dresses 'er for the day—not nohow, any'ow, either, but as careful an' tidy as a lady's-maid 'ould be; for granny she's pertic'lar, an' a bit fractious about things bein' arranged 'er own way. Yes, m'm, an' Mrs. Bosely won't go charin' nowhere where she's to sleep out, no matter how good the place is, becos she don't consider 'erself free to leave granny; an' whatever scraps of cold puddin' an' meat an' the like as is giv' 'er she 'alves, an' more than 'alves, with granny; an' if the old 'ooman is ill, she gives up 'er work, an' stays in to nuss 'er; an' yet it's all she can do to make both ends meet, an' keep 'er rent paid reg'lar to the day; but it's just out o' religion.

"Me an' granny's goin' the same road," she says, "so I may as well 'elp 'er along it a bit in this world. Pshaw! didn't our Lord *tell* us to 'elp one another?" An' if you'll believe me, m'm, she's growed that fond of pore old granny along of waitin' on an' workin' fur 'er, that I don't think she'd be 'appy if any one else were to do it; an' the day she dies 'll be a sore one fur Mrs. Bosely.

Yes, m'm, there's a deal o' kindness an' charity among pore people for one another, and charwomen in special; for they generally are *so* pore, an' yet they're goin' about among rich people; but it's a 'ard life at best, fur some'ow ladies seem to think that a charwoman must al'ays be able to do at least three times an ord'nary servant's day's work, an' they expects 'er to do it too. They say it only comes now an' then, an' they want a *thorough* cleanin' onst in a while; but they forget that the charwoman can't afford to 'arn 'er eighteenpence only now an' then. She's been at one 'ouse yesterday, an' she's at yours to-day, an' 'll be at another to-morrer; an' it's al'ays "thorough cleanin'" day with 'er, so that she gets wore out an' old an' broken long afore 'er time; for remember, m'm, in most cases she've got to walk to an' from 'er work, no matter what the weather is, every day; an' to do 'er own 'ousework, an' see to 'er own fam'ly inter the bargain, and sometimes to come 'ome an' fin' a drunken 'usband, who takes 'er by the 'air an' bangs 'er about if she don't give 'im 'er 'ard earnings; or she's got to 'unt 'im up at the public, an' get 'im 'ome, p'raps with a baby in 'er arms, an' 'im abusin' of 'er all the way. But you're not to think as I'm illudin' to the master, m'm, now; fur 'e's never voilent, or scurcely so, an' a very good 'usband to me in 'is way, poor feller; leastways, 'e means to be, as is the same think. I've no call to complain on John, m'm, noways, an' don't think it.

THE GATHERER.

A Guide to Beauty.

"The most perfect human beauty," says Flaxman, "is that most free from deformity either of body or mind, and may be therefore defined—'the most perfect soul in the most perfect body.'" The body must be animated by a soul in which benevolence, temperance, fortitude, and all other moral virtues preside, unclouded by vice. Nothing more destroys the very traces of beauty than brutal ferocity, revenge, hypocrisy, or any other of the malignant passions.

Shall I grow Old?

There are some people, it is true, who are tired enough of life, and would hardly care to hear how to grow to a good old age. Let these pass on to the next article whilst we detain the rest of mankind by giving a receipt for longevity. An Indian contemporary mentioned recently the case of a man who died at the age of one hundred and nine. He was a votary of the holy shrine of Brindabun, and passed the last forty years of his life in meditation under a bur-tree, subsisting on one powah of pera (a sweetmeat) and one pavah of milk *per diem*. Quiet contemplation, then, fresh air, and regular simple diet, are all that are necessary. This way of growing old is certainly inexpensive.

Dead or Alive?

An Italian physiologist says that if a small quantity of strong liquor of ammonia be injected into the skin-tissues of a dead body, it causes no change, and exhibits no effects so far as colour is concerned. But in the living body, and even where the patient is moribund, this procedure causes a definite spot or patch of a deep red colour, verging occasionally on a purple tint. This test adds another to the many already advocated with a view to definitely ascertain if death really has taken place. Its simplicity at any rate commends it to the attention of physiologists.

Treatment of Aneurism.

By an "aneurism" is meant the pulsating tumour situated on an artery or blood-vessel, and which is usually produced by a rupture of the inner coats of the vessel. This distressing lesion is generally remedied by the aid of the surgeon's knife, the vessel being tied, and the supply of blood cut off from the aneurism. Occasionally aneurisms have been cured by the application of pressure, rest, and the internal administration of iodide of potass. M. Jolliffe Juffnell, of London, has recently been advocating and supporting the plan of endeavouring, through rest and diet, to produce gradual coagulation of the blood within the aneurism, and so to convert the aneurismal contents into fibrinous matter. In cases of aneurism which cannot be treated surgically (*e.g.*, aneurisms in the neighbourhood of the heart), this plan, like others of analogous nature, will demand the attention of physicians.

The Mechanical Horse.

Pegasus, adapted to our advanced age, has sprung from the brain of a Frenchman named Bret, and after capering a short time in Paris, has recently been brought to this side of the Channel, and deposited in the Patent Office of "perfidious Albion." This "Mechanical Horse," as it is called, has legs and hoofs, and can walk and trot, and vomit fire and steam. It can also plough, grind at a mill, and do many more things than we have space to mention. If inventive genius goes on in this brilliant way, we shall soon have domestic servants going by machinery. That will indeed be a happy time.

"Le Pudding."

There was "a chiel amang us takin' notes" about the close of the seventeenth century, in the shape of a Frenchman, who was content to be known to fame as "H. M. de V." In 1698 he published a book on England generally and English manners in particular, which made a sensation among the few of our countrymen who could read it. We find him describing the English of Great Nassau's time as huge eaters at dinner, but moderate at supper—"Gloutons à midi, fort sobres le soir." What most struck him was "le pudding." It puzzled him to describe it. "There are half a hundred different sorts of puddings," he remarks; and he adds, "Pudding is a manna which is to everybody's taste. . . . In whatever part of the world you may happen to meet an Englishman, only make a pudding for him, and he is satisfied."

Wanted, a Hermit.

A romance might be built on the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Courier* of January 10th, 1810—one has often been erected on a much slenderer foundation:—"A young man, who wishes to retire from the world and live as a hermit in some convenient spot in England, is willing to engage with any nobleman or gentleman who may be desirous of having one. Any letters to be directed," &c. We have indulged in no fewer than fifty-seven suppositions regarding this interesting youth and his desire to fly from the busy haunts of men; the reader will not find it difficult to increase the number.

Lines for Ladies.

We meet with some strange Christian names of women in the original lists of persons who went from Great Britain to the American plantations in the seventeenth century. The following will serve as samples:—Desire Minter, one of those who sailed with Bradford and Winslow in the *Mayflower*, but who "afterwards returned to her friends in poor health and died in England;" Remember Allerton, Remembrance Tibbott, Fear and Patience Brewster, sisters of Mr. Love Brewster, Merriall Saltonstall, Hopestill Foster, *Mathew* Page! (Mathew occurs more than once as a woman's Christian name), Anns Pancrust, Cesara Covel, Thankes Sheppard, Oliff Gibbins.

Snuffers.

Let us regard snuffers with the respect and reverence due to extreme age. We do not refer to ancient people who take snuff, but the domestic implements which usually figure in a bed-room candlestick. The Greeks used snuffers and so did the Romans. The Anglo-Saxons used what they termed the candel-tweist, a long-handled pair of tweezers ; but snuffers of the kind now in use appear to have been first introduced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. John Nichols, describing that good queen's "progresses," speaks of her having "two pair of small snuffers silver gilt," which he regards as very curious.

Russia and Sir Walter Scott's Novels.

In Russia, various old novels are still extant, bearing the name of Sir Walter Scott, which are utterly unknown in this country. It appears that when Sir Walter Scott's novels were first translated in Russia, they were so popular, that the booksellers of Moscow passed off as Scott's works that had nothing of Sir Walter in them except his name on their title-pages. The same thing was done in Germany.

A Wonderful Falcon.

Hufeland asserted as a fact that in 1793 a falcon was brought from the Cape of Good Hope by Mr. Selwand of London, wearing a golden collar, on which was inscribed "To His Majesty James, King of England, 1610." It was accepted as a bird which had escaped from the custody of its keeper in the time of King Jamie, and had flown to Africa! It was probably a mere hoax.

Absorbing Studies.

Molières, the famous French mathematician, when absorbed in study, was almost insensible to everything surrounding him. It is related of him, that pausing in the streets to follow up an intricate problem, a shoe-black absolutely removed his silver shoe-buckles, and replaced them with a pair made of iron, without attracting his attention. On another occasion, when he was in the midst of his midnight studies, a burglar suddenly appeared demanding his money. Without rising, Molières pointed out where it was kept ; and when the man had taken it and gone, he forgot to give any alarm.

House Plants.

Ladies who find their efforts to raise house plants frustrated by worms, may be able to win success by boiling the earth before setting the plants. Use little water, and allow it to simmer away after a few minutes of hard boil. A dry heat is just as good.

Inscriptions on Old Coins.

We glean from an old magazine a method by which inscriptions nearly obliterated by age and wear from old silver coins may be rendered visible. It is stated to be one which was adopted at the Mint, when some very old silver coins had been withdrawn from circulation, and it consisted of placing the coin upon a piece of red-hot iron—a poker would do—by which means the inscription was made to assume a greenish hue, whereby it became readable.

How to Attract Birds.

One of the methods adopted by the authorities of Paris for the encouragement of birds in the parks of that city, is the manufacture and placing of artificial nests so cunningly constructed that each variety of bird will recognise its home at once, and suppose it to be the vacated mansion of a bird family just moved out. These nests are made by women, and *L'Illustration* says "they make them for the thievish and quarrelsome sparrow," the titmouse, warbler, kingfisher, chaffinch, cuckoo, blackbird, magpie, and others ; 3,000 of these nests have been put up, the plan having been suggested by a professor of the Jardin des Plantes.

Is there such a thing as Spontaneous Combustion ?

Most of our readers will remember that Captain Marryat, in the opening chapters of his novel, "Jacob Faithful," makes the mother of the hero to perish by this strange and alleged catastrophe—the presumed fate of certain drunkards, and in which the body, supposed to be impregnated with alcohol, of itself becomes ignited, and slowly burns away. The occurrence of spontaneous combustion has been denied by Casper, the eminent German medico-jurist ; and M. Chassaignol, of Paris, similarly denies its existence. Spontaneous combustion was first noticed in 1692 ; and, since then, the few cases which have been recorded describe the phenomena as consisting in the presence of a blue lambent flame, of a peculiar odour, and of inflammable gases. Various experiments convinced the above-named French *savant* that the tissues, although steeped in alcohol, have no power of spontaneous ignition and combustion, and that, in all probability, the phenomena ascribed to this cause have no existence. Certain it is that the phenomena and symptoms have never been described, even in cases where combustion was alleged to take place, with that accuracy and *primâ facie* appearance of correctness which we expect to find in scientific and medical literature.

Does Sunshine put out a Fire ?

A good deal of discussion has lately taken place in this country over the old question whether sunshine checks combustion. It is an old notion that sunlight lessens the intensity of a fire, and may even put it out, and the theory was that the sun's heat by expanding the air caused a diminished supply of oxygen to the coal. This and all other explanations are now condemned, and the fact is denied. One writer says that if a few pieces of charcoal are ignited in a chauffer and placed in a sunny room provided with closely fitting shutters, the fire will appear to die away in the sun's light. But if the shutters are closed, the coals will be seen to be in full combustion. There is no phenomenon at all, but only the appearance of one, which is due not to the sun's heat, but to the fact that its light, being stronger than that of the coals, overcomes and subdues it. The fact of combustion is so intimately connected with glowing ignition in our minds, that anything which lessens the glow appears also to diminish the combustion.

A Happy Thought.

An old gentlewoman who lived almost entirely upon puddings was sorely puzzled how to get them uniformly good, till she hit upon a plan. It was this: If the pudding was good, she let her cook have the remainder of it; if bad, she gave it to her lap-dog. The result was a good pudding for mistress and maid, and little "bow-wow" went without.

The First Performance of the "Messiah."

Just now, when Handel's oratorios are so frequently performed, the following anecdote, which we extract from Mr. Crowest's book, "The Great Tone-Poets," will have some interest:—"On the 13th April, 1742, at midday, Neal's great music-hall was closely packed with an audience anxiously awaiting Handel's new oratorio. The chief singers on that occasion were Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Avolio, the chorus being sustained by choristers from St. Patrick's and Christ's Cathedrals; while the band, which, as Handel wrote, was 'really excellent,' was under the direction of Mr. Dubourg. An anecdote is told of Mrs. Cibber having sung 'He was despised' so pathetically, that a reverend gentleman in the boxes forgot himself so far as to audibly exclaim at the close, 'Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven!' Another relates that, in compliance with the request that 'the ladies who honour this performance will be pleased to come without their hoops,' the fair sex for the most part actually did leave those articles at home on that occasion. The success of the first performance was so great, that the critics could not find words to express the exquisite delight it afforded. The proceeds for the charities amounted to £400, and it was certainly the most brilliant event of Handel's life. The 'Messiah' was begun on the 22nd August, 1741, and completed on the 14th of the next month, so that this great masterpiece was composed in the marvellously short space of twenty-three days."

Very Safe, Indeed.

In America brick vaults and safes are now advertised, which are so constructed that any attempt to reach the interior of the safe by violence, would most certainly break sundry bottles of sulphuric acid into powdered carbonate of lime. This would instantaneously produce carbonic acid gas sufficient to asphyxiate a regiment. Burglars had better, therefore, exercise their ingenuity to provide some means of protection against this novel method of defence.

"I Hate that Drum's Discordant Sound."

As the character of a nation is pretty well represented by its juvenile toys, no one will be surprised to hear that toy-drums are amongst the leading articles of French manufactures. No less than 200,000 dozen toy-drums are made in Paris during the course of a single month. A dense wood near Villers-Cotterets, measuring 20,000 hectares, is preserved expressly to furnish wood for the manufacture of these drums and drumsticks.

Seven Chances.

There are, says a writer of the last century, seven *good* chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the mouth in absolute perfection. For instance, A LEG OF MUTTON.—1, The mutton must be *good*; 2, must have been kept a *good* time; 3, must be roasted at a *good* fire; 4, by a *good* cook; 5, who must be in *good* temper; 6, you must have *good* luck; 7, and *good* appetite.

No More Sea-Sickness.

It is pleasant to sing, to a good tune, about "a life on the ocean wave," and to praise the sounding sea when standing on the shore, but when one gets afloat it is quite a different thing. Then the ocean is a monster with no touch of pity in his breast. One repents, too late, of having left the land—grows sea-sick—oh, horror!—"the steward jumps up and hastens—for the necessary basins," and the curtain falls on a scene of misery. It is by no means a cheerful subject to dwell upon. A French physician has called public notice to a method of treatment which has recently been introduced, and which promises to be of much service in dealing with this doleful evil. It consists in the administration of chloral in small doses. The following directions should be read and carefully taken note of by any of our readers who may be inclined to try the valuable remedy. No one should take more than twenty grains of chloral, or its equivalent of two teaspoonfuls of the syrup of chloral, in one dose, without the advice of a physician. The action of the drug will be much expedited by diluting the dose largely, say with half a tumbler of water. As to the time for taking it, that should be before the vessel is in motion, but not until every arrangement has been made which will insure the patient against being disturbed or roused during the passage. The patient should lie down, and, weather permitting, remain on deck. It remains to be added that, although chloral taken in the dose indicated will generally induce sleep, the patient may pass into a semi-conscious dreamy state, quite as favourable for the purpose under consideration. The drug is, however, cumulative in its action, and must not, therefore, on a short passage be repeated. In long voyages, as to America, two doses of twenty grains have been taken with success at intervals of eight or ten hours, and afterwards five-grain doses twice daily till the patient became accustomed to the motion of the vessel. The worst of this remedy is that it must be used with such great caution. If any one could devise a preventative of sea-sickness as safe as it was easy and certain, he would merit a monument high enough to be another wonder of the world.

Philosophers and Dainties.

Those cynical slaves who are so silly as to suppose it unbecoming a wise man to indulge in the common comforts of life, should be answered in the words of Descartes. "Hey!—what?—do you philosophers eat dainties?" said a gay marquis to him. "Do you think," replied Descartes, "that God made good things only for fools?"

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SNAKE.

OWEVER ambitious either Jabez or his kind fosterers had been to see him a Blue-coat-boy, the parting between them was a terrible wrench. They were to him all the friends or parents he had known.

Then there were his playmates in the yard, with liberty to run in and out at will; and lastly, there were his dumb pets—his kitten (grown to a cat), his pigeons and the lame linnet, hopping from perch to finger, and paying him for his love with the sweetest of songs. He was not more stunned by the noise and Easter Monday bustle in the College Yard, or more awed by the imposing presence of Governor Terry and the Feofees, than by the magnitude, order, and antique grandeur of the building henceforth to be his home. Nevertheless, wide open as the great gates were for the day, he felt that they would close and shut him in among the cold stone walls and strangers, never to see his pets or his loving friends again until Whitsuntide should bring another holiday.

They, older, more experienced, with a better knowledge of all the boy would gain, all the privation and premature labour he would escape, felt only how dull their humble home would be without the willing feet and hands, the smiling face, and the cheerful voice of the sturdy little fellow who for more than seven years had been as their own child.

He had given his last charge respecting his furry and feathered brood, exchanged the last clinging embrace under the dark arch, then tore away in quest of a deserted corner where he might hide the tears he could not wholly restrain.

At first the new dress of which he was so proud, the blue stockings and clasped shoes in place of clogs, the yellow baize petticoat, the long-skirted blue overcoat or gown, the blue muffin-cap, the white clerical band at the throat (all neat, and fresh, and unpatched as they were), felt awkward and uncomfortable—the long petticoat especially incommoded him. But in a few days this wore off. There were other lads equally strange and unaccustomed to robes and rules. Fellow-feeling drew them towards each other, and with the wonderful adaptability of childhood, they fell into the regular grooves, and were as much at home as the eldest there in less than a fortnight.

The training and education of the Chetham College boys was, and is, conducted on principles best adapted for boys expected to fight their own way upwards in the world. They were not cumbered with a number of "ologies" and "isms" (the highest education did not stand on a par then with the moderate one of this day); their range of books and studies was limited. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, sound and practical information, alone were imparted, so much as was needed to fit the dullest for an ordinary tradesman, and supply the persevering and intelligent with a fulcrum and a lever.

Nor did their education end with their lessons in the school-room, nor was it drawn alone from books and slates.

Their meals were regular, their diet pure and ample, but plain. They rose at six, began the day with prayer, and retired to rest at eight. Besides their duties in the school-room, they darned their own stockings, made their own beds, helped the servants to keep their rooms clean, and six of the elder boys were set apart to run errands, and carry messages beyond the precincts of the College.

Strength of muscle and limb were gained in the open courtyard in such games as trap and football; patience and ingenuity had scope in the bead purses, the carved apple-scoops and marrow-spoons, the worsted balls and pincushions they made to fill their leisure hours indoors.

There was no idleness. Their very play had its purpose.

Let us set Jabez Clegg under the kind guardianship of Christopher Terry, the governor, and under the direct supervision of the Reverend John Greswell, the school-master, to con his Mavor, and make pot-hooks-and-ladles, on a form in the large school-room at the west end of the College; and to rise, step by step, up the first difficult rungs of that long ladder of learning which may indeed rest on our common earth, but which reaches far above the clouds and human ken.

Christmas and Midsummer vacations came and went, and so did those red-letter days of his College life, Easter and Whitsuntide, when he was free to rush to the old yard, so near at hand, and after hugging Bess and Simon, whom he astonished with his learning, could assure himself his dumb family had been well cared for.

And if those passing seasons traced deeper lines on Simon's brow, gave more womanly solidity to Bess's form and character, they brought no change the foundling could mark. Tom Hulme's whereabouts

was still undiscovered. Matt Cooper was still a widower. But they and his masters could note the steady progress *he* made, and his chivalrous love of truth and sense of honour shown in many ways and in little things.

Yet there was one event a grief to him. His little brown linnet pined for its young friend, and died before the first Whitsunday came.

He was not much over ten years old when he was proved to possess courage, as well as truth and honour.

For some time Nancy, the cook, had observed that the cream was skimmed surreptitiously from the milk-pans in the dairy, that the milk itself was regularly abstracted, and she was loud in complaint. She could scarcely find cream enough to set on the governor's table, and servants and school-boys were in turn accused of being the depredators.

Complaints were made to Mr. Terry; servants and boys were alike interrogated and watched, and punished on suspicion; but nothing could be proved, and no precautions could save the milk.

The lofty and spacious kitchen had its entrance almost under the porch, and close beside it was a flight of stone steps leading to the dairy, a cellar below the kitchen, lit by a small window high up on the side towards the river, and of course opposite to the steps.

Stone tables occupied the two other sides, on which were ranged a number of wide shallow pans of good milk.

In the extreme corner at right angles with the door at the head of the stairs was another entrance, a small oaken door in a Gothic frame, which opened on another and shorter flight of steps, cut in the rock and washed by the river, which sometimes rose and beat against the cellar door for admission, beat so oft and importunately as to wear away the oak where it met the floor.

It was nearly breakfast time. Long rows of wooden bowls and trenchers were ranged on the white kitchen table.

The porridge was ready to pour out. The cook ran short of milk. Through a window overlooking the yard, she espied Jabez, whip in hand, driving a biped team of play-horses.

"Jabez! Jabez Clegg!" she called out at the pitch of her voice, "come hither."

Down went the reins, and the prancing steeds proceeded without a driver.

"Fetch a can of milk from the cellar, Jabez; an' look sharp. An' see as yo' dunna drink none!"

"I never do," said Jabez, not over-pleased at the imputation.

"Well, see as yo' don't, for some on yo' do."

Jabez took the bright tin can, without putting down the whip, and descended the unguarded cellar stairs, whistling as he went.

He gave a jump down the last few steps, and to his utter surprise, I cannot say dismay, saw that he had disturbed a great greenish-brown snake spotted with black, and having a yellowish ring round its neck. It lay coiled on the stone table opposite to him, and with its head elevated above the rim of a milk-pan was taking its morning draught, and in so doing reckoning without its host.

"Oh, you're the thief, are you, Mr. Snake! It's you've robbed us of our milk, and got us boys thrashed for it!" cried Jabez, without a thought of danger, planting himself between the culprit and the small postern door, as the snake, gliding from the slab, turned thither for exit, putting out its forked tongue and hissing at him as it came.

Without thought or consideration—without a cry of alarm to those above, he struck at the threatening foe with his whip; and as the resentful snake darted at him, jumped nimbly aside, and struck and struck again; and as the angry snake writhed, and twisted, and again and again darted its frightful head at him with distended jaws, he whipped and whipped away as though a top, and not a formidable reptile, had been before him.

Cook, out of patience, called, "Jabez Clegg!" more than once, in anything but satisfactory tones; and then, patience exhausted, came to the top of the dairy stairs.

Then she heard Jabez, as if addressing some one, say, "Oh, you would, would you!" and the commotion having drawn her so far down the steps that she could peer into the cellar and see what was going on, she set up a prolonged scream. This was just as Jabez, shifting the position of his whip, brought the butt-end down on the head of the snake with all the force of his stout young arm, and his exhausted foe dropped, literally whipped to death.

The woman's screams brought not only the governor and the school-master, but Dr. Stone, the librarian, to the spot.

And there stood Jabez, all his prowess gone, with his back towards them, his head down on his arms, which rested on the stone slab, sobbing violently for the very life he had just destroyed.

"Oh, he's bin bitten—he's bin bitten! the vemonous thing's bitten th' lad! He'll die after it!" cried the cook in an ecstacy of terror.

"Stand aside, Nancy," said Dr. Stone; "that snake is not venomous. If I mistake not, the brave boy's heart is wounded, not his skin."

And, coming down, the kind discerning librarian lifted the snake with the one hand, and took hold of Jabez with the other, simply saying to him—

"Come into the governor's room, Jabez, and tell us all about it."

And Jabez, drying his red eyes on the cuff of his coat, was ushered before the doctor up the stairs, and into the governor's room, where breakfast was laid for the three gentlemen. There he briefly told how he had found the snake drinking the milk; and having intercepted the reptile's retreat, had been obliged, in self-defence, to fight with it until he had whipped it to death—a consummation as unlooked for as regretted.

He had not, as at first surmised, escaped unwounded in the contest; but, as Dr. Stone had said, and the

surgeon who dressed the bites confirmed, the terrible-looking reptile was but the common ringed-snake, which takes freely to the water; and its bite was harmless.

From the dais in the refectory both snake and whip were exhibited to the boys after breakfast.

"My lads," said the governor, "I dare say you will all be glad to know that the thief who stole the milk has been taken."

There was a general shout of assent, with here and there a glance at the vacant seat of Jabez, who, having his wounds washed and bound up, had not sat down with them, but had a sort of complimentary breakfast with the servants in the kitchen.

"And I dare say you would like to see the thief, and know how he was caught."

There was another general "Aye! aye!"

"Well, here he is" (and he held the snake aloft); "but I don't think any of you will be thrashed on his account again. Jabez Clegg, here" (and he pulled the reluctant boy forward by the shoulder) "caught the sly robber drinking the milk, and, with nothing but this whip and a fearless resolute arm, put a stop to his depredations, and restored the lost character of the school."

There was a loud hurrah for Jabez Clegg, who for the time being was a hero.

Then, the snake being carried to the school-room, the Rev. John Greswell improved the occasion by a lesson on snakes in general, and that one in particular.

But when he dissipated the popular belief that all snakes were venomous, and assured the boys that the bite of this was innocuous, more than one of the Blue-coated lads thought Jabez was not such a hero after all.

The heads of the College thought otherwise.

The snake, and whip also, were placed high up against a wall in the College museum, close beside the "woman's clog which was split by a thunderbolt, and hoo wasn't hurt."

They made part of the catalogue of the Blue-coat guides—nay, even Jabez may have run the rapid chronicle from the reel himself; but the pain and shock of having wilfully killed a living creature, neutralised and prevented the harm which might have followed self-glorification.

The long unknown secret spoiler of the dairy had been such a blemish on the spotless character of the Chetham Hospital—such a scandal in its little world—that his capture became of sufficient importance for Dr. Thomas Stone to communicate to the Reverend Joshua Brookes on his next visit to the library, Jabez being considered a sort of protégé of his.

Before the day was out the parson found his cough troublesome, and of course went to Mrs. Clowes for horehound-drops.

"Well, what do you think of young Cheat-the-fishes now?" came raspily from his lips, as he leaned on the counter, evidently prepared for a gossip—shop-chairs being unheard-of superfluities in those days.

Mrs. Clowes knew perfectly well whom the parson meant by "young Cheat-the-fishes." Indeed, the boy on his rare holidays had been a customer, as were the boys of College and Grammar School generally.

"Now! Why, what's th' lad been doing? Naught wrong, I reckon!"

You see she had faith in the boy's open countenance.

"Humph! that's as folk think!" he growled, keeping his own opinion to himself. "I don't suppose I need to tell you the hubbub there's been over there" (jerking his finger in the direction of the College) "about the stolen milk; that tale's old enough."

Mrs. Clowes nodded her mob-cap in assent.

"Well, that lad Jabez found a snake, four feet long, with its head in the milk-pans the other morning. The sly thief turned spiteful, and the two had a battle-royal all to themselves in the cellar. The pugnacious rapscallion had a whip in his hand, and he—lashed the snake to death!"

Mrs. Clowes echoed his last words, and uplifted her hands in amazement. A snake was a terrible reptile to her.

"Ah! and then blubbered like a cry-a-babby because he had killed it! What do you think of that, Dame Clowes?"

"Eh! I think he was a brave little chap to face a sarpent, but I think a fine sight more of his blubbering, as you call it," said she, taking a tin canister from a shelf, and putting it on the counter with an emphatic bounce.

"Ah, I thought I could match the young fool with an old one!" said he derisively, to hide his own satisfaction, as he took his short legs to the door.

But Mrs. Clowes called him back, put a large paper parcel in his hand, and said—

"Here, Jotty, see you give these sweetmeats to your cry-a-babby, and tell him an old woman says there's no harm in fighting in self-defence with any kind of a snake, or for his own good name, or to protect the helpless; but if he fights just to show off his own bravery, he's a coward. And you tell him from me never to be ashamed of tears he has shed in repentance for injury he may have done to any living thing. Now see you tell him, parson. And maybe my preachment may be worth more to him than my cakes and toffy, or your sermons."

And she nodded her head till her cap-border flapped like a bird's wings.

"Ugh! dame, you'll be for wagging that longe and mutch of yours in my pulpit next," said he gruffly.

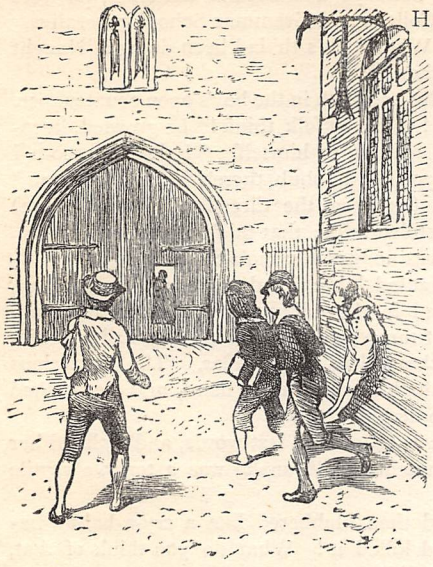
But he delivered the parcel and the "preachment" both faithfully, and, moreover, turned over his stores of old school-books for a Latin grammar, which he put into the hand of Jabez, with a promise to instruct the boy in the language, if he would like to learn.

Forthwith Jabez, not caring to seem ungracious, though without any special liking for the task, had to encroach upon his play-hours for a new study, under-rated by the pupil, over-rated by the teacher.

Could Joshua Brookes have put mathematical instruments within his reach, or given him pencils and colours, the boy's eyes would have sparkled, and study been a pleasure.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

FIRST ANTAGONISM.



THE extensive oblong enclosure known as Ardwick Green, situated at the south-eastern extremity of the town, on the left-hand side of the highway to Stockport and London, was in 1809 part of a suburb, and from Piccadilly to a blacksmith's forge a little beyond Ardwick Bridge, fields and hedges were interspersed with the newly-erected houses along Bank Top.

The green, studded here and there with tall poplars and other trees, was fenced round with quite an army of stumpy wooden posts some six feet apart, connected by squared iron rods, a barrier against quadrupeds only. A long, slightly serpentine lake spread its shining waters from end to end within the soft circlet of green; and this grassy belt served as a promenade for the fashionable inhabitants. And there must have been such in that village of Ardwick early in the century, as now, for the one bell in the tiny turret of St. Thomas's small plain red-brick chapel rang a fashionable congregation into its neat pews, to listen to the well-toned organ and the devoutly toned voice of the perpetual curate, the Reverend R. Tweddle, if we may credit an historian of the time.

Red-brick church, red-brick houses, hard and cold outside, solid and roomy and comfortable within as Georgian architecture ever was, overlooked green and pond, but luckily overlooked them from a reasonable distance, and, moreover, did not elbow each other too closely, but were individually set in masses of foliage, which toned down the staring brickwork. Time and smoke have done so more effectually since.

One of the best, and best-looking, of these houses, near the church, was the one in which the delicate Mrs. Aspinall had presided for a few brief years. An iron palisade, enclosing a few shrubs and evergreens, separated it from the wide roadway, but behind the screen of brick ran a formal but extensive garden and orchard, well kept and well stocked, with a fish-pond as formal in the midst.

Fish-ponds encourage damp, and damp encourages frogs, efts, and their kin. Here they abounded, and Master Laurence had a sort of instinctive belief that they were created solely for his sport and amusement.

Mr. Aspinall, his father, immersed in business during the day, and occupied with friends at home or abroad until late hours at night, saw very little of his son, who was thus consigned to servants during those hours not spent, or supposed to be spent, at a preparatory school close at hand.

The boy was quick and intelligent, had his mother's amber curls and azure eyes, her delicate skin and brilliant colour, but the handsome face had more of the father therein, and was too unformed to brook description here.

What he might have been with other training is not to be told, but, under the supposition that he inherited his mother's fragile constitution, he had been woefully spoiled and pampered. Opposition to his will was forbidden.

"Bear with him, Kitty, for my sake, and do not thwart him, or you will break his fine spirit," had been Mrs. Aspinall's dying charge to her old nurse; and as every demonstration of temper was ascribed by both parents to this same "fine spirit," what wonder that he grew up masterful—and worse?

His imperious disposition early ingratiated him in the favour of Bob, his father's groom; and this man, thinking no evil, ignorantly sowed the seeds of cruelty in his young heart.

When the horses were singed, the boy was allowed to be a spectator; if a whelp had its ears cropped, or the end of its tail bitten off, he was treated to a sight. If a brood of kittens or a litter of puppies had to be drowned, Master Laurence was sure to be in at the death. He was taken to surreptitious cock-fights and rat-hunts; and though, when too late, Mr. Aspinall turned the man away for inclining his son to "low pursuits," nothing was said or done to counteract these lessons of cruelty! No wonder, then, that to him the sight of pain inflicted brought pleasure, or that inhumanity went hand in hand with self-will.

One incident—a real one—will suffice to show what Laurence Aspinall was, when Jabez Clegg shed tears over the snake he had killed perforce.

Kitty was in the kitchen alone. The maids were in other parts of the house. She was sitting close to a blazing fire on account of her "rheumatics," and was in a doze.

The evening was drawing in. Master Laurence, coming direct from the garden and the fish-pond, burst open the kitchen door with a whoop which made Kitty start from her nap in a fright.

Thereupon he set up a loud laugh, as the poor old woman held her hand to her side, and panted for breath.

In his hand was his pocket-handkerchief, tied like a bundle, in which something living seemed to move and palpitate. They were young frogs, in various stages of development.

"Now, Kitty," said he, "I'll show you some rare sport!" and taking one of the live frogs out of the handkerchief, deliberately threw it into the midst of the glowing fire.

"There, Kitty; did you hear that?" cried he in rapture, as the poor animal uttered a cry of agony

almost human, whilst he danced on the hearth like a frantic savage round a sacrificial fire.

"Oh, Master Laurence! Master Laurence! don't do that—don't be so cruel!" appealed Kitty piteously.

But he had drawn another forth, and crying, "Cruel! It's fun, Kitty—fun!" tore it limb from limb, and threw it piecemeal into the blaze.

"There's another! and there's another!" he shouted in glee, as the rest followed in swift succession; and Kitty, shrieking in pain and horror, ran from the kitchen, bringing the cook and housemaid downstairs with her cries.

For the first time in his life Mr. Aspinall administered a sound castigation to his son, regretting that he had not done it earlier.

No more was said of his son's fine spirit; but, prompt to act, he lost no time in seeking his admission into the Free Grammar School; and either to spare him the long daily walk in tenderness for his health (Ardwick was more than a mile away), or to place him under strict supervision, boarded Laurence with one of the masters.

Yet he gave that master no clue to his son's besetting sin; so he was left free to tantalise and torment every weaker creature within his orbit, from the schoolmaster's cat, which he shod with walnut-shells, to the youngest school-boy, whose books he tore and hid, whose hair he pulled, whose cap and frills he soused in the mud.

It was a misfortune for himself and others that his pocket-money was more abundant than that of his fellows. Never had the apple-woman or Mrs. Clowes a more lavish customer, or one who distributed his purchases more freely. Boys incapable of discriminating between generosity and profusion dubbed him generous; and that, coupled with his handsome face and spirited bearing, which they mistook for courage, brought him partizans.

Thus, long before his first year expired, and he was drafted from the lower school to the room above, where he came under the keen eye and heavy ferule of Joshua Brookes, he had a body of lads at his beck (many older than himself), ready for any mischief he might propose.

As may well be supposed, there was a natural antagonism between the boys of the Grammar School and of Chetham Hospital. As at the confluence of two streams the waters chafe and foam and fret each other, so is it scarcely possible for two separate communities, similar, yet differing in their constitutions, to have their gateways close together at right angles without frequent collision between the rival bodies.

In the great gate of the College, only open on special occasions, was a small door, or wicket, for ordinary use; and some of the Grammar School boys, under pretence of shortening their route homeward, finding it open, would make free to cross the College Yard at a noisy canter, and let themselves out at the far gate on Hunt's Bank.

It was a clear trespass. They were frequently admonished by one official or another; their passage was disputed by the Blue-coat-boys; but they persisted in setting up a right of road, and opposition only gave piquancy to their bravado.

That which began with individual assumption soon attained the character of boldly asserted party aggression, and as the Blue-coat-boys were as determined to preserve their rights as the others were to invade them, many and well-contested were the consequent fights and struggles.

And thus the two boys, Jabez Clegg and Laurence Aspinall, brought together first at the church door and the baptismal font, came into collision again.

But now there was no deferential stepping aside of the humble foundling to make way for the merchant's son. They stood upon neutral ground, strangers to each other, equal in their respective participation in the benefits of a charitable foundation. Nay, if anything, Jabez had the higher stand-point. His orphanhood and poverty had given him a right to his position in Humphrey Chetham's Hospital; the very wealth of the gentleman's son made Laurence little better than a usurper in Hugh Oldham's Grammar School.

But it is no part of the novelist's province to prate of the use or abuse of charitable institutions, or to set class in opposition against class. It is only individual character and action as they bear upon one another with which we have to deal.

On more than one occasion Jabez—since his conquest of the snake, the recognised champion of his form—had stopped Laurence Aspinall at the head of a file of boys, and done his best to bar their passage through the quadrangle.

Success depended on which school was first released.

If in time, Jabez planted himself by the little wicket with one or two companions, and, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, fought bravely for possession of the pass, and generally contrived to beat off the intruders. Sometimes the Blue-coat-boys made a sortie from the yard, and falling upon the others pell-mell, left and bore away marks of the contest in swollen lips and black eyes.

At length matters were brought to a crisis. Thrice had Laurence and his clique been repulsed, and the shame of their defeat heightened by derisive shouts from a tribe of Millgate urchins—"Yer's th' Grammar Skoo' lads beat by th' yaller petticoats again!" "Yaller petticoats fur iver!" "College boys agen Skoo! Hurrah!"

Master Laurence might have ground his teeth and harangued his followers without obtaining an additional recruit, or spurring them to a fresh attempt, but for the taunts of the rabble. But the ignominy of defeat by petticoated College boys was too much for the blood of the Grammar School, and youngsters threw themselves into the party quarrel who had hitherto stood aloof.

Laurence Aspinall was superseded. A big raw-boned fellow, named Travis, took the lead, and rallied round him all the lads from the lower school, and the bulk of the juniors in the upper room.

It is only fair to add that the senior students were in no wise cognisant of the league, or, being so, carefully shut their eyes and ears.

As the result of this organism, on a set day, towards the close of October, when the dusk gathered as the school dispersed, the boys who ran down the wide steps from the upper, and the juveniles who ran up from the lower room, instead of darting forward with a "Whoop!" and "Halloo!" through the iron gate on their homeward way, clustered together within the school yard, and made way for seniors and masters to pass out before them.

"Get off home with you, and don't loiter there!" cried Joshua Brookes as he turned in at his own gate, and saw the crowd massing together in the outer playground.

"Get home yourself, St. Crispin," shouted Laurence, but not before the house door had closed upon the irascible master.

All books and slates not purposely left in school were consigned to three or four of the smallest boys, duly instructed to carry them to Hunt's Bank in readiness for their owners.

For a week or more the College boys had been unmolested. Not a forbidden foot had stepped within the wicket.

The school-master had remarked to the governor, in the presence of his pupils, that he thought Dr. Smith must have prohibited further intrusion.

All the greater was the surprise, that dusky October afternoon, when a troop of young ruffians who had stolen quietly one by one through the wicket, and kept under the cavernous shade of the deep gateway until all were within, rushed with vociferous shouts from under cover, and tore across the large yard in the direction of the other gate, daring any one to check them.

The College boys, just emerging from their school-room door in the corner, were for the moment taken aback.

Then from the mouth of Joshua Brookes' new Latin scholar rang clear and distinct Humphrey Chetham's motto, "Quod tuum, tene!" (What you have, hold!) and the Blue-coat-boys, with one George Pilkington for their leader, threw themselves at that rallying cry like a great wave headlong upon the intruders.

But they met the shock as a rock meets a wave; and down went many a gallant Blue-coat in the dust.

Up they were in an instant, face to face with the besiegers; and then, each singling out an opponent, fought or wrestled for the mastery with all the courage and animosity, if not the skill, of practised combatants.

Ben Travis and George Pilkington fought hand to hand, and Jabez—not for the first time—measured his strength with Laurence.

Heavier, stronger, older by a few months, Jabez might have overmatched his antagonist; but Laurence had profited by the lessons of Bob the discarded groom, and every blow was planted skilfully, and told. Then Bob's teaching had been none of the most chivalrous; and Laurence took unfair advantages. He "struck below the belt," and then tripping Jabez up, like the coward that he was, kicked him as he lay prostrate with the fury of a savage.

Governor, school-master, librarian, and porter had hastened to the scene; but the assailants nearly doubled the number of the College boys, and set lawful authority at defiance, hurling at them epithets such as only school-boys could devise.

Fortunately, their own Blue-coat-boys were amenable to discipline; and, called off one by one, retreated to the house, often with pursuers close at their heels.

Then the Grammar School tribe set up a scornful triumphant shout, and, with Ben Travis and Laurence Aspinall at their head, marched out of the College Yard at the Hunt's Bank gate, exulting in their victory, even though they left one of their bravest little antagonists insensible behind them.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE BLUE-COAT-BOY.

THOSE were rough days, when an occasional brawl was supposed essential to test the mettle of man or boy, so that bruises and black eyes (the result of an encounter for the honour of the school) were passed over with much lighter penalties than would be dealt out now-a-days, if young gentlemen in a public academy descended to blackguardism.

At that time, too, the pupils of the Grammar School assembled at seven in the morning, and sure punishment awaited the laggard who failed to present himself for prayers.

There were few loiterers on that drear October morning. Conscience, and perhaps a dread of consequences, had kept the preceding day's war-party sufficiently awake even where sore limbs did not. But with the exception of a few smart raps with the ferule, to warm cold fingers, and a general admonition—little heeded—the early hours of the morning passed quietly enough, and whispers ran along classes, and from form to form, more congratulatory than prophetic.

That day went by, and the next. Laurence Aspinall, whose "science" had saved his head from more damage than a cut lip, was especially boastful, and, after his own underhand fashion, strove to stir big Ben Travis to fresh demonstrations.

Then a cloud loomed in the horizon, and darkened every master's brow.

Another whisper was in circulation that Governor Terry had been seen to enter the head-master's ancient black and white old house, and had been closeted with Dr. Smith for more than an hour.

Still the quiet was unbroken; and, to the wise, the very calm was ominous.

The second of November brought a revelation.

On the slightly raised floor of the high school, at the Millgate end of the room, sat not only Dr. Jeremiah Smith, but the trustees of the school, the Reverend Joshua Brookes, and the assistant masters; and with them was Governor Terry of the Chetham Hospital—all grave and stern. Dr. Smith's mild face was unusually severe, and Joshua's shaggy brows lowered menacingly over his angry eyes. The senior pupils, chiefly young men preparing for college, were ranged on either side.

As the last of these awful personages filed in through the two-leaved door, and took his place, the palpitating hearts of the delinquents beat audibly, and courage oozed from many a clammy palm.

The boys were summoned from the lower school, and one by one, name by name, Ben Travis and his followers were called to take their stand before this formidable tribunal; Laurence Aspinall shrinking edgeways as if to screen himself from observation.

There was little need for Dr. Smith to strike his ferule on the table to command attention, silence was so profound. Even nervous feet forgot to shuffle.

Dr. Smith's commanding eye swept the trembling rank from end to end, as he stood with impressive dignity to address them.

After a brief exordium in which he recounted the several charges brought against the boys by Governor Terry, he proceeded to say that the good character of the Manchester Grammar School was imperilled by lawless conduct such as the boys before him had exhibited the previous Thursday, in forcibly entering and then rioting within the College Yard.

One of the youths, most likely Ben Travis, blurted forth that they had a right to go through the College Yard, and that the College boys stopped them.

"You mistake," said the doctor sternly, "there is no public right of road through the College Yard. Permission is courteously granted, but there is no *right*. There is a right for the public to pass to and from the College and its library on business, within the hours the gates are open, but even that must be in order and decency. Your conduct was that of barbarians, not gentlemen."

At this point of the procedings Jabez Clegg came into the school-room, leaning on the arm of George Pilkington. The face of the latter was bruised and swollen, but Jabez looked deplorable.

His long overcoat was rent in more than one place; he walked with a limp; a white bandage round his head made his white face whiter still, and showed up the livid and discoloured patches under the half-closed eyes.

In obedience to a nod from Governor Terry, George Pilkington led his Blue-coat brother to a seat beside him; but Dr. Smith, drawing the boy gently to his side, removed the bandage, and showed Jabez to the school with one deeply cut eyebrow plastered up.

"What boy among you has been guilty of this outrage?" he asked sternly.

There was no reply; some of the little ones took out their handkerchiefs and began to whimper, fearing condign punishment.

The doctor repeated his question.

The boys looked from one to another, but there was still no answer. Laurence Aspinall edged farther behind his coadjutor, but he had neither the manliness to confess or to regret. His only fear was detection, or betrayal by a traitor. There was little fear of that; grammar school boys have a detestation of a "sneak."

"Boys, we cannot permit the perpetrator of such an outrage to remain in your midst. He must be expelled!"

Still no one spoke.

"Do you think you could recognise your assailant, the boy who kicked you after you were down?" (a murmur ran round the school as the classes were ordered to defile slowly past Dr. Smith's desk).

Ben Travis walked with head erect; he would have scorned such a deed; and Laurence tried to do the same, but his cruel blue eyes could not meet those of his possible accuser.

There was a struggle going on in the heart of Jabez. It was in his power to revenge himself for many taunts and sarcasms, and much previous abuse. He called to mind—for thought is swift—that Shrove Tuesday when Laurence and his friends caught him as he descended Mrs. Clowes's steps with a pennyworth of humbugs in his hand, and snatching his cap from his head, kicked it about Half Street and the churchyard as a football. And he seemed to feel again the twitch at his dark hair, and the dreadful pain in his spine and loins, as they bent him backwards over the coping of the low wall, in order to wrest his sweets from him, and held him there perforce till stout Mrs. Clowes, armed with a rolling-pin, came to his rescue, laying about her vigorously, and kept him in her back parlour till he revived.

"Forgive and forget" are words for the angels, and Jabez was not an angel, but a boy with quick-beating pulses and a vivid memory. There was a fight going on in his breast fiercer than either that in Half Street or that in the College Yard. His sore, stiff limbs and smarting brow urged him like voices to "pay him off for all," and revenge began to have a sweet savour in his mouth.

As he hesitated, watching the slow approach of his foe among his nobler mates, a harsh voice behind him called out, "Jabez, why do you not answer Dr. Smith?"

The emphasis Joshua Brookes had laid upon the "Jabez" recalled the boy's better self. The oft-repeated text flashed across his mind, "Jabez was an honourable man," and it shaped his reply.

"Well, sir, it was almost dark, and—and"—he was going to add too dark to distinguish features, but he recollected that that would be a falsehood, and lying was no more honourable than malice.

"And you could not recognise him, you mean?" suggested Dr. Smith.

His lip quivered. "No, sir, I do not mean that. It was very dark, but I think I should know him again. But, oh! if you please, sir, I should not like to turn him out of school. You see, we were all fighting together, and we were all in a passion, and—and—it would be very mean of me to turn him out of school because he hurt me in a fight" (Jabez did not say a fair fight).

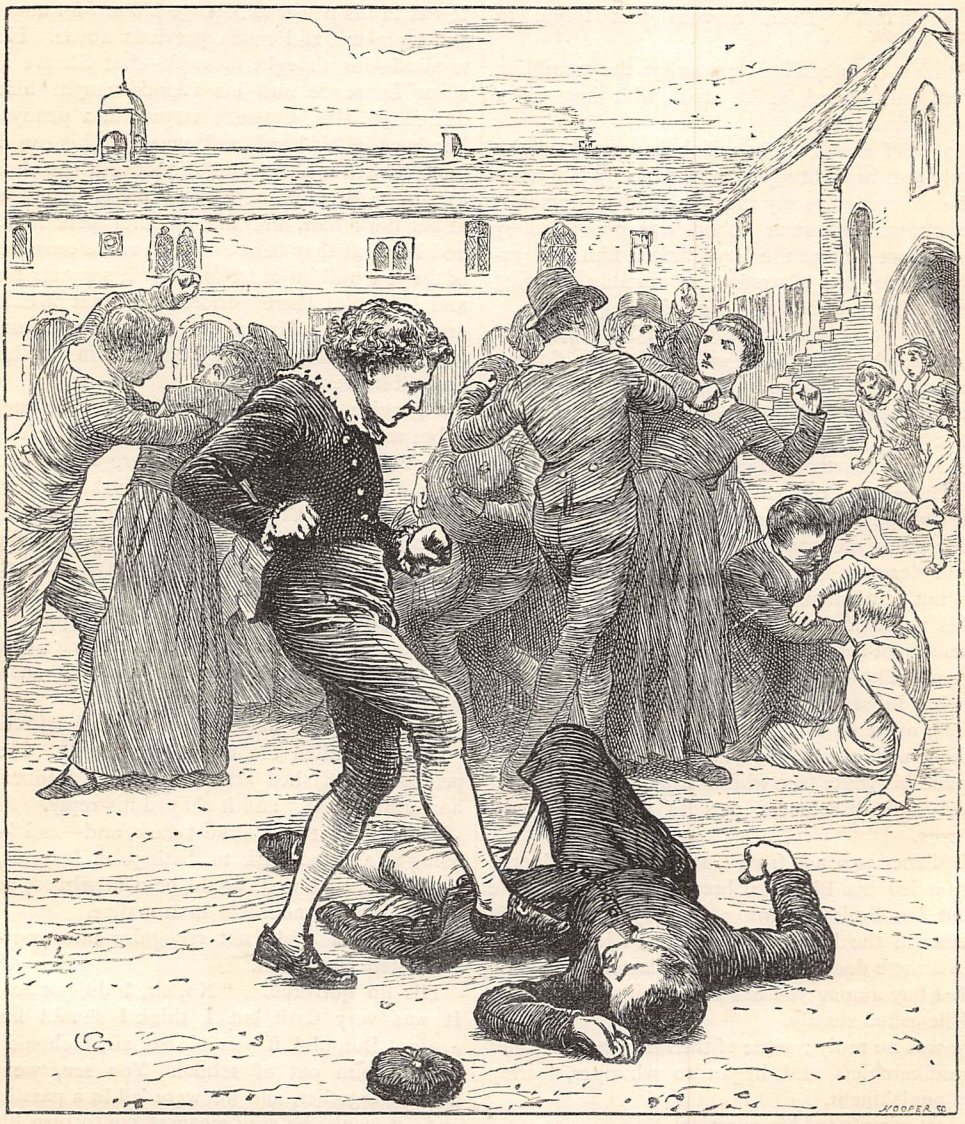
"Ah!" said Dr. Smith, and turning to Mr. Terry, asked, "Are all the Chetham lads reared on the same principle?"

Then there was a low-voiced discussion amongst trustees and masters. Finally, Dr. Smith turned round. His clear eye had detected the culprit as he winced beneath the gaze of Jabez. But the injured boy had forgiven, and it was not for him to condemn.

Again he spoke—proclaimed how Jabez had magnanimously declined to single out his cowardly anta-

gonist; and that the boy, whoever he might be, had to thank his most honourable victim that he was not ignominiously expelled. Then quietly but emphatically he pronounced the decision of the trustees, that instant expulsion should follow any or every repetition

countered big Ben Travis, who caught the hand of Jabez in a rough grip, with the exclamation, "Give us your fist, my young buck! You've more pluck in your finger than that carroty Aspinall in his whole carcase, the mean cur! An' look you, my lad, if any of them



"KICKED HIM AS HE LAY PROSTRATE WITH THE FURY OF A SAVAGE" (*p.* 198).

of the offence which had called them together—not only the expulsion of the ringleaders, but of all concerned; and that even a fair fight between a Grammar School and a Blue-coat boy should be visited with suspension pending inquiry, the offender to be expelled whether from School or College.

"Good lad, Jabez! good lad!" said Joshua Brookes to him, as George Pilkington helped his limping steps from the room.

On the broad flat step outside the door they en-

set on you again, I'll stand by and see fair play; or I'll fight for you if it's a big chap, or my name's not Ben Travis."

"Who talks of fighting? Haven't you had enough for one while, you great raw-boned brute? You'd better keep your ready fists in your pockets, Travis, if you don't want to be kicked out of school!" After which gruff reminder Joshua left them, and Jabez went back to the College with one friend more in the world; but that friend was not Laurence Aspinall.

He, smarting under a sense of obligation, shrunk away to bite his nails and vent his spleen in private, conscious that he was shunned by his classmates, and despised by honest Ben Travis.

As months and seasons sped onwards, they plucked the hairs from Simon Clegg's crown, and left a bald patch to tell of care or coming age; they stole the roundness from Bessy's figure, the hope from her heart and eyes. There was less vigour in the beat of her batting-wand, less elasticity in her step. The periodical holidays and cheering visits of Jabez were the only pleasant breaks in the monotonous life of the Cleggs. Beyond the knowledge obtained at the billeting office in King Street that Tom Hulme had entered the army and gone abroad with his regiment, no tidings of the self-exiled soldier had come to them. In the great vortex of war his name had been swallowed up and lost. But she never said "Aye" to Matthew Cooper, though he waited and waited, smoking his Sunday pipe by their fireside oven, till his own Molly was old enough to have a sweetheart, and want to leave her father's crowded hearth for a quieter one of her own.

Those same months and years added alike to the stature and attainments of Jabez Clegg and Laurence Aspinall, though in very unequal ratio. The former, though he had long since astonished Simon with his fluent rendering of the big Bible, was but a plodding scholar of average ability, the range of whose studies was limited, notwithstanding Parson Joshua's voluntary Latin lessons. The latter had an aptitude for learning, which made his masters press him forward; and Joshua Brookes forgave the tricks he played, his translations were so clear and so correct. Yet, when he put cobbler's wax in the pedagogue's chair, the covert reference to his parentage stung the irascible man more than the damage to kerseymere, and in his wrath he birched his pupil into penitence.

His penitence took a peculiar form. A discovery was made that a general dance in the school-room would shake the pewter platters and crockery down from dresser and corner cupboard in Joshua's house adjoining. Whenever the dominie had growled over bad lessons with least cause, Laurence was sure to propose a grand hornpipe after school hours. Back would rush Joshua fast as his short legs would carry him, spluttering with passion; but the nimbler lads disappeared when they heard the crash; and, as a rule, Joshua's temper cooled before morning.

Laurence Aspinall's chief source of amusement from his first entrance into the Grammar School had been the crippled father of Joshua Brookes. As the old fellow staggered home drunk, the street-boys would hoot at him, pull him about, pelt him with mud, and mock at him, till his impotent fury found vent in a storm of vile and opprobrious language.

Laurence was sure to enjoy a scene of this kind, but he was generally sly enough to act as prompter, not as principal.

The old man was a great angler; and that he might enjoy unmolested his favourite pastime, his son had obtained from Colonel Hansom permission for him to fish in Strangeways Park ponds. Thither he had an empty hogshead conveyed, and the crippled old cobbler, with a flask of rum for company, sat within it, often the night through, to catch fish. The Irk had not then lost its repute for fine eels, and old Brookes—who, by the way, wore his hair in a pigtail—was wont to plant himself, with rod and line, on what was the Waterworth field, on the Irwell side of Irk Bridge, to catch eels.

Returning one afternoon (Joshua was busied with clerical duties), Laurence Aspinall and his fellows met the old man, staggering along, with his rod over his shoulder and a basket of eels in one hand.

He had called at the "Packhorse" for a dram, and went on, as was his wont, talking noisily to himself. He had steered round the corner in safety; but hearing one lively voice call out, "Here's old Fishtail;" and another, "Here's St. Crispin's Cripple;" and a third, "Make way for Diogenes," as he was passing the high-master's, he gave a lurch, meaning to reprove them solemnly—the top of his rod caught in the prominent pillar of the doorway, and was torn from his insecure grasp. Striving to recover it, he pitched forward, and in falling dropped his basket in the mud, and set the writhing, long-lived fish at liberty, to swim in the gutter swollen with recent rain.

The lounging lads at once set up a shout; but Laurence, with a timely recollection that the front of Dr. Smith's was scarcely the most convenient place for his purpose, winked at his companions, and, with an aspect of mock commiseration, politely assisted the old man to rise, begged the others to capture the eels and carry the basket for him, and, under pretence of putting the angler's rod in order, contrived to fasten the hook to the end of his old-fashioned pigtail.

Then he helped his unsteady steps until they were fairly out of Dr. Smith's sight and hearing; but they did not suffer him to reach his son's house before they showed their true colours.

Loosing his hold, Laurence snatched at the rod, and, darting with it towards the College gate, cried out in high glee, "I've been fishing, I've been fishing; look at the fine snig [eel] I've caught!" And, as he capered about, he dragged the poor old cripple hither and thither backwards by his pigtail, to which hook and line were attached.

Old Brookes screamed in impotent rage and pain; the boys laughed and shouted the louder. The one with the basket set it on his head, and paraded about, crying, "Who'll buy my snigs? Fine fresh snigs!" with the nasal drawl of a genuine fish-seller.

Once or twice the old man fell down, uttering awful threats and imprecations; but Laurence only laughed the more, and jerked him up again with a smart twitch of the line, which was a strong one; and the other three or four young ruffians put up their shoulders, and limped about, singing—

"The fishes drink water,
Old Crispin drinks gin;
But the fishes come out
When the hook he throws in.
Tol de rol."

It may be wondered that none of the neighbours interfered. But it must be remembered that they were accustomed, not only to the uproar of a boyish multitude, but to the drunken ravings of old Brookes, who was an intolerable nuisance. Public traffic then was not as now, and policemen were unborn.

The satisfaction of Laurence was at its height. He kept hold of the line; one of his comrades, named Barret, lashed the persecuted man with an eel for a whip, and their mirth was boisterous, when Jabez (now thirteen) came quietly through the wicket on an errand from the governor.

He took in the scene at a glance. He could not stand by and see injustice done.

His dark eyes flashed with indignation as he dashed forward, pulled the line from the hand of Laurence, and tried to disentangle the cruel hook from the unfortunate pigtail.

"Who asked you to interfere, you petticoated jackanapes?" bawled Laurence, darting forward, his face as red as his hair, at the same time dealing Jabez a heavy blow on the chest.

"My duty!" answered Jabez stoutly, taking no notice of the sneer at himself. "How could you gentlemen torment a poor old cripple like that?"

"He's a drunken old sot," cried Barret.

"It's downright cruel!" continued Jabez, as he stood between the jabbering drunkard and his tormentors.

"We're no more cruel than he is! He's been catching fishes all day. We've only given him a taste of his own hook; and we'll have none of your meddling!" and out went the pugilistic arm of Laurence straight from the shoulder to deal another blow, when it was caught from behind by the bony hand of Ben Travis, bigger and stronger by two years' growth, whilst the other gripped his jacket collar.

"So you're at your cowardly tricks again, Aspinall!" exclaimed he, holding the other as if in a vice. "But if I see you lay another finger on that lad, I'll report you to Dr. Smith."

"Oh! you'd turn sneak, would you?" sneered Laurence, striving to twist himself loose, and disordering his broad white frill in the endeavour.

"I'd think I did the Grammar School a service to turn either you or Barret out of it, I would! Think of you setting on that noble chap who wouldn't turn telltale, though he'll carry the mark of your boot to his grave with him!"

Pointing with outstretched hand to Jabez, who by this time was handing old Brookes over to the grumbling care of Tabitha, and whose right eyebrow yet showed a red seam, Travis relaxed his hold of Laurence, and he shook himself free.

Some warm altercation followed. There was a scowl of sullen defiance on Aspinall's face, and an evil glance towards Jabez, which Travis observing, with a significant nod he linked his arm in that of the Blue-coat-boy, and never left him till he reached his destination, Mr. Hyde's tea-shop in Market-Street Lane.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE GENTLEMAN.

THAT afternoon a gentleman who had witnessed part of the foregoing scene from the breeches-maker's window, whither he had gone for a pair of buckskin braces —or "suspenders," as he called them—struck by the dauntless manner of Jabez, related what he had seen to his wife, Mrs. Ashton, the stately sister of Mrs. Chadwick; whilst Augusta, their eight-years-old daughter, sat on a footstool by her side, hemming a Bandana handkerchief for her father, an inveterate snuff-taker — occasionally putting in a word, as only spoiled daughters did in those days.

"Mamma, I dare say that's the little boy Cousin Ellen's always talking about."

"Pooh, pooh, Augusta!" said Mr. Ashton, tapping the lid of his snuff-box, and then from force of habit handing it to his wife, the wave of whose hand put it back—"Pooh, pooh, child! Do you think there's only one Blue-coat-boy in the town? Besides, he was not such a little boy. I know I thought something of myself when I was his size," said Mr. Ashton, dusting the snuff from his ruffles as he spoke.

"But he would be a little boy when Ellen knew him first. She says it was before I was born."

"He could not be a Blue-coat-boy then, my dear," observed Mrs. Ashton, "he was too young."

"But Ellen showed him to me when we went to the College at Easter; and she says he has killed a snake, a real live snake, papa; and Aunt Chadwick bought Ellen such a pretty pincushion he had worked, and, oh, such a handsome bead purse!"

Mr. Ashton smiled at his daughter's enthusiasm.

"Ah! I think I have heard of him before. He is a sort of protégé of Parson Brookes."

"He is a very honest boy," appended Mrs. Ashton, as she examined Augusta's hemming by the light of the nearest wax candle. "Ellen lost Prince William's shilling that same day. You know she always wears it dangling from her neck, absurd as it is for a great girl of fifteen."

"Well?" said Augusta, looking up inquiringly.

"Well, my dear, the very next afternoon the boy Jabez Clegg knocked at the door in Oldham Street with the shilling, which he said he had found in sweeping the library, and remembered seeing it on Miss Chadwick's neck. Many a boy at Easter would have spent it in cakes or toffy."

"I suppose, to use one of your favourite maxims, he must have thought 'honesty the best policy,'" remarked her husband.

"Yes, and 'duty its own reward,' for he refused the half-crown that Sarah offered him."

Mr. Ashton took another pinch of snuff, with grave consideration, then put the box after some deliberation in his deep waistcoat pocket, and again flapped the snuff off ruffles and neck-cloth-ends.

"Wouldn't take the money, you say?"

"Would not take it," his wife repeated, folding up the finished handkerchief.

After a pause, Mr. Ashton said, with his head on one side—

"I think I shall look after that younker. What is he like?"

"Oh, that I cannot tell; I was not with them. But I think Sarah said he had got an ugly scar on one of his eyebrows."

Mr. Ashton brought down his hand with a clap on that of Augusta resting on his knee.

"Then, my little Lancashire witch, the poor cripple's champion and Ellen's hero of romance *will* be one and the same. I must certainly look after that lad."

But even as Mr. Ashton came to that conclusion, Jabez was in mortal peril, and his romance and theirs threatened to end at the beginning.

Laurence Aspinall was not of a temper to brook interference with his sport, or to be treated as the inferior of a "common charity boy." Since the hour that Jabez had declined to single him out for punishment, he had resented the sense of his own inferiority which conscience pressed upon him. In refusing to tender either thanks or apology at Ben Travis's instigation, he lost caste in the school, and the knowledge rankled in his breast. Against the debt of gratitude he owed to Jabez he laid up a fund of envy and spite, out of which he meant to pay him in full the first opportunity.

That opportunity had arrived. There were some birds of his own feather, who stuck by him, of whom Ned Barret was one.

Old Brookes had been too drunk to swear positively who had molested him, or to obtain credence if he did; but the inopportune arrival of Jabez and Ben Travis had made detection certain, and nothing was Joshua Brookes so sure to punish with severity as an attack on the father who made his life a burden to him.

On the principle that they might "as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," the noble five resolved to waylay the Blue-coat-boy on his return, and either extract from him a promise of secrecy, or give him a sound drubbing for his pains.

They were too like-minded for long conference. To put the old breeches-maker off the scent, all dispersed but one, Kit Townley, who pulled a top from his pocket and whipped away at it with as much energy as ever did his Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Perhaps he thought he had a meddlesome College boy under his lash.

After a time, the others sauntered back one by one, from contrary directions; there was more top-whipping, and one or other of the whips and tops were new. Then, when they saw they were unobserved, they adjourned to the school-yard, and laying a cap on the broad step, two or three of them sat down to a game at cob-nut, so that if any unlikely straggler did come that way there might be an apparent reason for their presence.

It was late in the year. The breeches-maker was seated at his early tea, and so were most of his neighbours. The twilight was coming gently down, and the boys, tired of waiting, were about to go home to their own—Aspinall expecting a reprimand for being late. Jabez, who had been delayed at the office of Harrop, the printer in the Market Place, came briskly up with a parcel in his hand, just as they reached the gate.

One of them snatched the parcel from him and ran with it into the school-yard.

As a natural consequence, Jabez followed to regain his property.

That was just what they wanted. The light iron gate was pushed-to, and there they were, shut in and screened from observation, between the deserted Grammar School on the one hand, and the College school-room on the other, which, with the dormitory above, was as sure to be empty at that hour.

They were free to torment him as they pleased.

The parcel was tossed from hand to hand with subdued glee, as Jabez sprang forward and darted hither and thither, perplexed and baffled in his efforts to recover it. Once or twice it went down on the damp ground, and gained in grime what it lost in shape.

"Oh! dear, dear! do give me my parcel!" cried Jabez, in perplexity. "Our governor will think I've been loitering."

"And so you have, you canting yellow-skirt. You stopped to put your long finger in our pie!" was the swift retort of Laurence, as he interposed his body between Jabez and the boy who held his lost charge.

"Eh! and you went off with Travis, wasting your time!" added Kit Townley.

"I never waste my time on an errand."

"Oh! Miss Nancy never wastes time on an errand," mimicked Ned Barret; and still they kept the boy on the run until he leaned, out of breath, against the wall which served as a parapet above the river.

Then, the disputed prize being kept by Kit Townley at a respectable distance, Laurence advanced to parley with him, offering to restore his parcel and let him go if he would take a solemn oath, which he dictated, to maintain silence on all which had transpired that afternoon.

"I cannot; I must account for my time," firmly answered Jabez, "and I must account for that dirty parcel."

"Tell them you tumbled down and hurt yourself,' suggested Aspinall.

"I cannot; it would be untrue!"

At this the lads set up a loud guffaw, as if truth were somewhat out of fashion; but the one who stood nearest the gate with the parcel looked restless, as if beginning to be tired of the whole business.

Just then Laurence went blusteringly up to the College boy and, thrusting his face forward, said—

"If you don't go down on your marrow-bones this instant and swear to tell no tales, we'll pitch you over the wall."

"You dare not!" boldly retorted Jabez with a set face.

"Oh! daren't we? We'll see that! Lend a hand."

"No, you dare not!" repeated he, planting himself firmly against the wall.

There was a sudden rush; they closed round him, more in bravado than with any intent to do him bodily harm; sliding him up against the smooth-worn brick-work, they hoisted him above their shoulders, meaning to hold him there.

But in their eagerness they had thrust him too far,

and crowding on each other, one being jostled let go, and Jabez toppled over the precipice!

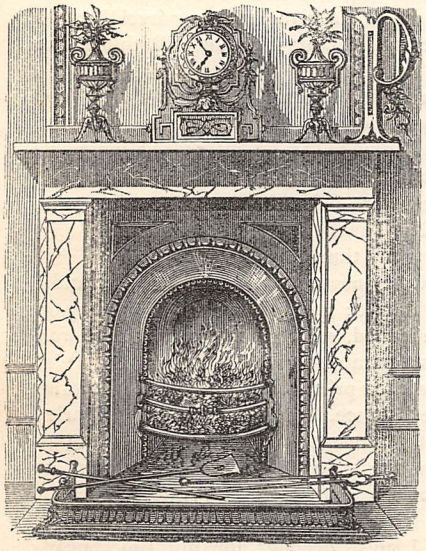
There was a scream, a splash in the water. Tabitha, taking clothes from a line in the back yard, cried out, "What is that?" Parson Brookes' startled pigeons flew from their dove-cote, and wheeling round in widening circles cooed affrightedly.

The white-faced boys stood aghast. Unless his fall had been seen from the opposite croft, their victim would be drowned before any aid they could bring was available; a wide circuit must be taken before a bridge could be reached! Buildings blocked up that river-side! They looked at each other and spoke in whispers; then, with an animal instinct of self-preservation, sneaked off in silence and terror, leaving him to his fate.

Not all. Kit Townley, who held the parcel, had drawn near to remonstrate. With a shriek he threw down the paper, and, hardly conscious what he did, tore wildly through the gates, and across the College Yard, to startle the first he met with the alarm that a College boy was drowning in the Irk!

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"HOW SHALL I FURNISH MY DINING-ROOM?"



PLAIN, yet not bare; sombre, yet not funereal; precise, yet not prim—these are the leading characteristics of an English dining-room, and therefore, on the whole, it is easier to attain them than it is to form a beau-ideal drawing-room. You may perhaps remember that while furnishing the latter we had to be guided by certain points concerning the aspect, size, and shape of the room; in furnishing the dining-room, however, this consideration is not such a necessary preliminary, because, speaking generally, there is but one style to adopt for this room. In the first place, we are circumscribed as to the variety of pieces of furniture, not as to the number, for that depends upon the size of the room—whether, for instance, we have a dozen or half a dozen chairs; but we may not introduce a variety of style in those chairs, strict uniformity being demanded in all the dining-room requirements. This, however, we shall see as we progress with our purchases, so we will turn our steps to the paper-hanger's and criticise his stock. The paper of a room bears a very important part, for it invariably is the first object upon which the eye rests when entering through the doorway. Warmth, comfort, and hospitality our dining-room should silently proclaim; and therefore we, as a rule, make choice of rich glowing colours, and handsome substantial materials.

A few years ago, nearly every dining-room had a flock paper on its walls; and very well these papers looked, and well they wore—too well, I suppose, as they afforded no excuse of shabbiness for replacing them; they were expensive at the outset, and troublesome to get rid of, for every morsel of the old flock paper has to be scraped off before one of any kind can be hung in its place; these are the reasons, I suspect, which led to its dismissal from our houses. In small rooms perhaps a paper of this kind does look too heavy, and may be a trifle dingy, but they suited large well-lighted rooms admirably.

A stiff geometrical design is the most suitable, and crimson, oak, or green is the usual colour chosen; the introduction of a little gold into the pattern has a very brightening effect.

The fortunate possessors of many pictures very often turn the walls of their dining-rooms into a picture-gallery, and for this purpose they discard paper of any description. The walls are painted some plain delicate colour, such as a pale green, buff, salmon, or cream-colour. In this latter case the paint on the doors, skirting-board, and shutters should correspond, but usually the wood-work of the room is painted in imitation of oak. Occasionally the wood is only varnished, but then it ought to possess strong recommendations in itself, and be some one of the beautifully grained American woods. It seems to me that paper and paint are more noticeable for their good or bad qualities in a dining than in any other room—perhaps because there are fewer objects to attract our attention. Frequently we, who are tenants, are not allowed a voice in the matter, and the landlord exercises his own will and taste in papers and paint; so we will at once set off to buy carpet and curtains.

I say that for a dining-room there is no carpet to compare to a Turkey carpet, be it new or old, bright or faded, large or small; there is always a sense of comfort, and warmth, and luxury felt at every step taken on one of these carpets. Furniture of any kind looks well on it, curtains and covers of any colour agree with it; it lasts a lifetime, and yet one never grows weary of the pattern; and when it is, as the saying goes, "on its last legs," it will look superior to many another that is but "a little worn." My readers will deem me an enthusiast on the subject of Turkey carpets—perhaps I am. Of course they are costly in the first instance, but then no time is required to fit or sew them, the square is soon laid down, and if it does

not cover the whole room, as most probably it will not do, the space left is covered with a plain-coloured drugget or Indian matting—or the boards may be coloured with a staining-fluid at a merely nominal cost.

But you may not share in my admiration for the Turkey carpet, then a Brussels will serve your purpose, bearing a neat geometrical pattern on its face. A sprawling pattern dwarfs the size of a room, and no gay groups of flowers look suitable on the floor of a dining-room. The prevailing tint of the carpet and curtains should contrast, not repeat that of the wall-paper. The larger the hearthrug the better, for a dining-room. It will be wise to protect the new carpet by laying down a square of drugget, for there are continual drops and spots and crumbs falling on to a dining-room floor, which it were much better should be received by a drugget than be allowed to spoil the carpet's good looks.

A small-patterned felt drugget will be the most satisfactory—crimson and black, or green and black, or brown and oak—but before making a final decision, let us look on the wrong side of the drugget, and see if the pattern and colour are stamped through; for if they are not, depend upon it, we shall soon rue our purchase. Every morning when the maid brushes it, much coloured fluff will come off on to brush and into dust-pan, and in a very few months the new drugget will be flecked with white here and there, wherever feet or brush have worn off the surface colour. This of course would not have happened had the colours been printed through.

A heavy, handsome, substantial material is what we want for the curtains. Cloth, woollen rep, and Cotelan (a German manufacture made of silk, wool, and cotton) seem to be the most suitable for the purpose; a plain colour bordered with a trimming to correspond will look the best, especially if the room be small in size, or low in height; but if you have a large and lofty room, and feel inclined for something more lively, there are gaily striped reps which will meet with your approbation.

If you have an eye for economy, a dark shade of green is the most durable—green being a colour which does not readily show signs of smoke or dust, nor does it fade as quickly as members of the family of crimsons and clarets have the reputation of doing.

Is the furniture to be dark oak, light oak, or mahogany?

Our choice must be a final one, and we must not deviate from it in any particular; that is to say, all the furniture must be *en suite*, for the room would have a very patched and forlorn look if the articles of furniture in it did not agree with one another.

Old oak belongs to old houses, and if you are going to live in one, you cannot do better than seek for old-fashioned furniture. Carved oak chairs with high backs and square seats, and elaborately carved side-boards and buffets, look extremely handsome, and fortunate indeed are those persons who can secure and display such treasures; but where this cannot be, good old mahogany is not to be despised by any means. It will look attractive and worthy of its station if kept in good order—which means, if it is well rubbed and polished; but, alas! how seldom do we see this done! Oh, how the old chairs, and tables, and sideboards must sigh and groan over the sad neglect they suffer!

Light oak is the fashion at present in modern houses; if the real wood is too expensive, a commoner kind of wood painted in imitation is substituted.

The most convenient dining-table is one which has its legs placed at the four corners, and the most inconvenient is the Pembroke table, whose four legs are in such awkward positions that they are always in everybody's way, and invariably get kicked or knocked by some one. Then there is a dining-table whose legs are clustered in the middle, and form a pedestal; this has its drawbacks, for the weight of the dishes presses most heavily where there is no support, and consequently this kind of table is not very steady in its behaviour. Wherever the legs are, don't let them have castors, because, when a table is easily moved, it is perpetually awry.

The chief glory of the dining-room is the side-board, and there is always much time consumed in the choice of this piece of furniture. Carving adds much to the beauty, but it is a costly style of decoration if it is well done, and, for my own part, I would rather have a perfectly plain side-board *well made*, than one showy and florid, having great pretensions, but proving an impostor on inspection.

A dumb-waiter, or wagon, is a useful addition to the room; its place is near the side-board, and its office is to hold various things at meal-times, for which the side-board and butler's tray have not room. For instance, if there is dessert, the plates and glasses are placed ready on the wagon.

For the coverings of the chairs, and sofa—should there be one, which is just a matter of convenience—morocco is undoubtedly the best for wear and appearance. The real morocco has been cleverly imitated, so that I doubt if any one but an upholsterer could distinguish the difference. This imitation is about half the price of real morocco.

The material known as Banbury Plush has its admirers, and very handsome and comfortable it looks; but it possesses one tiresome fault, which is this, it clings most pertinaciously to dresses, and when such garments come near it, either to sit upon it or pass by it, there is always so much consequent dragging and pulling about, that what is an amusement at first, becomes a veritable nuisance ere long.

We will just give a passing glance round, and see if there is anything more to speak about. Yes, we have said nothing about the ornaments. These must be few in number, and plain, but handsome.

On the mantelpiece, only a clock, candlesticks or small candelabra, spill-pots, and a couple of vases should stand; and these several ornaments should be made of bronze, serpentine, or marble. On the side-board only a few things should be allowed place, and these should be salvers, tea-caddy, biscuit-box, dessert-knife case, lamp, and such-like articles appertaining to the table.

E. C.

GARDEN AND FIELD IN MARCH.

MARCH is the busiest month of the year in gardens. The rose-grower must seize the first fine week to prune his standards. Thin out the centre of each bush as much as possible, and cut back to two or three eyes on each spray. The fewer the buds left, the better will be the roses ; but many buds mean many though slightly inferior flowers. It is well to cut off a good deal from the head of each bush before winter, to prevent high winds damaging the standards. During winter, too, some manure should have been dug in round them; and directly the buds appear, give manure-water as strong and as often as you can. This is after all the great secret of winning cups, always supposing your roses grow in strong clay, which is a necessary preliminary for success. Taste has of late years set in strongly towards roses. When the season for planting arrives, we hope to give a list of a few which are strong, beautiful, varied, and always satisfactory. Annuals may be sown towards the end of March ; stocks and asters especially must be put in now, if the garden is to be gay in autumn. Carnations may now be planted out. In the kitchen-garden the only difficulty is to find time wherein to do all that must be done. Force rhubarb by laying over the crowns of the roots old boxes, flower-pots, &c. When the ground is dry, main crops of all kinds must be sown—cabbages, carrots, onions, lettuces, peas, and beans. Early potatoes should be put in at once, if before neglected; and we have found that the earlier the main crop of potatoes be planted, the less likely is it to suffer from disease, being ripe before the heavy rains of early autumn set in. In the orchard, worthless apple-trees should be sawn off, and superior kinds grafted on the stocks. None are better than the Blenheim orange, winter pearmain, and Coxe's orange pippin. The much-vaunted Ribston pippin seems gradually deteriorating; some go the length of affirming that it is dying out. The above three apples will disappoint no one.

On the outskirts of woods, as the sparrow-hawk dashes out into the sunshine, it is impossible to avoid remembering that in Egyptian mythology the hawk symbolised the sun. In the centre of the temple at Heliopolis, the sacred hawk was kept in his gilded cage, while the hawk-headed god was emblazoned everywhere on the walls. How changed has been the hawk's fortune since that far-off time! He disappears from men's thoughts till our word "havoc" shows what just ideas the Saxon conquerors of England entertained respecting the bloodthirsty fierceness of the hawk. Through several centuries of English history he is the favourite of kings and nobles, perches on the wrist of beauty, and creates a whole science, with terms which colour Shakespeare and the succeeding stream of national poetry, and which may be read at large in a whole library of black-lettered volumes. Once more Fortune turns her wheel. Gunpowder is invented, and now the hawks, whether long or short-winged, falcon or tiercel, peregrine or buzzard, are ruthlessly shot down as vermin, and ignominiously nailed up on the keeper's gibbet with crows and weasels. When Becqua, a large native town, was destroyed by the English invading force during the Ashantee war in February, 1874, the hawks—which in Africa frequent the towns, and are almost as numerous as vultures—darted and swooped round the burning houses, all but touching the flames with their wings. They knew by some instinct that fire would drive out the rats, just as in South Africa they follow the course of a fire on the plains, and feed off the lizards, &c., driven out of their retreats by the flames.

The country is strongly characterised in March. During the first fortnight sunshine is cold and fitful, the rivers are dark and swollen, with here and there a celandine in flower. Willow-trees are noticeable for their silvery-grey and yellow catkins, and the trout-fisher knows well that he can find no more deadly cast than just under these trees during this season. The water-ousel flits up and down the streams, rooks stalk proudly (is it not nesting-time?) among the lambs ; the grey wagtail (*M. boarula*), much more like a yellow one to the uninitiated, sits by the edge of the Devon and Cornish streams, being there a winter visitor from Scotland and the north of England ; and furze-bushes glow with their golden blooms against the dark hedge-rows. During the second half of the month, Nature advances to meet Spring with wonderful strides. Wood-pigeons and rooks are very busy. Amongst the fir-woods our four kinds of tit-mice may be seen (the great, the cole, the long-tailed, and the blue) diligently flitting from tree to tree, and twittering as they find the little insects on which they live, in a manner which irresistibly reminds us of sunshine and long days. The "wood-wall's" cry (green woodpecker) is frequently heard in the woods. The Devon rustics will tell a stranger, "Us zays it means rain; it zims to cry, 'Wut! wut! wut!'" Another of our three resident species of woodpeckers, the lesser spotted woodpecker (*Picus minor*), may also be detected in the West of England, if not by the eye, at least by the ear, for its curious and loud drum-like tapping on a decayed tree is unlike any other sound in the woods. We noticed a pair of them in March, 1873, working their way up a large Spanish chestnut-tree from the base. Their legs are placed very far back, and every now and then these little fellows (they are six inches in length) stopped with their heads upwards or downwards on the bark—neither position made the least difference—rested on their stump of a tail as a pivot, and worked their pick-axe-like bill up and down with great vigour to test the soundness of the tree or expel insects. Their larger congener (*Picus major*), with his sooty plumage, is seldom found save in the lonely northern pine-woods. The cuckoo is occasionally heard at the end of the

month, if it be genial weather. Thus its cry was noticed at Stoke Canon near Exeter on March 28th, 1873.

Flowers are now putting forth their buds in profusion. The ivy-leaved crowfoot, with its white flowers, stars pools, and sends forth the long rootlets by which it so abundantly increases. The celandine matches it in brilliancy on the banks. Though the normal number of this flower's petals is nine, very little observation will show how irregular it is, eight or eleven petals often appearing, and the three sepals being occasionally absent altogether. The purple-red of the dead-nettle contrasts finely with the deeper blue of ground-ivy, the green cups of *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, and the white blossoms of the stitchwort. Together with primroses, wild strawberry blooms, a white violet or two, and the golden saxifrage, this group of flowers would exactly represent a square yard of any bank taken at random throughout the West of England, at the end of March. Add ferns just uncoiling their circinate fronds, and the opening hedgerows running up high into the fleecy sky, while a thrush sings from the elm high again over the hedges, and a glimpse of spring will be obtained which might fill in the picture the Laureate paints in general terms—

> "Now burgeons every maze of quick
> About the flowering squares, and thick
> By ashen roots the violets blow.
> Now rings the woodland loud and long;
> The distance takes a lovelier hue,
> And, drown'd in yonder living blue,
> The lark becomes a sightless song."

The tameness of game in the country at this season when shooting has ended, and the cares of love have commenced, is very striking. Partridges, which six weeks ago would have risen from a field if one only looked over the gate, now run merrily on through the meadow-grass before the pedestrian, and scarcely deign to take wing. Hares will gambol close to the passing train, rabbits scorn to dart into their holes, and pheasants care not to rise as an express rushes past them. So powerful is habit, and so speedily is a sense of safety engendered among the lower creatures as soon as persecution ceases. Independently of this, the cares of a family tame many of our wilder birds and beasts at this time. Virgil has a pretty conceit about the world being created in spring, and these confiding approaches of bird and beast at this season may be regarded as their half-unconscious attempts to restore Paradise and its happy peacefulness annually before our eyes. It is a great comfort to those fond of our native birds, to know that the Sea Birds' Protection Act now casts its ægis over the gulls, divers, &c., which breed along the coasts. Perhaps it is not altogether fancy which prompts us to think that these birds, that so greatly beautify rock scenery and charm the sea-side visitors, have also become sensibly tamer since this humane legislation by which they are now protected from the wanton cruelty of man.

The birds of the shore during this month collect in enormous flocks, and disappear for the breeding season, or—as in the case of the dunlin (*Tringa variabilis*)—for some unaccountable reason, which may however be connected with the supply of food. In 1869 a friend saw at least ten thousand of these little birds thus collected together on the Lincolnshire shore one March day.

The rage for ornamental planting, which has of late years fortunately set in, together with the Wild Birds' Protection Act, provides safety and seclusion for most of these immigrants, at all events in suburban districts. The taste for high farming, however, which prevails in some counties, and which necessitates the clearing away of hedges and trees, has greatly modified the species, and also the numbers, of many birds which formerly resorted thither. The goldfinch is driven away from such localities, as it cannot find the thistle-down on which it loves to feed. Even thrushes and blackbirds cease to frequent them, in consequence of the few suitable situations left for their nests. What the modern style of preserving game effects in exterminating the larger birds of a district is patent to all. The old forests of England have been much thinned in the last century, and this has caused a proportionate diminution among the owls, hawks, &c. But in connection with the wide-spread system of drainage which during the same period has prevailed, it has much lessened the rainfall of the country, and ameliorated the climate, and everything must yield to the interests of man.

Unmistakable sights and sounds of spring during this month greet the wanderer in the fields; while in the garden, such is the joy at the return of Freyja with warmth and sunshine—

> "That whenever a March-wind sighs,
> He sets the jewel-print of her feet
> In violets blue as her eyes"

Amidst this universal awakening of life, even the most careless must be first struck with the coming back of our summer birds to their usual haunts. The immigration begins this month with the wryneck, the willow-wrens and the sand-martin, to end with the swift, which arrives about the beginning of the second week in May; or perhaps the fly-catcher, which, as it is dependent on an abundance of flies, is if anything a trifle later in its arrival. Between these lie some seventeen or eighteen of the birds most familiar to us in summer by their cry or song—

> "The low love-language of the bird
> In native hazels tassel-hung."

The Laureate connects the wheat-ear with the coming of spring—"the sea-blue bird of spring," as he terms it; but most people refuse to trust the delusive preludes of sunshine until they see the sand-martin joyously twittering round the old grey bridge, just as if it had never left the river for the last five months of cold and snow. English poetry and prose do not dwell upon the coming of these spring friends with the same delighful enthusiasm as do American writers, but the reason is not far to seek. Even in the depths of our winter, country life is cheered by the presence of several well-known soft-billed birds—the red-breast, wren, hedge-sparrow, the wagtails, &c.—so that blank desolation never surrounds our houses.

"BAREHEADED, WITH A HANG-DOG FACE" (*p.* 209).

THE DESERTER.

A POEM.

WHO comes between two soldiers through the city's mud and mists,
Bareheaded, with a hang-dog face, and handcuffs on his wrists?
While the idle and the busy just lift a glancing eye
Of scorn or indignation at the coward passing by!

Is this the lad who, but last year, upon his village green
Glad-hearted took "the shilling," and said he'd serve the Queen?
Who tied the ribbons in his hat with happy boyish pride,
And marched away so readily at the vet'ran sergeant's side?
Who donned his red coat thinking, with honest heart and keen,
What a glorious thing it was to fight for country and for Queen?

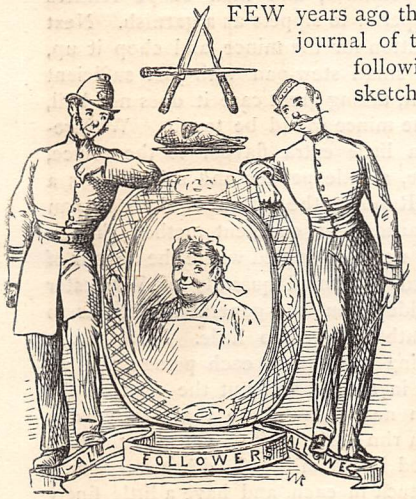
And now! he walks shamefacedly through the city's mud and mists,
The runaway, bareheaded, with handcuffs on his wrists.

Oh, laggards in the hosts of toil! Oh, idlers false, untrue!
What of the good intentions, the vows to dare and do?
What of the claims of others on your work of hand and head?
Are there no wives neglected? Are there no babes unfed?
Are there no masters cheated of their dues of work and will?
Are there no hours ye worse than waste? No tasks unfinished still?

Oh, keep your pity and your scorn of him who passes by!
Cast not the stone so readily; arch not the blaming eye.
Remember, if ye break your oath, whate'er that pledge may be,
Ye are cowards and deserters every whit as much as he.

F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

COLD LEG OF MUTTON.



A FEW years ago the leading comic journal of the day had the following graphic little sketch: — A middle-aged gentleman leaving his house door in the morning inquires—

"What is there for dinner to-day, Mary?"

"Cold mutton, sir."

"Then you can tell your mistress that she need not wait dinner for me."

Now, although this sounds exceedingly selfish, yet perhaps the blame is not entirely due to one side only.

There can be no doubt that, just as among the lower orders there are hundreds of wives who, from ignorance and stupidity, drive their husbands to the public-house, so among the middle classes there are as many who from the same causes too often drive them to the "Club."

Now, the increase in the number of these luxurious establishments in the present day is something wonderful. It has already had a marked effect upon the restaurants in the metropolis, some of which now do not dine half what they did formerly; but it remains to be seen how far the clubs will in time affect the Registrar-General's marriage returns. As this latter point is of the greatest importance to that large and charming portion of the population, the young unmarried ladies, we trust we may be pardoned if for one moment we pause to ask them a few questions.

Did you ever consider how your future husband is accustomed to dine every day, and contrast it with the way in which he will dine when you will have the management of the household? We will suppose him to be accustomed to the ordinary club dinner, or say the regimental mess. Do you not feel how entirely dependent you will be on your cook? Should she be clever and honest, you may do very well. Should she, however, be idle and dishonest, what will you do?

Now do not, pray, think that to get a good common-sense cook is by any means an easy affair. If you only inquire of your friends and relations, you will soon find out the difficulty.

You have all probably read that exquisite little sketch in David Copperfield, who mildly addresses his child-wife as follows:—"You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over, and that the day before I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat under-done veal in a hurry; to-day I don't dine at all; and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and then the water didn't boil. I don't mean

to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

Unfortunately, this is only a slight exaggeration of what goes on every day in many houses throughout the country. What housekeepers should strive at is to get a nice little savoury dinner, and yet at the same time to be economical. We will now take a simple case to illustrate our point, and suppose that the larder contains the remains of a cold leg of mutton, which leg has been decently cooked, and did not the previous day appear as a ghastly sight after a few cuts, like one of those horrible pictures in the penny journal that disgraces some of our shop-windows.

We will suppose the time of year to be early summer. A good many young wives under these circumstances would simply order a cucumber—possibly a shilling each—and think that everything had been done that was necessary; or some, still worse, would order the cook to hash the remains of the mutton—and a nice hash they make of it, in another sense of the word; for who has not at times seen that dreadful dish of immense size, covered with often hard slices of mutton, the whole swimming in a quantity of thin broth—we cannot call it gravy—in which slices of onion vie with sodden sippets as to which shall look the least inviting? Now, when such a dish appears, probably the husband, accustomed formerly to his club or college dinner, or the mess, says nothing; but he feels—"I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

Now, as the cookery-books say, suppose we give "another method." The cook in the morning early has cut off all the meat from the leg of mutton bone, and put it by in the larder. She has then chopped up the bone into small pieces, and put it on the fire to make stock, with the usual etcetera—viz., some onion, carrot, turnip, celery, and parsley. We will also suppose the house to contain some frying-fat, bacon or ham, and eggs.

The first dish we would recommend would be some rissoles. Take three or four small slices of the mutton, picking out those containing most fat, and one slice of bacon containing twice the quantity of fat to lean; chop up finely a small piece of onion rather larger than the top of the thumb down to the first joint, sufficient parsley when chopped fine to fill a teaspoon, about enough thyme to cover a sixpence, or rather less if the thyme be strong; add a little cayenne-pepper and salt. Chop the whole ingredients *very* fine, or, still better, send them through a sausage-machine. When thoroughly chopped, the whole mass ought to be sufficiently moist to be capable of being rolled up into balls. If this is not the case, it only shows that there has not been sufficient fat put with it. These balls should be about the size of a large walnut. Dip each ball into some well beaten-up egg, and afterwards into some fine bread-crumbs. Fry them in some boiling fat for two or three minutes, which will generally be found sufficient to make them of a nice golden colour. Next for the gravy, which ought to surround them: take about half a cup of stock, add to it a little brown thickening—*i.e.*, some flour fried a light golden colour in an equal quantity of butter—some of which thickening ought always to be kept in the house, as it will keep good for many months. Enough of this brown thickening should be boiled in the half-teacup of stock to make it a good colour, and a little thick. Add a teaspoonful of sherry to give it a nice flavour, and, if liked, a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup. Pour the gravy round the rissoles, which will be found none the worse for being warmed up in the oven. A little piece of fresh green parsley may be placed on each rissole, by way of garnish.

And now for the next dish, which will consist of mince with poached eggs. We would, however, remind the reader that the previous dish required bread-crumbs and boiling fat. In order to make the bread-crumbs, cut a large slice of bread of equal thickness, and having removed the crust, with a tin cutter or a small knife cut four pieces of bread the shape of a heart, about the size of a queen's-cake, and about an inch thick. Put these four pieces by carefully, so as not to break them, and make the bread-crumbs out of the remainder of the pieces, bearing in mind that the crusts will make an excellent bread-pudding some other time. Then, when the fat is boiling for the rissoles, throw these pieces of heart-shaped bread into it. In a very short time they will become a bright golden colour, when they should be taken out and placed on a cloth in front of the fire. Should there be any black specks on them, they will easily scrape off. These fried pieces of bread look like rusks in appearance, and their shape renders them infinitely superior to sippets as a garnish. Next take sufficient mutton for the mince, and chop it up, warming it in a small stew-pan with just sufficient stock to moisten it, taking great care it does not boil, as in that case the mince would be tough. With regard to giving a little extra flavour to the mince, besides, of course, a little pepper and salt, that is a matter of taste. Rubbing the bottom of the stew-pan with a bead of garlic is an excellent method, though of course it must not be adopted where the flavour of garlic is not liked. A small quantity of Worcester sauce may be added; but the general mistake is to put too much rather than too little. Next poach some eggs, allowing one egg to each person, pile up the mince neatly in a dish, and put the eggs on the top, cutting them neatly round, so that the yolk is surrounded with a rim of the white. Garnish the dish with the four fried hearts of bread, with a very small piece of parsley stuck in each, and have a little finely chopped parsley—enough to cover a threepenny-piece would be ample—to sprinkle bit by bit on the eggs, which renders the dish prettier. A very little pinch of pepper may be placed in the centre of each egg. Care must be taken that the cover, as well as the dish, is made thoroughly hot, and of course the eggs must not be poached until a minute or so before they are wanted.

Two dishes such as we have described, served nice and hot, in rather small dishes than otherwise, how different are they to the large, cold joint, or the immense dish of hash too often seen! Young house-

keepers should always bear in mind that very much more depends on appearances than they think for. When alone—*i.e.*, tête-à-tête with their husbands—let the dining-table be made as small as possible, let the cloth and dinner napkins be white as snow, and the latter exactly folded into some pretty shape. If possible, let there be a few flowers in the centre of the table. See that the wine-glasses are without a blemish. A smeary glass always betrays a slovenly servant, and the latter equally betrays a slovenly mistress. There is also no objection to having a green glass put to each person, even if no hock or similar wine be drunk; it brightens up the table, and looks—well—more club-like. If these little things, small in themselves—but they all tell—be attended to, a bright face and a bright pair of eyes will more than compensate for all the rest.

There are many good housekeepers who may read this who will say, "Why, all this is exceedingly simple, and only what everybody knew before!" Such, however, is not the case. The amount of absolute ignorance of the very first principles of cooking is far more common than many persons imagine. Again, too, with regard to the ornamental part of cooking—*i.e.*, the art of making dishes look nice and tempting—there are hundreds of fairly good plain cooks, as they are called, who seem quite incapable of grasping the simplest idea of the subject.

It is in this matter of taste, often, that the mistress will find her influence most beneficial, as her superior education will, as a rule, enable her to grasp ideas far more quickly than the uncultivated mind of the domestic. For instance, we most of us know the difference between a cold roast pheasant, perfectly plain, placed on a dish, and the same bird glazed and decorated with bright green parsley and cut lemon, and some of its feathers stuck in it in an artistic manner; yet there are, especially among ignorant country-women, many who would fail to see much difference. It is in this respect that the French are so far superior as a nation to the English, though probably the *highest* class English cooks are better than the best French. Compare, for instance, a French pastrycook's window in Paris, and one of a similar class in London.

In the above directions, recollect that there was some stock made. Now this stock, if it was required, would make a little soup in a few minutes; the addition of a little extract of meat, and a good pinch of vermicelli, being all that would be required. Suppose therefore your husband had committed that dreadfully thoughtless act, bringing home a friend unexpectedly to dinner—you would really have nothing to be ashamed of. The dinner would consist of some vermicelli soup, a dish of rissoles, a dish of mince and poached eggs, ornamented as we have described, and by simply ordering a savoury omelette to follow—very few men care about sweets—you would probably be rewarded after the guest's departure with an inquiry as to where you got all those things for dinner from.

On the other hand, think of the cold leg of mutton—such an inartistic thing when it has been cut into—or the dreadful dish of hash, which, somehow or other, has got as bad a name as a cold shoulder, although *properly* made hash is a very nice dish.

How much better all this is than the ordinary course of proceedings—viz., the arrival of a telegram in the afternoon as follows:—

"Mr. A. B. to Mrs. A. B.—I shall bring home a friend to dinner—make dinner 6.30."

Mrs. A. B. instantly issues forth—the extravagance of the shilling telegram has its unconscious effect. She probably orders a pheasant, or any bird in season; some gravy-beef to make gravy; perhaps, in addition, a mould of jelly from the pastrycook's, which is not cut at dinner at all.

Ah! Mrs. A. B., a little more pains taken to make things look nice as well as taste nice when alone, and a little less ostentation and extravagance when you receive visitors, would make your home more happy. Your husband should never feel that he is the only one in the world for whom anything is good enough.

But if young ladies are ignorant of the first principles of cooking, what shall we say about some of the men?

I recollect at Cambridge, once, efforts made by two novices to make a sweet omelette. They thought that by breaking eggs into a saucepan, and adding sugar and jam, the result would be an omelette. With the slight *contretemps* of one or two of the eggs falling outside the saucepan, instead of in, and landing all shaking—perhaps with laughing—among the ashes of the grate, they got the ingredients in at last, and stirred them over the fire. After repeated failures, as, of course, without any butter it burnt almost immediately—they gave up their attempts, after exhausting their supply of eggs—sixteen in number—and wasting a whole pot of jam. One of these novices is a great friend of mine, and on one occasion when in Scotland he was one of a party who, during the season when all the hotels and lodgings were full, were obliged to take refuge in a furnished house, where however there were no servants at all. The party, all of whom were young, were quite delighted at the idea of managing for themselves for a few days. Everybody did something, and though it was some years ago, I fortunately had sufficient knowledge of the culinary art to keep us from raw meat or starvation.

A small codfish captured by one of us was brought home for dinner. The ignoramus in question was caught endeavouring to clean the fish, which he had got tightly grasped by the throat with his left hand, by pushing his thumb and finger down its mouth, and pulling out whatever he could from inside. And yet this man was an M.A. Cantab. It has, of course, been a standing joke ever since.

Now, when we come to consider how ignorant even educated people are with regard to cooking, what are we to expect when we turn to the poor? Too often persons will be found to exclaim against the waste, the ignorance, the extravagance, &c., of the lower orders, who forget that the fault to a great extent lies with the upper. In how many national schools in England are the rudiments of cooking taught, or even hinted at? The girl who in after-life will have to scrub floors,

wash her husband's clothes, and cook his dinner, is taught history, geography, &c.; but surely it is equally important to her to know how to make an Irish stew, as to be able to name the principal Irish rivers. It is more useful to know how *not* to spoil shirts in the Wash, than to know King John lost his baggage there.

elder girls among the most ignorant of the poor instructed by his cook, in his own kitchen, how to make Irish stews and other economical dishes. They one and all succeeded in learning—all said that it was much nicer than what they got at home. Upon making inquiries however, a few weeks after, among

"ENDEAVOURING TO CLEAN THE FISH" (*p.* 211).

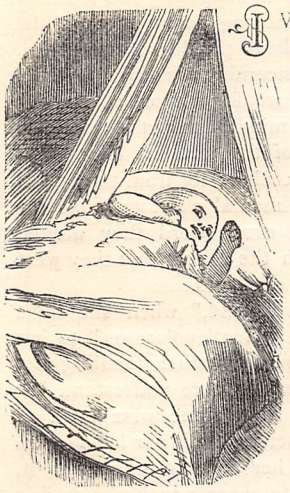
I do not for one moment mean to say that poor children should not be taught history, geography, and drawing, but that the first principles of cooking form a more important branch of education for them.

It is a common thing to find in the country that the only method of cooking a piece of meat is to stick a fork in it and toast it before the fire, letting all the fat and gravy drop into the ashes and waste. Of course, the difficulty to be contended with in any encounter with invincible ignorance is very great.

A clergyman once told me that years ago he had the his parishioners, he found that in no single instance was the attempt made to introduce the new style into their own homes. Meat, when they had it, was toasted and wasted as before.

Were, however, every child in England to be daily taught at school the importance of economy in the preparation of food, the seeds of knowledge thus sown might sink into the mind, lie dormant for a time, but take root, and eventually bring forth a crop, the result of which would be to increase the wealth of the country, to how great an extent no one can say.

WANTED, A LULLABY.



I WISH to speak of lullabies, and some attention will perhaps be granted me for the sake of a subject about which so little has been written. Some may look upon it as a trivial matter, but I am sure most mothers will agree with me in thinking it an interesting one.

We all know—even those who would not believe a lullaby a subject deserving a moment's thought—that it is necessary for a mother to "put her baby to sleep" many scores of hundreds of times before it outgrows the need of this care ; and the mother knows, almost instinctively, that the readiest, *most natural* way of doing this is to sing to it. Thus the young mother adopts some simple tune, and she early discovers that the more simple it is the better it serves her purpose. This lullaby naturally grows dear to her, and she continues to use it as long as there is a little one to sing to.

There are, it is true, those who find the thousand attentions required at their hands by an infant only irksome tasks, taking up time they would willingly employ in more congenial ways. These can have no pleasure in singing to their babes. They are mothers, but wanting in that all-powerful affection never absent except in highly-cultured races.

Is it not that the artificial life of our times has the effect of weakening the genuine mother-nature ? Not wealthy enough to provide nurses, and maternal cares being so distasteful to them, their poor children must suffer the penalty. It is in the homes of these undutiful ones that opiates of all kinds—most of them very dangerous—are patronised.

The last is a panacea that never fails to quiet a child, no matter what the cause of its fretfulness be—real pain or mere wakefulness—when the mother is bent on making it sleep.

It saves them a world of trouble, for when a single spoonful has failed to produce the desired effect, two or three, or even half a dozen, may be administered without producing symptoms more alarming than slumber, heavy, protracted, resembling death.

How often, when the lady is out, is the poor, worse than motherless bairn lying like a dead thing in its cradle, its system drugged with that wicked narcotic !

I often hear ladies say, repeating the very language of lying advertisements, that So-and-so has done a world of good with his or her medicine by giving relief to suffering babyhood. In the meantime, nothing is said of the evil effected by the child-destroying drug.

Perhaps I should here speak only of those causes which make any substitute for the maternal instinct necessary : still my words will not be wasted if they impress my readers with the fact that there are many ways of quieting a child fearfully liable to abuse, even in the hands of a mother. How much more so in those of an idle and ignorant hireling !

It is said that our Trans-Atlantic cousins do not make good mothers—that with them the maternal affection is but a weak emotion ; and it was an American, I have heard, who drew the refined lady of his own country as a fair ethereal creature, her spiritual eyes swimming in tears, her arms imploringly stretched forth, her lips exclaiming, "Suffer *not* little children to come unto me." Not against us as a people, but against how many individuals amongst us may a similar charge be brought !

And I fear this ultra-refinement of our social life—this higher education for women, so much clamoured after, may have the unexpected effect of warping those natural healthy passions so necessary to keep us physically and morally vigorous as a people.

I will say no more now on this subject, but return to the lullaby, that better soothing syrup of Nature's own making.

On the west coast of South America, where much of my life has been spent, I had a friend who had travelled all over that continent, and I have heard him say that the Indian mother always puts her babe to sleep by singing to it ; that all the women of a tribe sing the same lullaby ; and that the lullabies of each tribe closely resemble each other. That of the Tehuelches—the wandering tribe of Southern Patagonia—pleased me most, and is a monotonous song, the words expressive of maternal fondness and delight in the beauty of the "swart papoose."

Just think, dear reader—the wives of all these wild people putting their babes to sleep just as a Christian mother in England does !

Now, is it not strange that in England we have no common *national* lullaby, as, for example, they have in Spain ? An English mother sings any and every song to her babe, while in all parts of the world where the Spanish language is spoken the same simple words, *A-ro-ró mi niño*, to the same simple, pretty air, are heard.

The reader will perhaps say the air is of little consequence, so that the babe be made to sleep ; but he must know that some airs will make an infant sleep, and others will not.

When I was an infant, my mother used to sing to me, "There is a Happy Land ;" and I, being the eldest of several children, heard her a thousand times sing the same song to the others during their babyhood. Thus the air was so impressed on my mind, and made sweet by associations, that I preferred it to others ; and till I went to a Spanish country, I thought it peculiarly appropriate for a lullaby. Yet how often when my own babe was just sinking into balmy sleep

at the falling "Far, far away," would he again suddenly open his wide round eyes at the rising "Oh, we shall happy be!"

A sudden inflection of the voice will wake a baby as effectually as would the ringing of a bell, or the capsizing of a piece of furniture in the room.

Hence the advantage of that Spanish air resembling in its simplicity the Indian lullabies.

In South America I quickly learnt and adopted it; and yet, being an Englishwoman, I am positive I should not have done so had I not found it really more effectual as a lullaby than any tune we have.

I must now speak of words proper for a lullaby; but first my admiration for the *A-ro-ró* has induced me to write an imitation of it in English.

It may be thought that these stanzas have no reason to be here; but the reader shall learn presently why I introduce them.

THE LULLABY.

Go to sleep, my dearest—
Go to sleep, my charm.
Put him in the cradle,
In the fields of balm.

Once an Indian mother
Left alone her child
In the rushes lying,
Sleeping in the wild.

When she came to seek him
Loud and clear she sang,
As a bird comes flying
Singing to her young.

But she could not find him:
He was gone from there—
O thou little birdie,
Tell the mother where!

Are you listening, dearest
Does my darling hear?
If I leave off singing,
You will wake, I fear.

Once an Indian warrior
In the desert found,
All alone, a baby
Sleeping on the ground.

In his breast he hid it,
And he fled away—
Fled o'er hill and valley—
Fled by night and day.

And the mother mourned it
As the ewe does moum
For the lamb the eagle
To the hill hath borne.

Sleep hath closed the eyelids
Of my darling boy;
Angels keep my precious
Pearl of sacred joy!

Will he let his mother
Leave off singing now?
Will he wake to feel me
Kiss his baby brow?

I have intimated that the fitness of the words as well as of the air should be considered. With the right air a child may, of course, be sung to sleep with any words, even if profound and obscure as those Mr. Browning writes; or one may put a babe to sleep by simply humming a tune to it.

But there is in us a faculty, or mental instinct, that is the foundation of good taste. I mean the sense of fitness in things.

Thus, to use an illustration, supposing two teachers in a Sunday school—one teaching an infant class, the other a class of young ladies—should change styles. Their language, without concerning ourselves as to its effect on those addressed, would produce a very disagreeable sensation on the mind of an outside listener. Its effects on the minds of the teachers themselves would be still more disagreeable; for from the first it would cost them a painful mental effort to frame the unsuitable sentences, and every word they uttered would be accompanied with the feeling that they were doing violence to the sense of fitness.

Bella, in "Our Mutual Friend," when she talks such fond nonsense about "Gentlepolorums" to her baby, is the type of a loving mother fondling her infant. True, the baby can no more understand her than if she was quoting from some wise book of philosophy; nevertheless, neither Bella nor her hearers perceive any unfitness in her style of talking to it, since her words seem only to express such glimmering little fragments of thought as might actually pass through a baby's mind, or such thoughts as a baby might understand when he hears them addressed to him, could he but understand the symbols of thought.

Now, the sense of fitness requires, in a lullaby, that the words and thoughts should be suited in their simplicity to the understanding we can readily *imagine* a baby possessed of; also that they should express the temper of mind a fond mother is supposed to be in when singing to her babe.

Were I possessed of the poetic gift, it would be the object of my ambition to write as perfect a lullaby as the "Psalm of Life" and "Auld Robin Gray" are perfect compositions of their kinds. The words I should *marry* to an air simple and sweet as the *A-ro-ró* of Spain. Such a lullaby would commend itself to all hearts; no change in our way of life or thought would make it less sweet or natural, but for all time to come all mothers would delight in singing it to their babes.

But I can hope, at least, that this paper may fall in the way of some true poet—that it may induce him to believe there is one good and pleasant use for his gift not thought of before.

In regard to the sample of a lullaby I have given, it will be noted that such words can have no interest for an English mother, and are consequently unsuitable.

They were written in a distant land, where there is another nature, and legends widely differing from ours.

It will also be remarked that the exigencies of rhyme, or some such reason, has made me call my babe a boy. A mother could, then, feel no pleasure in singing such words to a girl; the perfect lullaby must be for all babies, male and female.

I will now give to the imaginary author of our future lullaby a reason for its being about of a length with the one I have written.

Some casual remarks of my husband first led me to think on this part of my subject. We were staying some years ago at an hotel in the city of Callao, and

in a room adjoining us was a lady with her child. One evening she was trying to sing it to sleep, the thin partitions separating the rooms enabling us to hear her very distinctly. Her song was, of course, the common Spanish lullaby; but the baby was apparently wakeful, and she repeated twenty or thirty times the same stanza—

"A-ro-ró mi niño,
A-ro-ró mi sol," &c.

How tired we were of listening to her! And she was probably no less weary of the repetition, for by-and-by she varied it thus—

"A-ro-ró ro ró ro,
A-ro-ró ro ró," &c.

The tiresome *A-ro-ró* turned at length into a *Tra-la-la* just as tiresome; then followed the words of the first stanza once more; then a repetition of all the wearisome changes on them.

"This lady," exclaimed my husband, "is evidently paying the penalty of the indolence or stupidity which prevented her getting a dozen or twenty stanzas by heart, for the constant repetition of that one stanza must be just as irksome to her as it is to us. But had she taken the pains to commit several stanzas to memory, however familiar with them she might be, some slight mental exertion would be requisite to recall them, in their proper order, as she sung. Again, each stanza would bring up its little picture or fancy to her mind, contributing to her amusement, and preventing that lassitude she must now experience to a painful degree.

"I really think," said he in conclusion, "a lullaby should have as many verses as a ballad, and, for the singer's sake, that it would be all the better were it as long as 'Chevy Chase.'"

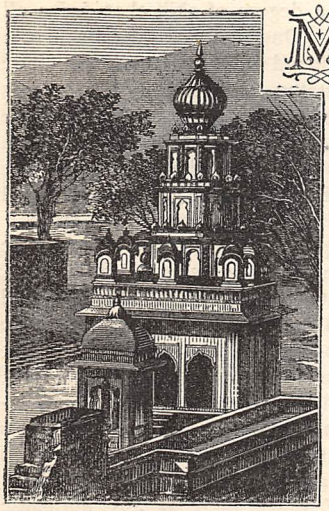
There is another reason for several stanzas being known, on which my husband did not touch. It is that they will be sung with ease, and continuously, as they should be sung to induce drowsiness; whereas when but a line or detached stanza is here and there remembered, there will be breaks, long pauses, and sudden changes of intonation; and this way of singing will put sleep to flight, for it irritates the baby, or fills his mind with curiosity to know what is going to follow.

But my husband was wrong when he said a lullaby should be as long as "Chevy Chase;" to be perfect it must not have more than eight to a dozen stanzas. And let me remark in passing that the stanzas should be very short, like mine, for then but a brief pause is made after each one. Long stanzas involve long unexpected breaks, and startle an infant like a sudden inflection. Any memory can retain eight or ten stanzas, and if the babe is not sleeping when they are finished, they can be repeated without a diminution of interest in them on the singer's part. But if there are many stanzas, they will never be all got by heart, consequently the singer will not take the same pleasure in singing them; moreover, the mind is never so tenacious of fragments as of an entire piece, if there is any unity in it.

One more hint and then I have done. There can never be too many expressions of endearment in a lullaby; a mother delights supremely in lavishing them on her babe, and she is never weary of repeating them.

MAUD MERRYWEATHER.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.



MORE than two hundred years before the first Roman galley touched the sandy beach of Britain — when the existence of such an island as Albion was doubted by the geographers of Greece and Rome — when the secret of the Phœnicians' trade in tin was well kept, because they carried the prized metal, the skins, and slaves they obtained from our woad-painted ancestors, across Gaul for shipment at Marseilles—at the period when the history of Britain was as hazy as the mists and fogs encircling its stormy shores, there was a bright and sunny island in Eastern waters, clad in the verdure of eternal spring, known in later years to the traders of imperial Rome as "the utmost Indian Isle Taprobane," in the native chronicles as Lanka, and in modern times as Ceylon, the land of cinnamon and pearls.

When British kings dwelt in huts of mud, the sovereign of Lanka kept regal state in towering palace and temple, for in those early days royalty and the priesthood were often found beneath one common roof. Commerce was all but unknown to the people, who looked to the fruits of the earth, to their flocks and herds, as their sole means of support and enrichment. At long and rare intervals, some Arab trader, more daring than his fellows, appeared upon the northern coasts from the Red Sea shores, to traffic in the few things produced within the island, that might attract attention in the bazaars of Rome, such for instance as ivory, pearls, precious stones, and peacocks. Money was scarcely known to the Sinhalese of that period, and all trade was carried on by barter, all services paid for in grain. Yet the country was rich in the fruit of the people's toil, and the monarch, sole owner of the soil, held in that right the key of real wealth, the claim to his subjects' labour. If was thus that, without the use of coin, in the absence of any royal treasury,

the sovereign of the land had reared for himself and the priesthood a city of palaces and temples of vast extent, conceived in exquisite taste, and executed with such consummate skill and admirable finish as to be incapable of reproduction in later times.

The capital of Ceylon of that remote age is to-day a city of the dead. Anarajahpoora exists but in ruins; for although there is a small station of the same name, in which are a few officers of the Ceylon Government, it is a mere collection of modern buildings of small extent, at a short distance from the site of the ancient city. The actual extent of the first capital of Lanka is not easily determined. A thousand years of ruin have obliterated a thousand years of splendour. Where the king's daughters once walked in royal flower-gardens, bright with many blossoms, and sweet with the breath of orchids, is to be seen a forest growth of many centuries, a safe refuge and shelter for the elephant, the leopard, and the bear. Beyond the long miles of shattered cornices and fallen pillars, outside the wilderness of ruined palaces, lie forest tracts submerged in fœtid, stagnant water, once held back by earthen embankments full twenty miles in length, now the haunt of the crocodile and the bittern.

The vast irrigation works of Ceylon are a marvel even in their decay. So stupendous were some of those in the vicinity of Anarajahpoora, that they must have absorbed the labour of a million Sinhalese for many years in succession. The storage of such a vast body of water was no doubt necessitated by the requirements of a dense population for drinking and bathing—wants far more urgent in a tropical than in a temperate climate. The poorest among an Eastern people is bound to attend to his ablutions once daily at least; whilst the extensive public and royal gardens must have needed a large supply of water to maintain them through the rainless months of the hot season. But, beyond all this, there were the far-stretching tracts of rice-land, requiring flooding more than once during their cultivation, without which their crops would languish and die.

Within the ancient limits of the city the forest growth has been cleared away by the Government, sufficient to admit of a partial exploration of the principal buildings; some of these have been carefully examined and photographed, the limits of the city have been nearly defined, a plan of the ground committed to paper; and with the results of the exploration now being carried on, a tolerably accurate conclusion will no doubt be arrived at as to the contents and character of that portion occupied by the king and the priesthood. Of the larger sections in which dwelt the people, no vestige remains. None but king or priest were permitted the use of stone or brick in the construction of their dwellings. The shops and houses of the populace, whatever their rank or office, were of sun-dried mud and thatch, materials which rapidly fell to decay when once neglected, and which the rains of but one monsoon would suffice to convert into a heap of dust. Of the size of some of the Buddhist monasteries we may form a just estimate, not merely by their remains, but by the stone inscriptions, some of which furnish details of their establishments amounting in certain instances to five or six thousand persons. These priestly establishments were, apart from the temples, often of considerable magnitude, and richly ornamented, besides which were the dagobas, bell-shaped structures erected over some relic of the founder of their religion, and usually, though not necessarily, near a temple dedicated to Buddha. Some of these relic-shrines were of gigantic proportions, constructed entirely of bricks so hard and durable as often to defy the strokes of the sharpest tool. One of these, according to native chronicles, occupied a period of twenty years in its construction, consuming in the formation of its lowest course, upwards of a hundred millions of bricks, a number which modern calculations have shown to be tolerably accurate.

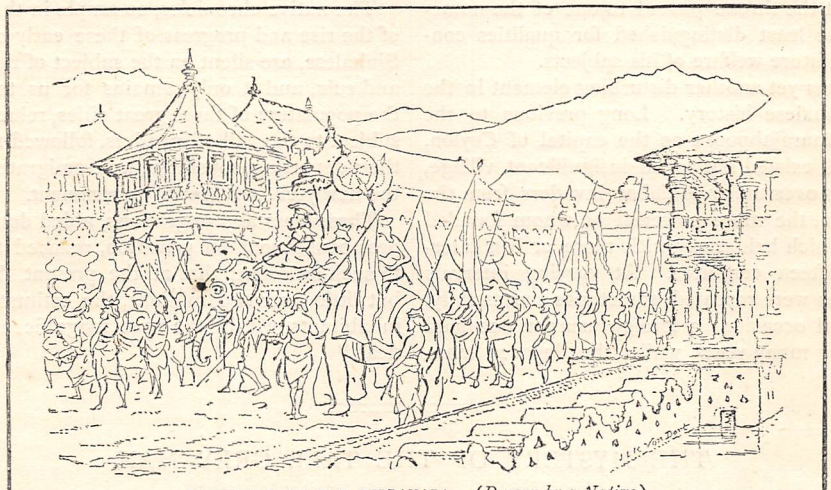
In this city are still to be seen the remains of what is no doubt the oldest structure in India. Thuparama Dagoba was constructed upwards of three centuries before the Christian era, by King Devenipiatissa, to whose pious zeal the capital was indebted for some of its more prominent buildings. It is insignificant in size compared with other dagobas in the vicinity, one of which in its original state stood upwards of four hundred feet high, whilst this one measured not more than seventy feet from base to summit. These structures must have been objects of considerable beauty in their original state, towering high above surrounding buildings or the loftiest trees, richly ornamented, covered to the summit with snow-white lime, and surmounted by a golden ball. One of those dagobas, glittering in the bright sunshine of a tropical noon, cannot but have filled the beholder with admiration.

The temples set apart for the devotions of pious-minded Buddhists were executed with consummate skill; the shrines, the vestibule, the approaches—nay, even the doorsteps, were all more or less elaborately carved in stone, with a degree of skill that defies all attempts at imitation. One or more gigantic figures of Buddha were to be found within, sedant or reclining; whilst outside, the statue, forty feet in height, was usually in the attitude of exhortation. Along both the inner and outer walls of these temples were frescoes in brilliant colours, describing, by life-size figures, the chief incidents in the career of the great teacher, and often of passages in the Malabar invasion of Ceylon.

It was in Anarajahpoora that the famous tooth-relic of Buddha was first enshrined on its arrival from India, whence it was brought with all the pomp of an Oriental pageant. It is at Anarajahpoora that still may be seen the original Bo-tree brought from the parent stock long since disappeared, beneath the shade of which Gotama is said to have attained his Buddhahood, by dint of years of meditation and prayer. This venerable and venerated tree is now upwards of two thousand years old, and is without doubt the oldest tree in the world of which there is any authentic record. Strictly guarded by a bevy of priests, and surrounded by a lofty wall to keep away sacrilegious intruders, none but a few may approach, and these dare not lay a finger on it. Not a fallen leaf is allowed

to lie idly beneath its branches—each one is carefully treasured and bestowed on pilgrims who visit it from all parts of the island, with offerings which they consider well bartered for a single withered twig or leaf. The custody and care of this most ancient tree is vested in the direct descendants of the same parents who guarded it two thousand years ago from Nepaul to Ceylon; and there can be no doubt that this humble Sinhalese family is the most ancient in the world.

A glance at the ruins of the Brazen Palace, with its thousand pillars of stone, and its nine storeys of state rooms, reception halls, refectories, dormitories, and private apartments—a stroll up the avenue of lofty trees which mark with many a fallen column and shattered doorway the site of the once royal road along which the king's chariot drove in state on great festival days, and the traveller may picture to himself something



PROCESSION OF THE PERRAHARA. (*Drawn by a Native.*)

of the ancient glory of this "city of the dead." The chief religious fête-days were those of the "Perrahara," observed at the full moon in August, on which occasion the "Dalada," or tooth-relic of Buddha, was carried in great pomp through the city to the waters of the lake, and back to the Dalada Maligawa, or Temple of the Tooth, where it was guarded with religious care. Pilgrims from long distances came to be present at this national holiday, when a hundred temple elephants marched in grand and gaudy array, with long files of native chieftains in their curious muslin robes, and still more curious hats of white and gold embroidery, with trains of temple-dancers, jugglers, musicians, and standard-bearers. Marching through the city after nightfall, past the king's palace, and down the two-mile avenue of stately houses, and past the thronged bazaars, the public gardens, and so on by the city baths, and the great gold-tipped dagoba, and round the banks of the far-spreading lake, this long procession must have formed a dazzling and attractive spectacle to the millions of Buddhist lookers-on, as the light of myriad torches and burning braziers was reflected on the waters of the lake, paling the soft moonbeams.

In keeping with the social customs of the people from the earliest times, no females took part in these observances, save as spectators. One wing of the royal palace was specially set apart for the use of the queen and the ladies of her court, whence, unseen, they might look out and witness the splendid spectacle presented by this and other festivals.

Eastern fête-days are not marked by pageants alone—the temples are busy within and without. At day-dawn the shrill pipe and the sonorous drum give notice to the world without, that the priesthood within the temple-gates are up and busy at their early orisons. From entry to corridor, from courtyard to shrine-room, the busy hum of temple-followers resounds, all eager to show their pious zeal and skill in garlanding the walls, the pillars, the doorways, the shrines, with floral devices rich in tropical hues and fragrant perfumes, and woven and interlaced with such delicate taste as to give the place the appearance of a fairy bower.

At evening time, as the long streaming procession winds its slow way through leafy avenues, and down thickly thronged bazaars, beneath these bright trophy-arches, every foot of ground packed densely with the people dressed in their holiday attire, the scene is such as to be long remembered. Not until the early streaks of daylight struggle upwards from the hills beyond, do the last holiday-makers struggle away to snatch a little hasty slumber.

The history of the kingly race whose capital we have endeavoured to describe, was not one of such peaceful prosperity as the national character might have led a reader to expect. It was not all ploughing and sowing and Buddhist holiday. Much of those annals were written in blood, and the long reigns of

pious and just rulers were too frequently followed by violent convulsions, the fruit of domestic feuds ending in murder or suicide. During a period of nearly a thousand years, there were upwards of ninety occupants of the throne in Anarajahpoora; of these twenty-nine were murdered, eight were simply deposed, whilst five committed suicide. The explanation of much of this may be found in social customs of the Sinhalese, which permitted not only a plurality of wives, but a plurality of husbands. The jealousies and heartburnings consequent on this state of things, the rivalries of various families in their aspirations after power and fortune, are not difficult to understand under such circumstances. The dagger, the poisoned cup, the block, or the rope too frequently played a conspicuous part in the domestic history of the sovereigns of Ceylon, either before or immediately after the decease of the reigning monarch, and thus it not unfrequently happened that the throne passed to one of the numerous family the least distinguished for qualities conducive to the future welfare of his subjects.

But there was yet another disturbing element in the course of Sinhalese history. Long previous to the founding of Anarajahpoora as the capital of Ceylon, when indeed it existed but as an insignificant village, the island was overrun by Malabar invaders from the coast of India, the more powerful of whom founded the dynasty which held sway with more or less interruption for fifteen centuries. At varying intervals these invasions were repeated, sometimes successfully, and on several occasions a foreign usurper occupied the throne for many years, whilst the deposed monarch wandered a fugitive in the mountain fastnesses, until able to collect a sufficient force with which to drive out the intruder.

These struggles for the throne, often bloody, were sometimes of long duration, and, if we may place reliance on the native chronicles, were occasionally distinguished by acts of great bravery.

These frequent inroads upon their territory became at length so harassing and so intolerable as to induce the sovereign to remove from Anarajahpoora, and fix the seat of his government at Pulastapoora, at that time (A.D. 729) a flourishing town situated in a fertile part of the island, about sixty miles in a south-easterly direction from the abandoned capital, and where a line of kings held sway until early in the fourteenth century, when similar disastrous invasions compelled a second abandonment of the capital for a locality still further to the south.

The native chronicles, so ample in their description of the rise and progress of these early capitals of the Sinhalese, are silent on the subject of their utter decay and ruin, and it only remains for us to surmise that the population of those great cities, reluctant to remain subject to the will of invaders, followed the fortunes of their departing sovereign, and emigrated *en masse* to the newly-chosen seat of government.

These wars and migrations, aided doubtless by sickness consequent on privation, reduced the population to such an extent that at the present day it numbers but little over two millions, the estimated number of inhabitants within the once magnificent "city of the dead."

THE MYSTERY OF THE TALL GREY MAN.

CASTLEGAR is a plain but substantial-looking house, standing in a moderately well-wooded park on the banks of the Shannon.

Somehow Hugh Macdermott, the owner of Castlegar, managed to live. From the lawyers, who were eternally bothering about mortgages and bills, he managed to extract something; and when his money failed him, he used his credit.

But the style of the former Macdermotts was a thing of the past. Castlegar was no longer the haunt of gay squires, fair ladies, and dashing officers. That ended with Prince Roderick, Hugh's father; and so too did all hopes of restoring the property to the family.

It was the dream of Hugh Macdermott's life that his daughter should make a grand match, and retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family. Such dreams have been the solace of many fathers with encumbered estates and pretty daughters. But Rosie Macdermott, at nineteen, took it into her charming head to fall in love with the heir of the Martins of Martinmount, a family as venerable, proud, and poor as her own.

Martinmount was on the other side of the river, and Barry Martin used to row across the stream oftener than there was any real necessity. The two families were not particularly good friends, and Hugh Macdermott was not over-fond of the son of the man who had been his successful rival at school, at college, and in love. But Rosie and Barry were not at all concerned at the cold glances and studied politeness which greeted the young man on his daily visits. They were too much occupied with each other to heed whether Hugh Macdermott was civil or not.

But one day the old man, standing at his window, saw Barry Martin put his arm round Miss Rosie's waist, and then the storm, which had been gathering for some time, burst in full fury.

"Go and tell Miss Rosie I want her," said he to the butler, "and say to Mr. Barry Martin I'll be glad of a few minutes' conversation with him in my study."

Miss Rosie received Roger's message with a very

bad grace, and Barry Martin with some misgivings; but they both followed the servant at once, for Hugh Macdermott was not a man to be trifled with.

"Go up-stairs, Rosie, to your room, and don't come down till I send for you; do you hear me? Go."

And then her father entered the study, where Barry, with a show of carelessness, was trying the condition of a double-barrelled gun.

"Barry Martin," Hugh Macdermott began, in an awful voice, and thumping the floor with his stick, "how dare you come making love to my daughter without my permission? Do you suppose you are a proper person to marry the last of the Macdermotts, and the heiress of Castlegar? My daughter, with her beauty, and cleverness, and family, might marry a duke; as it is, she is to marry a baronet. Do you hear that, Barry Martin?—a baronet with five thousand a year! Now, sir, take yourself out of my house, and off my premises. I give you ten minutes to do it, and let me never again see or hear of you showing your face at Castlegar; and if I learn that you attempt to see or speak to Miss Macdermott, I'll thrash you to within an inch of your life!" and the stick came down heavily.

"But, sir, Rosie——"

"Don't dare to answer me, sir. It's a pretty piece of business if a man can't do what he likes with his own daughter; and you may tell Mrs. Martin that I've had my turn;" and the Macdermott laughed sarcastically.

Barry left the room and the house, scarcely knowing what he did. He was in a towering rage, but the Martins were a family who had always the happy faculty of keeping their tempers well in hand, and he knew that to answer the old man would only make his chances of ever seeing Rosie again fewer than ever. So he held his peace, and went home vowing to have revenge in some shape or other, even though he was Rosie's father.

After Rosie had arranged her unruly locks to her satisfaction, and substituted a fresh collar for the rather crumpled one she wore, she went to the window of her room and looked out. The room was over the hall, and commanded about the best view in the house of the river, and the country beyond.

"Dear old Castlegar, how lovely it is! I don't believe there is a prettier place in the world. Good gracious! Barry is going, and he promised to stay luncheon, and ride with me afterwards. What on earth can he mean?" and raising her window she put out her head, and called, "Barry!"

But he was already a good way down the avenue, and too angry to hear, even if he had been near enough.

"Well, I'll pay him off for this," Rosie said, as the luncheon-bell rang, and she ran lightly down-stairs.

"Didn't I tell you to stay in your room till I sent for you?" her father said as she entered.

"Yes, papa, but I'm so hungry," she answered, taking her place at the head of the table, "I really couldn't wait. Where's Barry Martin?"

"Rosie, if you have any regard for your life, don't mention that name in my hearing again. I saw him to-day—I tell you I saw him—you may well blush—and I turned him out of this house in a way he won't forget. The idea of a Martin wanting to marry a Macdermott!" and the stick was violently shaken. "Look here, Rosie. I had a letter to-day from an old friend of mine. He says he is coming to see us, and I mean you to marry him. He's a baronet, and has five thousand a year."

"How old is he, papa?" Miss Macdermott asked calmly, looking at her father.

"How do I know? His name is Sir Rupert Starewell, and he is a gentleman I esteem very highly. He is the man I intend to be your husband, miss, so look to how you treat him," the Macdermott replied in a terrible voice.

"When is Sir Rupert coming, papa?" she asked.

"To-morrow, or next day at the latest, so you have not much time to spare if you mean to have a place ready for him to sleep in."

"Oh, I'll put him in the red room," Rosie answered calmly. "So I'm to be Lady Starewell. Not so bad, for Miss Macdermott. Don't you fear, papa. I'll have Sir Rupert if he asks me."

"I thought you were a sensible girl. I'm glad to find you look at the matter from a reasonable point of view. Kiss me, my dear. If I am rather cross, it's for your good. There's no fear but Sir Rupert 'll have you—in fact, he has said as much to me."

Every Irish family of any antiquity has a ghost, and those of particularly ancient descent have a "banshee." The Macdermotts had both, the ghost for many years confining himself to the ruins, the banshee never troubling the slumbers of any one, dead or alive, as far as could be ascertained. But still they belonged to the place, and were treated with due consideration when their names were mentioned. Rosie took great pride in telling strangers of both, describing the tall white-haired man, clad in a long grey mantle, who used to stand on the battlement of the round tower which forms the centre of the ruins of old Castlegar, and gaze at the calm, deep waters of the Shannon below. That old man, seventeen hundred and twenty-five years ago—he wasn't old then—flung a stranger knight from the east country (who came to woo his lady-love) from the top of the tower, and threw after him a great bag of gold and jewels, wherewith he sought to purchase from her father, Mona Bawn, the daughter of Maccosgrave Dhuo, lord of Coolafynn, and the promised bride of Ulic More Macdermott.

No stranger had ever attempted to wed into the family from that time but the ghost took up his station on the battlements of the tower, and mourned over the sad event, on more than one occasion actually preventing the hated union by personal interposition. Father Roche, the priest, firmly believed in these old stories of Castlegar, and so did Hugh Macdermott. But when Sir Rupert Starewell was told of them, he pooh-poohed the idea, and, looking from the drawing-room window, declared it a matter of impossibility for any ghost to stand on the top of that tower—"the more

especially, Miss Macdermott, as you assure me there are no stairs, or any other means of getting up," he added.

"That's a matter on which you can satisfy yourself, Sir Rupert. We'll walk down to-morrow, and row over, and examine the place thoroughly. I confess I'm no great believer in ghosts, but when you actually see one, it looks wicked to doubt them," Miss Rosie answered very gravely.

"When I see one, I dare say I shall believe. Until then I claim the right of expressing my unbelief; and I confess, Miss Macdermott, I don't like the idea. Ghosts are uncomfortable sort of things to have in the family," the baronet said.

"Oh! in Ireland we like them, Sir Rupert; but I suppose it's because we're used to them, and all the *real* old families have them. You can't think how sorry I should be if the ghost departed from Castlegar," Miss Rosie answered.

A week passed, and Sir Rupert and Rosie got on splendidly. They visited and explored the ruins together, walked and rode and boated; and the stern, stately Englishman, whilst he was learning to love the heiress of the Macdermotts, was also becoming slightly in awe of her. It was not nearly so easy a matter as he fancied to go up and say, "Miss Macdermott, I am willing to marry you. I am Sir Rupert Starewell, and I have five thousand a year." Still they got on admirably, and Hugh Macdermott was congratulating himself on the success of his plans. Barry Martin was as completely forgotten as if he had never appeared on the scene, or been the first lover and loved of Rosie. Another week passed away, and one morning at breakfast the squire and Sir Rupert both looked as if they had passed a very restless night, but Rosie was as fresh, and charming, and lovely as ever. Her dreams had apparently been pleasant.

It was arranged that they—Rosie and the baronet—were to lunch at Craig Hall, the home of the Bodkins—a charming place, about seven miles higher up the river; but when Rosie rang to order the carriage, her father begged her not to go; and, strange to say, Sir Rupert seconded the resolution; so in much wonderment she consented to stay at home, but proposed a row on the river, which amusement was violently opposed also, and again Rosie good-naturedly gave in.

That evening Father Roche dined at Castlegar, and at a few minutes before twelve o'clock he said good night to his host, and started for home. Old Roger opened the door, and both looked across in the direction of the ruins. It was a clear moonlight night, and there, on the round tower, clearly and distinctly stood Ulic More, "the old man in grey." Father Roche blessed himself, and returned to the drawing-room, accompanied by Roger, who was white and trembling.

The priest sat down and wiped his face.

"It's no use, Hugh. I can't go home to-night. I saw Ulic More on the tower, and for all the bishops in Rome I would not pass Kilkeevin."

"You do not really mean to say you saw the ghost, Father Roche?" Rosie said in dismay—"the old man on the tower?"

"As plainly as I see you now, my dear," the priest answered, shaking his head. "Roger saw him too, so that there can be no mistake. You must give me a bed, Hugh—anywhere in the inhabited region."

Nothing could persuade Father Roche to pass Kilkeevin, the family burying-place of the Macdermotts, and so he stayed at Castlegar all night. On the next morning there were three grave and haggard faces at the breakfast-table, and it was very evident that the gentlemen had passed a sleepless night. But Rosie was still quite unconscious, and chatted as gaily as usual; and though all the day Sir Rupert was strangely gloomy and abstracted, she did not appear to notice it. That night, a little before twelve, he took up his station at the study window, and waited patiently for half an hour, but no ghost appeared; though the next morning old Roger said Considine had seen him going towards Kilkeevin; and both Sir Rupert and Hugh Macdermott looked like ghosts themselves. Even Rosie seemed out of spirits and nervous, but when questioned she laughed, and put the matter off. Later in the day, her father called her into the study, and questioned her closely, and then she had to confess that she had heard strange noises during the night, and once, on getting out of bed, she saw a white-robed figure flitting along the banks of the river, looking occasionally in the direction of the house, and wringing its hands.

"There's some of us going home, Rosie," the squire said, in a mournful voice—"either you or I!"

"You forget, papa, that our banshee cries when any of the Macdermotts are going to make an unlucky marriage," Rosie answered. "But I'll marry Sir Rupert if all the banshees in Ireland were to warn me, if he'll have me."

The next night Sir Rupert again took up his station at the study window, and was rewarded by a sight of the veritable ghost. There he stood, tall and grey, clearly defined against the sky, his face turned toward the house, and his hands raised to heaven as if denouncing it.

The next morning it was the same story. Neither gentleman had been able to sleep a wink, and Rosie was also white and nervous. The dreary, dismal cries had kept echoing through the rooms all night, and on three different occasions a white figure had stood at the head of Sir Rupert's bed, and said, "Go—go—go!"

At the squire's couch the untiring question was, "What have you done with Barry Martin?" for, since the day three weeks before that he had ordered him off the Castlegar grounds, nothing had been seen of him. Poor Rosie was bewildered: she scarcely knew what to do, and neither her father temporal nor spiritual could give her any consolation. Old Roger, the butler, was afraid to open the hall door after dusk, and not one of the servants would venture across the yard.

Another weary day and awful night passed, and then Sir Rupert declared that he could not stand it any longer. "I love, I admire your charming daughter, Mr. Macdermott, and an alliance with your family would be the summit of my ambition; but I can't stand the ghosts and banshees. I can't, upon my honour. I have not had a night's sleep for nearly a fortnight."

"DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS THE WATERS POUR" (*p.* 222).

The Macdermott did not press his visitor to remain; indeed, it seemed a relief to the old man's heart that he resolved to go of his own accord, for he would just as soon have seen his daughter in her grave, in the family burying-place at Kilkeevin, as Lady Starewell, after all the warnings he had had.

But the exit of the baronet did not bring peace to the couch of Hugh Macdermott. True, the old man in grey was seen no more on the round tower, but the question was still repeated nightly, "What have you done with Barry Martin?"

At last, he called Rosie one day, and told her all. "If you can find out where he is, send for him till I beg his pardon, for I can't stand this any longer. I'll be in my coffin before another week."

"I'll do all I can to help you, papa, but I'm afraid that foolish young man has done something very desperate. You see, he was very fond of me—and—and—you know, papa;" and Rosie's head went down behind her father's chair to hide something.

That night the banshee contented herself with crying at a very respectful distance, and the squire had a sound sleep. Whether the posset Rosie brought him before he got into bed had anything to do with it, I don't know; and the next afternoon Barry Martin appeared at Castlegar, and received the Macdermott's apologies and profuse professions of good-will.

* * * * * *

After a year the fortunes and families of Martinmount and Castlegar were united by the marriage of Rosie and Barry, a very happy and not particularly unsuitable union, as during the twelve years Barry had been a minor his possessions had increased considerably. Mrs. Martin and Hugh Macdermott came to be better friends than they had ever been since the time Fanny Vandeleur refused Hugh for Dominick Martin, Barry's father.

But it was not for long years after—till Hugh Macdermott Martin was a sturdy lad, and Rosie and Fanny old enough to tease and torment their grandpapa and grandmamma—that the story of the ghost of Castlegar was explained. On one All Hallow's Eve, when they were all assembled in the dining-room—the children and Father Roche, old Mrs. Martin and Hugh Macdermott—Barry declared that he dreamt the night before of the "grey old man;" and Rosie laughed provokingly, while every one else looked serious. Then Barry told them how the ghost was none other than himself, and the banshee Rosie. Every night he used to run across the river after dusk, and mount the tower by means of a rope-ladder on the opposite side.

"If any one came near enough they might see me comfortably enjoying a cigar, and sometimes I brought a lantern and a book, or else read the dear little notes I had from Rosie. I used to find one in a particular nest in the ivy every night. Of course we planned it between us as a punishment for father's cruelty, and the calm impudence of Sir Rupert Starewell," Barry said.

"You can't think, father, how hard I found it to keep from laughing at his white face and shaking hands every morning," Rose said. "I used to throw a white cloak over my head, and go into the green dressing-room—there is a door from that into the red room, at the head of the bed—and I just stood in the doorway and waved my arms, saying, 'Go—go—go!' in a dreary monotone, and then crossed over to your room, papa, to inquire 'what you had done with Barry Martin?'"

"And the noise—the unearthly cries?" Father Roche asked; "I heard them myself—surely, Mrs. Barry, you did not utter them?"

"My dear Father Roche, no! I simply fitted a very rude Æolian harp into one of the upper windows, and locked the door—that was the banshee's cry," laughed Rosie. "Of course, I know it was very wrong, and I dare say papa is desperately angry, but just think of the situation! there was Barry head-over-ears in love with me, turned not only out of the house, but out of the grounds. There was I, just a little in love with him, forbidden ever to mention his name. There was a haughty baronet coming to marry me just as he might buy an estate. There was papa inexorable, not the smallest bit in the world open to conviction!—Why, I might be Lady Starewell now, if it were not for that happy thought of Barry's about the ghost, and of mine about the banshee."

The Macdermott was a little bit angry, and Father Roche a little serious, remembering the night he begged a lodging, because he could not pass Kilkeevin; but soon Rosie's bright happy face, and joyous laugh, infected the rest, and they all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Mystery of the Tall Grey Man.

THE WATERFALL.

DASHING in torrent swift and strong,
Down from the heights the waters pour,
With mighty swing that echoes long,
As the loud notes of martial song
'Mid battle's deaf'ning roar.

Flashing and sparkling in the light,
As hoar-frost on the dewy ground,
In broad expanse of glist'ning white,
With frothy foam all sheeny bright,
The waters onward bound.

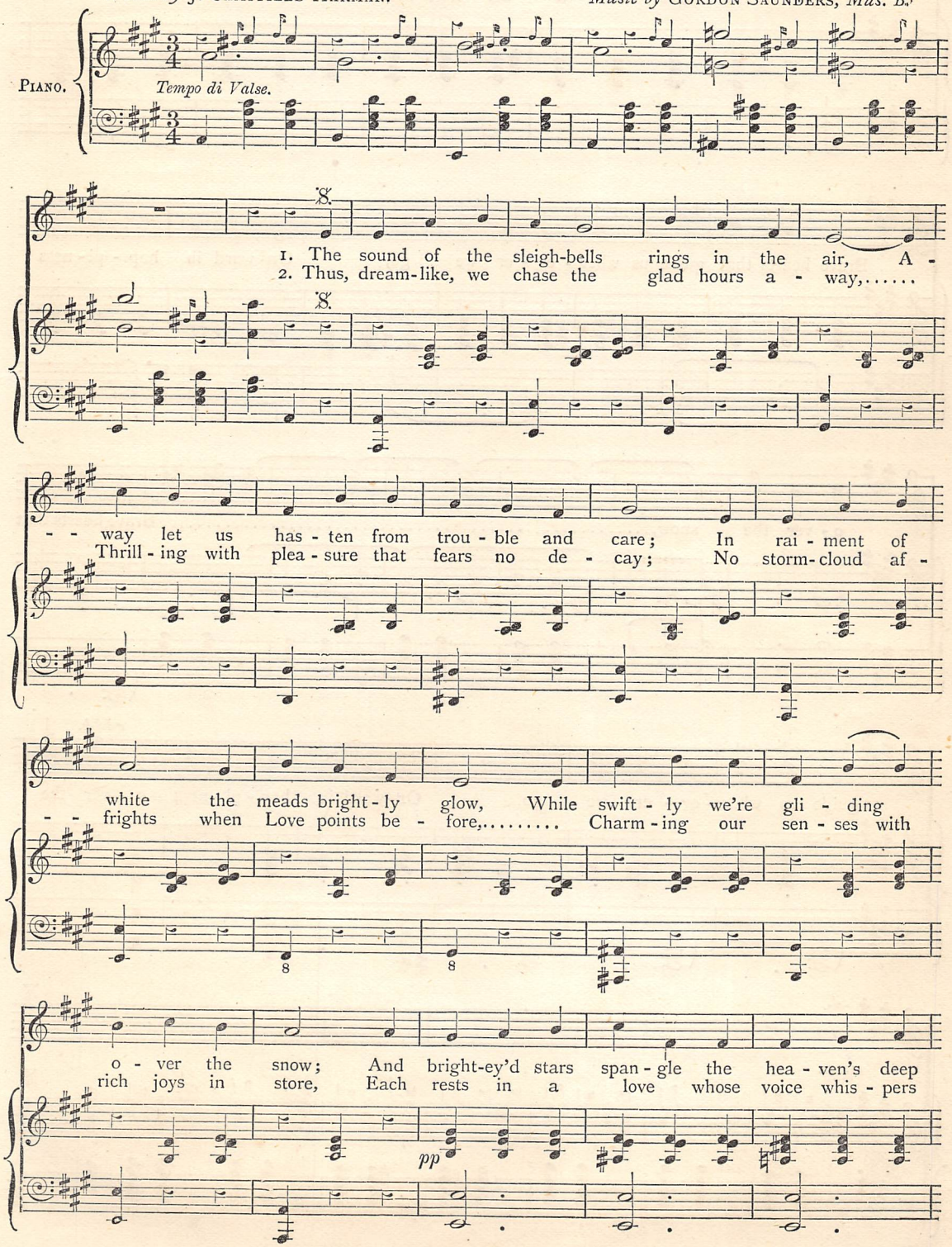
Swift o'er opposing rocks they leap,
And fill the air with glittering spray;
Checked for a moment, slow they creep,
Then round a corner slily peep,
And laugh their foes away.

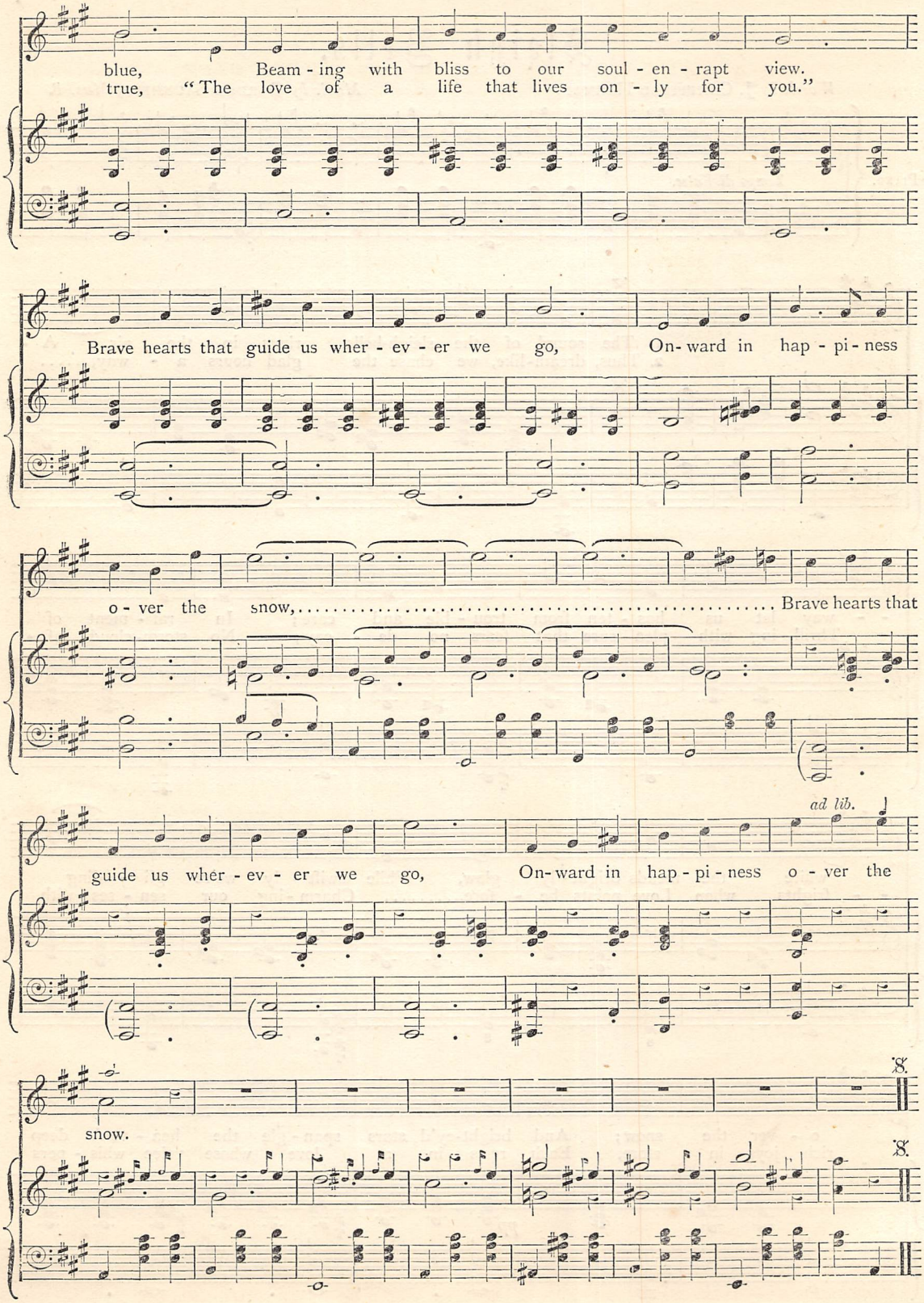
Flow, sunny waters! onward flow,
And drive away the heart's despair;
Your music lends a kindling glow,
And lightens many a heart of woe,
That brings to you its care.

G. W.

Sleigh Bells.

Words by J. CAMPFIELD HARMAN. *Music by* GORDON SAUNDERS, *Mus. B.*



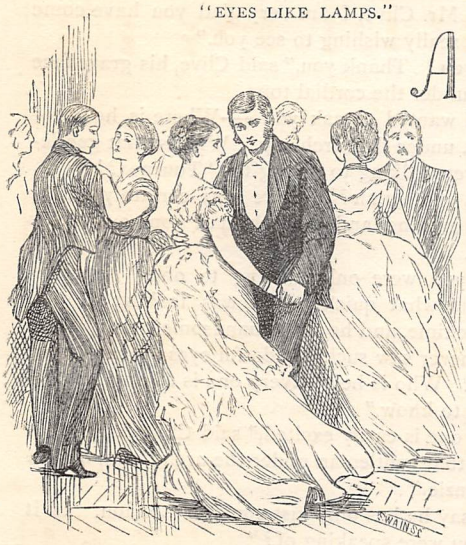

blue, Beam - ing with bliss to our soul - en - rapt view.
true, "The love of a life that lives on - ly for you."
Brave hearts that guide us wher - ev - er we go, On - ward in hap - pi - ness
o - ver the snow, ... Brave hearts that
ad lib.
guide us wher - ev - er we go, On - ward in hap - pi - ness o - ver the
snow.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"EYES LIKE LAMPS."



AFTER all the ball was a success, and the De Ponsonbys had not to "gnash their teeth" over the emptiness of their rooms. Reflected in the long mirrors, and relieved against the crimson draperies, troops of white-robed nymphs, and whiter-fronted cavaliers, moved to and fro, or floated round in languid circles to the strains of a band of musicians skilfully hidden behind a small forest of azaleas—white, rose-coloured, and scarlet—dark-leaved evergreens, sweet-smelling lemon-leaves, and every hot-house shrub that could be collected. From every bracket and pilaster in the room drooped trails of fairy-like creepers, from baskets of cyclamen, hyacinths, and maidenhair. In the conservatory, lit only by a huge lamp swung from the roof, within a globe of blue crystal, the silvery plash and murmur of a fountain, set among banks of ferns and garlands of brilliant flowers, shed a refreshing coolness over the warm, perfumed air; and on all sides, floating round the ball-room, toying with the refreshments, or dropped to rest among the leaves and flowers of the conservatory, jewels sparkled, and bright eyes shone, and clouds of tulle and areophane—white and coloured—floated like the mists of morning from forms as young and lithe as the immortal goddesses of old.

Mrs. de Ponsonby, leaning on the arm of Petre, glowed like an animated cabbage-rose.

Miss Marryatt, with every little bone in her neck and shoulders quivering skeleton-like through a veil of violet-powder, pronounced it "too delicious. Oh, isn't it a divine ball, Mr. Philpots? and what a pity you can't dance! But you don't think it wrong of me, do you? Oh, do tell me."

Kate, in a plain white dress, chosen from her stores because it was "really quite fresh, only worn once for an hour," but equally lovely from its simplicity as from its freshness, a white dress looped with trails of real ivy green, and fresh with wood-primroses in her bosom, and a wreath of ivy and primroses in her wavy hair, one pretty hand resting lovingly on her brother's arm, stood the centre of a group of admirers, all clamouring to put down their names upon her card, while she—smiling and flushed with honest, childlike enjoyment, with lips apart and eyes beaming—granted or evaded their petitions, as caprice or kindness prompted, and stubbornly refused to give away one of the dances marked with a mysterious cross: "Dick's dances," she whispered to her mother. "He likes to dance with me, so I made him promise we should have those three."

Clive saw the animated group, and guessed, before he saw, who formed the centre. He had arrived late with his party, and having deposited Lady Vanborough on a sofa, and obtained the promise of a quadrille later, was sauntering across the room, when his glance fell on a gentleman standing by himself, and gazing with the half-curious, half-dreamy look of a stranger to such things at the scene around him. Their eyes met in a sort of mutual start of recognition. The gentleman made a half-salutation, as uncertain whether he were right in claiming acquaintance or not, and Clive stopped.

"Mr. M'Kenzie, I think," he said courteously enough. "I fancied I saw you at the 'Travellers' yesterday; and a mutual friend told me you had returned to pay England a visit."

"Yes, I came home three weeks ago. How different everything is!"

"I suppose so. By the way, this is rather a different scene to the one in which we last met."

"Among the White Mountains, was it not? I thought I knew your face, though till you spoke I did not remember the name. Yes, different indeed!"

"I should not have fancied you a ball-going man."

"Neither am I. I believe that there is nothing now that I care less for in the lap of creation."

"And yet?" said Clive, smiling a little ironically.

"And yet I am at one! Exactly; but the simple reason is that a fellow-passenger of mine and her sister had an invitation, and wanted to come very much. They are foreigners; the matron is shy; the husband was ordered to Lisbon three days before; and if I had not consented to act escort in his place, the poor little women would have fancied they had missed a great pleasure. At present I fear they are finding it a great delusion: more especially as my dancing days are over."

"You are evidently a good Samaritan, Mr. M'Kenzie," said Clive laughing, "and report has done you wrong. Your New York friends called you the woman-hater."

"My New York friends did me less and the fair sex more than justice. Man's hatred, Mr. Clive, is

something too strong to be wasted on things so utterly weak as women."

They were standing in the embrasure of a window, the stranger a slightly-built man, with a skin evidently tanned by foreign suns, and eyes like those of a stag—large, dark, and blazing with passionate feeling and intelligence: perhaps the handsomest—certainly the most noticeable—man in the room; and Clive, with his colourless skin, big heavy limbs, and irregular features, seeming to be placed beside him for a foil—some of the women thought so, at any rate; I don't suppose the idea would have occurred to a man.

Up in the farther end of the long rooms, brilliantly lit by scores of gas-burners, reflected from flashing jewels and glittering mirrors, the band was playing the "Tournez Waltz" from *Madame Angot*. The tender minor key of the melody floated dreamily over the buzz of voices, and all around close-linked couples waved and swayed and turned, in languid rhythm to the soft slow rippling of the music.

"It reminds me of the Spanish dances in South America, only that they are still prettier, and less monotonous," said Dallas M'Kenzie. "Is it believable that any composer has succeeded in introducing an air which compels Englishwomen to dance as quietly as their Southern sisters?"

"You forget the unspeakable charm of *anything* novel in this used-up nineteenth century," said Clive laughing. "To dance slowly and gracefully, in place of rushing round a room in furious circles, like an insane humming-top, tearing your neighbours' dresses, and reducing a lady-like girl to the appearance of an ill-used rag doll, is a new sensation, and therefore likely to take until some one invents another. Probably it will be the exact contrary. '*Les extrêmes se touchent*,' you know, in London particularly."

"I noticed Mrs. de Ponsonby put 'Tournez Waltz' in the corner of her card, and couldn't guess what it meant."

"Yes, and a wise idea it was. Who can guess how many extra guests she obtained by that simple device? By the way, don't you think the women grow more insane in the way of dress every year? Look at that one in flame-colour, with peacock-feather trimming."

"Ay; she reminds me of some tropical bird I have seen. What a contrast to that pretty little girl in white, with primroses in her hair?"

"Which? There are so many;" but Clive's face changed—one would think he knew.

"That one standing beside the handsome lady in black velvet. I have noticed her once or twice. It is such a frank, honest face; and the eyes seem perfectly to beam with innocent happiness. Don't you see her? She is the simplest-dressed girl in the room, and to my mind the most charming."

"Yes, I see her," Clive said, a queer sort of reluctance in his tone.

"And do you know who she is? I think I saw you talking to her chaperone."

"Yes"—with equal reluctance—"a Miss Bellew. I must leave you now. I am engaged for this dance;" and Mr. M'Kenzie was left alone.

Ten minutes later, when the dance was over, Clive found himself at Kate's side.

"I have not had time to speak to you yet," he said, in the short manner he always used to her. "You were dancing when I first saw your mother."

"Yes, with Dick. I always make Dick dance the first with me, unless he is engaged for it; he dances so well. But, Mr. Clive, I am very glad you have come up. I was really wishing to see you."

"Were you? Thank you," said Clive, his grave face lightening under the cordial tone.

"Yes; I wanted to ask you——Where is he now? Oh! there, under that archway. Who is that gentleman you were talking to during the 'Tournez?'

"Which gentleman?" Clive was certainly rather stupid this evening, and the light had gone out of his face again.

"Why, you were only talking to one," Kate answered somewhat quickly. "I was looking at you both all the time, and he is the handsomest man in the room. I never saw such wonderful eyes; they are just like lamps. Who is he? Every one is asking, and no one seems to know."

"Every one is easily excited," said Clive drily. "If you mean that gentleman under the arch there, he is a Mr. M'Kenzie."

"They say he has only just come to London. Is it the one you were speaking of?"

"Was I speaking of one?"

"Why, of course you were!" cried Kate a little impatiently. "You said he never went into society."

"Then I must have been wrong—judging from appearances, at least."

"You know what I mean—that he *used* not to go into society when you knew him. Mama and I have been watching him with interest, and have decided, first, that the trouble you spoke of is still written in his face; and secondly, that he is quite the most distinguished-looking man in the room. If he dances well, I shall not be satisfied till he is introduced to me."

"I do not think he dances at all; and I am not sure that you would very much care to know him, distinguished as he looks," Clive said a little spitefully.

Lady Margaret's maternal solicitude took fire at once.

"My dear Katie, how imprudent you are! and in such a very mixed assemblage too. You must be more thoughtful; and really I think Mrs. de Ponsonby should be careful what sort of people——"

"I beg your pardon," Clive interrupted, with some annoyance. "You misunderstood me. Mr. M'Kenzie is, as far as I know, as much a gentleman as I am, and comes of a good family. I only meant——"

"Mr. Clive only meant to set me right, as usual, mama," said Kate, flushing hotly.

Clive bowed.

"Thanks for the amiable motives with which you credit me, Miss Bellew. I——"

"Quarrelling as usual, you two!" said Dick, coming up. "'Let dogs delight to bark and bite' ought to

be put up on both your tombstones. Katie, my child, why aren't you dancing?"

"I came to remind your sister that she had promised this dance to me," said Clive, "but as I have had the misfortune to offend her, I suppose she will hardly care to keep her engagement."

"Nonsense, my good fellow! Kate is not such a vixen as that—are you, Kitty, *ma mie?*"

"I am sure I don't know what I am," said Kate, glancing resentfully at Clive. "I am quite ready to dance with Mr. Clive when he wishes it."

Clive offered her his arm instantly, and without a word. If she had expected him to be magnanimous she was disappointed, and for the first few turns the little wrist he held was throbbing with indignation, and he could almost feel the angry beating of the heart so near his arm. It softened down gradually, and the red flush died out of her cheeks beneath another spell than words.

He had not spoken, but between really good dancers there is a sort of natural affinity. You can hardly move limbs and body in perfect dual time and melody without some sort of sympathy, however imperfect, exercising its soothing influence over the mind as well.

Before they had gone once round the room, Kate realised the fact that she had never danced with any one before whose step suited her so exactly; and she was almost angry with herself for feeling a shade of regret when he stopped at the entrance to the conservatory, and asked if she were tired.

"No, not at all," she answered, trying to speak as grimly, not as she felt, but as she felt she *ought* to feel towards such an unpleasant person. He looked down on her half sadly, half smiling.

"Miss Bellew, are we never to be friends? I did not mean to offend you just now. Will you not forgive me?"

"I don't think you care about my forgiveness, or my friendship either," said Kate wilfully. "You do offend me. I am not going to pretend you don't. I suppose I am not used to being snubbed by gentlemen—or ladies either" (this as an after-thought), "and I don't like it."

"I never intended to snub you."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Clive, I think you did, though you may not have intended me to resent it. I don't know in what way you usually speak to your lady acquaintances, but I can assure you your manner to me is not at all pleasant; and I do not like it."

"I have begged your pardon," he said, his voice as hard as his eyes were keen and searching, "I can do no more. You are utterly and entirely unjust to me, but that is no matter. You could not understand it if it were explained to you."

"If I were unjust it would matter very much—to *me*," said Kate, "but I don't think I am. Just now, for instance——"

"Yes, just now. You wished to know a person, an utter stranger to you, simply because he had beautiful eyes—"like lamps," didn't you say?—and if you had been my sister, I should have said just—but what does it matter? I suppose I took a liberty in saying anything. At any rate you think so."

"Yes, I did think so," said Kate, uncompromisingly honest. "But if you did not mean it, there is an end of the subject. I wish" (with a little sigh) "that we could have been friends, but I think that is quite out of the question. We should never agree on any subject."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

He made no answer, only put his arm round her waist and whirled her off again. His heart was beating most quickly now, but Kate did not guess it. Only at the end of the room she looked up naïvely into a very stern, pale face, and said, with her own saucy, coaxing smile—

"I was quite wrong. We should agree in one thing: you dance better than almost any one I know—except Dick."

"Then at least you will not refuse to dance with me," cried Clive, and carried her off her feet again nothing loth.

"They are the best-matched couple in the room," said Mrs. de Ponsonby to the gentleman she was conversing with, and putting up her gold eyeglass as the couple flew past her; "Kate Bellew is wild about dancing."

"She is lovely enough to make young men wild about dancing with her," said M'Kenzie warmly. "Will you introduce me when it is over?"

"My dear Mr. M'Kenzie! you, a world-wide traveller, so easily subjugated!"

"In what does subjugation consist?" said the gentleman good-humouredly—"liking to talk to a fresh, innocent-looking little girl, in the pause between two of her dances? You have no pity on us middle-aged, non-dancing men, Mrs. de Ponsonby, or you would not condemn us to silent contemplation of countless twinkling toes for a whole evening."

"Well, beware, that is all. Miss Bellew is a terrible little flirt."

"Is she? Poor little girl!" he said, smiling sadly. "I am sorry. However, she looks too young to have done much harm yet; and as, fortunately, it would be out of the question with *me*, I may do some good in standing between her and one of her victims for a few minutes."

"Ah! I see you feel you are invulnerable. Well, I should hope so, for the credit of your taste."

And, accordingly, Kate had hardly been returned to her mother's side, before she heard some one being introduced to her mother and herself, and saw Lady Margaret bowing to the dark, handsome stranger, with the "lamp-like" eyes, about whom Clive and she had quarrelled. With an involuntary impulse of mischief she looked up smiling, half consciously, half triumphantly, at Clive; but he was already turning away; and though during the evening she remembered him, and glanced round for him more than once, he appeared no more. Truth to say, he had seen Mrs. de Ponsonby approaching with her convoy; had caught Kate's dimpling flush of saucy pleasure; and, bitterly

vexed, for reasons best known to himself, had left the room at once.

Why he should care so much, he could hardly tell himself. It is true he knew something about Dallas M'Kenzie's past life—something which, if true, would make him shrink from seeing that gentleman, however estimable in other ways, an intimate friend of any woman dear to him. But was Kate Bellew dear to him? Was she not, on the contrary, rather obnoxious than otherwise—a young woman with whom, as she said herself, he could never agree on any one subject? Yet why, on the other hand, should he let her annoy him? Why should they be always meeting and always fighting, when by simply staying away from the house he could devote himself to sweeter and gentler maidens, at whose words and deeds he need not be for ever carping? Why?

Well, he told himself that he did not care about any other girls. They did not interest him—their very sameness, even their outward faultlessness, palled on him. They were all so deadlily alike, so thickly glazed with the stereotyped varnish of society, that there was no getting at the real living woman within them. But Kate was *all* life; not mere wax-doll existence, but keen, eloquent, faulty life. You had no time to think of what qualities were hidden within her, because so much was shown outside. She was like a varied and picturesque landscape—all hills and valleys, foaming streams and sheltered woods. You never thought what it might be beneath, or whether mines of gold or silver were hidden under that luxuriant veil. Occupied with the infinite variety of the surface, you took for granted the buried riches within; but perhaps there was nothing within, nothing but surface in her nature. He could not tell. Lawyer as he was, all he knew as yet was that that surface was such a mass of inconsistencies—some right, some wrong, some lovable and some reprehensible—that it took up all his thoughts, to the exclusion of every one else. He told himself that he was impatient with her because she was so wrong-headed, so thoughtless, and inconsistent. But if she had been a perfectly right-minded, prudent, and consistent young woman, I doubt very much whether he would have given her a second thought. He told himself, too, that he was angry with her for "not doing justice to herself;" but why should he care whether she were just to herself or not? What was she to him but Dick Bellew's sister? only—though he had taken a kindly interest in Dick, as a young man and distant connection, strangely reminding him of his dead brother, and going to destruction as that brother had gone—his interest had been doubled and intensified ever since he had known Dick's family. The fact was, he was inconsistent himself; and not being willing to admit as much, tried to compress the facts into his theories, instead of enlarging his theories to hold the facts. He was a man of ultra-dogmatic theories and rigidly uncompromising opinions; and both his theories as to womankind in general, and opinions of women in particular, were most sharply marked out, and laid down for the guidance of his life.

The pity was that, this being so, he did not let them guide him, but departed from them forthwith, and then irked at the woman for making him turn out of his narrow road, instead of at himself for turning out of it.

His theory of women, for instance, was that they were to be low-voiced and mild-eyed, imbued with unruffled dignity, filled with holy simplicity, and speaking only with sweet propriety and gracious gentleness. A very fair picture, as any one will allow, and nobody could quarrel with him for making up his mind never to care for any woman who was not formed after such a type in all and every particular; but Kate was the very opposite of it, and yet he did care for her a great deal more than was compatible with his own comfort: almost as much as for Mrs. Grey, who, to all appearance at any rate, was the very embodiment of his own ideal. He admired Mrs. Grey the most; he looked up to her, and liked her with a liking which was strengthened by esteem. He wished with all his heart that Kate resembled her, and was decidedly annoyed with the young lady for being unlike her; but the very fact of his anger proved that she was something more to him than others; for had Mrs. Grey treated him one-half as coldly, or departed a tenth part as much from his ideal, he would have ceased to seek her society, or trouble himself about her interests. The fact was that Kate had cast a spell over him; and instead of yielding to it, and acknowledging that there might be other types of equal excellence though differing from his own, he chafed against the fascination and felt bitterly towards the fairy who had woven it.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

BEE VANBOROUGH.

"IN good time, Miss Katie Bellew! Walk in straight and make confession. I thought you had given me up, you fickle little sinner."

It was Lady Vanborough, or Bee Vanborough, as her friends called her, who was speaking: a woman of middle height, dark and good-looking; but already, at eight-and-twenty, showing a tendency to coarseness, a colour unlovely from the depth of its carnations, and a figure rapidly losing grace in flesh, which added at least ten years to her apparent age: a woman who enjoyed her pint of porter at luncheon as much as she did a new opera, and her champagne and port at dinner as much as Lord Lovegoats did his: who spoke succulently of certain pâtés and entremets, and recommended choice varieties of sauces to you with an appreciative gusto which would have convinced the most sceptical of her own enjoyment thereof: a very

jolly woman, a very likeable one, good-hearted and good-tempered, detesting sentiment, loathing poetry, clever above mediocrity, plain in speech almost to insultingness, independent as the wind, courageous as a dragoon, and scorning utterly dependence and cowardice in others: a woman who would fight another woman's battles to the death if she cared for her; and lash vindictively a third who, for some occult reason, had not happened to take her fancy: in whom a certain set of ladies and most men of the world delighted: whose house was one of the pleasantest in London: whose most cavalier treatment was good-humouredly submitted to; and yet who had a perfect army of faults and eccentricities; and notably among the former, one of which no one would ever have accused her, and which she herself would have indignantly repudiated. Lady Bee cared so little for the opinions of society that she would come down-stairs whistling, in a loud tone, bars of favourite songs, and with a total disregard of the aristocratic ears listening to her from the drawing-room; and her friends said, "So like Bee Vanborough!—unconventional and easy to a fault: wouldn't alter one of her funny little home habits for the grandest bashaw living." But I see no easiness in a habit put on only to startle the grand bashaws, and not indulged in at all in her home privacy. Bee Vanborough never thought of whistling, at school-boy pitch, about the house when she was alone. It was the same with her conversation.

On the present occasion, Lady Bee was standing at the door of her boudoir, a pretty little place, chiefly composed of sea-green silk, point-lace, old china, and quaint bric-à-brac, with a couple of riding-whips and a fox's brush, supporting an original Murillo, over the chimney-piece, a pair of boxing-gloves and a homœopathic medicine chest in a corner, a case of silver-mounted pistols, one loaded, *open* on the console table.

"Now, come and make confession," she said, holding out her hand to Kate.

"What am I to confess, Bee?" said Kate, taking the two large, white, jewelled hands in hers. "It is not more than a fortnight since I came to see you."

"And twice in that fortnight I've seen a bay horse in the Row alongside of yours; and once I have dined with you, and found the legs that bestrode that bay ambling down to dinner with you. Who is he?"

"I suppose you mean——" began Katie.

"Katie, don't sham. You know whom I mean.—Doesn't she, my small fatty?" (taking up Dottie, who had accompanied her sister, and kissing her). "You know who is Kate's new friend, don't you?"

"'Es," said Dottie promptly; "Misser C'ive. Me lites him so much. Him dave me a doll."

"You are a worse humbug than your sister.—Kate, how can you teach her to be such an abominable deceiver? Of course I don't mean Bernard Clive, *his* day is over, but——"

"Mr. M'Kenzie, I suppose," said Kate quietly; "I was going to say his name, if you had let me answer instead of Dottie."

"And now tell me who he is."

"I thought you wanted to know his name."

"No, my child, I knew that already; but *who* is he?"

"A gentleman."

"Kate, don't try to be terse; it's not your line; besides, it betrays you. I begin now to believe in some of Mrs. de Ponsonby's gossip."

"You didn't before then? Well, Bee, without knowing it I can tell you one thing for yourself: first thoughts are truest with women."

"Sounds like one of Bernard Clive's sayings—is it? Kate, you're an awful flirt."

"A *flirt!*" cried Kate, opening her big eyes with injured indignation. "Well, I did not think *you* would call me that; and with Mr. Clive, too, whom I would not flirt with to save my——Why, we—we *hate* one another. I don't know any one I dislike so heartily."

"Strong language, Kate!" said Lady Bee, laughing provokingly, as she drew her big firm fingers through the shining gold of Dottie's loose locks. "And does she hate and detest Mr. M'Kenzie as well, Fatima?"

"Katie lites Misser M'Kenzie; Eve says so. Eve an' me lites Misser C'ive," Dottie answered volubly. "Him 'colds Katie, Eve says."

"Upon my word, young woman, you seem to be up in the domestic politics," laughed Lady Bee. "Scolds you, eh, Kate?"

"It is quite true," said Kate, scorning to deny, though her cheeks grew scarlet; "and remembering my meekness under scoldings at school, you may guess how fond I am of Mr. Clive. If Dick did not like him, I would never have let mama ask him to the house; but I think Dick and he do care for one another."

"And Dick's tastes are still A 1?"

"Dick's tastes will always be A 1, as you call it, Bee," said Kate good-humouredly. "Now, don't laugh at me; you've got no brother, and you don't understand Dick, or you would know what an immense blessing it is to have him for one."

"Kate, you're a good little thing," said Lady Vanborough meditatively.

"What! for loving Dick?" cried Kate, with one of her merry peals of laughter. "If one only requires that for canonisation, it is easy to be a saint. I only wish he were a *little* older: old enough for you now, Bee——"

"Thank you for nothing," exclaimed her friend, with a most unaffected expression of horror. "I'm not proud, but I hope——There, I'm not going to make you angry, Katie."

"I hope not," said Kate simply, "because I love you also, and I should be very angry with any one who sneered at me for doing so."

This was a rebuke, and Bee Vanborough took it for one, declaring herself annihilated, and in need of immediate sherry and bitters to support her under her load of shame, with a variety of absurd gestures which made Dottie's blue eyes round with wonder, and Kate's cheeks rosy with confusion, but which did not prevent

her from giving the latter an affectionate kiss the next moment, and, telling her she was a "dear, good little girl, and then she liked her better for her folly than other people for their wisdom." Kate grew redder still at this, and felt inclined to argue out the subject; but Bee Vanborough was a nasty person to tackle in an argument; and, afraid that she might injure her hero more than exalt him, Kate chose the better part of valour, and held her tongue. Said Bee—

"Seriously, Kittie, I am glad Dick's friend doesn't rank with Dick in your affections; for I am afraid it would be 'love's labour lost.'"

"Bee dear," said Kate wistfully, "Dottie *can* understand; and even if she couldn't, I hate that kind of talk—almost as much" (with a laugh) "as I hate its present subject."

"Spare your hatred, my child, for it won't lacerate his heart. That is otherwise disposed of."

"His *heart!*" (very scornfully), "I did not know he had such a thing. I never saw such a cold, insensible man in my life. I don't think he has any warm feelings in him—except for a dead brother; I forgot that. He did speak of him once as if he loved him—and then there's Dick, and perhaps mama, he likes."

"And? Go on, Katie, that is three, and I can tell you a fourth."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Grey."

"Mrs.——Not your companion surely, Bee! Why, I haven't seen her yet."

"And you won't now, because she is out; and she is very shy of seeing visitors into the bargain; but did not you know that Bernard Clive recommended her to me?"

"Mr. Clive! No," said Kate, with wide-open eyes; and then there flashed back upon her mind the evening when Clive had sounded her for her opinion of Lady Vanborough; and that subsequent one when the new companion's appearance had been the subject of conversation, Clive listening with apparent indifference till he threw in that casual word which damped Dick's ardour to see Lady Bee's phœnix. Looking back on it Kate felt rather warm. He might have said something; but—oh! it was just like him."

"Oh, yes! he recommended her to me," said Lady Vanborough, "and most earnestly too: told me that she had been living with his people, and showed me letters from his father and a Canon Digby speaking of her in the highest terms. I assure you he quite took me into his confidence (Fancy Bernard Clive confidential!) and was quite eloquent on the subject; but love makes all men alike; and I must say he didn't give her more than her due. She is wonderfully nice; only she makes one so awfully afraid of her—I declare I quite feel on my P's and Q's when she's in the room."

"She must be wonderful indeed!" cried Kate, laughing heartily at the idea of any one—a companion especially—keeping Lady Bee in check. "Well, I think better of Mr. Clive if he is capable of really loving any one, however unsuitable; and of course she must be a paragon of perfection for him to approve her."

"Kate, that is feminine spite."

"Yes, it is," owned Kate, after one little gasp at the accusation; "only I can't fancy him deigning to like any one the least imperfect or——"

"Why, bless my heart!" broke in Bee Vanborough, nearly tossing Dottie off her knee in the energy of the moment, "didn't you say he liked *Dick?*—Good gracious! I am forgetting again"—as a pair of reproachful brown eyes met hers full—"I beg pardon. Go on."

"I was only going to say that, as he is so much with us at present, I think he need not have been so close—so——Why, I call it almost deceitful;" and Kate narrated the little incident aforementioned in a tone of indignation which sent Lady Vanborough into fits of laughing.

"My dearest Kitty, don't you know that it is a speciality of lawyers to draw you out without committing themselves? But I wonder you didn't guess anything from the way in which he dashed cold water on Dick's little desires. Not that I would have let the young man come here to look at my property. I dare say he was longing to punch your brother's head. It seems that Mrs. Grey's husband, of whom she was devotedly fond, left her very badly off, poor thing! (an unpardonable sin in husbands, in my opinion; but that's not to the point) and that she lived with a spinster cousin, possessed of a nice little annuity, in a small cottage belonging to the Rev. Mr. Clive, Bernard's father. This cottage is almost attached to the rectory; and she won all hearts at the latter place in a jiffey, most particularly that of Bernard's brother, who lives at home as his father's curate. The Clives insisted on her coming to the rectory and staying with them. She wanted (she is disgustingly proud, you know) to get a situation as companion or housekeeper at some country house at once; but naturally Mr. Philip Clive wouldn't hear of that, and egged on the others to persuade her into remaining with them, for a time at least. The rector is blind, you know, and Mrs. Grey used to read and write for him, so that the widowed daughter, who likes society, was left more free for it; and then she worked for and visited the poor for Mr. Philip, and taught the little girl, and sang for Bernard when he came down—in fact, became the most useful member of the family (you should see what a lot of things she does for me, and all with such a stately sort of sweetness), and was looked on as quite one of them, until the curate went and proposed. Bernard was in London—he only runs down for flying visits to Woodleigh—and Mr Philip took advantage of the coast being clear to try his luck and—*fail!*"

"She preferred the other, then?" said Kate, interested, as all girls are, in a love-story. "How disagreeable the brother must be!"

"That is a matter of taste, my child. *I* like Bernard Clive. At any rate, Philip was refused, and wouldn't—positively wouldn't—take his refusal: went half crazy on the subject, declaring he would follow her

everywhere when she said she would leave Woodleigh unless he desisted, and persecuting her with tears, threats, and entreaties, till at last she fairly bolted—chose a day when he had gone to preach a charity sermon at the nearest town, and the sister—who, oddly enough, rather took his part—was somewhere else, and quietly walked off with her few possessions, bidding good-bye to the rector at the last moment and without saying where she was going, and merely leaving a very grateful farewell letter for the others. Young Clive traced her easily to a town about five miles off, and there lost the clue, and has never regained it (I believe those passionate entreaties which appear addressed to 'A. G., Myrtles,' in the second column of the *Times* every now and then, are from him), and I dare say he would be ready to kill Bernard if he knew that gentleman was acquainted with her whereabouts——"

"But he will have to know some day," broke in Kate. "I do not like the brother, Bee. If she prefers Bernard, he ought to have yielded directly. Persecuting a woman is not love. It is not even manly. I am vexed with Mr. Clive, too. Seeing that his brother, who knew her first, loved her so passionately, he ought to have kept out of her way. He ought never even to have *let* her love him. I would not come between Eve and any one she cared for. Bee, it is very unkind of you to laugh at me. You have no brothers and sisters, so you do not know. They are not a nice family. I would not like to be one of them."

"'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said," sang Lady Bee, in her full, clear voice, and with a most provoking accent. "Kate, your notions are beautifully fresh and green; but 'wait a wee,' as the Scotch say. They won't wash. No man living, if he honestly loves a woman, and is loved by her, will give her up, because his brother happens to have taken a mad fancy for her."

"Not unless he should chance to love his brother more than the woman, I suppose?" said Kate. "I dare say you are right, Bee. I don't profess to know much about such things yet; but still, I don't think any the better of Mr. Clive for not openly claiming her, instead of hiding it up. I can't bear secrets—secrets among families especially. He ought to marry her at once if he is going to do it at all, and then she would be protected from every one. I can't think why he doesn't, or why he lets her be a companion."

"I expect she has some voice in that matter, my dear. She *says* she won't marry at all."

"But I don't understand. I thought you implied they were engaged."

"Not publicly. Oh, no! I don't think it has come to that; but they make very little concealment of their regard for one another; and I expect he is pretty sure of his success. Indeed, why otherwise should she have sent for him when she fled from Philip, and made him her confidant and *cavalier servante?* But some widows, you know, like holding out and protesting unalterable devotion to the dear departed, till the very day they are led to the altar by the dear *secundus*."

"Then it is very silly of them," said Kate, with youthful severity, "and I don't think much of your beautiful heroine for giving all this useless pain and trouble for the sake of such a folly. If *I* loved any one, and he asked me to marry him, I should say, 'Yes, please,' at once, and jump for joy when he was gone. Why don't you speak to her, Bee, and tell her——"

"Speak to her!" cried Bee Vanborough, again subjecting Dottie to the shuttlecock process, until that much-enduring little damsel looked as if she were experiencing a storm at sea. "But you haven't seen Averil Grey, or you wouldn't ask that question. Why, I dare not *think* of speaking to her about her private affairs unless she introduced them. She's the most reserved and the most companionable woman you ever met—will talk of Woodleigh, the rector, and all of them, for an hour, without ever giving you an idea of the young man's admiration of herself; and will hardly ever allude to the husband she adored, though I'm sure I'm always telling her of poor dear Vanborough—when I can think of anything about him to tell her, at least. No; we are going off on a little quiet trip to Norway in the summer, and I shouldn't be surprised if we met Bernard Clive somewhere among the woods and fjords. In that case of course I shall ask him to join us. Mrs. Grey will say nothing, and look neutrally remonstrating; and the end of it will be that just as I've grown not to know what to do without her, she will calmly tell me she is going to be married next week, and I shall have to give them a wedding-breakfast, and say, 'B-b-bless you, my children,' with the best grace I can."

"Me's had my betfast an' my dinner too, me's had," said Dottie, suddenly growing tired of playing audience and striking into the dialogue. "Me has bed an' milt for my betfast, an' nurse puts sudar in when me's dood—bwown sudar. Does oo lite bwown sudar?"

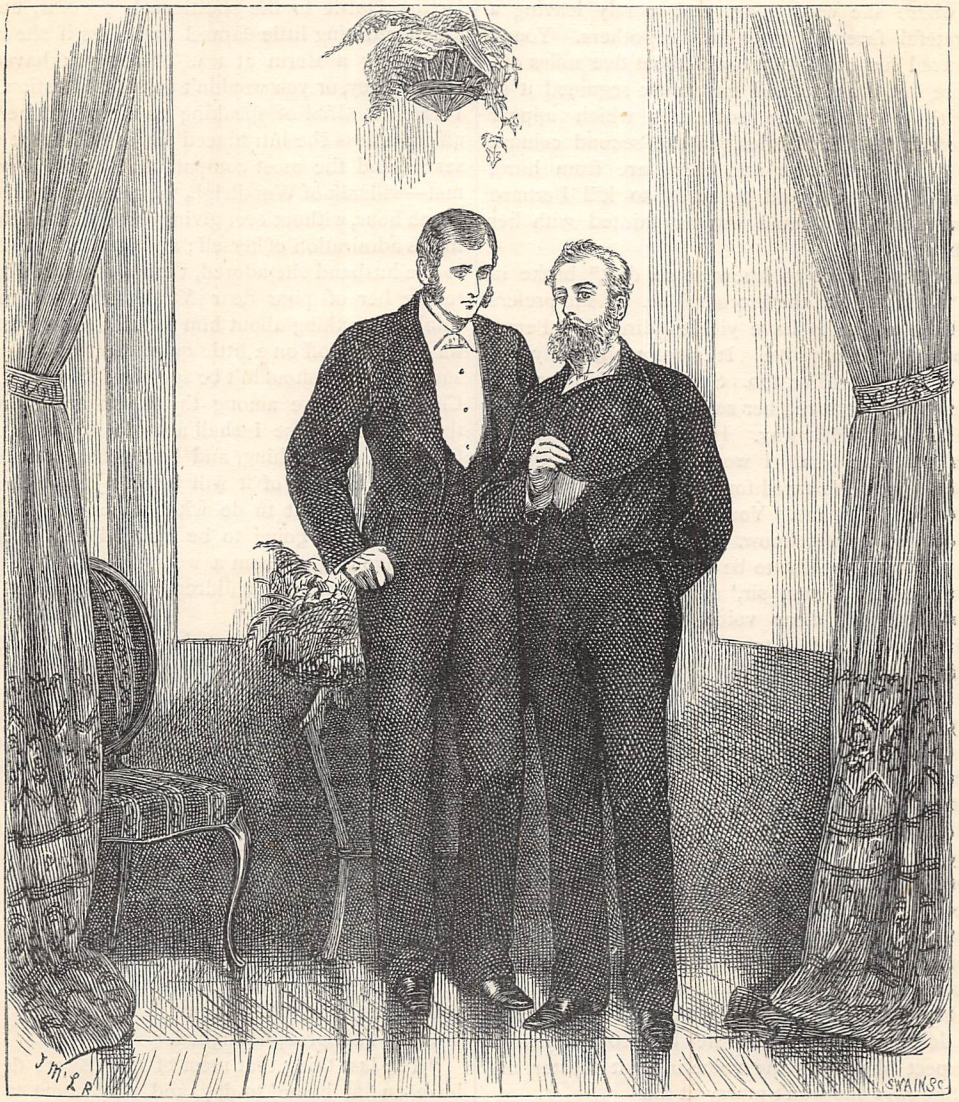
"Better than any other delicacy in the world," Lady Vanborough answered, clasping her hands in the fervour of her acquiescence. "Hark! isn't that the bell? Now commence my visitors and my visitors' twaddle. Well, Kate, what are you fidgetting for?"

"I was looking to see whether Dick was coming," said Kate, coming back from an excursion to the window. "He promised to call for me at a quarter past three; and I came early that I might have a talk with you before your visitors came."

Lady Vanborough laughed.

"The last thing that most of my visitors desire! I have an 'at home' to-day, and they come to it; but they don't want to see me, and I don't want to see them. Mrs. A comes that she may say, 'I always go to Lady Vanborough's Fridays.' It's the handle she cares about, not the name or the person. Mrs. B, because I can get hold of professional singers, and she likes hearing good music gratis. Miss C, to meet Mr. D; and Mr. D, to meet Miss C. It's not for me, or *my* society, that my house gets filled so full that——Ah! Mrs. Delamayne, how d'you do? How is your sister? Last time I saw her she was flirting so abominably on Lady Peacock's stairs with young Dalziels that——Mr. de Ponsonby, how do *you* do?

When are you going to come of age again, and collect another delightful crowd, to dance with each other and make believe it is for your sake?——Mrs. van Doorn, you don't mean to say you've come again without your husband, when you know that I only ask you on his account!——How are you, Mr. Bellew? Come for your sister? Oh, nonsense! I'm not going "You've meanly escaped telling me anything about—you know who. Never mind, if Eve is going to have the small-pox, or anything, you'll have to come here out of the way, and I shall hear all about it.——Mr. Bellew, please tell your friend Clive that now his recess has come he has no excuse for avoiding my Fridays. I haven't got the plague."



"DON'T YOU SEE HER? SHE IS THE SIMPLEST-DRESSED GIRL IN THE ROOM" (*p.* 226).

to let her go. I like her a great deal better than I do you."

"But I must go now," said Kate, coming forward to her brother's rescue. (He was not fond of Lady Vanborough's jokes.) "I promised mama to be back by half-past three. Eve is very unwell. That is why I brought Dottie out, for we don't know if she is sickening for anything; and Miss Smith left yesterday for her Easter holidays; so good-bye."

"Good-bye, my child," said Bee, kissing her.

And then at last the young Bellews got away, and found themselves on the stairs. A tall lady in black was coming up at the same time, and put out a quick, kindly hand to save Dottie from stumbling.

"Dat's a pwetty lady," said Dottie, with infantine frankness, and tugging at Kate's hand to attract her attention; and Kate, glancing upwards with a smile of thanks, looked admiringly into one of the fairest and noblest faces she had ever seen.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

III.—LIVING ON THE EDGE.

YES, and with a constant fear of falling over. All round the rim of this great city, the suburbs of London, and in many other large towns in England, there are "genteel" neighbourhoods where the inhabitants are in constant danger of sliding into actual pauperism, and are kept from utter poverty and want only by a marvellous faculty of making shift—a method of tiding over constantly recurring difficulties, which keeps them as it were at a perpetual gasp, and causes them to wonder every day what will happen when they are unable any longer to contrive to stop one gap by making another. I am not at all certain that one may not sometimes find more painful spectacles in the homes of those who represent what is called "genteel" poverty," than among the recognised poverty-stricken class of the community. The very fact that the acknowledgment of their sore need, and the sort of complaint which appeals for assistance from every organised charity, can only be wrung from such people by the stress of extreme suffering, makes it difficult to measure their needs.

To the constant efforts by which alone they can obtain the necessaries of life, is added the almost agonising endeavour to "keep a respectable appearance." Not only have they to struggle against the wolf whose grim muzzle is perpetually near the door, but they must be always ready to stand in front of the brute, in order to hide his presence from their neighbours.

It is scarcely too much to say that there are whole rows of terraces, villas, cottages, or other euphemistically named tenements in various parts of suburban London, from Walworth to Old Ford, and from Somers Town to New Cross, where, if in an hour of mutual confidence each resident told all the rest, of the poverty and difficulty he had to endure, there would be a general alliance against the tax-gatherer, a vehement and united protest against the increase of local rates, and a demand which would soon become irresistible that the charge for the relief of the poor should be borne in equal proportion by the whole metropolis, if not by the entire country.

THE TAX-GATHERER.

The very houses in which these people live—the "eligible" residences for which many a poor clerk or struggling employé, who may be said to belong to the class of "casual gentility," has to pay nearly a fourth of his entire income—challenge attention, for they are often illustrative of the ruinous conditions under which that income has to be expended. We constantly hear of the necessity for "improved dwellings for the labouring classes," and there can be no doubt that the need is a crying one; but the terms in which it is expressed should have a wide signification. Whenever real practical legislation is brought to bear upon the subject, it might be as well to decide if there is a building Act still in existence,

and if sanitary laws are really represented by the demand for certain rates which now fall heavily on the tax-payer: for lighting and paving, when the roads are dark and dismal swamps; for "general purposes," when there is no regular dustman to empty the bin of household refuse which is immediately under the back-window; and when pools of filthy street-scrapings, mixed with litter and offensive offal, lie in front of unfinished houses, to be used in making plaster walls, and to fill up the caverns in the front areas, whence the gravel or earth has been dug out.

Who has not seen the sort of houses to which genteel poverty is compelled to resort, in the absence of "improved dwellings for the *struggling* classes?"—houses, the carcases of which are run up by speculative builders, who, having procured a long lease of a plot of land, set to work to raise a loan on the shells of indifferent brick and mortar. Who has not wondered at the flimsy walls; the slimy, evil-smelling plaster; the new American wood, cut into mere matches of timber to support sham arches of composition made to look like stone; the half-decayed timbers, refuse of old building materials used up afresh; the floor-boards, with their ends just resting on joists barely sufficient to sustain the weight of substantial furniture; the wet that collects in muddy pools about the areas, the small cisterns, the ineffectual drain-pipes, the escaping gas, the ceilings that show zigzag cracks, and fall beneath the rumble of a heavy foot? It is in houses like these that the families of genteel poverty seek a home, and have to pay heavy rentals to some dubious landlord, who is constantly putting his property up to auction.

Let us go a little further, and see how the law protects the tenant. Not only has he always a little sheaf of threatening notices from the parish stuck somewhere out of sight behind the ornaments of his sitting-room mantel-piece, but he is called upon to pay, out of the poor stock of ready money needed to find his children in daily food, demands which can only righteously be made upon the landlord. Not only the Queen's taxes, but the actual ground rent, is chargeable to him, in case the speculative leaseholder should omit to pay it; and to both these are added special claims made on the landlord by the district Board of Works, which sends in its peremptory notice for the money to be brought to the officials, and afterwards to be deducted from rent which may not be due. If the tenant hesitates, and the landlord meanwhile applies for the quarter's rent, the genteel family may expect to see another and very ungenteel inmate added to their circle in the shape of a man in possession, who sprawls upon their furniture, has to be fed, and, with his employer the sharp broker, who knows that he has five chances to one in his favour, runs up a pretty little bill of cost for the levy and distraint.

The rent may actually be in the house, and the man in possession paid under protest that there is a demand from the Board of Works against the landlord; but the arguments of the frightened wife, and the agitation of the children, are all unavailing: the inventory is commenced; and in addition to the rent, the costs of warrant and fee for man in possession are demanded, while the deduction for Queen's taxes, a property-tax which the tenant has been forced to pay on behalf of the landlord, is refused, although the tax-paper declares that such refusal makes the owner of the house liable to a heavy penalty.

This is the state of the law by Act of Parliament, because Acts of Parliament are not made by men who understand how the machinery of the law may be made to grind those who are already under the pressure of constant liabilities. For genteel poverty is dumb. It has learnt long ago that the "respectable classes" regard poverty as a disgrace, and that in order to retain a position that will enable him to live, the struggling clerk with a family, the employé, whose "advance" is but five pounds a year until he reaches a maximum which still leaves him engaged in a silent hand-to-hand fight, the poor professional man, whose constant labour of brain and nerve only just suffices to clothe and feed and educate his children, must keep silence, or attract public attention to their needs at the risk of losing their position.

I have previously drawn from the life the condition of people whose necessities are obvious, and in many cases are matters of absolutely public concern. In dozens of foul streets and districts where the law of the land is constantly disregarded with impunity, the door of the dilapidated tenement in which a score of destitute creatures may be huddled together opens to the policeman's touch. At the visit of the inspector a signal goes up the common stair, and no room is too private for his official survey. It may be a bare apartment, with the broken ceiling threatening to come down upon heaps of shavings and old sacks that represent beds, whereon human beings seek warmth and rest. It may be a damp cellar, where four families occupy the corners, and cower like wild animals under their heaps of rags as the bull's-eye shines upon them, and they blink in its glare. It is to be hoped that week by week such possibilities will diminish, till they shall disappear altogether, though there is still a danger of the terrible reports of such things becoming so familiar to us that we may lose that first horror, that pity, that indignant shame which should lead to instant, earnest, almost impetuous action.

It is to quite a different class of people that we must look, and mostly in quite different neighbourhoods, if we would seek the poverty that makes no sign—the distress that is borne dumbly, the need that goes on from day to day, from month to month, often from year to year; the need that, without becoming absolute want—the distress that, stopping short of actual destitution, yet goes far to wear out the courage and to embitter the lives of men and women who are both above and below the aid that may be secured by the persistent outcry which is made by the "working" or the "privileged" classes. For it must be remembered that to the respectable employé any kind of personal publicity is very often most injurious. His masters object to it, for it results in

loss of time and draws too much attention to themselves. He cannot without risk appeal to a magistrate for protection against illegal distraint, or for advice how to act under the intricate difficulties of his position between Crown and local board, or tax-gatherer and landlord. He, perhaps, cannot even bring himself to take advantage of the Education Act for obtaining instruction for his children, for his ambition has been to keep his girls away from contact with vulgar poverty, and his boys from the contamination of the streets; and how can he send them even in their patched boots, which he finds it so hard to keep mended, and their clean but shabby clothes, to the Board schools, where their classmates are just taken from the lanes and alleys, and are often not only ragged and barefoot, but with the evil knowledge that is, alas! so soon disseminated?

The circumstances of his life have tended to paralyse that sort of energy which can overthrow conventional prejudice—the very nature of his daily employment has deadened the vital force that would lead the skilled artisan, or the representative of the labouring classes, to a defiant attitude and independent action. As he finishes his hasty breakfast, with perhaps a feeling of remorse that he has taken so big a slice from the family dinner, and while he is pulling on his boots and his wife is helping him on with his well-brushed but threadbare coat, he must often wish, not without a suspicion of envy, that he had been born in a different sphere—if, indeed, he can be said to occupy any sphere at all at present.

How is such a man to economise according to the approved rules of those censors who shake their heads at his improvidence, as they fill up the cheques to pay their own quarterly bills? His three months' stipend is bespoken before he receives it. The difficulty is how to divide it among the tradespeople so that it may represent solvency, and secure further credit. With coals at "strike" prices, and food charged for in accordance with the operations of monopolists who hold the markets—with the quarter's rent to pay, and taxes accompanied by summons papers—with a doctor's bill left from the time when there was scarlatina about (in consequence of the drains being wrong somewhere), with the bootmaker and the clothier to settle with, even if there may be a well-to-do relative who sends cast-off garments to be made up for the children, how is the three months' wage to be eked out?

They have credit still. Tradespeople are not unwilling to supply them with the little red-covered books wherein the weekly supplies of meat and bread, grocery, and household requisites are entered; and, but for this, how could they live till the quarter-day came round? They do in some sense live on hope, through tears and sighs, and sometimes through some bereavement; but the man often grows old before his time, and the threadbare places in his shabby clothes soon begin to stare out, as though they refused any longer to aid him in self-deception. Then he may be pardoned for thinking, "Why was I not born so that there would have been no need to hide the poverty that breaks me down?" Perhaps some sudden demand for payment—a doctor's bill, an insolvent tradesman, refusal of an anticipated credit—has confused all the careful calculations that made every shilling take a peculiar representative value. What are they to do? One by one, the little household superfluities disappear, on that mysterious journey in the black bag, which father or mother takes out after dark, to the street where the pawnbroker's shop stands, with a private door round the corner. And what is the next attempt to be? To ask for increased pay? Pooh! there are hundreds of people ready to take his place to-morrow at less than he receives. Younger men than he, perhaps; for it is not a trade that he follows, and the foreign market gives a plentiful supply.

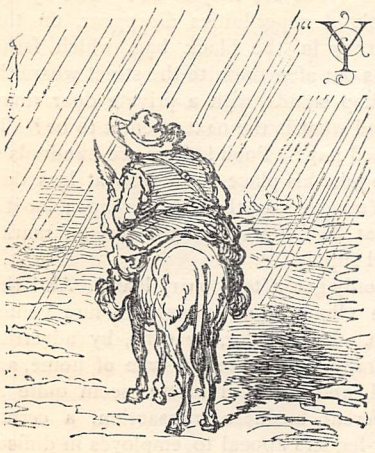
If he could only get a temporary loan! Ah! that devil is at his elbow often enough, to lure genteel poverty to ruin. By circular, by card, by advertisement, artfully framed to make the sale of home, and peace of mind, and personal safety seem quite an ordinary indifferent business transaction, a certain class of money-lenders appeal to employés in difficulties. Only the most secret and delicate inquiry in the world! A bill with the name of a fellow-clerk upon it, a merely nominal bill of sale on your furniture. What can be easier than to pay off all your small debts and lump them into one big sum to an accommodating creditor, who, if the worst comes to the worst, will probably renew, at a definite rate of interest? The descent is swift then; only the strong and the determined find that "things come round" even with tremendous pulling, and after undergoing the horrors of slavery to a master who is never to be identified except by legal process. In all probability, the reality of the bill of sale is made obvious; the man in possession remains after the family has gone out, stripped and penniless, and on the "genteel villa" appears a bill announcing a sale of the various effects.

And what is to be done? Nothing. The only cure is in the next generation, when men will refuse to let boys grow up without a handicraft, or without a definite position requiring special and valuable knowledge—when girls will think domestic service no more menial than working at factories, and a position as a domestic in a family as attractive as ten hours a-day in a mechanical occupation, with liberty in the streets at night—when boys and girls will learn callings that may stand them in good stead in one or other of our colonies.

But can legislation do nothing? I think it can. It can enforce the provisions of existing laws which affect building and sanitary measures; it can organise and develop the means of middle-class education, by the application to their original purpose of large sums of money left in charitable trusts. It may insist on other charitable bequests being devoted as they were intended to be, to the relief of the sick, the poor, and the unfortunate of a certain position in the social scale; and it may seriously set itself to reduce the enormous cost of government, to diminish local taxation, and to bring about an equal distribution of those rates which now press most heavily on poor householders.

SWEPT FROM THE EARTH.

A STORY OF SPANISH AMERICA.



"YOU ask why I won't go up into the mountains with you, señor," said Blas Maldito, glancing his keen black eye over the endless level of the Pampas, as if he could actually see the Andes in the distance even while he spoke of them. "Well, it's because I've been among 'em once already; and *then* I made a vow that, if I escaped that time, I'd never set foot near them again. Would you like to hear the story? Very good, I'll tell it you :—

My old master, Don Esteban de Manara (may God be good to him, as he was good to me!) was a Chileno [Chilian] of the old stock; and he used to live on the other side of the mountains, not far from the place where, nowadays, the Valparaiso Railway runs into Santiago. But either it was his own fancy, or else (as I've always thought) he got into trouble with the Government; anyhow, he one day sold all he had, and bought a rancho out here on the eastern side of the Andes, just where the great plains end and the lowest ridges begin; and there he settled himself, with his cattle, and his horses, and his servants, and all, and began to live the life of a ranchero.

I was the son of Don Esteban's steward, and brought up in the house almost from a child; so that my master and I were more like father and son than master and servant—and that's often the way with us on the plains.

When I was quite a boy, I used to carry his spare gun when he went out shooting; and many a brave day's sport have we had among the Cordilleras, before he came to live on this side. And very kind to me he was; always took care not to tire me out—though I'd never have owned to it if he had—and once, when I got a bad fall, carried me home on his own shoulders and doctored me himself. Ay, he was a good master, by all the saints! and I'd have done anything to serve him. That's only give and take, after all. If a man's good to me, I stand by him to the death; if he's bad to me, I put my *macheté* [hunting-knife] between his ribs, and there's an end of it. That's my way of thinking.

I must tell you, however, that the señora his wife didn't much like our being out alone together so often. Not that she feared any harm to him from *me*—she wasn't such a fool as that; but an old Guahiba woman, who passed for a witch (St. Jago preserve us from evil!) had once told us that I should be *with the master at his death;* and although we all laughed at it at the time, it *stuck* somehow.

Well, one day (it'll be long before I forget it) I was out on the plains as usual, on the trail of some cattle that had got lost, when all at once, far away to my right, I espied something lying on the ground, and made for it. In that clear air you can see anything miles away, and it took me a good ride to get to it; but as I came nearer, it seemed to me to look very much like a man! And a man it was, sure enough, when I came up to it—lying face downwards on the grass. But such a plight as he was in, blessed saints! I could have pitied him if he'd been a heretic! He was all but stripped, and the sun had burned his skin into great blisters, and his feet and arms were covered with deep scratches, over which the flies had swarmed by thousands; and there was a big wound on one side of his forehead, which seemed to have bled a good deal, for when I lifted him his face was all smeared with dried blood; and his bones were fairly pricking through his skin with hunger, and altogether he was in no better case than the chain-gang of Antonio Sedenno.* No one who looked at him would have bet a real upon his being alive; but he *was* though, as I very soon found out when I turned him over.

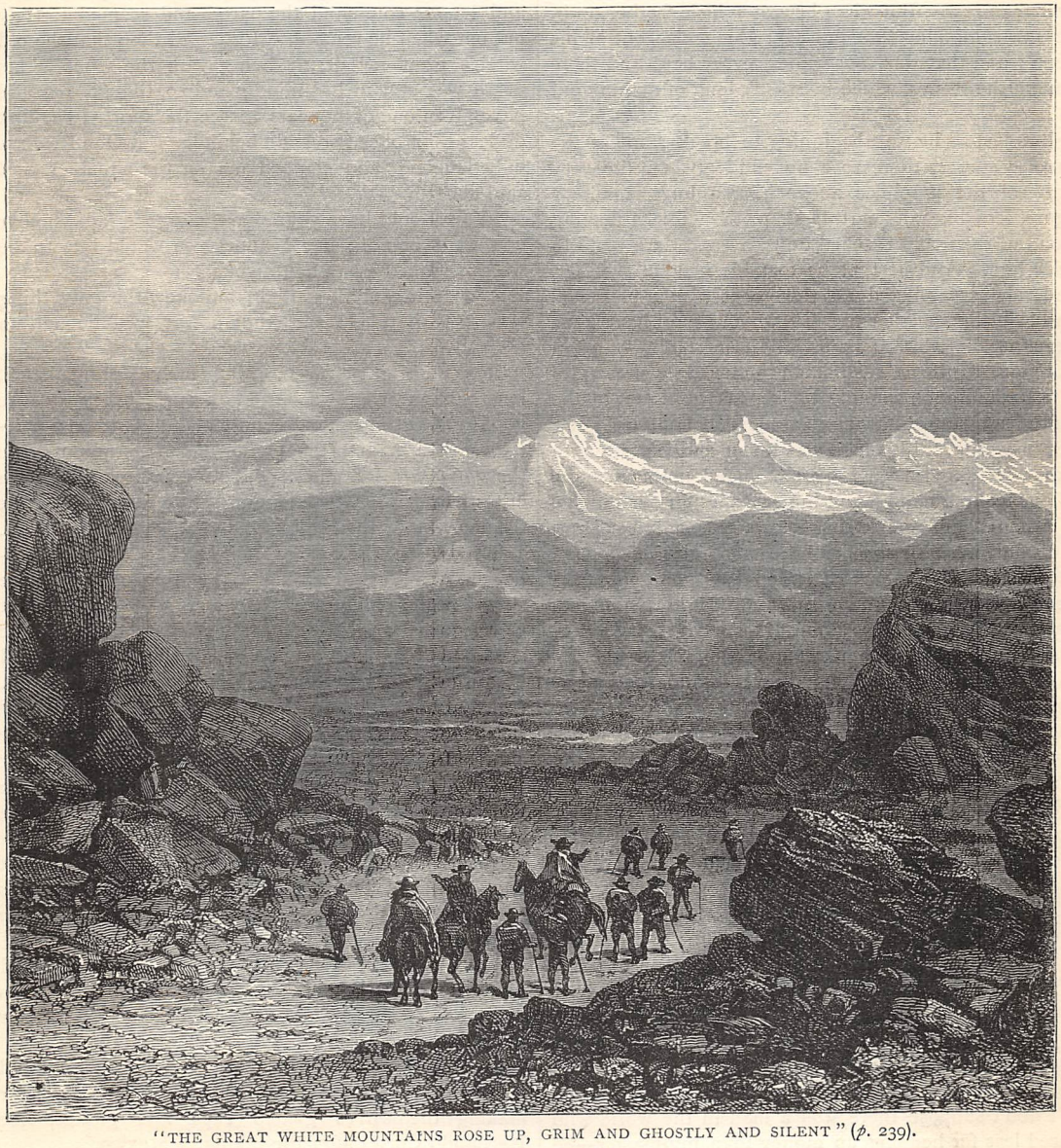
Well, of course I couldn't leave him there, though I knew that by stopping to help him I was as good as losing all chance of the cattle; but my master was always telling us that a man's life was worth more than any amount of riches, and that he who wouldn't show mercy upon a man in trouble, didn't deserve to have any shown to himself. Besides, by the way this fellow's hair was plaited, and by the few scraps of clothing that remained to him, I judged him to be an *Indio bravo* (which, as I dare say you know, is the name we give to the *wild* Indians, to distinguish them from the *Indios mansos*, or tame Indians of the settlements); and it occurred to me that, if any more of his tribe were about, our having helped *him* might be a safeguard against them. So I lifted him on to my horse (and, faith! it was no great feat, for he was as light as a lady's mantilla), and carried him home to the rancho.

And then what a work they made over him!—as great a fuss as if they were getting ready for a bull-fight. Some ran this way, some that way; and it was who should be first to warm water, and prepare bandages, and spread mats for him to lie upon; and those who could find nothing to do stood and stared at him, as if he had been the blessed St. Jago himself in his golden armour. For out on the plains, you see, where you very often don't see a man for weeks to-

* An old Spanish conqueror, who, returning from a foray, chained his Indian prisoners together to prevent their escape.

gether, anything's an event; and I'll be bound that not one of our people slept a wink that night for wondering whoever this fellow could be. But they had to go on wondering a good while before they found out anything; for he was stark mad for a week after I brought him in, and he raved night and day like a man with the yellow fever.

his voice would suddenly sink down to a terrified whisper, and he would stare straight at the wall, and mutter about the spirits of the mountain rising up to guard their treasures, and about huge hands outstretched to seize him, and fiery eyes glaring out of the rock-clefts, and feet whose tramp echoed like thunder through the deep gloomy gorges; and then



"THE GREAT WHITE MOUNTAINS ROSE UP, GRIM AND GHOSTLY AND SILENT" (*p.* 239).

Now, this by itself wouldn't have mattered a bit; for we'd had plenty of sick men under our hands before now, and they had all chattered queerly enough when the fit was on them. But the thing about this fellow was, that his talk was all about gold away up in the mountains, and "placers" richer than any in Potosi, and the sun glinting on great veins of metal in among the rocks, till it fairly made one's mouth water to hear him. And then, just as he was in the thick of it, he would wring his hands, and gnash his teeth, and roll his eyes about, until all the women about him scattered like a herd of wild horses when you dash in among them.

But he got better after a time, and then he *did* tell us a story! He had been crossing the mountains with a party of his tribe, and had somehow strayed from them—he didn't tell us how. While he was wandering hither and thither, trying to recover the trail, he

he suddenly came into a great deep cañon [gorge], seemingly the dry bed of a river or mountain torrent, which went up, up, up into the very heart of the hills, far beyond the reach of his eyes; and on either side of it the rocks rose steep and black, making the whole gorge as gloomy as a grave; and here and there in between them, a bare sapless tree shivered in the wind; and altogether it was a grim, ghastly place as ever man saw. But when he got a little farther up it, he saw something that put everything else out of his head; and that was a sparkling every here and there among the stones, which he wasn't long of making out to be *gold!*

But just as he was beginning to break some of the smaller stones, there rose up suddenly, on the very brow of the precipice above him, a huge shadowy figure, less like any earthly shape than like a floating cloud of dust, and reached down a great dark hand to seize him. And at that he lost his head altogether, and ran screaming down the gorge like a madman, and in his haste got a bad fall, which would have gone near to cripple him if he had been in cool blood; but in that terror he minded it no more than a mosquito-bite, and kept on running till he was quite out of the gully. And after that he wandered about he knew not how long, till his food was spent and his strength exhausted; and then he remembered nothing more, till he woke up and found himself snug in our rancho.

Altogether it was a queer story—a very queer story indeed; and I hardly knew what to think of it. On the one hand, it's well known that ever since the heathen idolaters, whom our forefathers conquered, practised their accursed fooleries in those mountains, Satan has had great power there (may the Holy Mother protect us all from harm!) and that many evil things have been seen and heard there; but, on the other hand, I knew by my own experience that a man who has been out in the sun for days together, upon short allowance of food, will make a ghost out of a bush, or a puff of sand, or a waterfall, or anything you like. But if I was not quite sure about the spectre, the gold seemed likely enough; and I believed it all the more because, when our master came to see him, the fellow told *him* the very same story, without changing a word; and he described the place just as if he saw it, even to a spear-pointed crag that stood on one side of the mouth of the gorge, and could be seen a long way off. And he finished by saying that, in thanks to my master for all his kindness, he was ready to show us the way to the placer, and help to get out the gold.

I don't suppose there was a man in the world who cared less for heaping up money than my master—he was all for letting it run; but if the blessed St. Jago himself were upon earth again, and any one offered him a whole placer of gold for nothing, I'll be bound he wouldn't say, "No."

My master agreed at once, and, having heard all that the fellow had to say, fully believed every bit of the story. Would that he had never heard a word of it! But I mustn't tell you the end before the beginning.

Of course, the first thing our master did was to tell the señora all about it; but she didn't like it at all. In the first place, she had always had a horror of the Indians ever since some of them nearly carried her off when she was a little girl; and besides, brave as she was in most things, she always got anxious about her husband the moment he was out of her sight. So she tried all she could to persuade him to stay at home, and let *me* command the party, and seemed terribly put out when he refused. I guessed then that the old witch's prophecy of my being with the señor at his death was still in her mind; and so, though I would have given one of my ears to see the sport, I couldn't do less than offer to remain behind. But Don Esteban only laughed, and clapped me on the shoulder, and said cheerily—

"You should have your share, my good lad, whether you went or not; but I know you would like to be with me, and I won't baulk you."

And so it was all settled; and now the only thing was to wait till Master Indian was well enough to travel.

It was a bright clear morning (I shall remember it long enough) when we started on our journey—twelve good and true men, eight on foot and four on horseback, all armed to the teeth—and our Indian guide the *thirteenth*. Some of our men muttered to each other that this was a bad number to start with; but the thought of the gold kept them from saying much. I can see the whole thing now as if it had just happened: the great green plain stretching away into the sky—the sun rising in all its glory—the painted front of the rancho, with its little white verandah—the horses prancing and neighing as if they quite enjoyed it—the men in their broad-leaved hats and white tunics, with their red scarves twisted round their waists, and the carbines slung over their shoulders—the wild figure of the Indian, darting his great black eyes restlessly to and fro, like a bird of prey—the señora standing in the balcony, kissing her hand to our master as he turned in his saddle to wave her a good-bye—*Ay de mi!* If I had guessed then what was to come of that day's work, I'd have driven my knife through the ribs of that Indian dog as readily as ever I ate a *tortilla* [wheaten cake].

Away we went, as merry a party as you could find on the Pampas that day; and there were many jokes among the men—what they would do with their treasures when they got them. Some said they would shoe their horses with silver, as Francisco Pizarro did when he came back from Peru; and some were for making themselves golden caps and girdles, like Hernando Cortez after the taking of Mexico.

And so, for the first day, everything went gaily enough; but when we began to approach the mountains, their great shadow seemed to press down all our fun and spirit, and we grew as silent as so many monks. And indeed it was no wonder; for now the green sunny plain began to fade away behind us, and the ground got rugged and broken, and great rocks piled themselves up on either side, round which the cold winds moaned drearily; and here and there a

mountain-goat peered at us over the edge of the precipices, and fled away with a shrill cry; and overhead a vulture came sailing on his wide wings, and then flapped away with a hoarse scream, as if scenting prey; and, far away in front of us, the great white mountains rose up, grim and ghostly and silent, like the army of Death. Even my master was silent and moody—he who always had a cheery word for us; and I felt my heart beat as it hadn't done since I was ten years old.

Suddenly there was a great cry from the foremost men, which sounded strange and startling in that silent place, as if one had shouted in a church. Far in the distance, we could just descry a *spear-pointed crag*, with a dark opening beside it like the mouth of a pit. The place was found!

Then we all shouted at once, and the horsemen spurred their beasts, and the footmen mended their pace, and we all made speed to reach it. But when we got there we found it so steep and stony, that we were forced to leave our horses behind, and clamber up the gully as best we might. As we went up, I looked sharply to right and left, and saw that the whole place was pretty much as the Indian had described it; but by the breadth and depth of the channel, I judged it to be no mere torrent-bed, but the actual channel of a river, which had probably been turned out of its course by a dam higher up, so as to lay bare the gold in the lower channel. By the dryness of the stones, it must have been done years upon years ago—perhaps in the time of the old Conquistadores; but I can well remember how it comforted me, in this grim desolate place, which seemed fairly given over to the powers of evil, to feel as if some human hand might have been actually at work there before our own.

But just as the thought came into my mind, the Indian, who for some time past had been looking very strange, and glancing nervously over his shoulder every now and then, broke out with a scream that I never heard the like of.

"He comes! he comes! the mountains shake under his feet, and his eyes glare like lightning! He is wroth with us for daring to pry into his secret places! The shadow of his hand is over our heads! We are lost!—we are lost for ever!"

Then I saw it all, and cursed my folly for not seeing it before. There could be no mistake now—the man was mad!

We all looked at each other in dismay; but before any one could say a word, there came a dull crash far up in the mountains, and then a deep booming sound, which I had heard too often not to recognise it at once. I cried out like a madman, and ran forward (I happened to be a little behind the rest) to try and save my master even now; but it was too late. In an instant the whole length of the gorge above us broke into a whirl of flying spray, and a great dark mass came plunging down upon us, as if the whole mountain were uprooted at once. I had just time to spring like a cat up one of the flanking cliffs, when the whole valley below me was one roaring, leaping waterfall, the spray of which lashed me even where I stood. The river had broken its dam, and turned back into its old course again; and my poor master, and my comrades, and the Indian villain who led us all into the scrape, were swept from the earth as if they had never been!

All that night I clung to the ledge, listening to the roar and champing of the torrent below me, and feeling the very rock itself shake at every stroke. It seemed as if the dawn would never come; but when it did, I saw in a moment that the track by which I had come was impassable for evermore, and that my only chance was to scale the cliffs to the very top, and then try to get back some other way.

How I did get back at last, I don't know to this day; but this I do know, that during that night I made a most solemn vow that, let me once get back alive, I'd never set foot in those hills again; and I don't know that thing on earth that could tempt me to break my word.

DAVID KER.

GOOD-BYE.

THE sun in the sky above shines bright,
Its glancing rays of golden light
Gleam all around;
And the dancing sunbeams softly fleck,
With many a shadowy line, the deck
Of an Outward Bound.

A sailor and his wife stand there,
Her face all sad with grief and care
And troublous fears;
Their little child, with glance up-bent,
Looks on in curious wonderment
To see her tears.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" the sailor cries;
"Let not the tear-drops dew thine eyes,
My own sweet wife;
One last fond kiss before we part,
Press close to mine thy beating heart,
And still its strife.

"My comfort, darling, is to know
It is not death that parts me so
From thy sweet face;
A few months hence, and o'er the sea
The waves will bring me back to thee,
To rest and peace."

Alas, brave heart! but three days more,
And the waves *had* brought thee back to shore,
But not in life!
And the sun went down in radiance wild
On the faces of thine orphaned child
And weeping wife.

G. W.

"ONE LAST FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART" (*p.* 239).

A PLUNGE INTO DANNEMORA.

"FAST, mine goot sir!" cries my driver, in his eagerness to be off; "we shall hardly get there by noon, unless we make haste."

"And what if we don't?" ask I, getting into the carriole.

"What if we don't!" echoes the Master of the Horse, scandalised at my unpatriotic apathy. "Why, the *explosions* are at noon —the finest sight of all! all the English gentlemen go to see *them!* Good Heaven! is not the Herre Pastor ready yet?"

The question is answered by a jolly laugh from the old pastor himself, who jumps in beside me with a nimbleness over which his seventy-five years seem to have no power. The driver shakes his reins, the horses' bells jingle merrily, and away we go!

We are bound on a visit to the great mine of Dannemora, perhaps the most striking "sight" in Sweden; and, with the triple preparation of a good night's rest, a glorious summer morning, and such a breakfast as one can only get from a hospitable Lutheran pastor in patriarchal Sweden (comprising every national dainty from reindeer-tongue to fresh salmon), I am just in the humour for enjoying the expedition to the full. And certainly it is very enjoyable. Fresh air, bright sunshine, the luxury of swift motion; shadowy depths of green forest, through which a charming little brook goes dancing and sparkling among its smooth round stones; and in the foreground the neat little red-tiled houses* of the village, clustering—like chickens about the mother-hen—around the quaint old church, at one end of which stands the little many-gabled parsonage that we have just quitted. There is an atmosphere of old-world simplicity and repose (only too rare now-a-days in tourist-haunted Europe) about every feature of this primitive little place, with its black and white crossbeams, its sly little diamond-paned windows, its tilt-covered wagons lumbering behind teams of broad-horned oxen, and its queer, many-cornered market-place, overshadowed by one huge patriarchal tree. Here and there groups of sturdy labourers, in steeple-crowned hats and blue woollen stockings, stand chatting as they may have done in the days when a Reign of Terror hung darkly over beautiful Stockholm, and when the last of the blood-royal was skulking in the mines of Dalecarlia. From such little nooks as this came the stout soldiers who, under "Father Gustav Adolf," turned to flight, upon many a hard-fought field, the godless janissaries of Tilly and Wallenstein; and a single glance at the firm, helpful, manly faces of these stalwart villagers is quite sufficient to show that, even in this peaceful age, the good old Svenske blood has not yet grown cold.

The highways of Eastern Sweden are as solid as those of granite-paved Finland itself; and, with such a team upon such a road, we make very short work of the distance, though to the devouring impatience of our charioteer the time doubtless seems long enough. However, even he is satisfied when we pull up at length, with a good ten minutes to spare, in front of a long, low, wooden building not unlike a warehouse, at the door of which the director-in-chief of the mine steps forward to greet us with a very hearty welcome.

"Glad to see you, Mr. K——," says he, in perfectly good English. "I thought you'd be coming about this time—nobody ever thinks of missing the explosions. We're just going to begin blasting now—will you come and look?"

I enter accordingly, and am led up to a kind of little sentry-box in the far corner, mounted by four steps, like the stairs of a pulpit. My host, with a knowing smile suggestive of a "great surprise" in store for me, motions to me to go up, and I do so unsuspectingly; but my first glance downward strikes me like a sudden shock. This innocent-looking pulpit masks a sheer precipice of 600 feet, over which I find myself hanging as if suspended in mid-air, with the whole of the wonderful panorama below outspread before me like a map. Notwithstanding the ghostly haze which rises from the masses of eternal ice below, I can see, as distinctly as if in a model under a powerful microscope, the ladders and barrows, and the swarm of human ants moving ceaselessly to and fro. But the pickaxes fall and the barrows roll without the slightest noise—for at that tremendous depth all sounds are extinct for those above; and this utter absence of sound, in a scene so crowded with life and bustle, has in it something very weird and unearthly.

"There's the realisation of our old Norse legends, which you are so fond of," remarks the old pastor stepping up beside me. "You remember how Helgi looked down into the 'secret places of Swartheim,' and beheld the trolls and gnomes burrowing in the deepest caverns of the earth? Well, here you have it all, just like a photograph."

"And a very picturesque one, too. But see! Why are they all running like that?"

"Getting under cover, you know. The train's going to be fired."

The tiny figures scatter in every direction; and in a few seconds the whole of that creeping ant-hill of busy labour lies void and lifeless as a sepulchre, making the scene still more weirdly impressive. Then all at once the universal hush is broken by a burst of sound such as no words can convey—like the loudest thunder of artillery blended with the sound of a mighty gong—and

* In many parts of Sweden the whole house is painted bright red, producing a very picturesque effect.

the echoes take it up, and roll it through every channel of the great gulf below, until each cleft and cranny seems to have a voice of its own. The dead hush that follows weighs upon our ears like a burden; and amid its utter silence we hear the *splash* of the falling rocks torn up by the explosion. Seven times is the great outburst repeated, till the overwhelming accumulation of sound overpowers even me, despite my experience of the echoes of Turkish cannon in the Bosphorus, and tropical thunder among the Brazilian Cordilleras. I seat myself upon the steps, and await the close of the concert.

"There's an end of it at last," says the pastor, laughing; "and now, as the rocks seem to have done flying about, I suppose we may as well go down."

"But what are we to go upon?" ask I. "Shall we have to take a flight on the back of a troll, or will Odin oblige us with a lift on the 'light-footed Sleipnir?'"

"You'll see directly," answers the old gentleman, with a chuckle. "Do you hear that chain rattling? That's our equipage coming up."

Sure enough, when I rise to look over into the pulpit, I find it completely blocked by an enormous wooden bucket, as big as an ordinary chest of drawers, and strongly undergirded with bands of iron. My companion and I scramble in. The miner who is to have the honour of being our chaperon perches himself above us, clinging fast to the rope. The signal is given, and we begin slowly to descend.

I will not attempt to describe that descent. There are things of which no description can convey even a shadow, and this was one of them. We are indeed "like them that go down alive into the pit"—a passage which recurs to me with tenfold force as we sink away from the busy, green, sunny world, and the cold, silent cavern engulfs us deeper and deeper in its dismal gorge. At the mouth of the pit we are surrounded by multitudes of little birds, which flutter around us as if bidding us farewell; their beautiful plumage, that glances in the sunlight as they flit to and fro, contrasting strangely with the dismal shadows into which we are about to plunge; but as we descend, even these leave us, and we are utterly alone. An immense solitude—a crushing, overwhelming silence. I think I never conceived the idea of perfect silence before. Even in the stillness of midnight, or of a calm in the lonely tropical seas, you have echoes, vibrations—the shadows, as it were, of sounds that have been—but here there is neither sound nor echo; it is the stillness of mid-air combined with the stillness of the grave. In that enormous isolation, even the presence of my comrades gives me no feeling of companionship—with two men close beside me, I am as utterly solitary as if I were quite alone.

We are now midway. The cheerless dimness which rises from below, gives a wan ghastly look to every crag and hollow of the great wilderness of buried mountains through which we are passing. Strange and monstrous forms, such as those with which the grim fancy of the Norseman peopled his native solitudes, loom giant-like through the leaden haze. Grim faces scowl at us as we pass; clawed hands start forward, as if to bar our way; gaping jaws gnash at us, and huge half-seen monsters seem striving to topple loose crags upon our heads; but in all this multiplicity of furious life there is not the faintest sound! It is a hell in dumb show!

Suddenly the bucket is jarred by a heavy shock, which shakes it from top to bottom. We have just grazed a huge jutting crag, vast and shadowy as the fragment of some ruined planet—such as Martin would have peopled with the remnants of nations fleeing from the terrors of the Last Judgment.

And now at length, after an interval which seems immeasurable, sounds from below begin to break the tremendous silence. We hear, faintly at first, but ever more and more distinctly, the stroke of pickaxe and spade, the rumble of the barrows rolling to and fro, the cheery shouts of the workmen; and the sense of having been exiled from human companionship for a limitless space of time is so intense, as to defy even the palpable realities of time and space. Moment by moment, the shadows below grow less and less dark, the tiny figures of the workmen more and more distinct, the features of the strange panorama larger, and firmer, and clearer—till at length, with a violent shock, our bucket dashes itself upon the great sheet of ice and gravel at the bottom, and the journey is over. Instinctively I look at my watch, and start to find that the whole descent has occupied only seven minutes.

"I know now what men mean when they talk of living a lifetime in one moment," remark I to my companion as we disembark.

"Right!" answers he emphatically. "So do I."

When the first shock of the new impression is over, I begin to look curiously at the specimens of the "coming race" that flock around me as I alight—the famous miners of Dalecarlia, among whom Gustavus Vasa sought shelter in the evil days of long ago, and whose brawny arms lifted him once more into the throne from which he had been hurled. They are a wild-looking set—black, and grim, and ragged, and bearded as the gnomes of Swartheim; but, save in the stunting of their growth, this strange life seems to have told but lightly upon them. The rents in their rough clothing display muscles which few men would care to encounter; and there is no want of life in the jolly shout with which they welcome the arrival of their old friend the pastor—evidently a prime favourite with the whole gang.

"You see," explains a huge yellow-bearded Cyclops, with a patch over his right eye—knocked out by a splinter of flying metal some years ago—"You see, it's turn and turn about with us and the Herre Pastor; when he comes down-stairs, he visits us; and when we go up-stairs, we visit him."

"You go up pretty often, then?"

"Yes, we're better off than our horses; when they come down, they stay."

"Have you many horses in the mine?"

"Plenty, or we couldn't get our loads along; iron ore's heavy stuff. Most of them get blind after a bit; but they work well for all that."

"See now, min Herre," breaks in the old pastor,

with his jolly laugh, "do you notice any likeness between our friend Bjorn here and his daughter, who poured out your coffee this morning?"

"What?" exclaim I, "your servant—that pretty little Thyra, who ought to have her portrait in the Stockholm Gallery?"

"She's my daughter," says the old Cyclops, with a gleam of fatherly pride lightening through the blackness of his gnome-like visage; "and, as you say, she'd make a rare picture.—Herre Pastor, shall I show the English gentleman over the mine?"

"Do, my good fellow, and I'll go too."

And away we go accordingly—onward, ever onward, beneath huge arches that yawn like the mouth of a sepulchre; between overhanging crags that seem already toppling to crush us in their fall; past the black mouths of subterranean galleries, like little embrasures in the great bastions of rock that shut us in; while, at every step, the light of our guide's lamp is reflected on all sides in a blaze of glory—green, blue, yellow, purple—like a dream of the "Arabian Nights." Not an inch of roof or wall but sparkles like a diamond; and with vista after vista of splendour ceaselessly opening before me, I am ready to imagine myself the veritable Aladdin, following his *soi-disant* uncle upon that memorable expedition to the enchanted cavern, of which we all know the result.

But at this point our cicerone interrupts us with a shout of warning, and hustles us by main force into a little shed in a cleft of the rock, with the satisfactory explanation that "we shall be smashed if we don't make haste."

"What, another blast?" ask I.

"Only one this time—that big rock up yonder," says the Cyclops, pointing to a huge pinnacle which projects far overhead, like the turret of some mediæval castle. "See—there it goes!"

And again the dead silence is broken by that tremendous roar, which, now that we are actually in the midst of it, sounds tenfold louder than ever. The great rock unfurls itself like the leaves of a book flying open, and explodes in blocks big enough to crush a house. One fragment, fully half a ton in weight, comes thundering down close to the shed wherein we are ensconced, tearing up the ice and gravel with a horrible grinding crash, that bears grisly testimony to our probable fate had we remained outside. The old miner laughs grimly.

"That came down pretty well, didn't it? We can come out now—it's all over."

And out we come accordingly. The pastor and my guide hold a whispered consultation, which ends in their announcing that they must show me one thing more before I go, and marching me through a long, low, gloomy corridor, in the crannies of which we catch an occasional glimpse of miners hard at work, for the most part in silence, but breaking out ever and anon with a snatch of some hearty old native song. At length, as we turn a sharp corner, there breaks upon us a solemn subdued light, like that of some vast cathedral, falling full upon a gigantic face that projects itself from the opposite wall—a veritable human face, vast with all the vastness of the elder world, fixed in a grand passionless calm.

"How came that here?" ask I, looking at the mighty figure with involuntary reverence.

"No one knows," answers the old miner in an awe-stricken whisper. "Men say it was here before ever the mine was worked, and will be here still when all is done and forgotten; but I can't tell how that may be."

And this (a fit pendant to all that had gone before) was the last sight which I saw in the mine of Dannemora.

NON-COLLEGIATE STUDENTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE cannot begin our subject better than by quoting from the prospectus, which is issued from time to time by the University (and which may be had on application from the Rev. R. B. Somerset, 31, Trumpington Street, Cambridge), referring to non-collegiate students:—"Students are admitted members of the University without being members of any college or hostel. Such students keep terms by residing in Cambridge with their parents, or in lodgings duly licensed, and are entitled to be matriculated, examined, and admitted to degrees in the same manner, and with the same status and privileges, as students who are members of colleges. They are under the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctor, and are required to pay due obedience to all academical regulations." These students are controlled and superintended by a Board appointed by the University, and consisting of a certain number of resident graduates, one of whom acts as Censor. The Censor bears the same relation to non-collegiate students that the tutor of a college bears to the college undergraduate. To him the student goes for information and advice; and if he desires to present himself for any University examination, he must do so through the Censor.

We will suppose the case of one who comes up to the University as an unattached student. On his arrival at Cambridge, he first of all calls on the Censor, whose address he has previously obtained, and produces a testimonial as to character, with a reference to two respectable persons, and, if a minor, a statement from his parent or guardian that the student has his permission to reside in the University as a non-collegiate student. Should the testimonial and reference be deemed satisfactory by the Board, he is admitted by that body. He then immediately begins to "keep his term." This phrase means residence in a duly licensed lodging-house at Cambridge for a certain time (at least two-thirds of each term;

residence during nine such terms being required for the B.A., L.L.B., or M.B. degree). It is, of course, necessary that the Board should have some guarantee that the student is actually residing in Cambridge. This is effected by requiring him to repair to the rooms of the Board, and sign a book which is kept there during five days of the week. Unless there be five such signatures during the week, it is considered as lost, and counts for nothing. No student may select lodgings without the consent of the Censor, nor for more than one term in advance. The lodging-house rules prescribed for unattached students are the same as those for members of colleges. If the student intends to compete for honours in any of the Triposes, he may be a candidate for the previous examination or "Little-go" in his first term. If, however, he does not intent to compete for honours, he must wait until the end of his first year (June) before he is permitted to become a candidate for this examination. There is a fallacy abroad that a non-collegiate student is not eligible to degrees and to University honours generally as a member of a college is. This is a complete mistake. The non-collegiate student can offer himself for all examinations in precisely the same way as other students; he can compete for the same University prizes and University scholarships (the Porson prize and the International Law scholarship have been won by non-collegiate students), and he can attend the same lectures. In short, his relation to the University is precisely identical with that of a member of a college.

We now come to consider questions relating to expenditure. The principal reason that induces young men to become non-collegiate students, is the fact that the expense is much less than that incurred by the member of a college. A student, for example, who is studying moral science, and is a member of a small college, pays eighteen pounds per annum for tuition which he never receives, as all the lectures delivered in his college are on classical and mathematical subjects, with perhaps a divinity course each term.*

Dinner in hall is compulsory, and to a poor man this is a very considerable item of expenditure; there are also certain college dues which all members of colleges are compelled to pay. All these expenses have no existence for the non-collegiate student. He merely pays for those lectures which he actually attends, and has his dinners at the price he chooses to pay.

The University fees for a non-collegiate student are as follow:—On his entrance he pays two pounds as Caution Money to the Censor, at Matriculation fifteen shillings, and at the commencement of every term thirty-five shillings; and an annual capitation tax of seventeen shillings (these two latter fees are of course discontinued after the student has taken his degree). He pays a further fee of two pounds ten shillings when he enters for the previous examination, and a fee of seven pounds when he takes his degree. These are all the University fees for non-collegiate students. The personal expense of each student will, of course, be determined by his personal habits and the length of his purse. But we may say, in order to give some idea of what the total amount of expenses may be, that there are instances of such students who have lived in Cambridge during term for fifty pounds per annum; while we should be inclined to fix the average cost at sixty pounds. None need go beyond that sum (unless he wishes to reside during the Long Vacation); any one may, if he will exercise self-denial, live on fifty-five pounds at the most. This, it will be understood, covers all expenses, excepting such luxuries as boating, football, or athletics generally.

The Clothworkers' Company have recently offered a scholarship of fifty pounds per annum, for yearly competition in natural science, to non-collegiate students at Cambridge. This affords an excellent opportunity for a young man to enter on a scientific career. By means of this scholarship, he can pass through the University and obtain his B.A. degree. It is to be hoped that these scholarships may offer a strong inducement to students of science to come to Cambridge. They will find there some of the ablest living teachers of science in this country. Should the student desire to make physics his *forte*, he will find in Professor Clerk Maxwell a true successor of the illustrious Faraday, and one of the first of living physicists. Should physiology be the branch of science to which he wishes to direct his attention, what better teachers can he have than Professor Humphry and Dr. Michael Foster? The latter indeed is generally considered to be the best teacher of physiology in England, and is doing very much for the cause of science at Cambridge.

But it may be said, "We quite admit that, so far as expense goes, the non-collegiate system is preferable to the college system, but is not the non-collegiate student isolated from others? Is it not very difficult for him to form acquaintances as the student in college can so easily do?" Formerly this reproach might be urged against the system, but it is not admissible now.

The non-collegiate students have a room to themselves, supplied with the London daily papers, the magazines and reviews. There they can meet with one another, can discuss the events of the day, and can form friendships. There are likewise a boating and a cricket club composed of non-collegiate students, and on every Saturday night during term, a non-collegiate Debating Society meets, at which social and political subjects are discussed; the president and secretary of the society being chosen from among the members. A valuable reference library for the use of non-collegiate students is in course of formation. It may be added that the number of students at present is about eighty; that is to say, a larger number than more than half the colleges at Cambridge can boast.

Such then is a brief outline of the non-collegiate system, as it at present exists in Cambridge. Its beginning has been small and little noticed by the public, but it is a seed which promises to bring forth abundant fruit after many days.

* This is not the case in large colleges such as Trinity, St. John's, or Caius; but even in these colleges the student has generally to depend ultimately on his "coach" or private tutor.

EARLY FLOWERS.

WHITE snowdrop-petals, from the moist earth peeping,
Welcome, as sunshine after pleasant rain!
Out of warm bulbs, that long have held you sleeping
Like buried hopes, you start to life again.
Welcome! and cluster on the brow of Morning;
The icicles have melted from her hair;
Her floating auburn tresses want adorning,
And your pure ivory bells shall make them fair.

Old Winter, crowned with mistletoe and holly,
Is stealing from us quietly at last;
And now the trees bud, it is worse than folly
To muse among the ashes of the past.
Blackbird and thrush and ouzel, in their gladness,
Have charmed away the winter of the soul;
The mask has fallen from ungenial sadness,
And the benighted heart is once more whole.

One redbreast on my window-sill yet lingers,
And peers about with prying round black eye,
Far cheerier than when Winter's numbing fingers
Half robbed his little throat of melody;
We cannot hearken to the ghostly voices
Of vanished hours, and brood by lonely fires,
Since every bursting bud and leaf rejoices,
The faintest echo of sad sound expires.

JANE DIXON.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

AMONG the pretty pictorial almanacs with which the shops abound at Christmas time, it is the fashion to depict the month of March as a trembling figure wrapping his robes closely round him; and perhaps no month in the year is more treacherous in the matter of weather. Woe be to the sanguine wight who, misled by some fleeting sunshine, discards warm wraps!

It is by no means a bad plan to buy a handsome winter dress now; it shows to advantage in the bright noon-tides of early spring, and will not be out of date when winter and dark days come round again, always provided it be made in the last Parisian fashion, which people in England generally follow for a year.

Velvet mantles should certainly be purchased at this season, for so changeable is our climate that they can very often be worn many days in May, and even in June, and nothing looks more shabby than winter-worn garments in bright sunshine. Velvet jackets as now made in Paris fit the figure closely, and are considerably longer in front than at the back.

Large wide hanging sleeves, such as were worn in Louis XV. and XVI.'s reigns, are coming in for out-of-door wear, and are lined with a contrasting colour. For weddings, and such full-dress occasions, the grey cashmere Dolmans, with these pendant sleeves lined with light blue, would be particularly suitable; either fur or feathers form the inevitable trimmings.

Scarves with hoods, and ends that cross in front, fastening together at the back, are very useful and just the sort of carriage wrap everybody wants, especially with dresses not intended to require any out-door covering, as they do not crush ruchings or trimmings of any kind. Besides, they have other advantages—they are inexpensive, and can be made at home, of cashmere, llama, or Connemara cloth; they should be surrounded by a knotted worsted fringe, which can be accomplished by threading several strands of Berlin wool the required length through the edge of the material, and tying them together tassel-fashion a little below the border. This is a very useful style also for little girls.

A word or two as to a very indispensable adjunct of every wardrobe in this "merrie England" of ours—viz., waterproofs. They are now made in many fantastic shapes, such as dresses and cloaks combined, but in nine cases out of ten these are failures. Nothing is so really useful as a long cloak, with a cape having a slit beneath it for the hands to pass through, the said cape protecting the arm just as well as a sleeve. It can be slipped off and on very quickly, and, should it be required, instead of a broad braid edge, it may be made with a plaiting of the material, having an interwoven fringe. The Connemara shape always holds its own; it has a cape which is caught up in the centre of the back with two rosettes.

The newest style of opera-cloaks have long pendant sleeves, and are of plush, trimmed with a contrasting shade—for feathers are invariably added at the edge. Oriental stuffs and Delhi embroidery, however, are still in fashion, and young girls cling to the white gossamer knitted shawls, which are so cheap, and so becoming when gracefully wound round lithe figures and slim throats.

All the winter, for the theatres, ermine and white fur jackets have been the rage in London, and people for whom ermine is too costly are not above the innocent deception of white rabbit-skins, ornamented with ermine-tails.

As to head-dresses, birds—real birds stuffed—butterflies, and jewels attached to flexible wire, are worn for dinner; feathers, flowers, and jewels for full dress.

Many of the demi-toilette head-dresses worn in England are bizarre—flowered scarves either white or coloured, mingled with velvet, or surrounded with tulle or crape lisse, finding much favour; and as Englishwomen as a rule have not acquired the art of putting their things on with the grace of a Frenchwoman, these often have a very absurd effect. They were never intended for full dress, but even at the best county balls people now adopt such a head-dress as a small crape lisse cap, surrounded by a pink foulard scarf, with a pink flower at the side, and this with a dress profusely trimmed with lace.

The late season has been a particularly gay winter all over England, and some pretty toilettes have been worn. The delicate colours now chosen are more positive than the faded shades of last year, and silvery blue and crystal green will be very much adopted during the forthcoming London season. There is quite a furore here in Paris about old lace, and old square veils, such as brides wore at the time of the Restoration, are bought up eagerly, and arranged as pointed tunics in front, and draped at the back beneath bows and sashes. It is almost impossible now to have too many flowers on evening dresses; heavy wreaths along the top of the low bodice often replace the berthe entirely. Some very elegant ball-dresses have been made of white tulle, with wreaths of leaves between the bouillonnées and round the tunic, a large softening veil of tulle falling over the whole.

Much care is being expended just now in the preparation of trimmings. Marabout feathers are found to be most suited to the revival of sixteenth-century dresses; silver gimp is also largely introduced, and

the bead-embroidery is more costly than ever, the stamens and pistils of the various flowers being represented by pendant beads, which have a very rich effect, especially on China crape and velvet.

Trains are the usual accompaniment of evening dresses, and they are often drawn at the back of the waist, just as old-fashioned bonnets used to be, or arranged with tapes underneath, in a series of pleats which represent goffering. Many evening dresses are laced at the back, which most people will be sorry to hear; the late fashion was so much more convenient; and they are often quite distinct from the dress—viz., of a different colour or material—but then these are generally of the cuirass form, coming low on the hips.

So elaborate are the peignoirs, dressing-gowns, morning-gowns, or whatever we may choose to call them, that we might be returning to the fashions of long ago, when the beauties of the day received their friends while their toilettes were completing.

"A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' infirm priestess at her altar's side
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear.
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil:
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white;
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux."

Poets and painters alike have combined to bring these scenes before us, whether it was a French monarch, at whose levée obsequious courtiers elbowed each other, or some fair Belinda, whose beauty was the toast of the day. But though the scenes so represented had much that was amusing, it would require a greater change in our modern manners to reintroduce these customs than we seem prepared to make. Whether or not, however, these wonderful dressing-gowns are ready prepared, and the newest of all are what are called in Paris the "robe de chambre sachet." They are made in delicate shades of foulard, wadded throughout, and are lined with flannel, iris powder being introduced between, so that they emit a most delicious fragrance. They are loose in front, and fit the figure at the back, and are elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Other peignoirs are made of the more costly crêpe de Chine and quilted satin.

Tournures are going out; they are quite small, and are worn only at the back, the skirts over them being cut so as to flow out gracefully like a peacock's tail. The bodices of dresses are longer and more whaleboned. Sometimes the front of the bodice and skirt are cut in one, and ornamented with a heavily-beaded plastron. Flounces in the skirt are narrower in the front than the back, many of the trimmings across the front breadth being arranged diagonally. Silk dinner-dresses are trimmed with English embroidery, worked on the silk itself, with filoselle instead of, as we have hitherto seen it, with white cotton. Gimp is made in every shade, and is used more than ever.

No chit-chat on dress would be complete without a word or two about shoes and stockings; and *à propos* of "shoes," as Paddy would say, they have introduced leather boots, with gaiters attached, and lined with fur, for strong-minded, able-bodied, healthy women, who venture to walk in the Highlands, or across turnip fields, and similar rough places. For full dress, embroidered shoes are coming in—white, embroidered with white jet, black with white silk—and a strap across the instep is now added. Shoes have very pointed toes now-a-days, and, happily for those who are proud of their feet, square toes are things of the past. Stockings should match the dress, except that with black dresses blue or red silk are now worn. A curious caprice of the fickle goddess, this. It was always considered very bad form to wear coloured stockings in the evening.

A word or two as to jewellery. In Paris the designs now in vogue are very *outré*—hearts *à la Régence* of diamonds and turquoise, earrings of dominoes, chandeliers with candles, blue china plates, parrots, bottles of Vichy water.

Turquoise and black pearls are the mania of the moment, and the last new present for a bride is a smelling-bottle set with pearls, and all white enamel.

Last year a gentleman appeared at a fancy ball in the dress of 1900, which consisted of a dress-coat with brass buttons, light blue facings, lace ruffles, a fan, smelling-bottle, and straw-coloured gloves.

If any of the fair sex had been equally brave, what eccentricity would they have decided on as the feature of the future? Shall we, in another fifteen years, have become disciples of Bloomer, or have appropriated the "breeks" only in the Turkish mode? or shall we have got back to the short waists of George IV.'s time, the hoops of Queen Bess, or the quaint head-dresses of Edward IV.'s reign, after the fashion of rolls of linen pointed like steeples, with wings on either side resembling butterflies? or others of the same period not unlike crescents, the points going upwards above the ears, the old writers of the period likening them to asses' ears? It is not unsafe to prophesy that we shall not have become much wiser, however distant the time may be, for there is little fear that dress will ever be our servant instead of our master. It never has been suited to our requirements, and possibly, ay, most probably, never will. If you wish to understand to the full how guilty we are in the matter of inappropriateness, and how much we transgress the laws of hygiene, talk the matter over with an unprejudiced physician, and he will tell you how many lives have been sacrificed by catching fire, through crinoline; how much neuralgia is caused now by small bonnets, and how much lameness by high heels. Happily, one of the numerous ills complained of by the faculty can now be obviated—viz., the undue weight of many long skirts on the hips—and that by a simple invention, "the ladies' garment suspender"—strips of webbing with hooks attached. The hooks are hooked to the skirts back and front, so that the weight is supported by the shoulders, the only part of the human body on which a load can be comfortably and safely carried.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

THE COMPANION.

"ONLY Miss Green, my companion. —Shut the door behind you, Miss Green."

That is how I was introduced and dismissed an hour or two ago; but all the same, I am not Miss Green, though I am a companion, and I mentioned as much to Mrs. Pennathort when she engaged me; to which she said, "Green? Oh! Ah! Yes," and stuck to "Green" in spite of remonstrance ever since.

"It's much more suitable," she says, "and it's easier to recollect."

I dare say she is right.

"Women who Work!" Well, I've seen the words stuck up in big red letters on hoardings and dead walls every time I've taken the dogs out during the last three months; and I certainly think we ought to be included in the list; for companionship is work, and hard work sometimes, and one which none but women undertake as a profession. Not that it is very laborious, or painful, or ill-paid. Please don't think that.

Of course there are disagreeabilities, but where is the trade or profession, from that of a bishop to a costermonger, which has not its drawbacks and pin-pricks—its something unpleasant to do in return for benefits received? A companion is a dependent. Yes, but dependence is not necessarily degrading; and even servile work does not entail servility. "*Only* Miss Green!" Well, that does not sound pleasantly, I allow; but Miss Green can be as good a lady as Miss Gwyn, and it is "only" Mrs. Pennathort who thinks otherwise.

I never meant to be a companion. Oh dear, no! I was the youngest at home, father's pet, and the boys' playmate; but when he died, and George went to Australia, and Tom to the Clergy Orphan School, there was nothing left for me but to live with my married sister, or do something for myself. Now, I didn't think it was fair to do the first, and I'll tell you why. Fanny's husband is a country clergyman, not at all well off, and they've got five little ones. Maggie, our second, almost lived there already. She was too delicate to go among strangers, and invaluable to Fanny, both in teaching the children and in parish duties; so that there was really nothing for me to do, except feel myself a burden on loving hearts; for twenty pounds a year may dress a young woman even now-a-days, but it won't board her into the bargain, let her have never so small an appetite.

No, that was out of the question; so when I had quite convinced them that I *would* go out, Fred (Fanny's husband) promised to find me a situation as governess, and began to talk of one he knew. The only question was, did I know enough for it? and when we came to talk it over, it grew alarmingly clear to me that, so far from knowing enough to teach those children, I knew so little of anything that I rather wanted to be taught myself. I could sing and play a little, and possessed enough general knowledge to be useful at home, and a pleasant member of society, but decidedly not enough to entitle me to undertake anything but a nursery governess-ship at best.

"And children are expected to learn so much now-a-days," said Fanny.

"I shouldn't like Kate to be a nursery governess," said Maggie. "It is little better than being an upper nurse, and little more considered."

"I'm very sorry," added Fred, "for Kate ought to have a superior sort of situation, if she takes one at all. She is so cheerful and intelligent—such a particularly pleasant companion, that I never dreamed of doubting her capabilities."

"Perhaps my capabilities all lie in the direction of a companion," I suggested laughing. "We never thought of that. Suppose I try it."

"A companion!" said Fanny distastefully.

"I've been father's for six years," said I.

"They are not paid much better than nursery governesses," remarked Maggie, "and it must be so trying."

"There is none of the responsibility of teaching, and any one *more* trying than poor Aunt Paul, with whom I spent six months, and who liked me, couldn't exist," said I stoutly. "Fred, sit down and advertise, and don't forget to say how nice you think I am."

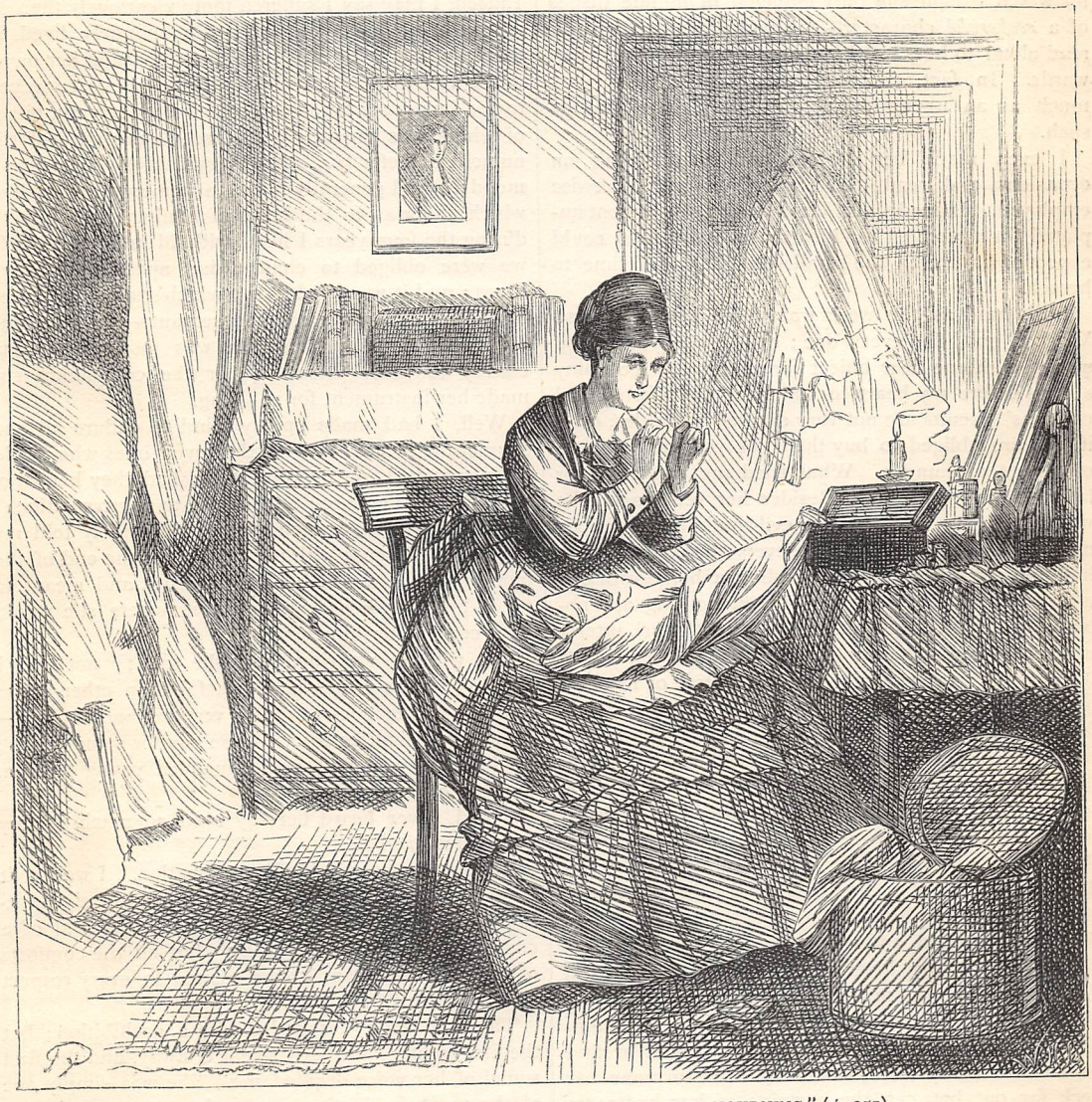
And I suppose he did put it well, for the advertisement was answered promptly, and before the end of the month I had left the Vicarage, and become a—companion.

And now to give a brief sketch of my different situations, and the "trying" elements therein, that others may see what they are, and be warned or cheered thereby. Some people see everything *couleur de rose*, others everything *en gris*. I generally find the truth lies somewhere between.

I got thirty pounds a year in my first situation, which was with the widow of a City knight. I had thought my principal duties would be reading aloud, writing notes, walking out with the old lady, mending her gloves, &c., and playing or singing to her; but

Lady Wiggins had no soul for music or literature either. The piano was never once opened during my stay; and the only reading aloud I was permitted was a daily chapter in the Bible, and the police reports!

Day after day I waded through the long list of horrors and brutalities with which some of the lower penny papers are crammed to repletion, and the details of which Lady Wiggins used to swallow with an avidity that seemed intensified by the remembrance of equal or worse atrocities, which each seemed to suggest to her, until I left off with a feeling of having passed an hour or two in an Australian slaughter-house, and my sleep used to be haunted by horrible nightmares that left me feverish and unrefreshed in the morning; but it was for Lady Wiggins, not her companion, to choose the literature which suited her, and I hardly liked to remonstrate. Writing notes I certainly had to do, my employer's spelling being of the lamest; but walking out was not one of her weaknesses. She did drive now and then (I with her) to drink tea, or enjoy a gossip with a congenial acquaintance; but for the most part she preferred sitting in a very stuffy room over a very hot fire, doing nothing herself, and not allowing me to do anything either but talk, talk, talk the idlest gossip; or sit still and silent while she dozed. On my word, I would sometimes have changed places with the charwoman who came in to scrub; and both my health and spirits suffered so much from the confinement and uncongeniality combined, that at the end of the year Fred insisted I should resign my situation.



"BURNING OUT THE LAST END OF CANDLE OVER THE MOURNING" (*p.* 251).

My next employer was a single lady of high birth and limited purse. Here I received twenty pounds

a year—never saw a penny paper, or heard a word or letter misplaced. Also I was not made an equal, as with Lady Wiggins, who shed tears at parting with me; and I found the culinary arrangements on such a limited scale that I soon became alarmingly slender. Miss Cholmondely was not only economical, but selfish, and having little appetite herself, chose to consider that a companion must necessarily have less; for which reason she only indulged in minute dishes of a *recherché* character—she partaking first, while I read aloud to her, and I consuming the residue afterwards. In fact, she considered a companion very much as an upper lady's-maid, and treated me as such.

I even made her dresses and did her hair on occasions, and read aloud whenever not otherwise employed. Indeed, Miss Cholmondely never contemplated for a moment the idea that a companion could expect to have even the smallest modicum of time to herself.

Still, hard as the work was, I did not mind that. Work is good for every one; and I was young and strong, with one dear object for energy and economy always before my heart to stimulate my efforts; and captains' biscuits are not very expensive articles, even if you are obliged to buy them for yourself, to stave off pangs of hunger. What tried me was the poor lady's own disposition. Besides her selfishness, she was cursed with one of those evil-thinking, suspicious natures, which seem to rankle everywhere, and which had prevented her from ever finding a home with one of her own relations. She believed nothing and nobody; and to a high-spirited, honourable girl, utterly unused to even a shadow of distrust, it seemed almost insupportable to have every word doubted, or received under protest. If she sent me to one of her drawers for anything, it was with repeated injunctions not to touch anything else; and if the thing were not found in the first moment, she would creep after me, cat-like, to see what I was about. If a visitor said a civil word to me, she accused me of "making up" to them. If the endeavour to get nice things for nominal prices delayed my marketing longer than she thought necessary, she made up her mind that I had got a lover in the neighbourhood, and was gone for a walk with him. (Poor fellow! my lover was in London, so I in Cheltenham had not much chance for walks with him.) But Miss Cholmondely thought "servants and companions, and those sort of people, managed to find sweethearts everywhere;" and she used to crane her neck far out between the curtains of her bed-room window, in the hope of one day discovering us in the act of taking a tender parting. Then she had ways of her own, which she thought subtle, but which were only too painfully transparent, for proving the truth or falsehood of what I said; and as to the accounts, they were such a misery to me that I once exclaimed, with tears in my eyes—

"Oh! Miss Cholmondely—don't give me the money to lay out, if you think I *could* use it for my own purposes. Surely, surely it would be better to keep everything under lock and key, and so put it out of my power to rob you, than insult me by these suspicions every time you send me on a message!"

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," said Miss Cholmondely drily. "Pray, Miss Gwyn, remember your place, and do not give way to these outbreaks. I know only too well what you girls are when left to yourself, to be imposed on by tears and romance."

This *was* "trying;" but I was not the only sufferer. Indeed, I may say I suffered more vicariously than on my own account; for Miss Cholmondely lived in lodgings (not being able to afford a house of her own), and I was the daily medium of accusations conveyed to the indignant landlady, or weeping servant, either of whom was impartially suspected as guilty of the numerous thefts (*i.e.*, articles mislaid by Miss Cholmondely, and generally found in her own possession) which she was in the habit of finding out. I think during the four years I lived with Miss Cholmondely we were obliged to change our apartments seven times; and it was hard to say which was more hated by the various landladies and servants—the lady who originated the suspicions she was too well-bred to convey to them personally, or the companion she made her instrument for so doing.

Well, I had made up my mind to endure all and say nothing, least of all to the loved ones who would have snatched me away at once, had they known of what I had to endure; and I held to my resolutions; but oh! I was glad when Miss Cholmondely told me she would dispense with my services at the end of the quarter, as she was sick of apartments, and meant to try a boarding-house at Brighton, where she would have companionship enough.

"It will be a saving, too," she said; "not that I think you more greedy and wasteful than other girls; but still, money goes in such a very extraordinary—— However, I shall be sorry to lose you for some things; for I believe you are a well-principled young woman, and try to do your duty."

I had never heard her say even so much of any living creature before.

My next was a very different situation. I went to it in answer to an advertisement—"A widow lady wanting a companion; must be young, musical, and of a cheerful disposition. No salary, but all the comforts of a refined home, and to be treated in every respect as a daughter."

The "no salary" sounded like a prohibition; but the first sight of the lady swept it away, and the first sound of her voice decided me. She was simply one of the most fascinating women I ever saw; and my life with her seemed like Paradise after Lady Wiggins and Miss Cholmondely. She was comfortably off, and quite alone; her son being at Cambridge, and her only daughter married; and most assuredly she kept her promise of treating me as a child. Indeed, she took a liking to me at once, and told me so; seldom speaking of me except as "my dear little companion," or "my dear young friend." She called me Katie, made me sit on a stool beside her and read to her, while she stroked my hair. She gave me pretty presents, and exacted fewer duties from me than many

guests render to their hostess. Nothing could be more charming while it lasted.

The pity was that *that* was for so short a time. The son came home for the Long Vacation, and——There! you can guess the rest. His mother had raved about me till I suppose he was predisposed to fall in love with me; and he did so.

Then it all changed. It mattered nothing that I did not care for him—that all my heart was away with poor Henry in his London office—that I told her we were only not formally engaged lest it should hamper him—dear fellow! She could not believe that a poor City clerk, whom I owned I had not seen for two years, could rival her handsome, wealthy, idolised son; and she would as little trust my fidelity as that son's generosity or obedience. The latter would indeed have proved but a rotten reed to lean on; and not the least grudge I owe that young man for his persecution is his having turned me from a home where I had been so happy, and from which I parted with tears and bitterness, and the consciousness that even the servants believed that "Miss Gwyn had got up a love affair with the young master."

The married daughter received me till I could get another situation. There was typhus fever at the Vicarage, so I could not go back there; and she was not on good terms with her brother, and thought me hardly treated. I had plenty to do there, for she was living in a whirl of society, and might almost have kept a secretary to write and answer her notes alone. She was kind, and even familiar to me, and took me about with her to opera, concert, and show, whenever (which was nearly always) her husband could not accompany her. When she did not go out she entertained, and we were seldom in bed before the small hours; while I had to be up early, so as to get matters in hand for the day. Also, I was expected to dress, not only well, but stylishly; and, alas! now, for the first time, I got into debt, and discovered how short is the tether of twenty pounds when you try to go beyond neatness and embrace fashion. For I got no salary here either; and young Mrs. Gervase was not a woman to trouble herself with the small economies and anxieties of other people. She liked those about her to be lively, well dressed, and always at her service; and, feeling that she was doing me a kindness in having me, she would have been astonished beyond measure had I hinted at any consideration beyond that which I received. Neither could I have done so; and I let myself be swept along by the whirl, worried and anxious at heart, but too busy for much thought, till one day a black-bordered letter arrived for me. Fanny was dead! The fever she had nursed her husband through had carried her off; and the five motherless children were left to Maggie's care.

"I am only thankful you are in so good a home," she wrote me. "Keep it, for all our sakes, if you possibly can."

Ah! how I cried! Mrs. Gervase's notes were blotted, and there were stains on her embroidery, and false notes on the piano, from the grief which would make tears fall and fingers tremble over my duties. But it was the very height of the season; the house was full of people; and after she had stood it for two days, I had a hint through her maid that she had *such* a dislike to gloom and depression, and, with so much to do and see about, would I try to be cheerful? I did. I worked harder than ever; went out, laughed, sang, and talked as desired; and sat up at night in my own room, burning out the last end of candle over the mourning I could hardly see through tears, and which I could not afford to send out to be made. It was still fresh, when her brother made up his quarrel with her, and came to the house. The old story began again, and I left of my own accord.

My present employer is a literary lady, and here I have been three years. I am paid fifty pounds a year, am kept strictly in my place as a paid employée, and always retire to my own room when she has visitors. I copy MSS. the greater part of the day, read up books of reference for her use, read aloud, wash the poodle, and take it and Yap, the bull-terrier, out walking; and am often up to a late hour writing or studying for my mistress, after we have finished her evening game of cribbage. It is an active life, but pleasant enough; and Mrs. Pennathort, though brusque and dictatorial, is not unkind. The principal drawbacks are two, her deafness and her dogs. All the reading and information she requires has to be fairly shouted in her ears, and even strong lungs suffer somewhat in the ordeal; but the dogs are worse. Wigs, the poodle, has to be lifted over every puddle, lest he should soil his coat, carried whenever he is tired, and nursed whenever he is cross. He suffers from a concatenation of disorders, proceeding chiefly from over-eating, which make him a most unpleasant companion, and through which I am expected to nurse and doctor him. Woe betide me if I neglect the office! Yap is a vicious, dangerous little brute, that flies at every dog and child he meets, tugs wildly at the end of the chain by which I lead him, and has already bitten me twice, and torn three of my dresses.

These, however, are minor trials, and they will soon be over; for next year—yes, only eleven months more—our long waiting will come to an end, and I and Harry will start a little home of our own. Perhaps the six years' probation will not make it a less happy or contented one.

I have just tried to show you a little of the life that a companion leads, and the trials she has to face; but if both are taken bravely, and in a cheerful spirit, I do not think it is a harder life than others. Sturdy self-respect, high principle, and a sunny disposition are, indeed, absolutely necessary to make it a happy or a successful one; but these will carry you through; and I can hardly look on my career as a total failure, since Miss Cholmondely writes, offering to return to apartments if I will return to her; Mrs. Gervase and her mother treat me (since the son's marriage) as a dear and valued friend, and continually press me to visit them; and poor Lady Wiggins wept with joy, when I met her the other day, at the remembrance of "our happy time together."

THE LOVE-LETTER.

O MAIDEN with the sunny eyes,
In which the glad light's beaming,
While many a varying sunbeam flies
Across thy bright face gleaming!
Why stand you on the old oak stair,
While morning sunlight's glancing
On snowy breast and golden hair,
And o'er thy rich dress dancing?

What do you there, with stealthy tread
So slily onward gliding,
Half turning round in gleeful dread,
The panelled oak back sliding?
What seek you in the wainscot there,
Your little hand round creeping?
Take care, take care, O maiden fair,
Lest some one should be peeping!

The glad light in your face tells plain
You've found what you were seeking;
Then push the panel back again—
Hark! hark! The old oak's creaking!
There's a step upon the stairs close by:
Quick now, O joyous maiden,
And far from danger swiftly fly,
With Love's fond missive laden!

Ah, Love! you've been at work again—
One never finds you sleeping;
And they will only watch in vain
Who guard 'gainst thee are keeping!
But better so—for without thee
All would in life grow weary;
Without the sun the changeless sea
Would soon be sad and dreary! G. W.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN.

"OH dear! who would be an old woman and live in a shoe, and have so many children she don't know what to do?" said Mrs. Hendon—a friend upon whom I was calling one day. "There's my Harry; I have worked so hard to get his suit finished, and just when he had got it on, and it looked so well, he fell backwards into a bowl of soapsuds, and it is quite spoilt. His stockings are always through at the knees, and his clothes are never fit to be seen——".

"In fact, he feels his life in every limb," said I.

"In every limb—say rather in every fibre of his body. The child might be made of quicksilver——"

At this moment, the Master Harry in question rushed into the room. He was a fine little fellow, evidently brimful of animal spirits, but without the slightest regard to politeness or decorum, and with a dress which certainly showed no traces of his mother's care and work. He took no notice of me, but fixing his eyes on the table, called out loudly, "I want some cake—I want some cake!"

"Do you see a lady is in the room, my darling?" said his mother; "why don't you shake hands with her?"

"I want some cake," persisted the young gentleman.

"Well, just a little piece then, dear;" and Master Harry disappeared.

In a few moments three other children broke into the apartment, all whining and grumbling, saying that Harry had some cake, and they wanted some. A slice was administered to each, and the mother shut the door upon the little tribe, telling them to go into the nursery and be good children. We had no sooner resumed our conversation, however, than one of the children returned, saying that Harry's piece was larger than his, and he wanted some more. A little more was given to him, when the other children wanted the same. This Mrs. Hendon refused, when there arose a perfect hubbub of whining and grumbling, which brought down the nurse, who vainly entreated the children to be good. Mrs. Hendon at last lost all patience, and administered a sounding box on the ear to the least noisy of the delinquents, who happened to be the nearest to her, and this sent the rest flying upstairs.

The mother resumed her seat, looking hot and uncomfortable. "I don't know how it is," she said, half-apologetically, "I never can get my children to behave properly before people. They are always the worst when any one is here. Sometimes I feel almost inclined to wish that I had no children—they are such a trouble."

"Oh, no! do not say so. After all, it is very true that children are the heritage of the Lord, and their presence, more than any other blessing, tends to make a home bright and happy."

"Ah! you may say so; it seems natural to your children to be polite and obliging."

"Indeed, I can assure you I have had a good deal of difficulty with them," I answered, as I rose to take my leave.

As I walked home, I began thinking over the many

"WHAT SEEK YOU IN THE WAINSCOT THERE?" (*p.* 252).

different families among my acquaintance where the children seemed to be, as Mrs. Hendon said, more of a trouble than anything else; and I could not but conclude that it was due in a great measure to the way in which they were brought up. In some houses they usurped all the parents' attention, and were the sole subject of conversation and interest; their every whim indulged, and every remark applauded, until they were almost unbearable; while in others they were left almost entirely to the charge of nursemaids, who might or might not be judicious and conscientious. Some children were forward, others rough and boisterous, others affected and foolish, others greedy and grasping; and I could only think of one or two instances where they were simple, unaffected, polite, obliging, and considerate for others. Then I thought of our own experience. When the hope of a family first came to me, I used to picture to myself how I would bring up my children, and seeing as I thought I did most clearly the mistakes other people made, I used to resolve that I would never fall into the same.

My children, I determined, should obey a look. They should always be tidy and neat, should behave beautifully both before strangers and in private, and so reflect credit on their admiring and devoted mother. They should begin at a very early age to go to bed awake, and should fall asleep instantly. As they grew in years, they should grow in politeness, amiability, and every other virtue, until, as men and women, they became useful and ornamental members of society, ascribing all their success and goodness to the excellence of the precepts which were taught to them, and the example which was held up to them in early life.

This was my dream; but how very different was the reality! I found, as so many young mothers have found, that it is much easier to criticise the conduct of other people than it is to act superlatively oneself.

"I have been to see Mrs. Hendon, Jack."

"Well, that is more than I shall do at present," said Jack. "I don't intend to go and see Hendon again until his wife has learnt to manage her children."

"Oh, that will come in time. Remember our early troubles."

"I don't know," said Jack. "Some people never seem to find out how to treat the young ones. I would not stand second to any one in loving and admiring children; but they want keeping in their places, and they should be taught to obey."

And this, in my opinion, is the secret of making a child happy, and of finding happiness in a child. He or she must be taught to obey; and, in ordinary cases, this difficult lesson should be learnt before a child is two years and a half old. Jack and I have had *one* struggle with each of our children, and with us that struggle has never had to be repeated. The little one was given thoroughly to understand that his will must give way to ours; and when that was accomplished, the great work was done. Afterwards, the watchfulness necessary was chiefly over our own conduct. We tried never to allow ourselves to give any order that we did not see was obeyed; never to make any threat that was not carried into effect, nor any promise that was not fulfilled. It is marvellous how a child knows when a parent's word can be relied on. I know very well (no one better) how difficult it is for a mother to keep herself sufficiently up to the mark to see that her wishes are attended to. It seems so much easier, for the moment, to let things slide, and it entails so much difficulty afterwards. The trouble is really the greatest at the beginning; for if a child forms while young a habit of obedience, and if the younger ones see that the elder ones obey, comfort and happiness seem to follow, almost as a matter of course. There is no doubt that obedient, well-conducted children are by far the happiest. Once begin trying to give a child everything he wants, and the old story is soon repeated—he asks for the moon, or something equally inaccessible.

Our way of punishing small offences was to withdraw the permission to do little services for Jack or myself; and a very heavy punishment, indeed, was to send the child to bed before papa came home. This always caused terrible grief. Our rewards were books and toys, not impure sweets and vapid buns. It is such a pity to bring up a child to think that something to eat is to be the reward of virtue. Far better give him a pretty book, which will interest and amuse him when the sweets and buns have done their mischievous work and are gone. Mothers can do so much to instil into their children's minds a reverence and love for books, which will be a blessing to them as long as they live.

We never allowed a child to be punished by any one but ourselves. I gave my servants to understand, when I engaged them, that instant dismissal would follow a blow given to any of the children. The necessity for making a rule like this may be known by any one who cares to watch the conduct of most respectable-looking nurse-maids to their young charges in any of our large towns. We ourselves never whipped a child for any less offence than deceit, or telling a lie. It seems to me such a wrong thing to be constantly boxing a child's ears, the punishment being oftener called forth by the parent's bad temper than by the child's offence. We tried to teach them, too, that they were not to expect to have a share in everything they saw. What was good for them they had without asking; what was not good for them would not be obtained by importunity.

Another plan which we found answer excellently was to give them little duties to perform—of course not anything at all arduous, but enough to make them feel themselves useful small members of society. Even a baby two years of age would put his little boots in their proper place, or get papa's slippers ready for him, and feel quite proud of the achievement.

And these plans were very successful. Even after making a due allowance for a parent's partiality, I think I may say that ours were very good children. I do not mean to say that they were perfect. They did not speak in a whisper, or walk in a straight line, or look as if they had stepped out of a band-box, but they behaved like well-conducted children, and we did not desire any more. Young folks must shout and run

(Drawn by F. Barnard.)

MY LITTLE MARCH LAMB.

(*See page* 255.)

about. The lungs have to be expanded, and the limbs strengthened; only they should do so at proper times, and in proper places—in the garden or the play-room, not in the drawing-room, or when in the company of grown-up people who wish to talk quietly.

This leads me to speak of their physical well-being. Our children were constitutionally healthy, though not robust; and I soon learned not to make them delicate by over-care. They were warmly clad, and well shod; they had plenty of plain, wholesome food, at regular hours; they were liberally bathed in cold water (excepting in severe weather, when the little ones had the chill just taken off); their rooms, though warm and free from draughts, were well ventilated; and then they took their chance. They went out every day when it was at all possible to do so. I took no pains to shield them from every breeze or every variation of temperature, and I think we were as free from coughs and colds as most people. During the first three or four years of our married life we had a good lengthy doctor's bill every Christmas; then we began to think we might just as well be without it, and certainly the change was as advantageous to the health of the children as it was to our pockets.

It is *not* good to be eternally dosing children with medicine. If they are not strong, let them have plenty of good air, good food, and good water; and these, with judgment and care, will in nine cases out of ten bring them all right. If more is required, a little simple medicine taken in good time will very likely prevent greater mischief. When a woman has had three or four children, she ought to have acquired sufficient experience to act as doctor for her own family; and she will soon be able to tell when they are only a little out of sorts, and when really ill. Of course, I am not now speaking of cases of severe illness, but of the little ailments to which every child is liable. As to the medicines: allopathic doses of homœopathy and homœopathic doses of allopathy amount to very much the same thing. I recommend every mother to procure a good Handy Guide to Domestic Medicine, of which there are many to be had, both allopathic and homœopathic; by its help she may get through many small illnesses without calling in medical aid at all.

As our children grew older they grew stronger, and were unceasingly a comfort and a joy to us; and though I am thankful for my own part that their number was limited to six, yet we would not for the world have been without one of them. So far from sympathising with our American cousins in their horror of a family, a feeling I am sorry to see growing even in England, I am not ashamed to confess that I am sufficiently old-fashioned to feel that a woman has no more sacred "rights" than those enjoyed by a happy wife and mother. PHILLIS BROWNE.

MY LITTLE MARCH LAMB.

BLOW, blow, March winds, blow;
Sing a song to my darling;
Drive away care,
Blow, breezes fair,
To bring good gifts to my darling.

Shine, shine, March sun, shine;
Open the flowers for my darling—
Hyacinths bright,
Narcissus white—
To make a crown for my darling.

Play, play, lambkins play;
Whistle, March birds, for my darling;
Let the bees hum,
And buttercups come,
To brighten the meads for my darling.

Gay, gay, be as ye may,
Ye will not compare to my darling—
My baby fair
With golden hair,
My little March lamb, my darling.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE GATHERER.

Thirst at Sea.

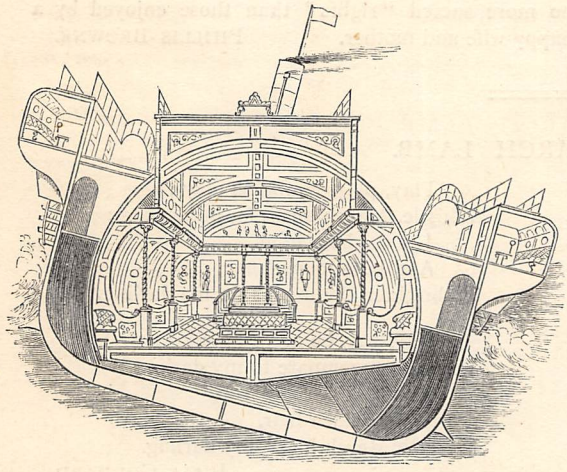
Thirst on land is bad enough, but thirst at sea, with water everywhere, yet not a drop to drink, is ten times worse. Of the agony which it occasions we may form some conception when we read, as in the case of a late shipwreck, of the survivors of a boat's crew greedily drinking the blood of their dead comrades. No one knows what his evil fortune may one day bring him to endure. For the benefit of the reader, therefore, we make a note of the following question put by the Board of Trade Examiners to the candidates for certificates of competency as mates in the merchant service:—"What would you do in order to allay thirst, with nothing but sea-water at hand?" The answer is, "Keep the clothes, especially the shirt, soaked with sea-water." Drinking salt water to allay thirst drives the sufferer mad, but an external application of it gives relief, if it does not quite satisfy the demands of craving nature. It is a pity that this simple yet truly scientific remedy is known to but few of those who tempt the treacherous main.

Motionless among the Billows.

There is no doubt about it; it is the motion of a vessel which produces sea-sickness. If we could only

have a perfectly steady platform on board ship, one-half of the landsman's terrors would be removed: he might be drowned, but there would be no chance of his being sea-sick. In Mr. Bessemer's new saloon steamer, constructed for service between Dover and Calais, it is believed that we have made a considerable advance in the direction of attaining this desirable end.

The idea of constructing a platform upon which passengers could be free from all the inconveniences of motion, occurred to Mr. Bessemer several years ago. He had not long considered the subject, when he saw that it was clearly impossible to prevent a whole ship from rolling and pitching. He, therefore, directed his attention solely to the development of plans by which a quiet haven of rest could be secured in the midst of the moving mass. The result of his ingenuity is the saloon of which we have here a representation. This saloon is suspended in the centre of the ship's length, where the rising and falling motion produced by the pitching of the vessel is practically *nil*. In its construction there were many difficulties to be overcome. Freely suspended objects, for instance, as pendulums, begin to oscillate whenever their point of suspension is moved; the transit of passengers to and fro, it was

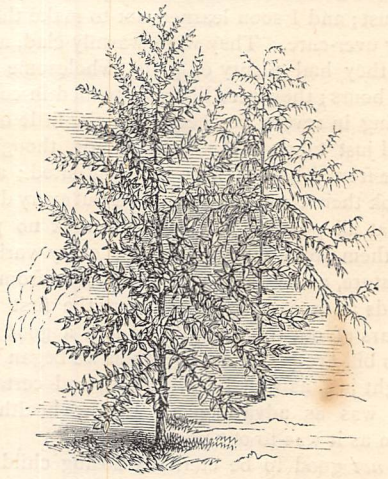


also seen, would produce motion; and the action of the wind on the exposed sides of the saloon would cause the same effect. Mr. Bessemer is of opinion that he has overcome these obstacles by the application of hydraulic power, which is so amenable to control that a child could move the large saloon, weighing a hundred and forty tons, as easily as he could handle a toy.

The saloon is only one-seventh part of the ship's length, so under ordinary conditions the pitching will not be much to speak of among the short channel waves, in a vessel whose length is three hundred and fifty feet. But the movement will be still further diminished by the high speed and great momentum of the *Bessemer*, as she is called, and by the fact that she has a low freeboard forty feet long at each end. This freeboard will cut the waves, ship part of them on the low deck, and so balance the vessel.

A Vegetable Disinfectant.

An organised attempt has lately been made to overcome the terrible malaria of the Roman marshes by means of Mother Nature herself. A number of monks, from a monastery situated in the Roman Campagna, have been busy planting in the marshes the *Eucalyptus*,



or Australian gum-tree. Unlike the poison-emitting Upas-tree of Java, the *Eucalyptus* absorbs the foul gases from the air around, rendering the atmosphere pure and non-injurious to health. This experiment of the Roman monks is one that is well worth watching with interest, as, if the present attempt prove successful, further operations on a larger scale may perhaps rid the Campagna of the terrible scourge to which it has been so long subject; and, furthermore, experience will have been gained, which will without doubt be turned to account in other unhealthy regions.

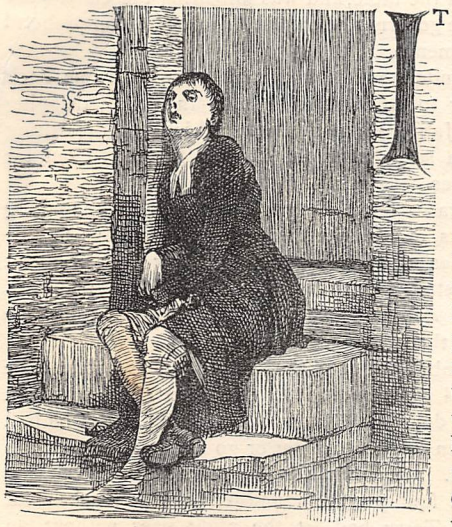
Port Wine.

A few weeks back, a number of colliers entered the coffee-room of one of the principal hotels in a Lancashire town. On being requested to adjourn to the next room they flatly refused, saying that "their brass was as good as onybody else's." They were allowed to remain, and called for a bottle of port; for, as one of them remarked, "that were what th' quality supped." The wine was brought, and they filled their glasses, when collier No. 1, looking at his companions, observed with a diabolical grimace: "It's orfu' bad." Collier No. 2: "Shut up, tha foo'. It mon be good; it's six shillin' a bottle." So, thinking they were doing the strictly proper thing, they discussed another bottle, and rang for a third. In the meantime the landlord (who had been absent) returned, and desired to know what such company were doing in his principal room. His daughter explained the circumstances, and by way of excuse informed him that they were then ringing for their third bottle of port. "Port!" he exclaimed; "where did you get it from, lass?" "From the top shelf of the bar," was the reply. "Good heavens!" cried the landlord, "you have been giving them ketchup!" The fact was, he had been manufacturing mushroom ketchup, and had stored it in wine-bottles.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.
SIMON'S PUPIL.



IT was fortunate for Jabez that the late rains had raised the level of the Irk; otherwise that being the shallowest part of the stream, there would not have been sufficient depth of water to buoy him up when he was pitched over the wall; and had his head come in contact with rock or stone, falling from such an elevation, his history would have closed with the last chapter.

It was doubly fortunate that sensible Simon had taught him that without which no boy's education—nor, indeed, any girl's either—is complete, and that Jabez, from very love of the water, had kept himself in practice whenever a holiday had given him an opportunity.

He had gone over the wall backwards, falling into the stream head downwards, but not altogether unprepared; and to him head first, heels first, forward, or backward, were all as one. Like a cork he rose, and struck out across the river. The slimy stone embankment seemed to slip from his touch; there was no hold for his hand; it was too steep and smooth to climb; and he felt that the river, swift in its fulness, was bent on bearing him to the Irwell, so dangerously near.

He raised his voice for "help." Tabitha, listening answered with a scream and a shout, and bolting into the house, disturbed the Parson and his besotted father at their tea by the outcry she made, as she rushed on into the street with the alarm of "a lad dreawndin," just as the conscious culprits slunk past to their own quarters.

Doctor Stone, the first recipient of terrified Kit Townley's incoherent intelligence, was simultaneously racing at full speed, with a troop of the College boys at his heels, down towards Hunt's Bank and the outlet of the Irk, with the swift consciousness that the only hope of saving life was in the chance of reaching the confluence of the rivers first. He thought the dusk never came down so rapidly.

A lamplighter, with ladder and flaring long-spouted oil-can light, was going his rounds.

"Turn back, my man, with ladder and light," he called out, without stopping; and the man, seeing something unusual was astir or amiss, followed at a canter without question.

At Irk Bridge the librarian took the light from the man, and swung it to cast its reflection over the Irwell; but nothing was to be seen or heard but the full river, and the wash of its waters.

To cross the bridge, in fear that the boy was beyond help, was but the work of a moment.

Slower, along the wooden railing of the Irk embankment, he held the lamp low. There was neither eddy nor bubble on the water, to tell where a drowning mortal had gone down.

"Jabez! Jabez Clegg!" he cried, but there was no response.

Again and again he raised his voice—"Jabez! Jabez!" The only answer was from an advancing crowd, with Parson Brookes and Tabitha in their midst, who had rushed to the rescue with ropes and poles down the bridge at Mill Brow.

"I fear it's no use, Parson Brookes," said the librarian sadly; "the river's high, and poor Jabez may have been drifting past Stannyhurst before we were out of the College Yard."

"Jabez!" exclaimed Joshua aghast, "you cannot mean that Jabez Clegg is the boy drowned!" and he staggered as if some one had struck him.

"Indeed, Parson, if this boy speaks truth, I fear it is so," and he turned to question his informant; but Kit Townley, seeing his impulsive schoolmaster approach, had edged away, and was gone.

Gruff Joshua drew the back of his hand across his shaggy brows.

"And so the greedy river has swallowed the bright lad at last! He was a boy of promise, Dr. Stone, and his untimely fate is a—a—trouble to me;" and the rough Parson's harsh voice shook with emotion. "I baptised him, Doctor, and I hoped to see him grow up a credit to us all."

They, and the dispersing crowd, seeing the uselessness of longer stay, were moving on towards Mill Brow, as he spoke.

"Who's this?" he cried as they neared the bridge, and a working woman, her hair flying loose from the kerchief on her head, rushed across it with an impetus gained in the steep descent.

It was Bess, with Simon at her heels, close as his stiff rheumatic limbs would carry him.

She wrung her hands bitterly.

"Is it true?" she cried in anguish, "Is it true? Oh, Parson Brucks, is it true that ar Jabez is dreawnded?"

There was the same choking in his voice as he answered—

"I'm afraid so, Bess."

Simon's voice now broke in.

"But are yo sartain, Parson? Ar Jabez couldn swim loike a duck. An' how cam he i' th' wayter, aw shouldn loike to know?"

"Swim, did you say?" interrogated Dr. Stone; "then there may be hope yet. If the eddies would not let him land at Waterworth Field, he might swim ashore at Stonyhurst."

"Pray God it be so!" ejaculated Bess from a full heart.

Dr. Stone, hurrying forward, continued—

"Follow me to the College for lanterns to renew the search," and no second invitation was needed.

And where was Jabez?

He heard Tabitha's cry, but it came from the wrong side, and he had sense to know was useless to save, unless he could withstand the current till help came round. But the strong stream was bearing him on against his will.

Suddenly he bethought him of the dairy steps, and with a stroke of his left arm swerved towards the hoary building looming through the twilight.

One moment later, and the steps had been passed, not to be recovered, for the current was stronger than he; but that providentially abrupt turn and a few skilful strokes brought him upon them.

Literally upon them, for the water was within a step or two of the door. With difficulty he obtained a footing, they were so slippery. Once above the water, he hammered at the door and called, but his voice was weakened by exertion and the shivering consequent on cold, wet, clinging garments.

Again and again he knocked and called, but every one was out in the quadrangle, or away in search of him, and no one heard.

He had been excited and overheated in his prolonged struggle with his persecutors, and, short as was the distance he swam, his efforts to stem the overmastering current had exhausted him. Cold and exposure did the rest.

He sank on the topmost step with his head against the door in the angle it formed with the wall, his feet in the water; and there he lay, too faint to respond when Dr. Stone's voice fell on his ear as on that of a dreamer. His dark robe, his position, the jutting wall, all contributed to hide him from the poor rays of the one oil lamp which was flashed along the stream to find him. And there he might have lain and died had not Nancy, for lack of a boy at hand to wait on her, gone down to the cellar for milk for the boys' supper.

As she filled the wooden piggin she had taken with her, she fancied she heard a moan; and listening, breathless, heard another and another from the outside of a door which was (to her thought) inaccessible to mortal.

Down dropped the piggin and the milk—she was not a strong-minded woman, and it was a superstitious age—up the steps she stumbled in her fright, crying, "Oh! theer's a boggart in th' dairy—theer's a boggart!"

Dr. Stone and his companions came in at the porch as she fled upwards towards the kitchen.

The firelight gleaming on her frightened face caught his attention. Half fainting she repeated her exclamation, adding, "It moaned like summat wick."

"Moaned! did you say? Goodness! If it should be——"

Not stopping to finish his sentence, he snatched a light from the table, and was unbolting the cellar door before the governor or any one else could comprehend his movements.

They understood well enough when he came back into their midst, burthened with the limp, dripping form of Jabez, white and insensible, and depositing him on a settle near the kitchen fire, cried out for restoratives.

That was a terrible next morning, when the young miscreants, as much afraid to play truant as to face possibilities at school, sneaked to their places and set to their studies with industry out of the common. Laurence Aspinall, boarding with a master, had no choice in the matter.

How Jabez got into the water was not clear; he was too ill to be questioned over-night, and was in a fever and delirious by noon the next day. But he had never been known to loiter or go astray when sent on an errand. Kit Townley's impulsive cry of alarm had suggested foul play, and neither Joshua Brookes nor Governor Terry had let the night pass without an effort to dive into the truth.

Dr. Stone had conjectured Kit Townley to be a Grammar School boy, although personally unknown to him; and that conjecture recalled to Joshua his father's ravings of ill-usage, which he had at the time regarded as drunken maudling. It was ascertained that the boy had been at Harrop's. Inquiry, and the search for the missing parcel, resulted in the discovery of a trampled play-ground, broken whip-lashes, a string of cob-nuts, and, neatly marked in red cotton with his initials, one of Laurence Aspinall's cambric ruffles, torn and muddy.

There was a conference with Dr. Jeremiah Smith before the night was out. A messenger was sent to Mr. Aspinall in Cannon Street the next morning, as well as to the trustees of the school.

The following day saw such another conclave as before in the Grammar School. Dr. Stone, who was present, picked out the boy who had given the alarm; and Kit Townley, trembling for himself, told all he knew. Ben Travis, at the outset, in his indignation proffered his evidence, which went to prove malice prepense.

The boys, asked what they had to say for themselves, simply said they had done it for "sport"—that they did not mean to throw him over, but only to frighten him to "hold his tongue," and excused their running home on the plea that they were "afraid." Laurence Aspinall boldly said that he knew the boy could swim, and did not think a ducking would do him much harm, and offered to jump off the wall and swim down the river himself.

Liar as well as boaster, he received a summary check from Dr. Smith, apart from the reprimand administered to him as the proven ringleader.

In these days such a case of outrage would have been brought before a magistrate, and the offenders' names sent flying through newspaper paragraphs. Then, whether to spare the parental feelings of such influential men as Mr. Aspinall, or to save from tarnish the fair fame of the school, or to avert the further debasement of the boys by prison contact, and give them a chance to amend, the school tribunal was allowed to be all-sufficient.

Ignominious expulsion was dealt out not only to Laurence Aspinall and Ned Barret, but to each of the conspirators—Kit Townley, honourably acquitted by them of participation in the final attack, alone escaping with a caution, a severe reprimand, and as severe a flogging; which special immunity he had purchased by running white-faced to give the alarm. It is possible he scarcely estimated the value of that immunity at the time.

But the loud hurrahs which hailed this sentence testified how the Grammar School boys valued their honour as a school, and how proud they were to be purged of such offenders.

Mr. Aspinall, too much agitated to witness his son's public disgrace, waited the result of the inquiry in the Head-Master's house; and if ever Laurence Aspinall felt ashamed of his own misconduct, it was when his father refused to take his unworthy hand as they left the door-step, and he heard Dr. Smith's closing words of reproof mingled with compassion for the father, in whose eyes were signs of the tears a bad son had drawn.

Long before Jabez was able to resume his own place in the school, Laurence Aspinall had been removed to an expensive boarding-school at Everton, near Liverpool; and this time the merchant laid stress on his tendency for "vicious and low pursuits," and begged that no efforts or expense might be spared to make him a gentleman in all respects. Still he tampered with the truth, lest the school-master (he would be called a Principal in these factitious days) should refuse to admit a pupil with such antecedents, and decline the task of eradicating cruelty and ingratitude.

Here Laurence certainly mixed only with boys of his own class, from whom money could buy neither flattery nor favour, and where only his own merits could procure either. And here we must leave him, to pursue the fortunes of the boy whose life he had wantonly imperilled.

Had anything been wanting to bespeak Joshua Brookes's good will, Jabez supplied it when he interfered to protect the elder Brookes from the derisive indignities of others. Not only to Mrs. Clowes did he rehearse in his own peculiar manner the story, as told by Ben Travis, with its supplementary drama which had so nearly proved a tragedy; but at such tables as he frequented—Mr. Chadwick's among the rest.

Mr. Ashton, who was present, spoke of being himself a witness to the former scene, and whilst presenting his inevitable snuff-box to the eccentric chaplain, repeated his previous observation—

"I must look after that boy—I must indeed."

If the Parson had been commonly observant he would have noticed a pair of black eyes fixed in eager attention on his, as he, who rarely uttered a commendation, held forth in praise of his father's champion, the Blue-coat-boy; the said black eyes being matched by the black hair, and somewhat dark skin, of the plain but intelligent daughter of his host.

But girls of fifteen were then counted in the category of children, and were taught only to "speak when spoken to," so Ellen Chadwick passed no other commentary on the actions of Jabez than was expressed by her glowing cheeks and eloquent eyes.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

JABEZ GOES INTO THE WORLD.

A SHARP illness followed the precipitation of Jabez into the Irk; but he was young, had a strong constitution, and, to the satisfaction of all in the College, and many out of it, was able to take his place in the refectory, and clear the beef or the potato-pie from his wooden trencher, before the month expired. Prior to this, he was allowed an afternoon—ere he was well enough to resume fully his routine duties—to show himself to the kind friends who had exhibited most anxiety for his recovery.

Mrs. Clowes was one of these. Jam, jelly, and cakes—never concocted within the area of the College—had found their way to his bed-side. Grateful for kindness from so unlikely a quarter, Jabez paid his first visit to the shop in Half Street, to thank the queer old lady. But not one word of thanks would she hear.

"Eh, lad, say naught about it; you did your duty, and I did mine, and so we're quits;" and shook her open hand a few inches in advance of her face, as if she were shaking a disclaimer out of it. "And where are you taking your white face to now?" she asked quickly, the better to turn the tide of his stammering thanks.

"To Aunt Bess's."

"Why, lad, Bess Clegg'll have naught to give thee fit for sick folk to eat! It's much to me if she'll have either a potato or a drop of milk. If she's a bit of jannock or oat-cake, it's as much as the bargain. War may be glorious for kings and generals, but it's awful for poor folk! Mesters can't sell their goods, and can't pay wages 'bout money; and I've heard that since th' potato riots in Shudhill last spring, the folk have been so clemmed, that some on them couldna be known by their friends who hadna seen them for awhile; they were naught but skin and bone, poor things!"

Whilst indulging in this tirade against war and its concomitants, to distract his attention, she bustled about, often with her back to him, then dived into her parlour, and returned with a basket, which she was handing to him, with a charge to "take that to Bess, and be sure bring the basket back safe," when she found that Joshua Brookes was standing behind Jabez amongst waiting customers, with a sharp eye on her proceedings.

"I say, young Cheat-the-fishes, what have you got

to say for yourself? A nice young ragamuffin you are to go a-bathing without leave, spoiling your clothes and giving yourself cold! I hope they gave you plenty of physic to teach you better," said Joshua roughly, taking the boy by the shoulder, and turning him sharply round to confront him.

"Yes, sir—they gave me plenty of physic," said Jabez, doffing his cap respectfully. "But I did not go bathing; I got into the water by accident."

"A what! Do you call that an accident?" growled the Parson, to get at the boy's meaning.

"An accident done a-purpose," chimed in Mrs. Clowes, whilst her scales jingled, and she and her helper weighed out her commodities for the people at the counter.

"Yes, sir," answered Jabez composedly. "It must have been an accident. I don't think they really could mean to push me over. I think they only meant to frighten me——"

"Well?" queried Joshua, seeing that he hesitated.

"I think one of them slipped, and let go, and then I slipped, sir," he replied modestly.

"Slipped, indeed! You'd very nearly slipped into the next world!" exclaimed the Parson. "I suppose you'll say next that my poor old father was dragged about by the young wretches by accident too."

The colour of Jabez rose.

"No, sir, that was very cruel."

"Oh! you do call some things by their right names (here, let that woman pass out). I suppose you're glad enough the rascals have got their deserts?"

A dubious change came over the boy's face. He did not answer at once. He hardly knew his own feelings on the subject.

The question was repeated.

"Well, sir, I'm glad they won't be there to torment me any more, but it must be a very dreadful thing for a young gentleman to be turned out of school in disgrace, and I don't think I *ought* to be glad of that. I should never get over it, if it was me."

"Here, take your basket, and be off with you!" said Joshua Brookes, hurrying him out of the shop, that he might stay and rate the old woman for "spoiling young Cheat-the-fishes," conscious all the while that he had been doing his best to get the lad a good home in the future.

Bess and Simon received him with open arms, glad not only to see him well again, but thankful he had been placed where he was, secure from the bitter want which pinched both their stomachs and their faces. To them Mrs. Clowes' basket brought what they had not seen for months—a white loaf and a good lump of cold meat, to say nothing of a tiny paper of tea, and some sugar—those luxuries of the rich—and half-a-crown in another paper.

How those half-famishing hard-workers, whose home had been denuded of their goods to keep life within them, thanked cross old Mrs. Clowes! She had made it a festival to them indeed, and all for the sake of the boy they had kept.

There were no pigeons—those had been sold long ago, to pay for provisions, though much against Simon's will. The cat was there, lean and gaunt: it managed to pick up a subsistence somehow; and the big Bible was there—Simon had not parted with that, though the bright bureau was gone, aye, and the cradle which had been an ark to the orphan.

The change touched Jabez sorely. Snugly housed and fed within the College, rumours of outer poverty made no lasting impression; but here he saw its grim reality, and sitting down on a three-legged stool, covered his face with his hands to hide the tears called up by that insight into their impoverished condition.

Yet had they some alleviation of their pain. Poverty appeared to have lost half its bitterness for Bess. She had had a letter from her long-mourned Tom, and the joyful news served to brighten up the visit for Jabez and all.

It was a long and deeply repentant letter, of course written by a comrade. It was dated from Badajoz, and had been a weary while in reaching them.

He had been wounded in that brilliant assault, and while in hospital had fallen in with another Lancashire lad, also wounded—no other than the boy who had lent a hand to rescue the infant Jabez, and who had been driven to enlist by the sharp pangs of hunger, only two years before. From this young fellow, Private John Smith (Tom was himself a corporal), he had learned how grievously his Bess had been slandered; but with that knowledge had come the conviction that he had condemned her hastily and harshly on mere hearsay; and the letter was incoherent in its remorseful contrition. In his soldier-life he had been tossed hither and thither—known pain, and thirst, and famine; and said he owed it all to his own jealous credulity, when he ought to have known so much better. He told of marchings and counter-marchings, battles and bloodshed; but of never one wound to himself, though he had not "cared a cast of the shuttle" for his life until that bayonet-thrust which had laid him side by side with John Smith, who had lost an eye. But he wound up with prayers for Bess and himself, and a hope for their reunion if the war would ever end. He "was sick of it."

All that letter was to Bess and Simon, Jabez could not comprehend; but he took Mrs. Clowes her empty basket, and went back to the College satisfied that one ray of sunshine lit up the poor home of his friends.

And Matthew Cooper's last chance was gone.

Mr. Ashton was what is known in trade as a small-ware manufacturer—that is, he was a weaver of tapes, inkles, fillettings; silk, cotton, and worsted laces (for furniture); carpet bindings, brace-webs, and fringes. Moreover, he manufactured braces and umbrellas, for which latter his brother-in-law supplied the ginghams. He had at work, both in Manchester and at Whaley-bridge, a number of swivel-engines, the design of which came from those unrivalled tape-weavers, the Dutch, and which would weave twenty-four lengths of tape or bed-lace at one time. Otherwise, the bulk of his workpeople—winders, warpers, brace, fringe, and umbrella makers—carried away material to their

own homes, and brought back their work in a finished state.

Mr. Chadwick, as we have mentioned, was a manufacturer of ginghams—this included checks and fustians; but much of his trade being foreign, the war had locked up his resources, and his anxieties preyed on his health.

Mr. Ashton had suffered less in this particular, not having disdained to take his sensible wife's advice—"Never put too many eggs in one basket."

Mrs. Ashton, be it said, had a leaning towards "proverbial philosophy" more homely and terse than Tupper's, which, vulgar as it is accounted now, was in esteem when our century was young; and had it been otherwise, would have been equally impressive from her deliberately modulated utterance. This same lady had moreover an aptitude for business. Mr. Ashton employed a number of young women, and Mrs. Ashton might be found most days in the warehouse, either "putting out" or inspecting the work brought in by them, with a gingham wrapper over her "silken sheen." If the footman announced visitors, the wrapper was thrown aside in a moment, and she stepped into her drawing-room as though fresh from her toilette, and with no atmosphere of dozens, grosses, or great-grosses about her.

She was wont to say, "The eye of a master does more work than both his hands," and in house or warehouse her active supervision kept other hands from idling, and she certainly dignified whatever duties she undertook, whether she used hands or eyes only.

In those days a seven-years' apprenticeship to any trade or business was deemed essential; apprentices were part and parcel of commercial economy, and when Mr. Ashton spoke of "looking after that boy," it was that he thought Jabez Clegg bade fair to be a fitter inmate, and a more reliable servant, than others whose terms were about to expire.

Through his friend the Reverend Joshua Brookes he ascertained the boy's age and other particulars, and sought the House-Governor, Mr. Terry, and laid before him a proposition to take Jabez Clegg as his apprentice, on very fair terms. He then learned that Mr. Shaw, the saddler at the bottom of Market-Street Lane, was also desirous to obtain the same Blue-coat-boy as an apprentice, his friend the leather-breeches-maker having named the lad to him.

At the Easter meeting of feofees both proposals were laid before them—Simon Clegg, as standing *in loco parentis* to Jabez, being present. After some little discussion, Mr. Ashton's proposal was accepted, to the great satisfaction of the tanner, and in a few days Jabez was transferred to his new master for mutual trial until Ascension Day, when, if all parties were satisfied, his indentures would be signed. As the Governor said, it had "been but the toss of a button" whether he had gone to Mr. Shaw or Mr. Ashton:—yet upon that toss of a button the whole future of Jabez depended.

Jabez Clegg entered on his new career under good auspices—that is, he bore with him a good character for steadiness and probity, though nothing was said of brilliant parts or any special talent which he possessed. Indeed, his school-master had said that only his indomitable perseverance had enabled him to keep pace with others. If he had any latent genius, any particular vocation, no one had discovered it; his faculty for disfiguring doors and walls with devices in coloured chalks picked up amongst the gravel had been matter for punishment, not praise, and none but the College boys themselves cared to know where the fresh patterns for purses and pincushions came from.

Steadiness, perseverance, probity—they were good materials out of which to manufacture a tradesman, so Mr. Ashton thought, and congratulations were mutual.

Jabez went, with his new outfit, to his new home under good auspices, inasmuch as both master and mistress were prepossessed in his favour, and they stood in the foremost ranks of those who began to recognise that English apprentices were not bond-slaves in heathendom.

Instead of being crammed to sleep like dogs in holes under counters, left to wash at a pump and wipe themselves where they could, obliged to sit at a table in a back kitchen and dip their spoons into one common dish of porridge or potatoes and buttermilk, to eat such scraps and refuse as sordid employers or ill-disposed cooks chose to set before their primitive Adamite forks—instead of a system like this, from which apprentices (of whatever grade) only emerged at the beginning of this century, the Ashtons' apprentices had a comfortable dormitory in the attic, there was a coarse jack-towel by the scullery-sink for their use, they had their meals with the servants in the kitchen, where was an oak settle by the fire for them when work was over.

But work did not end with the close of the warehouse; they were expected to keep their attic clean and in order, to cleanse the wooden or pewter platters or porringers from which they had dined or supped, to rinse the horns which had held their table-beer, to fetch and carry wood, coals, and water for servants too lazy to do their own work; and it was not much rest any apprentice had from five or six in a morning until eight or nine at night, when he went to his bed.

As the youngest apprentice, the roughest of this work fell on Jabez; but, luckily, his training had made him equal to the occasion; though Kezia, the red-faced cook, set herself steadfastly to dislike him, because Mr. Ashton had bespoken her favour for him.

In the warehouse, too, the evident good-will of principals roused the jealousy of underlings, so that "good auspices" had their corresponding drawbacks.

It was not much of a pleasure to Jabez to find Kit Townley seated as an apprentice on the kitchen settle, but the youth seemed disposed to be friendly, and Jabez forbore to create a grievance by recalling unpleasant reminiscences.

With Kit Townley, who was his senior by a year, a heavy premium had been paid, and on this he was inclined to presume. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ashton made any social distinction between the twain, and Jabez was strong enough to hold his own.

During the few weeks' probation Jabez was trans-

ferred from department to department, alike to test his capacity and his own liking for the business.

Both proved satisfactory.

On Ascension Day, 1813, there was another appearance in that ancient room before the College magnates, many of whom, as officers in volunteer regiments, were in full-dress uniform (a dinner pending).

The indentures had to be signed, the premium of £4 (returnable to the boy when his term expired) had to be paid.

Simon Clegg's best clothes had long been lost in the pawnbroker's bottomless pit; but some one unknown (mayhap Mrs. Clowes or Mrs. Clough) had sent him over-night a suit of fresh ones, pronounced by him and Bess "welly as good as new;" and he presented himself for the important ceremony (overlooked by the painted face of the orphan's benevolent friend, Humphrey Chetham) as proud almost of his own restored respectability as of the part he was about to perform. When it came to his turn to sign the document, the little man took the pen with a flourish, as if he were a hero about to perform some mighty action. He stooped to the heavy oaken table, bent his head low, alternately to the right and left, and with his fingers in an unaccountable crump, imprinted his self-taught signature in Roman capitals thereon, then handed back the quill as if to say, "The deed is done!"

Governor, school-master, and feofees congratulated Mr. Ashton and Jabez both. Simon, with moist eyes, shook Jabez warmly by the hand, and holding the boy's shoulder with his left to look the better in his clear dark eyes, said with deliberate emphasis—

"Jabez, lad, aw'm preawd on yo' this day. But moind—thah's an honourable nëame: do nowt to disgrace it, an' yo're fortin's made!"

Jabez was too abashed to make reply at the time; but at the supper given in the kitchen, to mark his installation at Mr. Ashton's—to which Bess and Simon were both invited—Jabez contrived to whisper—

"You needn't clem any more, Bess: I'll give you all my wages."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

APPRENTICESHIP.

JABEZ now began his work in earnest in the packing-room—the very lowest rung of the ladder. Not long did he remain there. The bright colours in the lace and brace rooms had an attraction for him, and he argued with himself that the better he did the rough work assigned him, the sooner he should mount above it. And Jabez, the plodding Blue-coat-boy, was ambitious.

That ambition had a threefold stimulus.

Manchester people were then, as a rule, steady church and chapel-goers. Mr. Ashton had two pews at the Old Church—one for his family, the other for servants and apprentices, the attendance of the latter being imperative. Jabez thus came in frequent contact with his old-time friends, from the Blue-coat-boys in the Chetham Gallery to the Cleggs, to whom went every penny of his earnings; their distress, like that of others, having deepened with the continuation of the Napoleonic war.

Sometimes old Mrs. Clowes, meeting him in the church-yard, would grasp him by the hand, and leave something in it, as, in her old black stuff dress and coloured kerchief tied over her mob-cap, she hurried homewards to scold dilatory handmaids, and put her Christianity in practice amongst her pensioners.

Now and then Joshua Brookes crossed his path, and if he did not put his hand in his breeches-pocket for Jabez—now a well-grown youth—he gave him more than sterling coin in sterling advice, though, unfortunately, in so abrupt and grotesque a manner, its effect was frequently lost. Yet one day, when the Blue-coat-boy had been barely two years at the Mosley Street manufacturer's, he put a spur into the sides of his ambition.

"Young Cheat-the-fishes, were you ever in Mrs. Chadwick's green parlour?"

"Yes, sir—I was there once for half an hour." (The day he took back Miss Ellen's shilling.)

"Well, did you read the sermons on the wall?"

Jabez answered respectfully—

"I did not see any sermons, sir. I saw some pictures in black frames with gilt roses at the corners."

"And didn't look at them, I suppose?" in a harsh grunt.

"Yes, sir, I did! I was waiting till Mrs. Chadwick had done dinner. They were about two boys—a good and bad apprentice."

"Oh, then, you did use your eyes! The next time they let you inside that room, just use your understanding too. William Hogarth, the artist, from his grave preaches a sermon to you and your fellows, as good as Parson Gatliffe preached from the pulpit this morning, mark that!" and he turned on his heel with an emphasising nod to fix *his* sermon on the boy's mind.

The opportunity came before long. It was customary when an apprentice went with a message to leave him in the hall, or send him into the kitchen; but Jabez being sent by Mrs. Ashton with several samples of furniture-binding and fringes for her sister's use, he was shown with his parcel into the parlour, where Mrs. Chadwick, neatly attired in a brown stuff dress, with a French cambric kerchief under the square boddice, sat at work with an upholsteress, in the midst of a mass of chintz and moreen, preparing for the new home of Ellen's elder sister Charlotte; for, in spite of war, distress, or famine, people will marry and give in marriage. And had not a glorious peace just been concluded?

Ellen, a comely but not pretty girl, about seventeen, whose black eyes and hair were her chief attractions, sat there in a purple bombazine dress, with her sheathed scissors and College pincushion suspended by a chain from her girdle, plying her needle most industriously. Jabez was not used to parlours, and no doubt his bow was as awkward as his blush; but he had a message to deliver, and he did that in a business-like manner.

He had to wait until pattern after pattern was tried against the chintz, and calculations made.

Mrs. Chadwick, seeing his eyes wander wistfully from picture to picture, courteously gave him permission to examine them.

At once Ellen, who was sitting close under one, rose to act as interpreter.

She was recalled by the mild voice of her mother.

"Sit down, Ellen; Jabez Clegg does not require a young lady's help to understand those pictures—they explain themselves."

Ellen went back to her seat and her sewing with a raised colour, and a private impression that the rebuke was uncalled for, though she spoke never a word. Perhaps Mrs. Chadwick thought condescension should have its limits, and did not believe in a young lady's impulsive civility to an apprentice Blue-coat-boy. Yet that was not like Mrs. Chadwick.

Miss Augusta had been staying with her aunt. Part of his commission was to convoy her home; she was an only child, and too precious to be trusted out alone, though she was in her eleventh year, and the distance was nothing. But so many desperadoes had been let loose by the termination of the war, that crime and violence were rampant, footpads infested highways and byways, and Cicily, Augusta's maid —ex-nurse—was no longer deemed a protection.

He stood before the last engraving when she—in no awe of her father's apprentice—came dancing into the room in a nankeen dress and tippet, a hat with blue ribands, long washing-gloves which left the elbows bare, and blue shoes tied with a bunch of ribands.

Bright, beautiful, buoyant—she was a picture in herself; and Jabez turned from the dingy engraving to think so. She often came tripping into the warehouse or the kitchen, and exchanged a bright word with one or other, and away again; but Jabez had thought of her only as a pretty playful child until that afternoon. Joshua Brookes pointing Hogarth's lessons had given the one spur; that lovely brown-eyed, brown-haired maiden, with her simple, "Come, Jabez—I'm ready," had given another.

She put her little gloved hand in his, after bidding aunt and cousin good-bye, and went dancing, skipping, and chattering by his side down Oldham Street, and let him lift her over the muddy crossing to Mosley Street, unconscious of the chimerical dreams floating through his apprentice brain all the while.

His original ambition to make a home for Simon and Bess, where neither penury nor care should trouble them, dwarfed before the new ideas crowding upon his mind.

He had read the sermon on the wall, but the old "Knave of Clubs," as Joshua was called, little thought how that pretty, piquant little fairy, the "master's daughter," would point it with something higher than ambition.

There were at that period in Manchester two schools for young ladies which, being celebrated at the time, deserve to be mentioned. The one was situated at the extreme end of Bradshaw Street, looking through its vista across Shudehill to the gaps in brickwork called Thomas Street and Nicholas Croft, where in highly genteel state Mrs. (or Madame, as she insisted on being called) Broadbent superintended the education of a large and very select circle.

Education must have been at a low ebb when the chief manufacturers of the town consigned their daughters to this pompous, pretentious woman, who could not speak correctly the language she professed to teach. In her attempt to appear the print and pattern of a lady, she "clipped the King's English," and made almost as glaring errors as Mrs. Malaprop. Yet, strange to say, she turned out first-class pupils (for the period). The fact is, she was shrewd enough to know her own deficiencies, and delegated her duties to others who were in all respects efficient.

Then she was a wonderful trumpeter of her own fame; made frequent visitations at houses where she was well entertained, and her bombast was listened to for the sake of her young charges; held half-yearly recitations, and also exhibitions of the plain sewing, embroidery, knitting, knotting, fillagree, tambour, and lace work of her pupils; and matrons proud of their own daughters' achievements seldom paused to reckon up the tears, the headaches, the heart-aches, the sore fingers which those minutely stitched shirts, those fine lace aprons and ruffles, those pictures and samplers had cost. For Madame Broadbent, besides being a martinet rigid in her rule—having a numbered rack for pattens and slippers, numbered pegs for cloaks and hats, book-bags and work-bags, safe-guards (receptacles for sewing, &c., like a huckster's pocket) and slates, all numbered likewise—was not of too mild a temper, and had a *penchant* for pinching her pupils' ears until the blood tinged her nails; and stocks for the feet, back-boards for the shoulders, and dry bread diet were her prescriptions for the cure of such delinquencies as an unauthorised word, an omitted curtsey, a bag or garment on a wrong hook, a dropped stitch in knitting, a blotted copy, a puckered seam; and work had to be done and undone until stitches were almost invisible, and little eyes almost blind. She had other peculiarities, had Madame Broadbent—but my portrait is growing too large for its frame, and she was not a large personage at all.

It was to this delectable individual's school ("establishments" had not been invented then, or hers would have been one) that Miss Augusta Ashton was consigned for conversion into a well-behaved, well-informed, useful, and accomplished young lady.

Her cousins, the Misses Chadwick, had in their turns escaped from this penitentiary for the manufacture of ladyhood. But in Piccadilly was a school of a very different description, where young ladies of talent and fortune went to qualify for *wifehood;* and here at this time Ellen Chadwick was finishing her education, with many others, in learning *the culinary art* in all its branches.

How came it that Madame Broadbent's school flourished and survived the decay of its neighbourhood, being in existence when the writer of this was a child, and the other had died and been forgotten, save by the antiquary, before she was born?

To fetch Miss Ashton home from Madame Broadbent's on dark or stormy afternoons, was the under-

stood duty of one or other of the apprentices; but Kit Townley, having no more liking for wet weather than a cat, generally contrived to be out of earshot when his services were required. It devolved on Jabez, therefore, to carry the grey duffel hooded cloak with which to cover the dainty bright scarlet one, to tie the pattens on the tiny feet, to carry the school-bag, and hold the bright blue gingham umbrella over the bright head elevated by the pattens so much nearer to his shoulder, and to be thanked by one of the sweetest voices in the world.

It was dangerous work, though no one knew it, least of all Jabez.

True, she was only a child, but she was tall for her age. And was he much more than a boy? A boy let out from the seclusion of an almost monastic institution, to whom her little airs and graces, her petty vanities, her very waywardness and caprice only made her beauty more piquant.

Madame Broadbent's infallibility being taken for granted, all attempts to make known school troubles and grievances were met with "Never tell tales out of school," from Mrs. Ashton, but they were poured fresh and warm into the ear of Jabez, as she trotted by his side; and he, his school-days unforgotten, listened with ready sympathy. And this went on as months and years went by, adding to her stature, narrowing the space between them; and he still did duty as her humble escort, unless when Kit Townley was expressly told off for the service, and went reluctantly, grumbling at being made "lackey to a school-miss."

Yet Kit Townley did not think it any degradation to play practical jokes on Jabez, or on Kezia, leaving the younger apprentice to bear the blame. Billets of wood, scuttles of coal, pails of water brought in for her use by Jabez, were dexterously removed to doorways and other unsuspected places, where "cook" was sure to stumble over them, and then cuff Jabez for his carelessness or wilfulness, all protestations on his part being disregarded. Creeping behind the settle where Jabez sat watching and perhaps basting the roast for the master's table, for late dinners on company days, he would steal his sly arm round the corner, himself unseen, and lifting the wheel of the spit out of the smoke-jack chain, bring spit and all thereon into the dripper, with a splash which brought the irate Kezia down on astounded Jabez with whatsoever weapon of offence came nearest to her hand, from the paste-pin to the basting-ladle, or even a saucepan-lid; it was all as one to Kezia.

From Kezia, however, these frequent chances and mischances went to Kezia's mistress; and appearances being against him, the very steadiness of denial, unaccompanied with any accusation of another (other waggeries of Kit Townley in the warehouse being also laid on his shoulder), Mrs. Ashton's faith in the youth was somewhat shaken, and he was conscious of being under a cloud. But still he kept on his way, and looked to the end.

The cloud dispersed after awhile. Kit Townley was something of a glutton, with a very boy's love of pastry and sweets. It so happened that on a special occasion (rejoicing for peace or something) Kezia had set aside in her roomy pantry, the door of which fastened only with a button, a tray of tartlets, custards, a trifle, moulds of jelly and blanc-mange, and other dainties for a large party. Kit's mouth watered to get at these things. Often and often had he stolen the fruit from under a pie-crust, and sat silent whilst Jabez bore the blame, but now he meditated a more sweeping raid. There was a fine retriever in the yard. Watching Kezia out of the way, he crammed mouth and pockets with the pastry, and made an inroad into the trifle. Then he whistled to Nelson, raised the dog on his hind feet, and printed the fore-paws on the pantry-shelf, dishes, and tart-tray, and round the button of the door.

But he was compelled to wait until bed-time to fairly enjoy his spoil, and then could not manage it unknown to his companion. Hoping to close the other's mouth literally and figuratively, he offered him a share, but Jabez told him he was not a receiver of stolen goods, and left him to digest that with his feast. It was a harder morsel than even Jabez knew.

The next morning before breakfast they were in the warehouse, when there was a terrible commotion in the yard. From the back windows Kezia was seen belabouring Nelson with a broomstick, her face redder than ordinary, whilst the poor beast whined piteously.

Jabez ran down to interpose, and the infuriated woman turned on him, then ran in her rage to fetch her mistress to witness the damage done, and the footprints of the depredator, and to own that punishment was just.

But as Mrs. Ashton ascended the warehouse stairs that forenoon, she heard Jabez and Kit loud in altercation, and before they were aware, she possessed a clue to much that had gone before.

Something Jabez had said was answered by a loud guffaw from Kit, and the words—

"Let them laugh that win. I call it a deuced good joke."

"And I call it cowardly and dishonourable to let the poor beast suffer for your greediness," Jabez answered indignantly.

"Now, don't you put in your oar, young yellow-skirt. I'll let no charity-boy hector over me," blustered Kit.

Jabez put down a bundle of umbrella whalebones he had on his shoulder to confront the other, then counting ferules into dozens. Umbrellas used to have brass ferules, like elongated thimbles, on the sticks.

"Look you, Kit, I've borne many a scurvy trick of yours without saying a word, but I will not give even the sanction of silence to dishonesty, and will not see a noble animal ill-used to screen a coward."

"Won't you?" sneered Kit, "then we'll see whose word weighs heaviest."

Mrs. Ashton came into the room.

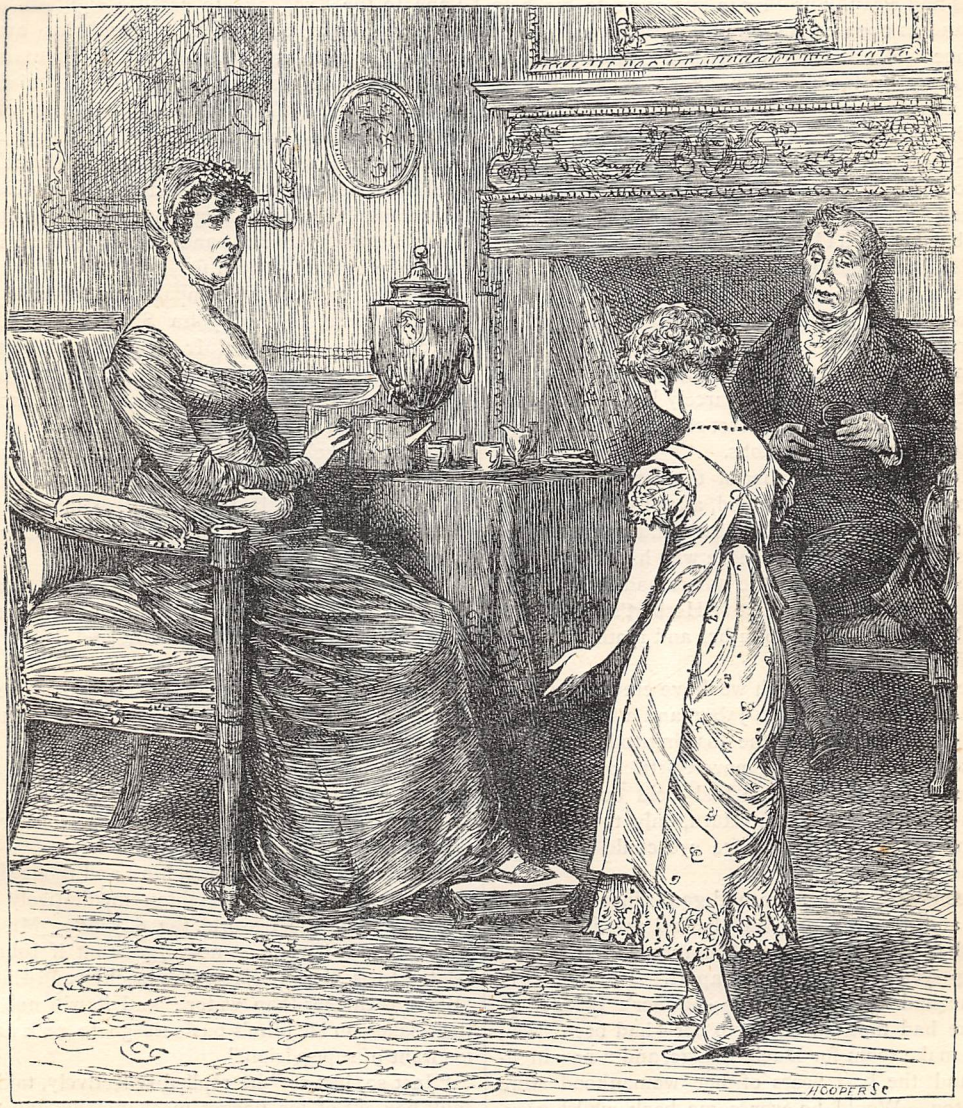
"Townley," said she, "your word will not weigh down a feather henceforth," adding, in the same dignified tone, "Are those ferules counted?—Jackson is waiting for them."

No further notice was taken, but Jabez soon found he stood on a firmer footing in house and warehouse.

As Mrs. Ashton remarked to her husband, as she finished dressing for their dinner-party—

"It was a slight circumstance, William, but 'straws show which way the wind blows.'"

And he tapped his silver snuff-box, and said, "Just so;" then courteously offering his hand to his fine-looking wife, led her from the room, her purple velvet robe trailing after her, the plumes on her head nodding as they went.



"TRIPPED IN AT THE DOOR, HER PINAFORE NOT SO CLEAN AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN" (*p.* 267).

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

IN WAR AND PEACE.

A CLAP of thunder burst over Europe, and the great war-eagle flapped his monstrous wings again. Napoleon had escaped from Elba ere crops had had time to grow on his trampled battle-fields; yet crops of men rose ripe for the sickle, and home expectations were dashed to the ground.

How many an anxious parent, how many a longing, love-sick maiden, looked for her warrior back from Canada or the Continent, if only on furlough or sick-leave! How many a weary soldier, sated with blood, looked for discharge with pension or reward, and thirsted for the fountain of home joys!

And from how many lips was the cup of delight dashed when the cry, "To arms!" rang out from mount to vale, from peak to peak, from town to town, and the sheathed sword flashed forth to light, and forges belched forth flame through day and night, preparing for fresh holocausts in the new carnival of blood!

Trade centres at all such times are most convulsed,

as being also centres of humanity—depôts whence fresh relays are drafted from the ranks of men whose peaceful work is at a sudden standstill.

But that war-blast came like a fiery flash, and commerce, only then a feeble convalescent, sank crushed and hopeless.

Mr. Chadwick felt it keenly, and, but that his more cautious and wealthy brother-in-law came to his help with hand as open as his snuff-box, his credit must have gone. His two eldest sons had gone from him, drawn away by the phantom Glory. One, Richard, was a midshipman aboard Admiral Collingwood's ship; the other, Herbert, a lieutenant in the 72nd, or Manchester Volunteers, had gone with his regiment to fight in the Peninsula. A third son, John, had been left to do his quiet duty in the counting-house, but Death had laid its clutches on him soon after his sister Charlotte's marriage, and Ellen alone kept the house from utter desolation.

She was a girl of strong feelings and quick impulses, but pursued her way with so little show or pretence, she was hardly accredited with all the comfort she brought to the hearth; and scarcely her mother even suspected how that hidden heart of hers could throb—how intense were her emotions.

Her love for every member of the family was deep, but when her brother John died, after the first terrible outburst of grief she dried her tears, and by mere force of will set herself to soothe those who had lost a son. The prolonged absence of the others had been fruitful of pain, and the glad prospect of Herbert's return now blighted came to her, as to father and mother, with a shock like a stab.

There was another hearth we have erewhile visited—a hearth which, thanks to Jabez, and a few months' regular employment for the batting-rods and the tanner's plunger, was less poverty-stricken than it had been—and where Hope had held out delusive banners to herald a soldier's return, only to furl them again for another march, before eye could meet eye, or lip meet lip.

Thirteen years had come and gone since last Tom Hulme and Bessy Clegg had looked woefully upon each other—thirteen years of unrecorded trial and suffering—yet still they were apart. The home in which he had known her first—Tanner's Bridge, on which he had first made love to her—had been swept away to make room for Ducie Bridge, and a new high-road; and the best years of her womanhood were passing too. Would he ever come back whilst grey-haired Simon could bless their union? Would he ever come back at all?

Tears fell on Bess's batting; and Simon had not one word of comfort to give her. Even Matt Cooper, who had long since resigned himself to his widower-hood, was magnanimous enough to be sorry.

The new war between the Corsican Vampire and allied Europe was fortunately of short duration; but how much of carnage and misery was compressed into that campaign, which virtually had its brilliant close at Waterloo!

In the onset of that terrible conflict, Herbert Chadwick and a cousin, fighting side by side, fell in a storm of grape-shot like green corn under an untimely shower of hail, and their blood went to fertilise the Belgian farmer's future crops of wheat.

Herbert was his father's favourite son. Not a mail morning passed but the old man made one of the crowd hurrying down the narrow way called Market-Street Lane to the Exchange, to catch a sight of whatever bulletins might be posted up; and, his own mind relieved, sent an apprentice from the Fountain Street warehouse with the words, "All's well!" to cheer up those at home. That dreadful morning when his fearful eye ran down the black list of the killed at Waterloo, and rested on Lieutenant Chadwick's name, the letters seemed to turn blood-red; he shrivelled up like a maple-leaf in a blighting wind; his face and limbs began to twitch, and he fell forward into the arms of a bystander, in a fit.

He was carried by compassionate hands to the nearest house, that of John Shaw the saddler. A merchant on 'Change (Mr. Aspinall) undertook to break the doubly calamitous intelligence to Mrs. Chadwick. Dr. Hardie, whom the general excitement had drawn to the spot, was with him in an instant, his white neckcloth was loosened, and, whipping out a lancet, the doctor bled him in the arm without delay. He rallied sufficiently to bear lifting into a carriage, kindly placed at the doctor's disposal to convey him home.

Dr. Hull was already in waiting. All that their united skill could suggest was tried. His recovery was slow and imperfect; he dragged his right leg after him; he was paralysed for life.

He was not a young man, and the supreme shock, coming as it did above a pressure of commercial difficulties, had been too much for him.

It was an overwhelming disaster; but in anxiety and active care for the stricken one, whose life was in imminent peril, the sharp edge of the keener stroke was blunted for Ellen and her mother.

The Ashtons were, as ever, kind and thoughtful.

"William," said Mrs. Ashton meditatively to her husband over the tea-urn, the day after Mr. Chadwick's attack, "we must not forget that if John is not related to us, Sarah" (Mrs. Chadwick) "and Ellen are. 'Blood is thicker than water;' and it will not do, for their sakes, to let John's business go to rack and ruin for want of supervision."

"Just so, just so," he replied reflectively, taking his snuff-box out of his pocket mechanically, and putting it back again unopened, as contrary to tea-table propriety; "I have been thinking the same myself. I will go round to the warehouse to-morrow, and see how matters stand; we must keep things ship-shape somehow till John is himself again."

And he was as good as his word, though he had really never thought about it until prompted by his clear-headed wife. He had a habit of thus falling in with her suggestions, though had any one hinted that he followed the lead of a woman, so much younger than himself too, he would have rejected the imputation with scorn.

But with returning peace came joyful restorations to many homes—humble as well as lofty.

Before the time of their extreme privation, before even Simon was out of work, he had taken one of the smallest of the garden-plots on the higher ground on the opposite side of the Irk, and cultivated it in what little leisure he had, Bess giving him a helping hand occasionally. And by the sale of penny posies to Sunday ramblers from the town, and herbs and salad to the market women in Smithy Door, he did his best to beat back the gaunt wolf when the wolf came.

Bess had laid by her batting-wands, put a turf in the grate to kindle up a handful of cinders and slack, to boil their supper-porridge ; for, though autumn was striding on, they could not waste fuel on a mid-day fire ; Simon was away working in his garden, whilst the daylight held ; and she sat, as she frequently did now, on a low stool in front of the grate, her elbows on her knees, and her head on her hands, watching, in a kind of hazy dream, the red glow creeping through the heart of the turf, when a footstep on the threshold caused her to turn round.

Like a picture framed by the doorway, stood the tall figure of a bronzed soldier, with his left arm in a sling. Before the sharp cry of joy had well left her lips, his other arm was around her—both hers around his neck ; their lips met in a long kiss, which told of pain and trouble past, and love through all ; and then her head fell on his shoulder in a fit of convulsive sobbing such as had not shook her frame for years.

Sorrow and joy have both their baptism of tears !

It was a glad sight for Simon to see them sitting, with their hands locked in each other's, side by side on an old box which served them for a seat—all Simon's lost furniture had not come back—silent from excess of happiness, yet radiant as though the glow of youth were returning in the midsummer of their lives.

In the roughest war-time the common requirements of life have to be satisfied, and peaceful trades and arts are of necessity carried on, albeit they flourish not. And the farther from the seat of war, and the less private interest is involved, the less business and household routine is infringed on.

Thus Mr. Ashton, whose large capital had enabled him to bide the issues of the Continental and American stoppage of trade, and who had no nearer relatives in danger than his wife's nephews, pursued his way in comparative quiet. Indeed, he was an easy-going man, with much less vigour of character than his wife ; and she bore little resemblance to her own sister.

So we may carry our readers away from the poorly-furnished room in a fœtid Long Millgate yard, leaving the reunited lovers to the enjoyment of the present, and their reminiscences of the past, and look in upon the Ashtons in their cosy tea-room before Waterloo cast a black shadow over the family.

It was a spacious apartment (as were most of the rooms in that habitation), the walls above the surbase (a wooden moulding some two feet above the skirting-board) were painted a warm dove-colour, the surbase and all below in two shades of light blue. The window tax—a result of war—laid an embargo on light, by restricting size and number, so the house, like most in the neighbourhood, having been built subsequently to "Billy Pitt's" obnoxious impost, there were only two windows, and those were narrow. They were draped with heavy curtains, and festooned vallances of dove-coloured moreen, trimmed with blue orris-lace, and worsted-bullion-fringe, with spiral silken droplets here and there to shimmer in the rays of sun or chandelier. For there was a chandelier, of fanciful device, pendent from the wonderfully moulded ceiling, a septenate of lacquered serpents, whose interlaced and twisted tails met upwards, separated below in graceful coils, and branching out their seven heads, turned up their gaping jaws to close them on wax-lights. The chandelier was no misnomer ; but the fiery serpents kept their flames for state occasions, when the serpent branches on each side the long Venetian looking-glass, between the windows, were on duty likewise. There was another Venetian glass above the high painted chimney-piece—so elaborately carved—but here the serpent candelabra lit the room for common use, and were supplemented with lights in tall silver candlesticks upon the centre table.

Spanish mahogany alike were chairs, and table, and Miss Augusta's grand piano—ranged against the wall from the door, so that the window-light should fall upon the keys—and chairs and tables were alike club-footed, massive, and plain ; there were two folded card-tables, a cellaret, and a work-table, all with tapering legs and club-feet ; and there was a ponderous sofa on the flower-besprent Brussels carpet, which, without the adventitious aid of artificial steel springs, was elastic and soft, and wooed the weary to rest aching limbs or aching head upon its cushions. There were no antimacassars—hair-seating did not soil readily.

The air was odorous with rose, lavender, and jessamine, for the windows were both open, and what little air there was stirring swept over a large summer nosegay in a china vase between the windows. The mahogany tea-board was set with miniature unhandled cups and saucers of china, more precious than the fragrant decoction they were designed to hold ; the brass tea-urn hissed and spluttered. Mrs. Ashton in a rich dress sat at the table to infuse the tea ; Mr. Ashton had drawn his softly-cushioned easy-chair nearer ; it was past four by the tall clock in the hall, and Miss Augusta had not presented herself.

As a thorough business woman, Mrs. Ashton was punctuality itself. She expected her family to be punctual also. Four o'clock, the Manchester hour for tea, and no Augusta !

"James" (to the footman), "inquire for Miss Ashton—she is not kept in at school, it is a holiday."

As the man retired, Augusta, in a white cambric frock heavy with tambour-work, tripped in at the door, her diaper pinafore not so clean as it might have been, her hands full of something which she set down on a side table.

"It is past four o'clock, Augusta ; where have you been until now ? And how came Cicily to send you in to tea with a soiled pinafore ?" asked Mrs. Ashton, with the quiet dignity which seldom relaxed.

"Is it? I did not hear the clock strike, I was so busy; and Cicily has not seen my pinafore," was Augusta's light consecutive reply.

"So busy!—Cicily not seen you!" her mother exclaimed in surprise. "Let me look at your hands. I am shocked, Augusta! What would Mrs. Broadbent say?"—the hands were worse than the pinafore—"Have I not told you repeatedly that 'cleanliness is next to godliness'? Go to Cicily and be washed immediately, or you can have no tea."

Augusta pouted.

"Must I, papa?"

The management of this child was the only point on which Mr. and Mrs. Ashton differed.

"Well, my dear, your mamma says so, but I think for this once it may be overlooked, if you will be more careful another time," said he, willing to excuse and temporise.

"'Only this once,' William, 'is the parent of thrice,'" responded Mrs. Ashton gravely, as she poured out the tea, giving something like milk-and-water to Miss Augusta. "You will spoil that child, and 'if you spoil her to-day, she will spoil herself to-morrow.' However, as *you* are inclined to tolerate that which I think disrespectful to us, and wanting in self-respect on the child's part, I can say no more."

Thus Mrs. Ashton yielded against her judgment, Mr. Ashton took out his snuff-box, to put it back like a culprit, and Miss Augusta sat down to the table, not knowing whether to be more pleased or sorry that she had got her own way.

To turn the subject, Mr. Ashton asked—

"What is that you put on the card-table, my dear?"

"Oh, I'll show you," and away the young lady was running, only to be recalled by her mother's decided—

"After tea, Augusta."

So after tea it was that Miss Augusta brought her treasure to her father—sundry sheets of paper, on which scraps of variously-coloured leather had been arranged and pasted in ornamental patterns, floral and geometrical, aided by the stamps employed in piercing brace-ends for the embroiderers, and in cutting stars to cover the umbrella-wheels inside.

"Who did those?" asked mother and father in a breath.

"Jabez Clegg, in the warehouse. Aren't they pretty?" was Augusta's ready reply, as she looked admiringly on her curious pictures.

"Oh! then that accounts for your being late, and in that condition at the tea-table," said Mrs. Ashton, as she glanced from the rich designs before her to the sullied hands and pinafore.

"And so Jabez Clegg has been wasting our leather to make playthings for you," remarked Mr. Ashton interrogatively, in a not unkindly tone of voice.

"No, he hasn't!" answered little miss briskly. "He only used the waste tiny bits. I wanted to take a big piece to make a housewife" (a case for thread and needles) "and he would not let me have it. He said he had no right to give it, and I had no right to take it. Was he right, mamma?"

[Along with many other vain fashions, "papa" and "mamma" had come over from France to supersede our more sterling "father" and "mother," along with other refugees from the Revolution.]

"Yes, my dear, quite right; but I wish my little daughter would not run so much into the kitchen and warehouse among the apprentices," said the mother kindly, smoothing down the light brown hair, in which the sunbeams seemed to weave golden threads. "It is not becoming in a young lady."

Mr. Ashton, who had been all the while examining the glowing devices before him, interrupted her with—

"I think I have discovered a new faculty in our apprentice. I shall buy Jabez Clegg a box of colours to-morrow. We are sadly in want of fresh patterns, and I think he can make them;" and Mr. Ashton took a large pinch of snuff on the strength of his discovery.

And Jabez, for the first time in his life the possessor of paints and brushes, became valuable to his master.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

HOW TO GIVE A NICE LITTLE DINNER.

HOWEVER strange may appear the statement, yet we have no hesitation in saying that one of the greatest steps ever made in economy in giving dinner-parties was the introduction into this country of the dinner *à la Russe*. It will be our endeavour in the present article both to prove and illustrate this point, by contrasting a small dinner-party of thirty or forty years ago with a modern one. As we have already remarked, our observations are intended to apply to those whose status in society may be best described as possessing neither poverty nor riches.

We will suppose the number of persons at dinner to be about ten or a dozen.

My mind now goes back to some people I knew very well in my younger days, and who will make admirable representatives of a very large portion of the backbone of English society: exceedingly kind, generous, and hospitable, but whose ideas of cooking contained a strong element of contempt for what they called—recollect I am speaking of thirty years ago—French messes.

The time is soon after Christmas, and the party a family one. The boys of the party, in their large white collars outside their jackets, look flushed and happy.

But dinner is announced, and we soon find ourselves seated round a large table that may almost be said literally to groan with the weight of the good things placed on it.

First, some good mock-turtle soup—no doubt about it being a jelly when cold—a sort of soup that, in the present day of beards and moustachios, would require some care in taking.

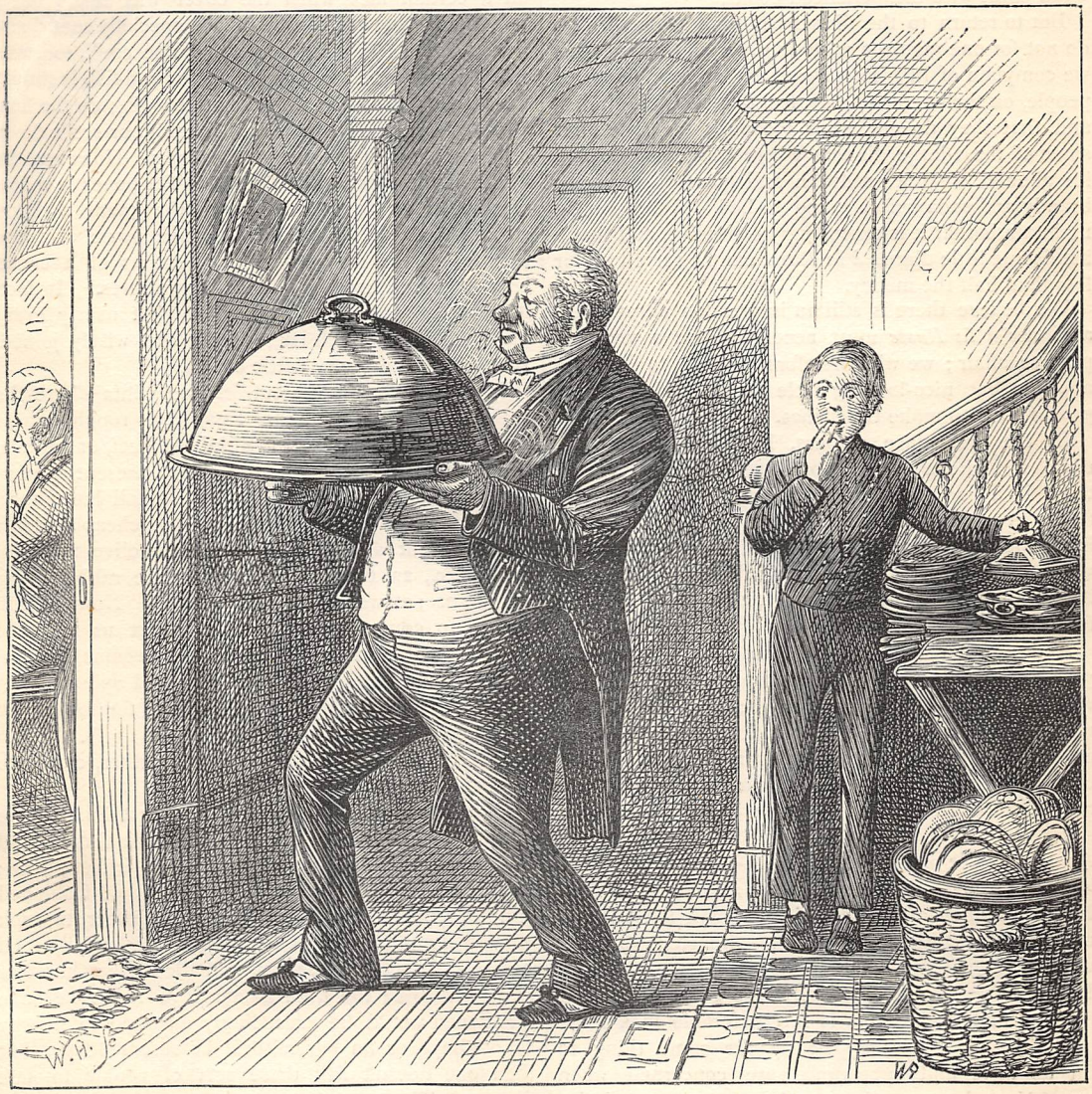
Next the cover is taken off a huge cod-fish, with oyster sauce. Good oysters could then be obtained at fourpence a dozen, and now—three shillings a dozen.

The entrées were as follow :—Oyster patties, curried rabbit, stewed kidneys, and what used to be called a beef olive—which consisted of a steak rolled with veal stuffing, and some very thick brown gravy poured over it.

After all these had been partially consumed, the covers were taken off what is termed the *pièce de résistance*, which consisted of a huge sirloin of beef.

At the other end of the table were generally two large capons, with a boiled tongue between them; beside which, two side dishes, the one a pigeon pie and the other a small York ham.

We will not go on to describe the second course. As a rule, lady housekeepers have no difficulty in superintending this part of the dinner. There are thousands of ladies who can make a splendid dish of trifle or a mould of jelly, who would not have the slightest idea of gravy. It was but yesterday I was dining out where the gravy was handed round, that looked and tasted like pale, weak beef-tea, which in truth it was.



"IT WAS INDEED A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH" (*p.* 270).

At other places, too, cooks seem to think that when gravy is required all they have to do is, to put a little of the soup in the sauce tureen, and send it up.

We would inform them that soup and gravy are two distinct things. Perhaps at some future period we may have a whole article on gravy, for this is a very weak point with inexperienced cooks.

But to return to the dinner before-mentioned. We do not for one moment wish it to be understood that we complain of it. It is a sort of dinner after which people, on their return home, feel that they have dined, and that they do not, as is too often the case after some of these large dinners where fruit, flowers, and ice abound, want a sandwich and glass of sherry or brandy and soda before going to bed. What we do maintain is that it is exceedingly expensive, and that a handsome little dinner *à la Russe* can be served up for less than half the money.

We believe there is still an impression abroad that a dinner *à la Russe* must necessarily be a very expensive affair; we will therefore proceed to describe a cheap but nice-looking little dinner, and, if space permit, how to make the dishes.

In the first place, flowers, like Mrs. Scratchit's ribbons, make a great show for sixpence. Where there is a good garden, there ought to be no difficulty in making a dinner-table look nice. All that is required is just a little taste. It is well to bear in mind, however, that in selecting flowers dark green leaves and the colour blue or violet should not be forgotten.

And now for the dinner. First—say the time of year be the present—Julienne soup, bright as sherry, with just a taste of tarragon in it; a turbot or brill, with lobster sauce; a dish of chicken cutlets, white as snow, with small green and red leaves in the centre of each, about half an inch long, and a little red lobster-claw representing the bone, served in a silver dish, with aspic jelly piled up in the centre. Another entrée of eggs and spinach—always a pretty-looking dish—some lobster cutlets, and some rissoles. Next a haunch of mutton—*i.e.*, a small roast leg of mutton cut outside the room haunch-fashion, parallel with the bone—and red-currant jelly handed with it. In small households, where a large quantity of cold meat is undesirable, this is far preferable to a large haunch, and it is very nearly the same thing so far as taste and appearance are concerned when cut. Next, by way of game, have some roast larks, served up in little paper cups containing a rich forcemeat.

Only one fowl, and that a moderate-sized one, will be necessary to make both the chicken cutlets and the rissoles. We will now calculate roughly the saving in this dinner when compared with the old-fashioned one we have mentioned.

In the first place, Julienne soup can be made far cheaper than mock-turtle; but we will leave out the question of the cost of soup altogether. Next the fish; here again the saving only consists in the fact that it is possible to have a small fish when it is not put on the table, but impossible to have only just enough when it is. Now, warmed-up fish is never nice, yet how often do we see a splendid turbot or cod-fish go down, not a quarter of it eaten!

A cod-fish, by-the-by, is not a particularly easy dish for a cook to serve properly done, and yet looking really nice. I shall never forget the look of dismay on a certain face when the cover was taken off a remarkably fine cod that had been specially sent down from a famous City fishmonger. The cook, too, was really a good one, and knew that raw cod-fish is simply uneatable. Probably the man, in bringing up the fish, had shaken the dish somewhat roughly, or set it down on the table with too much of a bang. However, the whole of the meat had fallen from the bones in a sort of shower on to the dish, and the gaunt skeleton remained alone, an awful sight, like some of those pictures of the desert with the remains of a camel being hovered over by one or two vultures. In fact, it looked so exceedingly ridiculous that nearly every one laughed, in which laughter the host wisely joined. It was indeed a pretty kettle of fish.

It is, however, in the entrées and joints where the great saving will be found. First let us roughly guess the cost of the old dinner: Sirloin of beef, or haunch, about 14 lbs., 14s., taking of course present prices; two capons, 10s.; tongue, 6s. 6d.; small ham, 12s.; pigeon pie, say 3s. 6d., which would be cheap; oyster patties, eight at 6d. each, 4s.; beef olive, 2 lbs. of steak, &c., 2s. 6d.; curried rabbit, the rabbit being 1s. 6d., 2s.; stewed kidneys, say 1s. 6d. Now, this all added up comes to £2 16s. Next let us take the other dinner: One fowl, 3s. 6d.; mushrooms, one tin, 9d.; cream, 3d.; lobster, 2s.; eggs and spinach, 1s.; leg of mutton, 8 lbs., 8s.; calf's liver for forcemeat, 3d.; larks, one dozen, 1s. 6d.; about 1½ lb. of ham or bacon, 1s. 6d.; which, added together, comes to 17s. 9d.

Of course it will be said that in the first dinner there was plenty left to keep the house for several days, and in the second but very little. This is perfectly true; but this is what I complain of. The old-fashioned style was, when ten people came to dinner, to cook enough for thirty. This seems to me to be folly. Of course some allowance must be made for the character of the visitors; the little dinner *à la Russe* we have mentioned would be exceedingly unsuited to hungry school-boys, or an agricultural labourers' feast; but then one doesn't ask these sort of people to late dinners. The average guest is one who has had a substantial lunch—in the case of ladies—or one whose appetite is jaded with worry and anxiety, and requires a certain amount of tickling. The same dinner would not do for a dealer on the Stock Exchange, and a healthy country gentleman, who spends half his time on horseback, and has not a care in the world. We mention this, as one of the arts of giving dinners is to adapt the dinner to the guests, and the guests to one another.

But we must now turn to the practical part, which is, how to make the chicken cutlets, &c. First, early on the morning previous to the dinner, boil the fowl in

some *clear* stock or some water ; take it out and let it get cold ; cut off all the meat, cutting the breast into thin slices ; scrape all the bones, and place the latter back in the stock to boil down. If water has been used, the usual vegetables must be placed in—viz., an onion stuck with six cloves, a small head of celery, a turnip, carrot, a bunch of parsley, and pepper and salt. When the whole is reduced to about a quart, strain it carefully off; remove every particle of fat, and if not clear, clear it with the whites of two eggs, by whipping them up with a little cold water, adding them to the stock, boiling briskly for a few minutes, and then running the whole through a jelly-bag. Next, again place the stock in an enamelled saucepan, and let it boil down to about a pint. Take a third of this and put it into a little enamelled stewpan for the aspic jelly.

Now, this jelly requires rather a decided flavour, add therefore a couple of beads of garlic, and let these simmer sufficiently long to give the stock—one-third of a pint—what may be called a foreign smell. The fowl-bones will probably have been sufficient to cause this to set into a firm jelly when poured out on to a plate and allowed to get cold ; should it not, however, be firm enough, a little gelatine must be added to it. Should the jelly require a little colour, a small piece of toasted bread, such as is used for toast-and-water, will be found best for the purpose—of course put in when the jelly is hot. When set, it must be cut up—two silver forks are best for the purpose—and piled up in the centre of the silver dish, for the chicken cutlets to be placed round it.

Next we have two-thirds of a pint of strong stock left in the saucepan. Add to this about half an ounce of gelatine and a couple of bay-leaves, and let it boil till the gelatine is quite dissolved ; take out the bay-leaves, and pour it off into a basin, and take off any little scum that may have risen from the gelatine. Next pour some cream—about half a tumbler—into an enamelled saucepan; as soon as it begins to boil, pour the warm stock on it, take it off the fire, stir with a spoon for a few minutes, and pour it into a small basin for use. Now, this white-sauce, which is exceedingly nice, when cold will be a hard jelly, looking like blanc-mange.

Next take the slices of chicken and a few *thin* slices of ham, pour a little of the white-sauce on to a plate, and before it has time to cool, cover the plate with very thin slices of chicken ; dip the ham into the stock, and spread it over the chicken, again covering the ham with some more thin slices of chicken. Cover the whole, by means of a spoon, with some more white-sauce, taking care to leave a little sauce for use afterwards.

Now, when all this sets, which it will do very quickly, it becomes like a large white cake, barely half an inch thick. Cut this white cake into little oval pieces, the size and shape of the lobster cutlets, with a sharp penknife ; take up each cutlet carefully, and with a small spoon, or end of a silver knife, cover the edges with the white-sauce, which must be *nearly* set. Next cut some tiny green leaves out of pickled gherkins, and red leaves out of beetroot, or the red skin of a chili, and place four of these, two of each in the centre of each cutlet, star-shaped ; a drop of white-sauce will make them stick. Place a piece of parsley, not much bigger than a pin's head, in the centre of the star ; stick a little lobster-claw, three-quarters of an inch long, in each cutlet; and place them in a silver dish, round the aspic jelly, with a small piece of fresh, bright green parsley between each cutlet, by way of garnish ; and few prettier dishes can be handed round than the one in question.

The dish is somewhat troublesome, but then its appearance repays the trouble, besides which it does not require much standing over the fire. The latter part can be done sitting down. The basin containing the white-sauce can be placed in a larger basin containing hot water, in order to prevent it setting too soon.

Instead of beet-root a thin leaf of truffle looks much better, in which case a red bead of lobster coral should be placed in the centre of the star, instead of the parsley. However, recommending truffle is rather useless, for the simple reason that persons rich enough to use it, generally keep a cook to whom these instructions would be unnecessary.

Next with regard to the forcemeat for the paper cases for the larks. These paper cases can be bought at the pastrycook's, but they are easily made at home, much cheaper, out of stiff note-paper. Take a quarter of a pound of calf's liver, cut it up into small pieces, and fry in about the same quantity of rather fat ham. Chop up finely a bead of garlic, a piece of lemon-peel the size of the first finger-nail, a tea-spoonful of parsley, and half a tin of mushrooms ; add a little Cayenne pepper, some salt, and enough aromatic mixed herbs to cover a sixpence (these herbs are composed of white peppercorns, cloves, one portion ; marjoram, basil, thyme, nutmeg, mace, half a portion ; dried bay-leaves, a quarter of a portion ; well pounded and sifted, and put by in a stoppered bottle for use). Chop the whole very finely, and put it by in a small stewpan to keep hot till wanted. Place a dessert-spoonful of this rich forcemeat at the bottom of each paper case. The paper cases should have the chill taken off them, by being placed before the fire for about a minute. Then put a small roast lark on the top of each case.

Larks take only about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to roast, according to their size, and ought to be eaten directly they are cooked. The cases should be placed in a silver dish, with parsley between them. This is a very savoury dish, and at the same time a very cheap substitute for game for a dozen people.

Of course, in comparing the above two dinners, we have purposely taken rather extreme cases. What we would impress on housekeepers is that many of these pretty, savoury little dishes, though they may give considerable trouble, are nevertheless very cheap. By simply looking ahead for a day or two, and a little industry on the part of others in house than the cook only, a dinner often may be given combining elegance with strict economy.

(Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.)

"FELL DROP BY DROP THE MAIDEN'S TEARS;
AND ANSWERING SOBS THE STILLNESS BROKE" (*p.* 273).

GRIEVING.

SHE sat and watched the light of day
Over the blue hills fading slow,
And listened to the wind that wailed
In crooning voice of long ago.

The fire upon the hearth burned dim;
Out came night-shadows weird and wild;
And dead leaves swept across the path,
Where once the blooming roses smiled.

No word she spake, but silent sat
As white and still as sculptured stone;
The living, breathing world around
A sepulchre had sudden grown,

In which her buried life was laid,
And over-writ this epitaph:
"Alas! how soon man's fondest hopes
Are scattered to the wind as chaff."

The clouds rolled o'er the misty moon;
In gentle sobs the raindrops spoke;
Fell drop by drop the maiden's tears;
And answering sobs the stillness broke.

And through the wakening throbs of pain
She found the living world once more;
But sun and moon and stars had changed,
And shone upon a foreign shore.

Life's river ebbed in turbid waves,
That late had sparkled at her feet.
A jarred note rang through every chord
That until now had sounded sweet.

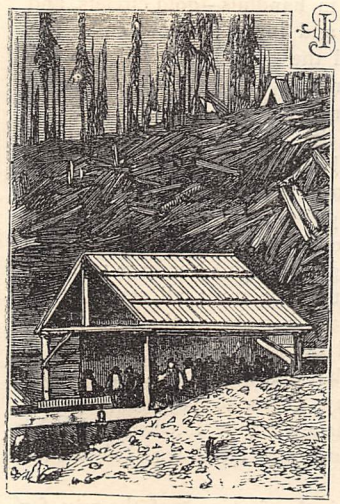
And in a darkened world her steps
Must wander, till her weary soul,
Through sorrow gaining strength, shall win
For her a fadeless aureole.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE GREAT GOLD SECRET.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HIDDEN TREASURE.



I'M a gold-digger—that's about what I am. You wouldn't take me for an Englishman—would you now? No, nor yet any one else that knows me; but I am though.

How old, about, should you take me for? Fifty-five, eh? Well, they all guess somewhere near that; but I'm just thirty-seven last month. I dare say you don't believe it; and perhaps you wouldn't believe it, either, if I told you that all this wrinkling and turning grey was done in one week. Well, it was, and when I think over it all now, and think that here I am, alive after it all, I can hardly believe it myself. Would you like to hear about it? Well, sit down and make yourself comfortable, and I'll tell you.

It's nine years ago last Valentine's Day (I remember all the dates well enough, I warrant ye) that I was at 'Frisco with a Yankee, name of Seth Hickman. We'd met down in Denver, and stood by each other in a row that happened there, and of course that drew us together a bit; and the end of it was, we agreed to go prospecting together, and "share and share alike."

Seth was a sharp fellow, and knew all the likeliest spots; and I could do a day's work with any man in those days, though I ain't much to brag of now; and the end of it was, we made a pretty good haul.

When we got to 'Frisco, I thought of nothing but banking some of the stuff for a rainy day, and having a spree with the rest, and then starting off again; but Seth didn't seem to see it at all. I noticed that he looked serious-like, as if he had something on his mind, for the first two days after we got into the town; and on the second evening, as we were sitting over our grog, he spoke out.

"Jim, old hoss, I'm a-gwine to tell yew something that nary soul in creation knows about but myself; for if yew hadn't been some smart with your Derringer when them three skunks went for me down in Denver, they might ha' wrote 'Gone up' over this child; and no man ever did Seth Hickman a good turn, or a bad turn neither, but what he got cocoa-nut for yam [tit for tat], yew bet yure life on that!

"When I was in Arica last year, I went up country a bit with my rifle, and thar I happened on an old Injin critter, as old as George Washington's nurse, livin' in a hut all by himself among the spurs o' the Andes, and I camped in his hut for the night.

"Wal, the aguardiente [whiskey] in my flask war a leetle tew strong for him, and he got reg'lar slewed; and when his tongue got loosened by the licker, he kim out wi' sitch a yarn as whipped everything in Prescott all to fits. He said that when the Peruvian chiefs stampeded from Cuzco a'ter Pizarro took it, a lot on 'em got up among the mountains, carrying their gold with 'em, till they kim out on the plateau of Lake Titicaca; and thar, findin' the Spaniards close on their trail, they chucked all the gold into the lake, and skedaddled nobody knows where. And he said that if anybody took the trail from his hut, north and by east, till they hit the southern end of the lake, and then looked out for a big three-cornered rock like a pyramid upside down, they'd jest got to scoop in the mud of the lake whar that rock's shadow fell on it at sunrise, and they'd find 'nuff gold to buy up all Wall Street. Now,

we've got money enough to put that job through, and if yew feel like tryin' it, I'm in."

I said "done" at once, and we got our money together, and slipped down the coast to Arica as fast as the Pacific steamer could carry us. The minute we got there, Seth went off into the hills to try and get hold of his old Indian for a guide, while I hunted about for workmen—for this was a job that needed more hands than our own. At last I got hold of two Spaniards—two sturdy fellows they were, and honest enough as Spaniards go—and then a Portigee and two niggers. We weren't long of buying our stores and working tackle, and by the time Seth came back with his guide, all was ready, and away we went.

Seth was much too knowing a bird to let on what his real game was, as long as we were within hail of the town, for if you say "gold" there only in a whisper, those blessed Gambusinos [gold-finders] will hear it a hundred miles off. So all that we told our gang was, that we were going prospecting among the lower ranges, as lots of fellows did every day; but when we were past the old Indian's hut, and well up among the hills, so that our chaps couldn't easily turn back if they wanted, he up and told them the whole story. They were rather taken aback, as well they might be, for Lake Titicaca's a good many days' journey to the nor'-east, among some very awkward mountains, and a good thirteen thousand feet above the sea, if it's an inch. However, a Spaniard (or any other man, for that matter) will go pretty nearly anywhere if he once gets on the scent of gold; so our fellows they spoke up stoutly enough, and said they were ready to go up to the lake, and down to the bottom of it into the bargain, after such a haul as that; and off we set again.

I've seen a good many wonders in my time, knocking about the world as I've done; but anything like that climb up the Andes I never saw yet. Rocks that seemed to go up into the very sky, straight as a plumb-line; beds of moss three or four feet deep, and soft as a velvet cushion; trees two hundred feet high, all one blaze of flowers from top to bottom; leaves big enough to wrap you up like a blanket; tree-ferns big as a table-cloth, all glittering like the finest silver lace; humming-birds, and monkeys, and parrots, and butterflies as broad as the palm of your hand; waterfalls sheer down over great black precipices a thousand feet high; and, far away behind, the everlasting mountains, piled one above another, till they seemed to go right up to heaven. Among all these enormous things we eight men, big and strong as we were, seemed of no more account than a lot of ants crawling on a blade of grass; and I think I never felt so small in my life as I did then.

However, I hadn't much leisure to think about it at the time, for you can't expect a fellow to have much of an eye for scenery when he's hacking his way through a great cobweb of branches too thick for the light to get through, with his boots full of ants, and his mouth full of gnats, and the damp vapour-bath heat of the woods melting him away bit by bit, fifty prickles going into him at once, a thorn-bush scalping him from above, and a creeper tripping him up, down below.

And so we hammered along, till at last we worked up to the plateau, and saw the great lake spreading away before us, as far as ever we could see. We weren't long of making out the three-cornered crag, nor the shadow neither, for it was just sunrise when we got there, as if o' purpose for us; and once we'd made it out, we hardly waited to take breath before we were at it tooth and nail.

The first day was a regular blank one till just towards sundown, and then the Portigee screeched out suddenly that he'd got something heavy. I helped him to haul up the pan, and there, sure enough, was a bar of gold over a foot long, and pretty nigh as thick as my two fingers here. At that we all shouted at once, and went at it harder than ever; and I really think our chaps would have worked all night, but Seth stopped 'em. He told 'em that the gold wouldn't run away, and that if they put on too much steam at first, they'd just knock themselves up before they were half through; and that they'd better just light a fire and get dried, and have some supper, and fix up some kind of shelter against the dew, and then start fair next morning. And so they did.

The next day, and the next, and the next after that, we kept bringing it up in handfuls—gold circlets, and chains, and necklaces, and ingots without end. But on the fifth day I found the provisions getting so low that I was rather scared; for up here there was no game of any sort, there being no vegetation at that height for the game to live on. So we held a council of war. Our chaps had got the gold-fever so into their blood by this time, that I verily believe they'd have kept digging on till they died of hunger; but Seth and I, who were a little cooler, talked them over at last. We told 'em that we'd got enough already to make us all as rich as Jews; that we must all starve if we didn't replenish our stock somehow; that ten to one the "find" was played out (and, indeed, none of us had taken a grain all that morning); and that, in any case, the lake was always there, and they could come back and try again whenever they liked. So, bit by bit, we worked 'em round, and all started to go back together.

We'd hard work of it the first part of the way, for our loads were pretty heavy, and stumbling in and out of these great rocks was no joke, let alone that the five days' work had taken it out of us more than we expected. One of the Spaniards got a bad fall, and not one of us but had his bruise to show. But at last we got over the barren bit, and found ourselves fairly down among the woods again; and then I began to be jolly, thinking this was the end of it. But it wasn't—it was only the beginning.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

DYING BY INCHES.

ONE afternoon, when we'd got well down among the lower ranges, we were just looking about for a place to camp (for the Spaniard who had got hurt was beginning to give up), when one of the niggers said suddenly—

"Señor, man watch us!"

I looked up, and there, sure enough, was a man (a savage-looking fellow enough, but evidently no Indian) watching us from the top of a ridge a little to the left. He kept looking after us for a little while, and then disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

"Don't like that," says Seth; "that critter's seen that we carry a heavy swag, and he's gone to tell some of his chums, you bet!

"'When one has found a punkin-pie,
He goes and tells the t'others!'

"I feel like campin' in a strong place to-night, I do!"

And so we did—with a deep cañon [gorge] behind us, going sheer down nearly a hundred feet, and a thick clump of trees in our front, that made splendid cover, while beyond it the ground was smooth and level for a good eighty yards, so that no living thing could come near us without being seen and fired at.

Just as we'd lit our fire, and were beginning to cook, we saw first one man, and then another, till we'd counted fifteen in all, come zigzagging in and out of the bushes, down the face of the opposite ridge. They halted just at the edge of the thicket, and took a look at the smoke of our fire rising above the trees; and then two of them laid down their rifles, and were coming across the clearing to us, looking as friendly as they could, when old Seth shoves his head through the leaves, and says in Spanish—

"Gentlemen, we're talking over a little business of our own, and wish to be private, so you'll oblige us by keeping your own side, and we'll keep ours; for we have a way of shooting things that come too near us, and we should be sorry to hit you by mistake!"

Back the two beauties went, looking as silly as a ha'porth of treacle in a two-gallon jug; and Seth rubbed his hands, and gave a chuckle.

"They'd got a bottle in each hand, them two," says he; "they war gwine to make us slewed, and then clean out our swag; but they don't fool this child, no-how. Naow, ye see, they'll wait till dark, and then go for us with a rush—that's what's the matter with them—but I guess we'll be 'not at home' when they call."

He whispered to me to cut down three or four of the longest creepers, and twist them into a rope; and I, guessing what he was up to, did it with a will. In a few minutes we had a rope that would have stood anything; and then I hitched one end round a tree, and let drop the other down the ravine—the rest making a great shouting and singing meanwhile, by way of a blind. Then the old Indian (who was as nimble as a cat) slid down to the bottom, and we lowered our packs to him, one by one.

"That's all right," says Seth; "and now we'll just take it easy till dark, and then take passage by this new overland *line* of ourn."

But one don't take it very easy when there's a gang of bloodthirsty rascals, twice your strength, and armed to the teeth every man Jack of 'em, sitting waiting barely eighty yards off to cut your throat; and I think I never found any time yet go so slowly as those two last hours before sundown.

"Naow," says Seth at last, when the darkness had fairly closed in, "I guess we'll begin to leave."

But just then, as if this had been a signal, there came a flash and a bang from the other side of the clearing, and half a dozen bullets came peppering in among the trees. I felt something warm spurt over my hands, and the nigger who stood beside me fell all of a heap. Like lightning I up piece and let fly, and I heard somebody give a yelp that sounded as if that letter had gone to the right address. And then, for a few minutes, it was just flash, flash! bang, bang! like a firework—Seth and I keeping 'em in play while the rest slid down one by one. And mighty ugly work it was too, I can tell you, blazing away in the dark with nothing to aim at, and hearing the bullets come rattling about you without ever seeing who sent them. But the rope was soon clear, and then Seth stuck up the dead nigger against a tree, with his gun across the fork of it, that they might see the glint of the barrel, and think we were still on the watch. Then he slid down, and I after him.

The first thing we did was to take the gold out of the poor old nigger's pack, and part it among us. The rest of the things we threw away, as we had thrown away our tools long before (for our only chance now was to march as light as possible), and then we set forward along the gully. For some time we could hear the rascals banging away overhead, but that died away by degrees, and there was a silence as if the world had just been created, and no life come into it yet.

All that night we stumbled along the bottom of the ravine like men groping in a tunnel, sitting down every now and then to rest; but when day came, we saw the rocks on each side getting lower and lower, and the great black pit spreading out broader and shallower, till at last, a little after sunrise, we came out into the forest again. But just then the other nigger sat down, and put his hand to his side.

"No can go farther, señor!"

I ran up to him, and blest if he hadn't got a big bullet-wound in his side from last night's skrimmage, and the brave fellow had actually dragged on all night without saying a word about it, lest he should keep us back! I sat down and took his head on my knee, and he died as quietly as a child; and we covered him with leaves, and left him lying there in the bright morning sunshine, and went forward on our weary tramp again.

It was harder than ever for us now, for we had eight loads among six men; and already I could see one of the Spaniards beginning to stagger, and the old Indian trembling like a leaf. Then a horrible kind of fear crept over me, that we should keep on dropping that way, man after man, till there was only one left; and then—but at that thought I threw up my arms and gave a sort of yell, like a man starting up from a bad dream. But Seth punched me in the ribs with his elbow, and whispered—

"'Sh! don't frighten the rest!"

And I set my teeth and choked it down.

It may have been an hour or two after this—I was

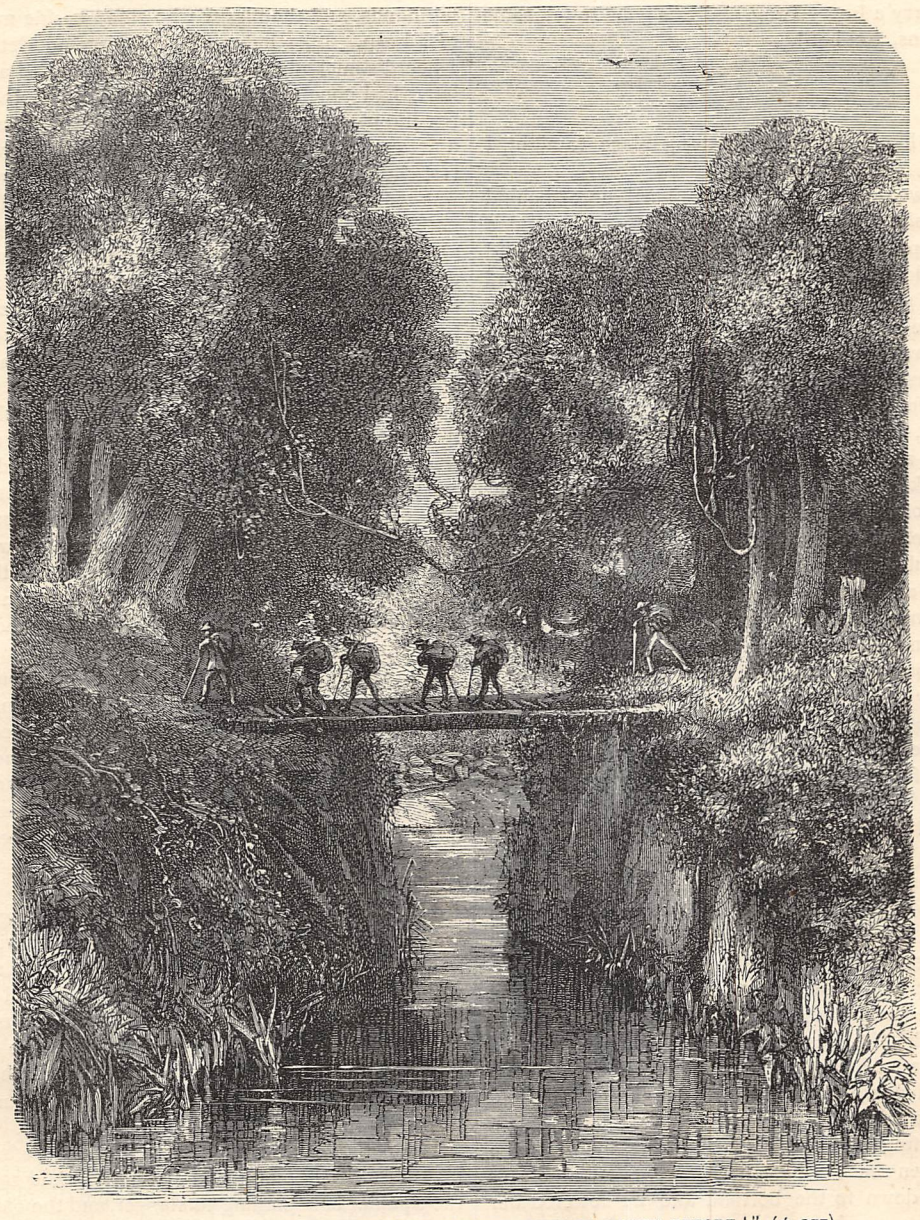
beginning to lose all count of time now—that Seth, who had got a little ahead of the rest, suddenly sang out—

"Hurrah!"

We all looked up.

"Here's somethin' civilised at last, by hoe-cake!"

and stepped out to cross it; but, all in a moment, the poor old Indian, who was one of the hindmost, lurched over the edge, and went slap down into the water, and the gold he carried just sank him like a stone. Whether he'd got hurt in the fight too, or whether he was just



"THE SAME BRIDGE THAT WE HAD CROSSED TWELVE HOURS BEFORE!" (p. 277).

says he. "Guess we've struck the right track without knowin' it. Look here!"

Just in front of us was a gully about forty feet deep, through which ran a small stream, and across it lay a bridge—not one of the rope-bridges you see in Lower Peru, but good solid wood—two long beams from bank to bank, with cross-pieces lashed to them, just like the sleepers on a railway. Then we all shouted at once,

tired and dizzy like the rest of us, I can't say, but down he went, and we never saw him more. So now we were cut down to five, and had lost our guide into the bargain.

"That's a bad job," says Seth; "but never mind, boys—we must jest steer by the light of natur' now. Whar thar's a bridge like that, thar oughter be a trail somewhar."

Sure enough there was a trail, and we tried to follow it, but we soon lost it again, and tramped on all day at haphazard, trying to steer by the sun.

Towards evening we halted to eat, and then pushed on again hot foot; for that was the last of our provisions.

Just as the moon rose we came upon a gully with a bridge across it; and there we all stopped dead, and looked at each other—a look I shall never forget. *It was the same bridge that we had crossed twelve hours before!*

That minute's one of the things I never like to think of. There we were, lost in a tropical forest, our guide gone, every man of us as weak as a child, and not a morsel of food left!

"Well, boys," says old Seth (who was our mainstay throughout), "we're in a kind o' fix, thar ain't no denyin' it. Naow, I calc'late this bridge ain't bin long built by the look of it; and so, instead o' goin' losin' ourselves outer everybody's way, I guess we'll jest stick here till some party picks us up—it won't be long, I reckin. That's my idee; how does it strike yew?"

We all agreed at once; and, indeed, we were too far gone now for any more marching. So we sat down there for three days, bearing it as well as we could, and trying to shoot game between whiles. But our eyes were too dim, and our hands too shaky, for that; and the birds and monkeys scurried past, chattering and screaming as if in mockery. And at last we couldn't keep it off any longer, and it came.

The Spaniards died first, and no wonder, poor fellows! for though some of them are as brave men as ever stepped, they haven't the pith and fibre of an Englishman. The Portigee held out longer, for he had the heart of a lion; but at last he went too, and old Seth and I were left alone.

"Seth," says I, "let's bury these poor fellows while we can; for if they're left lying here, and our hunger gets worse, we might be driven to—you know!"

So we wrapped the poor fellows in their blankets, with a heavy stone in each, and rolled them over the edge of the ravine down into the water. We buried the gold too, and marked the spot, in case anything should turn up to save us at the last; and then we lay down again, as if we had nothing left to do but to die.

And after that everything seems blurred and hazy, like an ugly dream. The trees, and the rocks, and the sky seemed to go round and round in a whirl; and old Seth stood up as tall as a steeple, and great black things came out of the bushes and made faces at me; and then I was sitting under the old tree in the churchyard at home, and heard my old mother's voice (who's been dead this five-and-twenty years) as plain as print; till all at once there were men's faces and men's voices all round us, and I felt somebody lifting my head, and pouring something into my mouth, and then I fainted right off.

We had been picked up by a party coming back from the mines, and they carried us down with them to Arica; and when we got round again, we went back and dug up the gold, and gave a lumping lot of it to the wives and children of the poor fellows that had died for us.

But when I got back after that last week's work, my hair was quite grey—as grey as you see it now. And that's all the story.

DAVID KER.

HOW WE GOT FRANK OFF TO SEA.

I.—FIRST STEPS.

"DO you remember Mrs. Sandforth, Jack?" I said to my husband one evening, as we were sitting round the fire, in that delightful hour when, the children having gone to bed, all is quiet, and "silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound."

"Oh, yes!" said Jack, "what of her?"

"She has been here to-day, and she is in very great trouble. That eldest boy of hers has set his heart on going to sea."

"What, Frank, the fine sharp little fellow?"

"Yes. Is it not a pity?"

"I don't know that it is," said Jack, after thinking a moment; "he is just the lad to make a sailor, and if he has got the idea into his head, there is no use in his mother's trying to persuade him to settle down to anything else; I have noticed that many a time. The only way to cure a lad of wanting to go to sea, when once he has set his mind on doing so, is to let him go; and that does cure him very effectually—sometimes when it is too late to retrace his steps."

"Yes—but his mother, Jack? Frank ought to stay at home and help her. He is the eldest, you know, and it is very hard for her, now that her husband has been taken from her, to lose her son too, for I suppose it is as good as losing him?"

"I don't know that," said Jack; "very likely she won't regret it if she yields to his wish and sends him; but she will not find it an easy task to place him well."

"She is going to try and get him into the Merchant Service, and she came to-day to ask me if I would get you to tell her how she should set about it."

"I!" said Jack, "what do I know about it? It is out of my line altogether."

"Oh! but you can find out. Mrs. Sandforth says you have helped her so many times that——"

"That I am to help her again, I suppose? But

how? that is the question. I know," continued he, after thinking a moment: "Jackson's the man."

"Of course he is. I had quite forgotten him. Suppose we ask Mr. Jackson and the widow and her son to come here and have a cup of tea together on Thursday, and then they can talk it well over."

Mr. Jackson agreed to come. The widow was delighted, and as to Frank, when I saw the flush which rose to his face when I gave the invitation to his mother, I felt sure my husband was right, and that he would never settle to anything else.

Mr. Jackson was a hale, hearty old gentleman, who had himself spent many years in the "profession," as he always termed it, and whose three sons had, one after the other, taken to the same life. This had been no trouble to him, for he considered a seafaring life to be more ennobling, more honourable, and more advantageous than any other; and when he heard of a lad wanting to embrace it, he instantly felt a respect for him, and an interest in him, which he was glad to find a practical expression for.

"Well, young gentleman, so you want to climb the mast?" he said to Frank, after the tea equipage had been removed, and we were ready for the business of the evening.

"I want to be a sailor, sir," said Frank.

"I hope you don't think that, to be a sailor, you have nothing to do but to wear a cap with a gold band round it, and gilt buttons on your coat, and walk about carrying idle hands before you? There is plenty of hard work, dirty and disagreeable work too, which must be done before you can get the sound practical knowledge which you require—and it will be far the best that you should make up your mind to that before you begin. Many a lad has thought he would like to go to sea, who, when once he was there, far away from home and friends—with nothing to be seen beyond the ship but sea and sky—with the wind moaning in his ears—with rough sailors round him, and the remembrance in his heart of the dear ones he has left—would give a great deal to be back again."

"Oh!" said Frank eagerly, "I don't care about the work—I should like it."

"Well, excuse me, but I don't think you would. You may go through it and do it conscientiously and well, but as to liking it, that is quite another question. —You are not thinking of sending him as middy, ma'am, I hope?" turning suddenly to Mrs. Sandforth.

"Why not?" said that lady.

"Because I know by my own sons that it is better for lads to go out as apprentices. They have to work harder to begin with, but they get a more thorough training."

"But what will the expense be? Is any premiun required?" said Mrs. Sandforth.

"Time was when no premium was required," said Mr. Jackson. "I apprenticed my two eldest boys without paying anything, and indeed they gained a few pounds during the four years they served. But things are different now."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Sandforth. "I was talking to a gentleman the other day, and he said whenever any situation was vacant, there was quite a crowd of applicants for it. It is a rather disheartening prospect for those of us who have a number of boys to start in the world."

"Not at all," said Mr. Jackson. "If they are all like the one I see before me, you need have no uneasiness. Energy, perseverance, honesty, and common sense will work their way anywhere, and nowhere better than on board ship.—But as to placing him. I don't think you can get with a good firm without putting down forty or fifty pounds."

"No," said my husband, suddenly breaking into the conversation; "I can tell you that. Knowing that we were to meet here to-night to discuss this question, I have taken a good deal of pains to get what information I could about it, and I can tell you that, so far from receiving boys without a premium, a good many houses will not have apprentices at all; and of those who do, many had no vacancies for some time to come."

"Then, how do they take them?"

"As midshipmen. Here is a letter I received in answer to my inquiries from a very well-known and most respectable house:—

"'SIR,—We beg to inform you that midshipmen are received into Messrs. Blank's service, when there are vacancies, upon payment of a premium of £60 for a first voyage, and for each succeeding voyage the youth may make (the whole term not exceeding four years) the premium is £20; in addition to which, they have to contribute their share of the third officer's mess, £10 a voyage.

"'Messrs. Blank desire it to be distinctly understood that they do not guarantee to continue a youth in their service as midshipman, nor at any time to give him promotion.

"'Should these terms suit your views, we will, on receiving your reply, put the name and age of the young gentleman in our list of candidates for midshipmen's berths, and let you know when a vacancy occurs for him.'

"You see, Mrs. Sandforth," said Jack, "if you send him as midshipman, you will have to pay seventy pounds down with him, find his outfit, then he will have to take his turn in the list, and his chance of future promotion."

"I don't approve of a boy like Frank going as a midshipman," said Mr. Jackson, rather impatiently; "and I have seen the working of it again and again. A boy, who intends to get on in his profession, is much better for gaining a thorough practical knowledge of the hard work of a seaman's life. If he has gone through it, he is afterwards better liked and more valued both by officers and men. The knowledge which will be of service to him in his after-career is only to be acquired by hard persevering work and close attention."

"Then what is the best thing to be done?" said Mrs. Sandforth.

"The best plan of all is to send him to a training-ship first," said Jack, breaking in again.

"A training-ship?"

"Yes. When I was inquiring about the thing, I was continually met by some question or remark about the *Worcester*. I was told again and again that the preference was always given to *Worcester* cadets. This led me to inquire about the *Worcester*, and I

found that it is a ship that has been placed at the disposal of a committee of shipowners and other gentlemen by the Admiralty, for the express purpose of educating respectable boys for sea."

"I know. I have heard about it," said Mr. Jackson, "and a very fine thing too."

"Where is it placed?" said Mrs. Sandforth.

"It is moored in the Thames, off Greenhithe, Kent, and it accommodates about one hundred and forty boys."

"Oh! only in the Thames," said Frank, in a disappointed tone. "I hoped we should go a very long voyage first thing."

"Don't you be impatient, young gentleman," said Mr. Jackson; "there is scarcely any profession you could join without going through some training, and this is almost more needed for a sailor than for any one else; and if your mother will only send you to the *Worcester*, you will there receive the best training possible."

"And when he leaves the *Worcester?*" said Mrs. Sandforth.

"If he leaves with credit to himself, and gets a certificate, he is not likely to find much difficulty in being apprenticed on good terms—or he may then become a midshipman. Most of the committee, and many large shipowners, give a decided preference to *Worcester* cadets."

"And what are the terms?"

"'The terms of admission,'" said Jack, reading from a paper he had in his hand, "'are forty-five guineas per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, and ten guineas per annum for uniform, medical attendance, washing, and use of school-books and stationery. The uniform consists of best blue jacket, waistcoat, trousers, cap and badge; also one pair second quality blue cloth trousers and cap, and three uniform serge shirts.' Then there are a number of articles to be provided by the relatives of the boys, a list of which, together with ample information, forms of application, &c., I got readily enough from the Secretary, Thames Marine Officers' Training Ship. Office: 59, Fenchurch Street, London.—By the way," continued Jack, "I hope you paid attention to your lessons while you were at school, Frank. No boy will be taken who cannot read, write, and spell with tolerable accuracy, besides being able to work correctly sums in the simple rules of arithmetic, vulgar fractions, and decimals. Then there is another thing to remember: a boy cannot be admitted who is over fifteen. How old are you, Frank?"

"I am just twelve," said Frank.

"That is just the best age.—Well, Mrs. Sandforth, I should certainly advise you to adopt the plan. There are so many advantages connected with the *Worcester*. There is the training the boy gets. Then, if he passes through it creditably, at the end of two years he can obtain the *Worcester* Board of Trade Certificate, and is almost sure of obtaining employment. Besides that, the Lords of the Admiralty present annually ten commissions as midshipmen in the Royal Naval Reserve to the *Worcester* cadets."

"I should like to think about it a little longer," said Mrs. Sandforth, "but at present I feel decidedly inclined to send him."

"There is one question I want to ask if I may before you all go," said I. "How do boys manage whose parents cannot afford to pay for their admission on board such ships as the *Worcester?* There must be a great number of such who would be glad to go to sea."

"There are excellent training-ships on purpose for destitute boys; but those only are received whose friends are quite unable to fit them out at their own expense. They are taught for several months, and then are sent to serve either in the Royal Navy, or in the Merchant Service."

"And how do they obtain admission?" said Mrs. Sandforth.

"There is a Benevolent Society for the Equipment, Maintenance, and Instruction of Distressed Boys, for the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service," answered my husband. "It is named the Marine Society, and the offices are at 54½, Bishopsgate Street Within, London. Boys desirous of admission have to attend with one of their parents at the offices, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock in the morning of any week-day except Thursday. Those who have lost both parents have to bring some proof of their decease, and, if possible, to be accompanied by a friend. No boy can be admitted who is less than fourteen, or more than sixteen years of age, nor any one who is under the stature of four feet ten inches, measured without shoes on. Prizes are given for good conduct, and berths are procured for the boys after they leave the ship."

"These ships are for boys who have committed some crime, are they not?" said Mrs. Sandforth.

"Oh, no! You are thinking of the *Cornwall* and *Arethusa* training-ships. This society's ship is the *Warspite*."

"Yes, I should think it is a noble movement," said I, "but still it does not quite apply to the boys whom I mean—boys whose parents are not destitute, but still not in a position to pay fifty pounds a year for them to go on a training-ship."

"Well, they have to get them apprenticed," said Mr. Jackson. "There are shipowners both in London and the large seaports who, if sufficient personal influence can be brought to bear upon them, will take apprentices either without premium or at reduced rates, but these are exceptions. I have known where boys have got to sea in this way, but the opportunities are much rarer than they ought to be."

"We have not said anything about the outfit," said Jack.

"And how much will that come to?" inquired the widow.

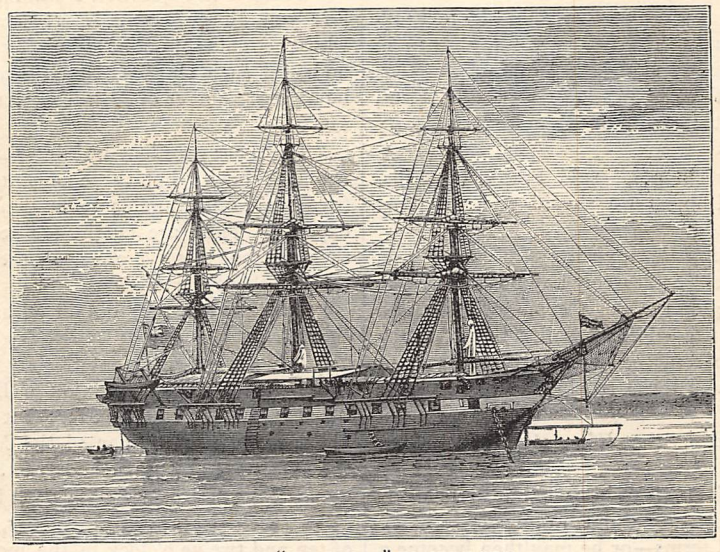
"That depends on what you get," said Mr. Jackson. "Of course you may have a complete outfit, costing a good deal of money, or you may get what is absolutely necessary and no more, and this, I think, may be done for about fifteen pounds. I fancy that at home I can lay my hands upon the list of things we got for

Charles when he first went to sea. If I can, I will send it on to you."

"Oh! you are so good," said Mrs. Sandforth. "I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

"Not at all, ma'am; not at all. The pleasure to me is as great as the benefit to you," said Mr. Jackson kindly; and after a little more conversation the party broke up, Mrs. Sandforth being much cheered by the encouraging words of her friends.

Mr. Jackson was as good as his word, and the next day the widow received the list, —which, for the benefit of any anxious mothers desiring similar information, I had better copy:—



THE "WORCESTER" TRAINING SHIP.

List of Articles constituting the Outfit of Charles Jackson, Apprentice.

	£	s.	d.
Mattress and Pillow	0	8	0
Two Blankets (supplied from home).			
Counterpane	0	3	6
Three Pairs Canvas Trousers	0	13	6
Two Duck Frocks	0	7	0
Three Blue Serge Shirts ..	0	16	6
Six Stout Shirts (supplied from home).			
One Dress Suit	3	0	0
One Pair Duck Trousers ..	0	5	6
Three Pairs Drawers	0	9	9
Six Pocket-handkerchiefs ..	0	2	6
Three Guernsey Frocks ..	0	9	9
Oilskin Coat and Trousers ..	0	16	0
One Pair Cotton Braces ..	0	1	0
Six Pairs Worsted Hose ..	0	6	0
Twelve Huckaback Towels (supplied from home).			
Sou'-wester	0	2	6
Blue Cloth Cap..	0	4	6
Foul Clothes Bag and Key ..	0	6	6
Three Pairs Shoes (supplied from home).			
One Scrubbing Brush	0	1	3
Zinc Basin, Goblet, and Cup	0	7	6
Two Clasp Knives	0	3	0
Three Pounds Yellow Soap ..	0	1	3
Three Pounds Marine Soap ..	0	2	6
Log Book	0	4	6
Sea Chest (name cut on) ..	1	5	0
Waist-belt	0	2	6
Housewife, 3s. 6d.; Hook Pot, 1s. 6d.; Can, 8d.	0	5	8
Writing Materials, Comb and Brush, Bible, and various small articles supplied from home.			

With the above list there was likewise sent a note to Mrs. Sandforth, from Mr. Jackson, which ran as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I have pleasure in sending you the enclosed list of articles, which constituted the outfit of our eldest son, Charles. I may say that when we made it out money was not too plentiful with us, and that therefore it was by no means a luxurious outfit. Charlie said he managed with tolerable comfort, but he could have done with more. He was apprenticed when he was sixteen, for four years. When his term of apprenticeship expired he obtained excellent certificates, both as to efficiency and character, from the captain and owners of the vessel in which he sailed. He passed *all* the examinations with great credit, and has been third mate, second mate, and first mate; now he is the captain of a vessel. He has been to India, China, Australia, New Zealand, and various other parts, and I can only say that I hope you will have reason to be as proud of your son as I am of mine.

"I am, Madam,
"Your obedient Servant,
"JOHN JACKSON."

After due consideration, Mrs. Sandforth determined to send her son to the *Worcester*. She applied for admission, and found that she had to procure a testimonial from a friend as to his character and ability. This Jack readily gave her. She had to answer various questions, give a certificate of his birth, a medical certificate, and also a written promise that she would conform to the regulations of the committee, and remove him if required to do so.

A "WORCESTER" NAVAL CADET.

All this was soon done, and in a short time Mrs. Sandforth had the satisfaction (a decided satisfaction too, notwithstanding the first qualms at parting) of seeing her son duly installed as a cadet on board the training-ship.

She called upon me several times afterwards, once with Frank himself, who had got a day's leave of absence; and from the boy, who was full of the subject, and evidently enthusiastic about everything that concerned the *Worcester*, I learnt particulars as to his life on board the training-ship, and his prospects in the profession, some account of which I hope to be able to give in another chapter.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.

DEAR friend, if you are seeking ease,
Come walk about my forest trees
And meadows green, where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

Where cowslips grow along the brake,
And waxen lilies gem the lake;
Where rabbits through the clover run,
And cresses curtsey to the sun—

(Drawn by ROBERT BARNES.)

I know that you are in the fight
That lasts from morning until night;
I know you struggle hard for wealth,
And take but little heed of health.

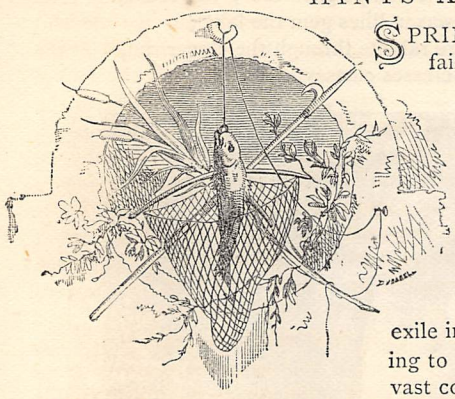
'Twill do you good to come and see
The wild blooms blowing on the lea;
To rest awhile where butterflies
Float idly under sunny skies;

A wood where thrushes all the day
Sing songs to boys and girls at play;
Where nightingales below the moon
Pipe many a trembling, throbbing tune.

I promise you the summer scent
Shall fill your heart with merriment;
An idle week in this old wood
Will paint your cheeks and do you good.

GUY ROSLYN.

HINTS AND TOPICS FOR APRIL.



SPRING has now fairly come to our shores, and Nature is tricking herself in the tenderest colours of the year. Well may the exile in India, aiding to civilise that vast country, or the soldier on foreign service, sigh in Browning's words—

> "Oh, to be in England
> Now that April's there!
> And whoever wakes in England
> Sees some morning, unaware,
> That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
> Round the elm-tree bole are in tender leaf,
> While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
> In England—now!"

The fisherman eagerly throws his flies to the trout during this month, and prompts us to say a few words about fresh-water fish.

Our ponds and watercourses are by no means utilised as they might be; large supplies of valuable food are neglected thereby, and the country loses much wealth. Indeed, our forefathers made greater advances in the feeding and supply of fish from inland ponds than we have, and reaped much profit from sources which we almost wholly neglect. Prejudice now says that pond-fish are muddy, bony, and insipid, and then shelves the question. But fresh-water fish ought never to be eaten when first removed from the muddy ponds in which they have been reared; they ought (as our ancestors well knew) to be first placed in a "stew," or clean pond, to enable them to scour themselves.

Turning now to the acclimatisation with us of new and superior kinds of fish, in old days it may be noted that the popular voice attributes to the monks the introduction of that beautiful member of the *Salmonidæ*, the grayling. It is only found in a few rivers of England, and is highly lauded by Izaak Walton.

The carp is a fish which is now universally naturalised in England, but it too was originally introduced, as the old rhyme tells us, although it points to a time long subsequent to its real acclimatisation:—

> "Turkies, Carps, Hops, Pickerel, and Beer
> Came into England all in the year."

Its brother the Prussian carp has also been brought to English waters. Another member of the same family—the gold and silver fish—is thought to have been introduced here from China in the seventeenth century. It is well known that these fish thrive best in water which has been heated. We have seen them flourishing in the waste hot water of an engine-house. At the other extremity of the scale they can endure extreme cold, and even be thawed out of a frozen mass of ice without apparent injury.

Amongst fish which have been recently brought to this country should first be named the silurus. It is a common Continental fish, being abundant in the Danube, and in Prussia and Poland; of a ferocious aspect, not unlike a huge cod, and grows to a larger size than any other European fresh-water fish. It would not commend itself to every possessor of a pond, as one was taken in 1700 which had the entire body of an infant in its stomach; and one recently caught in the Upper Amazon was nearly seven feet in length, and quite capable of performing the same feat. Still, five or six were lately brought from the Danube, and introduced to a pond near Reading. They could never again be found, however, and we are inclined to blame the herons for their disappearance, if they were not still in the mud.

As we write, a movement is being set on foot to stock the Thames with grayling. They would probably flourish in the upper waters, if they could be protected at first against their ravenous kinsmen, the Thames trout; and the fry can be procured at £4 10s. per thousand.

The Americans are great pisciculturists, and have successfully reared and distributed amongst their waters the shad and the black bass, and salmon-eggs have been introduced into the Delaware, although too lately to allow of any opinion being formed as to the success of the operation.

From Tasmania comes a still brighter account of fish-acclimatisation. The salmon, the sea-trout, the common trout, the perch, and the tench have now become naturalised in that country. In 1864, 300 healthy trout-ova were sent to Tasmania, from which have sprung thousands and tens of thousands of trout, dispersed through many waters, and far exceeding in size the standard of our average British streams. The report is enough to make an English fisherman's mouth water.

These facts show that enterprise and experience have introduced a new science in the last twenty-five years, whose operations will revolutionise the whole face of the fresh-water world, and very largely increase the native wealth of many countries. What a comfort to the emigrant in Tasmania or New Zealand, to be able to take the fish that in the long-past days of youth and childhood he captured near his early home! Even on this view, that man deserves well of his race who promotes the acclimatisation of fish in our distant colonies.

East winds generally characterise April. The green mist-like foliage begins to gather on the larch as the month opens; horse-chestnuts extend their long gummy spathes; a pink cloud of delicate blossom

creeps over the weeping elm in the garden, and the birches hang their tassels against the vivid blue of the young spring skies. Hedges and hawthorns deepen their greenery.

During the last week of April, in the west of England and other sheltered situations, the apple-tree's blossom spangles the orchards; plums also flower; the pear is a trifle later than these. The sycamore may be noticed covering its lower branches with crumpled foliage before the higher ones show any signs of spring.

The marsh-marigold and orchises are splendidly in bloom, and towards the end of the month the cowslip. In short, we are now inheriting the full wealth of spring's wild flowers, and happy is he who can ramble at this season free from cares over hills golden with furze-blooms, opening into lanes starred with primroses, or fading into woods just preparing to put out their treasures of blue-bell and anemone. Such a walk pursued with merely an indiscriminate sense of beauty is delightful; but it becomes tenfold more interesting when the observer knows something of the flora and fauna of the district in which he wanders, and habitually uses pocket lens and binocular.

But where art assists nature the floral display of April is even more gorgeous. In lines little known to these days, which for the most part are satisfied with their own poets, Thomson (whose sense of colour was very delicate) paints the garden to the life:—

> "Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
> And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
> Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace—
> Throws out the crocus and the snowdrop first,
> The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
> And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes,
> The yellow wallflower stain'd with iron-brown,
> And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
> From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
> Anemonies; auriculas, enriched
> With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
> And full ranunculus of glowing red."

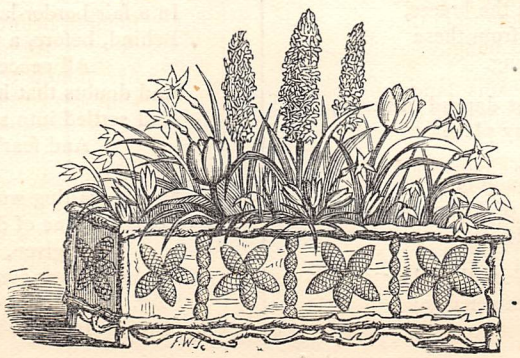
The two most requisite operations in the garden this month, whether among flowers or kitchen-plants, are to keep under most rigorously all weeds, and to guard seedlings, fruit-blossoms, &c., from late frosts. Every weed now eradicated means the destruction of hundreds—nay, often thousands—which later on will infest the garden. And let all such hoed-up weeds be burnt. If flung into the compost heap, many of them will ripen their seeds and germinate when thrown out on the beds.

In flower-borders extreme care must be bestowed upon roses, if they are to bloom in perfection. Many of the leaves and early buds will be found unnaturally crumpled, which betokens the presence of a grub whose ravages will not only ruin the bud on which it lives, but also disfigure the foliage. They must be sedulously watched, and every grub picked off and killed.

April is the proper month for sowing the main crop of annuals in those gardens which do not depend mainly upon bedding plants; the hardier ones at the beginning, the more delicate kinds towards the end of the month. Mignonette, whether in the border or the window, must also be now sown. Cuttings of fuchsias, verbenas, salvias, &c., if taken now, can readily be struck, even in a sunny window, by placing a square of glass over the mouth of the pot.

In the kitchen-garden it is difficult to say what should not be planted. Everything, in short, which has been forgotten in March, or which has missed germination, may now be renewed with success, and crops to follow earlier ones should be planted at once. Suckers and ill-grown shoots must be removed from all fruit-trees, and the ground about them kept friable by constant hoeing. Weeds are thus discouraged, and the utmost value obtained from dew. Peas and radishes may be procured very quickly by soaking the seeds in water before sowing them; and in the case of radishes, if soaked for twenty-four hours, then planted in a light well-manured bed, and watered frequently with lukewarm water, a constant and speedily-grown crop may be obtained. It is thus that the nursery-gardeners manage to obtain them in such profusion, and so succulent.

All manner of evergreens and flowering shrubs ought to have been transplanted before April. There is, however, a chance for those which have been delayed, if the roots are well puddled before planting, and if water be given during the summer droughts. Those who are about to fill their shrubberies with ornamental trees should be reminded that cut-leaved, variegated, and drooping specimens of our commonest trees may now be obtained in great profusion, so that with so large and beautiful a choice of rarities, it is absurd to plant in such situations ordinary elms or beeches. The addition of a few pence to the cost of each tree is amply repaid by its rarity, and the novel appearance which it gives to what would otherwise be ordinary borders or shrubberies. The new pines in particular are many of them very striking objects in pleasure-grounds. If common trees be chosen, none are so beautiful, quick-growing, and satisfactory as the lime, both the red and yellow-budded varieties. And by all means let the lover of fine foliage place the *Ailanthus glandulosa* in his grounds. These hints are only thrown out that they who are about to plant gardens may take an opportunity during the summer of visiting Kew Gardens, and some of the leading nurserymen's establishments, before filling good situations with common trees and shrubs, when a little judgment will secure their being far more advantageously planted.

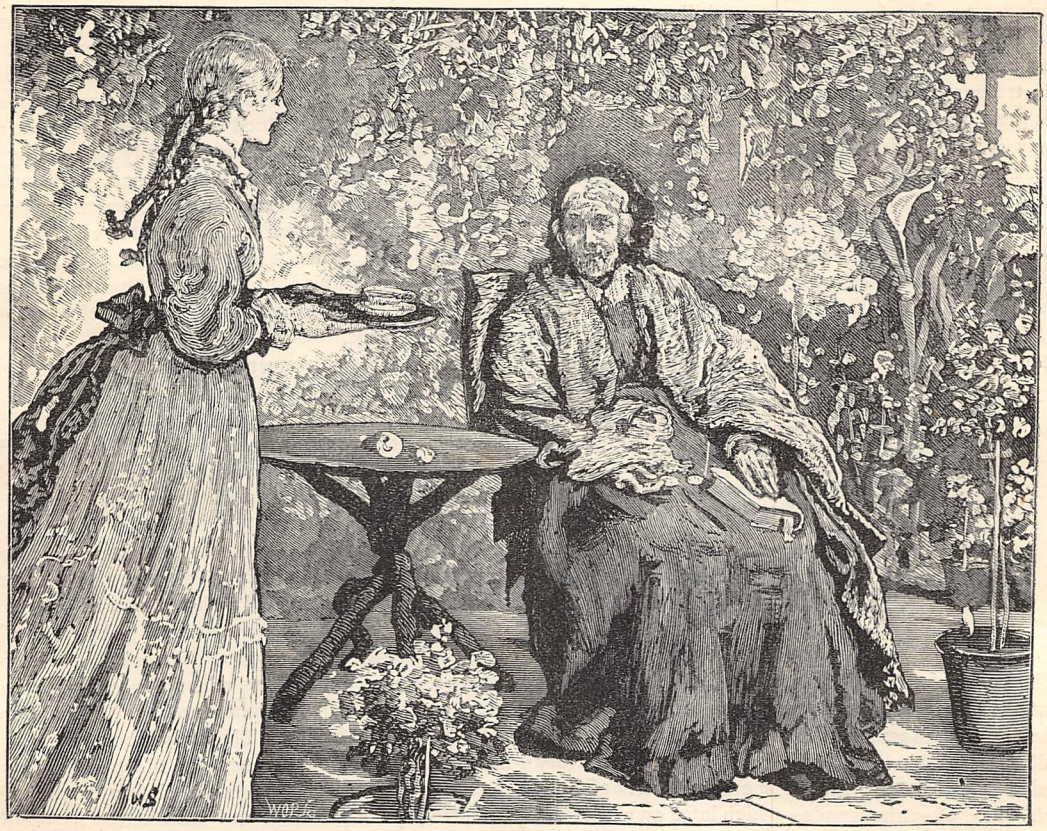


GRANDMOTHER.

'MONGST roses in the sunset glow,
Ere the white arum's cup of snow
Had closed,
Grandmother sat, content to see
The beauty round her; or maybe
She calmly dozed.

She, with grandchildren round her path,
Finding in life sweet aftermath,
Grew young;
The shadows aught that grief might bring,
For Time smoothed o'er with gentle wing
Each harsher stroke.

The past's wild sobs were hushed, for age
Clear read God's writing on the page
Once dim;
And earth's declining days waxed pale
In the light shining through the veil
That hides from Him.



(Drawn by W. SMALL.)

Old voices surged upon the breeze,
That over days remote from these
A spell had hung.

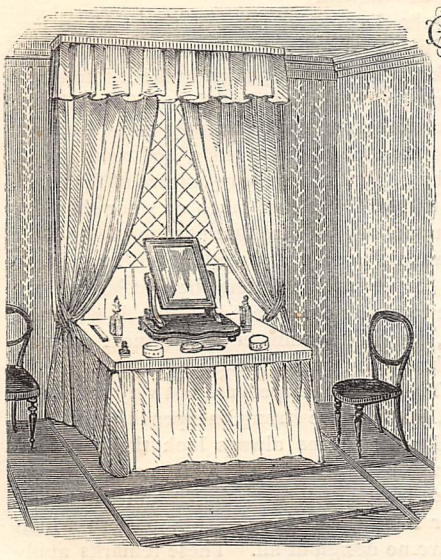
Whilst golden sunbeams danced in space,
Calling up many a sunny place
Of old;
Or here and there a cloudy blot,
That blurred the skies, of darkened spot
In memory told.

Yet dark and light so blent that they
Made picture fair of summer day;
Nor woke
In a fair border-land she seems;
Behind, before, a world of dreams
All peace;
And doubts that had perplexed her youth
Had settled into simple truth
And fear's surcease.

Maude waiting wonders. In her eyes
To age a time of darkened skies
Is given,
Strained silver cord, and hushed life-song—
"Ay, Maude, but chant of angel-throng
Is nigh—in heaven."

J. G.

"HOW SHALL I FURNISH MY BED-ROOM?



OF late years doctors have had much to say upon the subject of bedrooms and their contents; amongst other matters, it appears their unanimous opinion that the old four-post bedstead, with its many vallances and attendant curtains, ought to be discarded. Indeed, I know several physicians who go so far as to disapprove of bed-hangings of any description whatever, their approbation resting only on the simple bedstead which has a board at the head similar to that at the foot.

Custom, habit, and association have such strong hold upon us all, that those of us who have spent the nights of our youth under the canopy of a four-poster will most probably cling to it, and steadfastly uphold its superiority in the matter of cosiness, warmth, and seclusion, over Tudor, French, or Arabian bedsteads.

It can readily be imagined, however, that the exclusion of fresh air must be as injurious to health when we are asleep as when we are awake; and this being conceded, what can be said in favour of the four-post? On the other hand, it must be allowed that a bedstead does look bare and comfortless when quite denuded of all drapery.

We must therefore make a compromise, and buy those which require only a vallance and a couple of curtains. Even this small allowance of drapery will give an air of comfortable repose; and then, if the hangings are made of a washing material, I think we shall surely escape any censure from those high in authority.

The next point of discussion is whether the bedstead shall be of iron or wood. What sets off a bed-room so much as a handsome wooden bedstead, with twisted pillars and brightly polished, beautifully grained foot-board? Ornament an iron one as you will, illuminate it gaily, decorate it with shining brass, and at the best it will never equal the beauty of the wooden one, although it may exceed it in price. With these sentiments I quite agree; but what say the doctors? Why, their idea is that infectious fevers are more likely to linger and lurk about a wooden bedstead than about an iron one. There is a further reason in favour of the latter, adduced more especially by the dwellers in towns. (Let me whisper it in private.) Unwelcome visitors cannot secrete themselves in iron. I am aware that old housekeepers are dreadfully shocked at the bare mention of these intruders, and condemn the management of the households in which they appear; but really, in these modern days, trunks and boxes which make frequent journeys in railway vans or holds of ships, and people who continually travel to and fro by steamer, rail, or omnibus, are apt to introduce into the very cleanest of our bed-rooms these nocturnal disturbers of peace; then woe to the housekeeper if they once find a hiding-place in a wooden bedstead!

Having thrown out these hints, I will leave the final decision. To my mind a wooden bedstead looks much more comfortable than an iron one. The question arises, is it wise to allow the eye to decide the matter?

Feather bed or mattress? Once more the medical faculty step forward and declare that a "downy couch" is an unhealthy one, and that a horse-hair mattress is the proper substitute.

We have not time to discuss the question, nor indeed does it lie within our province; suffice it to say that mattresses are much more generally used than feather beds.

The most luxurious arrangement is to have a horse-hair mattress on the top of a spring mattress. The latter is costly in comparison to a palliasse, and more expensive than a wool mattress. The purchase of good mattresses involves a considerable outlay; but it is clearly false economy to buy poor ones. The tufts come out, the wool forms itself in lumps (have I not felt them?), the ticking cover—which should be of linen, but of course in cheap ones is of cotton—quickly soils, and our beds soon look untidy, and feel wretched. It should be remembered that they are in constant use, and yet should last a lifetime.

Well, we have talked much about the bed, and yet have not finished it. The question of sheets I shall leave for a future discussion on "Household Linen," in which blankets will be included. With regard to the bolster and pillows, again let me advise good ones being bought. Good feathers are not to be bought for a trifle; and if they have not been well stoved, the odour which will nightly greet your nose will be neither sweet nor pleasant.

The next great comfort, apart from a good bed, is a well-made chest of drawers, or wardrobe. Have you ever been aggravated by badly-made furniture? I have; and I know of nothing more vexatious and tormenting (in a small way) than to pull at drawers which will not open, or which come out all askew—to push at those which will not shut—whose handles come off—chests which creak, and shriek, and totter on three legs because the fourth is rather too short. Don't buy chests of drawers which are badly put together, even though they have a tempting appearance

—may be inlaid or with superior handles, but are in reality manufactured simply with a view to catch the eye, and afterwards displease the owner in a dozen respects.

And now about the wash-hand-stand. Gentlemen like an immense basin and jug, and for that reason prefer those round stands one sees, which possess those qualifications. Ladies require a little more space for display of pretty earthenware. A narrow shelf at the back is most useful, as tooth-powder and other requisites are apt to get wet or overturned if they are on the stand itself. Tiles or marble seem to be the most suitable for the top of the stand. Paint soon wears off, and looks shabby; a white cover quickly soils, and looks untidy; veneer cracks and splits with the heat of hot-water cans; but marble and tiles are durable, and can be washed and dried every morning. The only objection to a marble top is that one is apt to make a clatter, and perhaps to crack delicate earthenware, when putting jug or basin hastily down on it. The basin rests more steadily, and is more quickly emptied, when there is no hole in the top of the stand made for it.

The dressing-table is one of the prettiest objects in a bed-room, if it and its appointments are nice and natty. If you do not wish to expend money upon this piece of furniture, order a white wooden table or a large box, in which you can stow away evening dresses and the like. This can be made at the cost of a few shillings, and then you can cover it with coloured calico and white muslin.

Some people object to these clothed and skirted tables. Well, then, there are plenty of other kinds. One of the most useful has drawers down each side, and a cupboard in the centre. Please have a toilet-cover on the top. I know that marble, or handsomely polished wood, is supposed to look well, partly because it betokens costliness, and also saves the trouble of covers; but to my mind such a dressing-table looks desolate, even if it has a number of small mats—tiresome little things, on which you are expected to place anything you may lay down.

All the pieces of furniture in a bed-room—including the looking-glass, chairs, and towel-rail—should be made of the same kind of wood. Light-coloured woods, such as maple and birch, are more in favour than mahogany. These are sometimes inlaid with darker woods. Painted furniture always looks suitable provided all the pieces match in colour. Plain white, with a narrow gold border, or a relief of pale pink, blue, or green, according to the prevailing colour of the room, has a very good effect, and its freshness can at any time be renewed.

To quote the doctors for the last time:—The less carpet the better about a bed-room. We English people think much of our carpet, and take it into every nook and corner. The gloom and damp of our climate oblige us to clothe our rooms warmly, as well as our bodies. If it can be so contrived, a bed-room carpet should not be put under any heavy pieces of furniture, and then it can be the oftener taken up; nor should it go entirely under the bed, for that portion of the floor should be washed over every week. With regard to the kind of carpet and its pattern, here at last we are entirely free to please ourselves. A Brussels will wear the longest, but Kidderminster is the most general. Dutch is cheap and pretty; tapestry is not to be despised. The Scotch carpets are not very refined in appearance, but they are strong, inexpensive, and very durable. Small patterns always look the best in a bed-room, even when the room is a large one. Correct taste chooses what are termed diaper and "minglety per"—either a stiff, set design, or a pattern which seems to have no design at all. These remarks apply also to the wall-paper.

The window-curtains should match those of the bed. Again I speak in favour of chintz, and of a small pattern on a white ground. Cretonne is also used; and, for a simply furnished room, what drapery can look better than plain white dimity, or French dimity which has stripes of colour on the white at broad intervals? Some people use the Japanese paper curtains for their bed-room windows. They can be bought for five shillings per pair; and, therefore, if there happen to be several windows in the room, these serve the purpose at a much less cost; for the curtains are not often drawn in a bed-room, so that this kind of curtain can be introduced, as appearance, and not use, is all that is wanted.

In placing the furniture, contrive if possible that the bedstead should not be placed opposite a window, for the light falling upon the eyes, especially in the early summer mornings, is often injurious to sight. If this cannot be avoided, and also when the room is exposed to a hot sun at any time of day, a most excellent device, because it is at the same time effectual and inexpensive, is to pin green glazed calico over the white blinds. This does not show at all outside the house, neither does it look untidy inside the room; and it softens the glare in a delightful manner.

E.C.

THROUGH THE JUNGLE BY TORCH-LIGHT.

THE sun has set upon the valley of the Taptee, in Western India, and the ridges of the Satpoora Mountains are fast fading into deepening shadow; but the light that streams through the open door of the officers' mess, shows that something unusual is going on in the barrack-square of the little fort of Guwalgirh. Soldiers are clustered in groups in front of their quarters, swelled momently by others who come hurrying out of the low thatched stable at the far end of the yard; officers of every rank and age, in undress uniform and cigar in mouth, muster round the gate; and lean, weedy native servants, in long white robes and voluminous turbans, look on and whisper at a respectful distance.

The centre of attraction would seem to be a group of four men—gaunt, wiry, sinewy fellows, whose bare arms and legs look like cords wound round a stick—in close-fitting cotton shirts and knickerbocker-like Eastern trousers. Two of them carry bamboos, to each of which hangs a bunch of iron rings, tied up in a cloth, which jingle like bells at every movement. The other two bear torches, in the tossing glare of which their dark faces appear and vanish spectrally. These men are the "Night Mail North" of Guwalgirh, and just about to start with their letters; but there is no sign of a mail-bag anywhere about them.

However, the starting of the foot-post is too common an event to cause much excitement *per se;* the real event is that Captain Archibald Lightfoot, the champion athlete of the —th Native Infantry, has volunteered to keep up with the post to-night as far as Meil Ghaut, twenty-one miles off! He has hitherto beaten Time in all his matches against that stubborn and swift-going old gentleman, but the "knowing ones" think this feat rather beyond him.

And here, prompt to his time, comes the hero of the evening, in flannel jersey and knickerbockers, with a smile of good-humoured confidence on his brown handsome face, and looking (as backers and anti-backers alike admit) "as fine as a star, and fit to run for his life."

The gate is flung open, the officers wave their hands, a hoarse "Good luck to yer honner!" breaks from the lips of a loyal Irish corporal, the four turban-wearers "salute the holy calm of night" with a yell like escaped lunatics, and the procession, with glare of torches and jingle of rings, vanishes into the darkness.

The first half-mile is all down-hill, and the long swinging trot gets over the ground in gallant style; but the captain (who, though old in athletics, is comparatively new to "Native India") remarks with secret amazement that his comrades are already beginning to groan and gasp as if in the last stage of exhaustion.*

"Why, they can't be getting pumped already?" soliloquises the superior being. "Shows what muffs these rice-eaters must be; there's nothing like the roast beef of old England, after all!"

Beyond the rice-fields lies an up-hill slope, not particularly steep, but at least half a mile long, and by the time they crown it, the gasping and puffing are not wholly confined to the native faction. But the captain, though not quite as comfortable as he might be, is staunch and swift as ever; and so end two miles out of the twenty-one.

Then follows perhaps the most uncomfortable kind of country in the world—a belt of high, sticky grass, with patches of thorny scrub every here and there; the general effect being that of forcing one's way through alternate millions of quill and steel pens, stuck upright, and smeared with gum.

"Where do they get all their superfluous wind from?" muses the outraged captain. "Each of those howls must use up as much breath as would keep me going for half a mile. 'Pon my soul, they're the most incomprehensible beasts on the face of the earth!"

The bush-grass ends at last, and now there begins to loom before them, black and shadowy in the moonlight, the bristling border of the actual jungle. Shaggy as it is, however, there appears to be a track through it—a broad clear path, so open and well-marked, that at first sight it might pass for a beaten track of human travel. But it is merely the track of an elephant—the only existing Commissioner of Public Works in this primitive region, and a more effective one, possibly, than many of his salaried brethren.

But the silence is soon broken. Scared by the light, and the jingle of the rings, the wild inhabitants begin to protest after their manner. Now an elephant, trumpeting hoarsely, crashes through the surrounding thickets; now a huge bat flops into the captain's face, nearly knocking him down; now a herd of jackals scurry past, with a clamour of yelping, whimpering, and screeching, as if fifty particularly naughty children were being worried by as many mad dogs. Once, as they burst into a deep, dark hollow, the torches are reflected in the rainbow scales of a huge boa on one side, and the glaring eyes of a misanthropical old leopard on the other, who remonstrates with a deafening roar, which is his substitute for a "By what right, sir, I should like to know?"

The captain sets his teeth, and begins to wish for his pet rifle; but the undismayed leader brandishes his flambeau in the very eyes of the two terrible night-watchmen, who shrink back into the darkness like evil spirits, and are gone.

How fares it with you now, gallant captain? Do your sides twitch, and your lips parch, and your legs seem swollen to bursting? Does your head feel too big for your body, and your body too heavy for your feet? How long have you been on the road?

The captain, if asked, could not say. He seems to have been pattering on for months and years, like a shore-going Flying Dutchman; and, between the throbs of his dizzy brain, draws a vague parallel between himself and Colonel Crockett's "nigger," who "kep' on runnin' three days and three nights 'cause he war too lazy to stop."

A little more of this, and——

"Courage, Sahib! only one half *coss* more!" (about three-quarters of a mile). The words are a cordial. One more effort, and all is safe! Dimly, as in a dream, the captain is conscious of pattering over a little wooden bridge, with water shining below it—of seeing before him a straggling row of thatched huts, sentinelled by a tall, quaintly-shaped tower, with lights in its upper storeys—then comes a buzzing in his ears, a mist before his eyes, and down he falls on his face.

"God is great!" mutter the pious Mussulmans; "it was fated that the Kapitaun Sahib should accomplish his work, and then fall as one dead. Who can resist destiny?"

The captain, however, recovered to claim his wager; but he has profited by the warning to forswear long races, or (as he himself says) to write over his pedestrian mania, "Let it rest in *pace*."

* The palanquin-carriers have the same habit, which is very deceptive to a stranger.

"REMONSTRATES WITH A DEAFENING ROAR" (*p.* 287).

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

A PRIVATE VIEW.

"IT must have been the companion," said Kate, as they turned into the street, where a bright sun and strong breeze caught little Dottie's hair, and blew it about like sparks of gold. Dick had to put a hand to his hat before answering.

"What companion? Oh! Bee Vanborough's!—Nonsense! Clive said she was as ugly as sin. By the way, Kittie, I can't think how you, who are sensible enough in general, can put up with a woman like that. I never heard such a confounded clack in all my life. I do believe she thinks of all the rudest things beforehand that she can say, and then says them."

It seemed poor Kate's fate to hear her favourites abusing one another; and I fear Bee would hardly have been satisfied with her championship in this case; for she only gave a little sigh and said resignedly—

"She does not mean it, Dick; it's only her way."

"Then I wish she'd amend her ways," said Dick petulantly. "Look here, what have we got this brat with us for? I've got a card for the private view of ——'s Academy pictures; and I thought you would like to go with me; but I'm not going to drag a parcel of children at my heels."

"Poor little parcel!" said Kate, looking down with a merry laugh at the tiny woman trotting along at her side, in happy unconsciousness of her brother's objection to her presence. "I'm afraid I must take her home now, anyhow, or she'll be tired. Couldn't we go to-morrow?"

"No, he sends it in to-morrow. Well, we shall have to go out again after leaving the little bother at home. I mustn't be later than four, or M'Kenzie will think I'm not coming."

"Oh! it is he," said Kate, with a sudden recollection of having expressed her admiration of ——'s pictures to Mr. M'Kenzie a few days previously. "How very kind he is! I hope mama will not want me."

Mama did not. When did Lady Margaret want one of her children, unless that one desired to be with her? Their pleasure was her law; and just now she was looking anxious and preoccupied.

"I'm afraid Eve is going to be seriously ill; her throat is so sore, and she is terribly feverish. No, my love, you can be no good. She can't bear any one in the room; and I would rather not have you in the way till I know what it is. Go with Dick by all means; he will be out of mischief then;" and with a heavy sigh, and her cap dangling on one side of her head, Lady Margaret went away again to her sick child. Kate came down-stairs looking depressed.

"I hope Eve is not going to be really ill," she said, with a very dolorous face, as Dick helped her into the hansom which was waiting at the door; and her brother pooh-poohed the notion, reminding her that Eve was always ailing.

"Those peeky people always make a great deal more fuss than is necessary. Why, *I've* got a thundering headache at this moment, only I don't say anything about it."

This, of course, was meant to be unanswerable; so, beyond an expression of pity for the headache, Kate said nothing; but, all the same, her mind would revert to Eve, and remained there until the hansom drew up with a jerk in front of a low wall with a door in it, and straggling, yellow-blossomed creepers hanging over the top on to the outside: a wall which shut in one of those small, quaint-looking old houses in faded-red brick, which still exist in Kensington; and outside which a gentleman was pacing to and fro as if waiting for some one.

It was Mr. M'Kenzie, and as he came forward with a bright, pleased smile on his dark face, Kate forgot about the home anxieties. She was very young, you see, only nineteen; and to her mind this stranger had *even* a sweeter face than Dick's (!) [N.B. I mention this comparison to show you that Kate's ideas of beauty were not always founded on strictly artistic principles. Yet it was true that just now that animated Southern face looked wonderfully handsome, relieved against the mingled reds and ochres of the old wall, with its dainty tracing of green leafage hanging over it, and the blue sky drifted with white above.]

The very street was washed clean by recent rains, and dried to a country whiteness in the fresh spring breeze; and in the neighbouring gardens the may was all breaking into white and rosy blossom. In another week, and while its country sisters were as yet barely budded with green, it would be so snowed over with perfumed colour, that the vivid emerald of the leaves, now so beautiful, would be lost altogether.

"What a lovely day!" Mr. M'Kenzie said, as he assisted Kate to alight. "Certainly, even London is beautiful in some seasons. No, you have not kept me waiting. I gave your brother the ticket in case I should

arrive before or after you; but the day is too fine to be wasted in-doors. Kind of me! How can you say so? It was a kindness to myself; for I so seldom meet with any one who really and heartily cares for art as I do myself; and you seem to enjoy it even more keenly. I think"—with a sigh and a look half-kind, half-curious—"you enjoy everything. It is very pleasant."

"I do," said Kate; "I enjoy things *dreadfully*. Don't you?"—a pitiful appreciation in her tone of the sadness of his.

"Not now. I did once; but I seem to have used up enjoyment, and pain too, since then. The greatest pleasure I have now"—and his smile was very pleasant as he said it—"is to do what I can in contributing to the enjoyment of those young enough to take it, and blossom brightly over it as you do—and as that may-tree does in the sunshine. No sun has much effect on that withered sycamore-tree in the corner, you see; and yet I suppose even it has been green and pleasant in its day."

Kate did not think Mr. M'Kenzie looked much like a withered sycamore; yet she felt sorry for him somehow. It was not only the sad tone in his voice, but he looked as though the storms had come into his life and laid it bare at some time or another. All the more reason, she thought, for appreciating the pleasant brightness and verdure which remained. He was rather fond of talking in allegories, and she liked it. You would not have thought there was an ounce of poetry in Kate's whole nature; but there was, although it was hidden rather deep, and did not often rise to the surface. Indeed, she was rather ashamed of it herself; and certain old copy-books and untidy quires of paper filled with blotted verses, and wonderfully youthful romances, were stowed snugly away in a boot-closet in her room, where no eye but her own and Dick's had ever seen them: not his since he had grown up and become a man. Unpublished contributions to the over-published world of literature they were, which she often glanced lovingly over even now; and now and then added to by a few lines, generally written when she was either out of spirits or too excited for prose: verses which would have made you die with laughter to read; only Kate took very good care no one should read them. Mr. M'Kenzie, she thought, talked as if he could write poetry too—good poetry—and yet would not despise those blurred over-*exalté* effusions of hers in the boot-closet. They were her pet and only secret; and yet, though she had known this stranger only one fortnight, she felt as if she would have minded his discovering them less than any of her oldest friends.

Just now he was putting her in the best place for seeing one of the principal pictures to appear in that year's Academy; foraging for a chair for her lest she should be tired; and keeping close at her side, that he might tell her the names of the dozen or so of notorieties who had also got permission for a private view of the great work.

"That tall thin woman, with the dark intellectual face and graceful manner, is Miss Antonia S——, the American contralto; and that other dark, vivacious, flighty little woman, is the popular novelist, whose last book I found on your table last Thursday. That eccentric, pre-Raphaelite-looking little creature, with the slashed gown, and flame-coloured feathers round her head, is the wife of a water-colour artist, and dresses after his mediæval conceptions. Don't you wonder she dare face the London *gamins* without getting hooted? And that pretty, ladylike-looking girl, is Miss C——, the principal actress at the 'Parnassus.'"

"You know every one," said Kate, whose eyes were eager with interest; "and yet you have been such a little while in London. I wonder how you manage it. We seem to be the only people who are nothing particular in the room. Do you know, it makes me feel terribly insignificant."

"Does it?" said M'Kenzie smiling. "You look—but I am not going to tell you how you look; only old privileged friends may always speak truths. Look at this instead," and he brought her a small vase full of feather-flowers most exquisitely made and grouped. Kate admired them. They were very curious.

"Too good to be put on the same table with this?" and he took up a glass containing a single freshly-plucked spray of acacia-blossoms, white as snow and sweet as honey.

"*Oh!*" said Kate, and plunged her little nose delightedly into the flowers. "How sweet! how fresh!"

"So I think," said M'Kenzie, smiling still. "I prefer them. Things fresh and sweet are always better than rarities in my opinion."

Kate made no answer, but buried her nose the deeper, feeling angry with herself because her rebellious cheeks would give token that she understood. I think he saw the annoyance, but was not sure at whom it was directed. At any rate, he moved quietly away, and began talking to their host; and before he came back, Dick was at his sister's side, suggesting that they should go. Poor Dick! he soon got tired of pictures, or anything that was not exciting; and the actress, the only person present whom he knew, was surrounded by a group of favoured acquaintances, and merely honoured him with the briefest of nods. Dick, who had seen her often before, and once or twice behind the scenes, was huffed, and carried off his sister before she felt at all inclined for a move.

Mr. M'Kenzie went with them, and a hansom being out of the question for three, they all walked home very contentedly; even Mr. Bellew recovering his good temper in the sweet air and sunshine. Kate thought Mr. M'Kenzie had never made himself so pleasant. Reverting from the feather-flowers to Mexico, he talked about his travels there, breaking off to tell of a bear-fight in the Rocky Mountains, and one with robbers among the Californian diggings. He seemed to have been everywhere in the New World; and Kate listened with parted lips and radiant eyes, a very child in her pleasure at being "told a story." It was pleasant talking to such an eager listener,

looking down now and then into the lifted, rosy face, and provoking the little impetuous half-questions and broken comments: pleasant even to a man who tried to persuade himself that he had done with pleasure. Dallas M'Kenzie had known what love was in his younger life, and had repented him of the knowledge so bitterly that he had never thought even to like a girl heartily again; but he could not help liking Kate, and he acknowledged it.

A faint mist was rising, and behind it the sun, like a blood-red hand, pointed a fiery path between the trees in Hyde Park, and tinged the under side of the leaves and twigs with flame. Long streaks of violet cloud, lined with red, floated across the western sky. It was getting late, Kate thought, as she saw their shadows lengthy and crooked on the pavement before them.

They were just reaching the house, and a little chill ran through her; for the face of the page, who opened the door, was as long as a coffin.

Her voice grew quite faint with inward misgiving, as she asked M'Kenzie if he would come in, and there was such an anxious inquiry in her large eyes that Buttons answered as if addressed—

"Miss Eve is much worse, miss; very bad indeed; and the doctor's coming again in the evening."

And Kate had been enjoying herself! Poor girl! she staggered a little with the shock, and her face grew so pale that Mr. M'Kenzie put out his hand, and took hers as if to support her.

"Do not look so alarmed," he said kindly, almost as though he were speaking to a child; "it may be only a slight attack. The doctor will give a better report in the evening, and you mustn't lose heart before you hear it."

The friendly tone, the warm friendly clasp, brought back the blood again into her cheeks.

"Thank you," she said gratefully, the ready tears starting to her eyes; "you are very kind. Will you come to-morrow and hear how she is?"

"I will come every day until you can give me good news, and that, I hope, won't be long," he answered smiling; "only keep up your spirits now," and then he gave her fingers a final cordial squeeze and went away.

Dick had been speaking to the page, and now followed Kate up-stairs with a very lugubrious face.

"I say, Kittie, Tom says it is scarlet fever. That's infectious, you know, and they say a fellow may have it any number of times—I wish to goodness I'd stayed at Oxford. It may be in the air even here. Look here, you know, I'm not going to stay in the house with anything catching."

"I will go to mama and see," said Kate gently. Were there times when even her love failed to bridge over the gulf of Dick's selfishness?

It *was* infectious—a particularly bad case of scarlet fever, the doctor said; and Lady Margaret—in an equal agony of alarm for the sick child above, and the well children below—forbad Kate all share in the nursing, and exiled all but herself and the nurse from the floor where Eve was invalided. The others were packed down-stairs as they best could be, Dick having a bed made up in the schoolroom. It was not a very comfortable apartment, but being further from the disease than anywhere else—except the kitchen—he kindly refrained from grumbling more than a little. After all it was only a temporary arrangement. The doctor himself recommended that all but the invalid and those in attendance on her should be sent out of the house as speedily as possible; and on the following day Lady Margaret, well soaked in camphorated spirits, but in a lamentably dishevelled condition as to hair and attire, called Kate into her room to consult about the when and where of departure.

"But not me, mama," said Kate eagerly, "I have had it."

"My dear child, that is nothing. You might take it again."

"But, mama, is it likely? and I am not a bit afraid, and could help you so much in nursing poor Evey. Do let me stay, mother dear. Bee Vanborough wrote to me to-day, asking me to come to her, and bring Dottie, as Mrs. Grey is very fond of children; but I said, 'No, I wouldn't leave you on any account.'"

"But you must leave me, Kate. The doctor says so. Don't give trouble about it, love," Lady Margaret said wistfully, "I don't know whether I am standing on my head or heels as it is, and if you were laid up too—but that is nonsense. You must all go away at once."

"Dick is going to Mr. Clive," said Katie. "He asked him at once; and Mr. M'Kenzie wants us to let him take George. He says he has lots of room for him, and is very fond of boys. Is not it kind of Mr. M'Kenzie, mama?"

"It is kinder of Bernard Clive, who has only one room, and has offered that to Dick," said Lady Margaret gravely. "Unfortunately, however, that is the very thing——Kate, would you think me very unkind—both of you, I mean—if I said, 'Don't go to Bee Vanborough or Bernard Clive?"

"Why, mama," said Kate wondering, "I have already refused to go to Bee. I want to stay here."

"My love, you can't stay here. Pray don't say any more about that. If only for Dick's sake, I should want you to go away, so that he may not be alone. Kate, it will never do, his staying in London during the season. It is bad enough at home; but there in the Temple, within reach of every gaiety and dissipation, it would never do. I have been racking my brain for the last week, to think of some plan for getting him out of London. Only the day before yesterday he came for more money, and I had given him ten pounds the week before. Where it had gone, I don't know; the poor dear boy gets so cross if one asks him the least question. And then Uncle Theo is quite furious about his being here. He declares that the unfortunate child got himself rusticated on purpose to be up for the whole season, and that unless I s-send him away at once he w-won't give you one bit of help or kindness in the future—none of you."

Lady Margaret began to weep.

"Uncle Theo is so hard, so wickedly hard on poor Dick," cried Kate, kneeling down by her mother and kissing her fondlingly. "He can't understand him; and I don't see what right he has to make you cry, and order us about. Help indeed! Let him not help," cried the young lady with lofty independence, nestling her head on to her mother's shoulder the while; "we can do without him."

"Can we?" said Lady Margaret, laughing sadly. "I'm afraid, Katie, you're rather mistaken. We should do very badly without your uncle's help; and he is quite right. It is doing harm to Dick himself to keep him idling here. If we could only find some nice place where he could read! There is a village——"

"I *don't* think he would like it, mama," Kate interrupted with a shake of the head, as if that settled the matter.

"Not alone, my love; but if you were to go too. The dear boy is very fond of you, you know; and listen, Katie. My maid's sister lets lodgings in Combe Regis—did you ever hear of it?—a little village on the sea-coast, between Devonshire and Somerset. It is a lovely place, with good boating and fishing (only don't get drowned)—beautiful walks; and the rooms vacant now, so that you could go at once."

"Dick is fond of fishing—and boating," Kate put in deliberately. "We might make him like it, mama."

"Thank you, love; and show him your uncle's letter. He would not like his allowance cut off. It is hard to send you away just at the beginning of the season"—and Lady Margaret stroked her girl's bright cheek fondly—"but you will go to please me—won't you?"

"The season might go to Jericho for all I care," said Kate ungracefully; "I would like to stay and nurse Eve; but, of course, if it will please you——"

"I could not send Madge and Dottie with Dick, even if he would take them," replied Lady Margaret. "Of course you must go. My only difficulty now is about George. There are only two bed-rooms in the cottage, and an attic, which will hold the maid and Dottie. One is large enough for you and Madge; but Martin says the other is so small, she is afraid Mr. Dick would not like to take——"

"Oh, no," said Kate, shaking her head even more decisively; "Dick wouldn't stay a day unless he had a room to himself; but Mr. M'Kenzie is really anxious to have George. He said so, and I am sure he means what he says."

Lady Margaret looked doubtful. Mr. M'Kenzie was very nice, and of course it was most kind; but they knew him so little. However, as there was no time to be lost, Kate had better write a pretty note to thank him, and accept the offer. "And then you had better write about the lodgings being ready for you to-morrow; and tell Bessie and Martin to pack your things."

"If only I had not to go!" Katie said, her brown eyes filling. "I know I must; but, oh, it would be so dreadful if Eve were to get worse, and I be away or——"

"Don't you think it is wiser not to fancy such things?" said Lady Margaret fondly. "Katie, I won't have you kissing me in this way. I'm not sure that it's safe at all. Go down and tell Dick about it now. Tell him he is *wanted* to take care of you all, and that you couldn't go without him. He can't refuse."

He did not. Lady Margaret was right, although she spoke in a doubtful tone, and though he was by no means willing to leave London, and so savage on the subject that Kate was obliged to bring out Uncle Theo's cruel letter as a last resource, whereupon Master Dick began to reconsider the matter; and finally, after much talking and disagreeability, submitted.

"Wholly on the girls' account," he told Clive, taking a very high and magnanimous view of the matter. "My mother says she can't send them to Devonshire unless I go to take care of them; and so of course I've had to agree. It's a beastly bore, confound it all! Just at the beginning of the season too! But of course a fellow can't refuse."

"I should hope not," said Clive coolly. "Then you go to-day. Well, Dick, you couldn't have a better place for studying in."

"Oh! hang study! What's the good of it? I shall never even get a second; and I don't care about coming out with the ruck. I wouldn't keep my name on the books another day if it were not for Uncle Theo. I suppose the old brute would stop my allowance directly if I left."

"I am busy now," said Clive, striving to bury a large amount of disgust among the papers by which he was surrounded.

"You are always busy," retorted Dick, not taking the hint, but continuing to lounge against the mantelpiece. "I say, do you never stop that eternal treadmill of yours?"

"Not often," said Clive drily; "I tread mills for my living, remember."

He might have said, "for your living, remember," since it was he who had taken on him Dick's debt, and was now working harder than usual to get clear of it; but if a disagreeable, he was not an ungenerous man; and refrained from all such speech, going on with his writing instead.

Dick called him a "penurious old hunks," and began teasing him to pay them a visit at Combe Regis. He knew he should get bored to death there without a soul to speak to.

"Isn't your eldest sister going with you?" Clive asked.

"Of course. Didn't I tell you I had to look after the girls?"

"Yes—but I fancied Miss Bellew might be remaining at home to help her mother with the nursing."

"Thank you!" cried Dick; "and I look after the brats! Not quite such a fool!"

"I am really so busy now, I must turn you out," said Clive; "but I will try and run down to Combe Regis while you are there, if you want me."

And then Dick did take his elbow off the mantelpiece, and reluctantly departed.

"I wonder if I shall knock that young fellow down

some day," thought the barrister as the door closed; "I've had five minds to do it this afternoon. Such an incarnation of Self surely never lived before. And so she is running away from the infection too! I thought that family affection was strong enough in her to have kept here to nurse her sick sister. Probably, like her brother, she is only bemoaning her ill-fate in missing the season. What a fool I am to trouble my head about them at all; and yet there are the makings of good in her, if one could only get at them. I believe any one she loved could do what he liked with her.——Who's that? Didn't I tell you I was engaged?—Why, Philip, what on earth has brought you up?"

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

PHILIP'S INQUIRIES.

PHILIP CLIVE came in quickly, putting the boy, who had tried somewhat ineffectually to bar his entrance, on one side with one firm, quick hand, and holding out the other to his brother, who grasped it warmly.

"What a time it is since I've seen you! and how ill you are looking, old fellow!" Bernard said, still holding his hand after the first exclamation of greeting; and then he looked searchingly into the face which bore so strong a family likeness to his own, but which had a haggard, feverish look on it, plainly discernible in the pale yellow sunlight then streaming on it over the office blinds.

Bernard read the meaning there quickly enough, and sighed as he did so. It was wonderful to see the close, warm affection of this cynical and disagreeable man for his own family—the family who gave him so much trouble, and so little of anything else. You could even see it in the way in which he dragged a big leathern armchair into the sunniest corner near the window, tossing the books which encumbered it on to the floor, and pressing his brother into it, before proceeding to rummage in a cupboard near the fireplace for wine and other refreshments. And yet all the while he knew that Philip Clive had come up to town simply and solely to give him fresh trouble, by insisting on continuing a search for the woman whose widowhood and privacy he was protecting.

"Which will you take—brandy and soda, or Madeira? I've a bottle of very decent Madeira here," he went on hospitably. "You look as if you wanted something, young man."

"Do I?" said Philip. It was the first word he had said beyond a bare greeting; and before he added more, he poured himself out a glass of stiffish brandy and water, and drained it off at a gulp. "I've had no breakfast to-day—none to speak of, that is. No! don't ring," as the lawyer lifted his hand to a bell. "I couldn't eat if it was put before me. What do you think I have come up for?"

"As I suppose you are going to tell me, I'll save myself the trouble of thinking," said Bernard, laughing. "What?"

"I fancy I have got a clue to Averil Grey at last."

"In-deed!"

Bernard had been moving about the room, poking the fire and making it blaze brightly; but now he pulled a chair forward, his back to the light, his keen blue eyes upon his brother's face.

"First tell me how my father is," he said cheerfully.

"The governor? Oh! pretty well. Sent his love and——But I was going to tell you of Averil—Mrs. Grey. Where do you think she came from before we knew her?"

"From Dr. Dunn at Hastings. I thought you were aware of that."

"Of course I am. I mean before that."

"From London; at least, so the Digbys told Harriet; and I have heard Mrs. Grey say the same."

"The Digbys said they thought so—that was all. She had talked of London to them, and she talked of it to us, as though she had lived there all her life; and yet she had not—not for more than a year or eighteen months before she went to Hastings."

"How do you know?"

"Not from the Dunns, though I have made close inquiries; but——"

"One moment, my dear Philip! Don't be affronted; but I thought you loved Averil Grey."

"You thought right then."

"Surely it is no proof of affection to go about making her name public, and perhaps giving people to think that she has done something wrong or disgraceful, by these inquiries about her."

"I am not affronted," said Philip, with a sort of resigned impatience in his manner, "because you don't understand what you are talking of. If you did, you would know that the very fact of my loving her as I do, would make me more than careful to guard her name from the breath of suspicions such as you describe. I represent myself as looking for her on account of some property which might be hers, and which has come to our knowledge, and which I, being, please remember, one of the clergymen of her parish, am authorised to acquaint her with. You forget that my profession——"

"Yes, I'm afraid I forgot you in your clerical capacity," Bernard interrupted; "go on with what you were saying you had found out."

"Well, it was in rather an odd way—a letter from the landlady of a lodging-house in——"

"London!" Bernard broke in; and then bit his lips for vexation at having done so.

"No," said Philip; "Southampton. Odd, wasn't it? I don't wonder you look surprised. It was in answer to one of my advertisements which had found its way on an old paper to the good lady's hands; and it informed me that a lady, whose initials corresponded with those I gave, and who had resided not long before at 'The Myrtles,' Woodleigh, had lodged with her three years previously; and that she would be happy to give me any information respecting her for—a consideration, of course. Those sort of letters always end that way."

"A consideration which regards £ s. d. more than truth," Bernard observed. "Well, did you answer this letter?"

"Yes, in person. Ah! you stare; but sitting still in that dead-alive village, when I don't even know where the person I love best is hiding, is maddening me; and I thought I could extract a larger amount of truth by *vivâ voce* examination than if I only wrote."

"Philip," said his brother kindly, "this sort of thing will never do. I wondered what made you look so thin and worn when you first came in, I don't wonder at all now. Racing down to Hastings and back, ditto to Southampton, ditto to London—you will wear yourself out if you go on in this way."

"If I don't find Averil Grey I care very little for wearing myself out," said the curate doggedly. He was leaning back in his arm-chair, a feverish glow in his cheeks, and his two hands knotted fiercely over his knee. In front of him was the window, open, with the sunlight falling on his thin face, and a fresh spring breeze from the river rumpling the light hair upon his forehead, and making a rustling

"THE BEST PLACE FOR SEEING ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES" (*p.* 290).

disturbance among the papers on the table. Outside the sky was dappled all over with small cream-white clouds; and the birds were singing and chirruping in the Temple Gardens, where beds of crocuses and hyacinths made bands of pure pale colour in a setting of dark brown earth, moist from recent rains. Every now and then little gales of perfume penetrated the dim, quiet room, and made a sweetness among musty books and legal-looking documents tied with pink tape. A couple of nurses were chattering on the walk far below, and before them romped a little flock of children, gold-haired and rosy-cheeked, whose merry voices rang bell-like over the City sounds, and made a musical accompaniment to the dialogue of the two brothers.

Bernard laid his hand gently on his brother's knee. "Go on," he said, "I will talk to you afterwards. Finish you your say first. You went to Southampton?"

"And found the woman. She seems a very respectable body; keeps a nice, comfortable lodging-house; and told me at once that her servant was a Loamshire girl, and comes from Woodleigh—(she's a daughter of Jane Parsons, the one that left the village five or six years ago, and went to service. Don't you remember her?) Well, last Whitsuntide the girl went home for a holiday, saw the ladies at the Myrtles, and recognised them at once as having lodged with her mistress a couple of years previously. I don't think she spoke to either Averil, or poor Miss Clewer; but when she went back she told the landlady of the circumstance. A few weeks ago a paper, wrapped round something I think, came into the kitchen, and one of my old advertisements caught her eye: 'A. G., Myrtles, is earnestly requested to send her address, or communicate with the curate at Woodleigh, on a matter of great importance.' Up went Sarah to her mistress—

"'Look 'ere, m'm, this is Parson's son, Mr. Philip, a-looking for our lady surely. She must ha' left t' cottage.'

"'Like she's come into some money, an' he wants to give it her; or she's not paid her rent, an' he wants to get it,' said the landlady. 'Perhaps there'll be a reward offered in a later paper.'

"So they set to work and ferreted out the rest of the back numbers after that advertisement, found that one where I begged any one who knew the present address of 'A. G., late of Myrtles, Woodleigh,' to send it me, in order that I might communicate with her on business to her own advantage; and forthwith wrote the letter to me I mentioned to you. I went down to Southampton straight, expecting to find Averil there; or at all events to learn where she is; and found that after all they knew no more of that than I do—indeed she knew very little at all about her."

"Ah!" said Bernard, "I thought not. I have no doubt though, she made as much of it as she could, in order to fleece you to the greatest possible extent. Well?"

"Well, the first thing she said was that when Averil and her cousin came to her, they had only just landed in England, and brought a French maid with them: a middle-aged woman, Mrs. Rendall said, 'not one of your flighty French damsels,' but a decent, grave body, extremely reserved on the subject of her mistresses, and speaking very bad English when she spoke at all. Still the woman doesn't live that can refrain from gossiping altogether, and mamzelle (as Mrs. Rendall called her) did let out that she had never been in England before; and that she had been Averil's maid for the last ten years—since madame was quite a young girl, she said. She was almost broken-hearted then because she was going to leave her, but madame's circumstances would no longer allow her to keep a lady's-maid, and therefore she was going to set up a milliner's shop in London. 'I can at least make the bonnets of madame,' she said.—Now, Bernard, why did Averil never tell us that she had only recently come to England, and had lived in France for years?"

"We have not heard that the latter was the case as yet," said Bernard quietly. "You jump to conclusions on slender premises, Master Phil."

"Why, have I not told you that the maid was French, had never been in England before; and that, though most of the labels on the trunks had been torn off except the last ones, 'Cork to Southampton,' one still remained, and bore the name of a French town?"

"What town?"

"That is just what Mrs. Rendall forgets. She says she couldn't 'perounce' it at the time; but it was in three words, and the middle one was 'sur.' Mamzelle had most likely got the box though, for it was one of hers; and mamzelle could most probably give me Mrs. Grey's address now; for she knew everything about her mistress, adored her, and confided to Mrs. Rendall that madame was an angel, and had suffered terribly from her husband during his life. In what way, or what *he* was, mamzelle wouldn't say, having evidently been bound to secresy on that point; but she evidently hated him, groaned and crossed herself at the mention of his name, and said that it was well for madame and every one connected with her to forget that he had ever existed. Mrs. Rendall said that her mistress, being so handsome, would probably get a better husband before long; but mamzelle only groaned and crossed herself again, and said it would be well if Heaven were so kind; but that miserable one would stand even in the way of a better match.—Now, Bernard," said Philip, breaking off with a glance of triumph, "do you see what I am coming to?"

"Not exactly, I confess."

"Then the same idea has not flashed across both our minds."

"Mine is perfectly idea-less—not a flash in it."

"You are joking as usual," said Philip angrily. "And yet you might take some slight interest, even in a matter uninteresting to yourself, when you know that it is life and death to me."

"And do I not?" Bernard asked. "You might laugh all day, and I should not doubt your interest in Averil Grey. It is deeds, not words, Phil, which prove a man's feelings."

"I beg your pardon, old fellow. It is good-natured of you to give up your work for me; but, you see, I've got half crazy about this, and I thought that if I told you all I heard, and just how I heard it, the same notion might strike you as has struck me?"

"And that is?"

"That Mr. Grey—if that is the real name—has done something, committed some crime, by which he has incurred the severest penalties of the law; and that Averil, having escaped from the scene of his shame, is sacrificing her whole life to the memory of it, lest in any way it might be brought upon the heads of others, more especially others who had been kind to her—who loved her, and who, she knew, were proud to a fault of their own good name and stainless antecedents."

Philip had leant forward, his face flushed, his voice quick and low. Bernard drew back, his lips tightly compressed, and his eyebrows drawn together, like a man who has just had a totally new idea suggested to him, and does not know how to take it; or whether to take it at all."

"The severest penalty of the law is death," he said at last. "That means hanging; and hanging means *murder!* Philip, is it likely?"

"It is not unlikely. Think how often murder is committed, and through how many causes—jealousy, passion, what you will. Indeed, Mrs. Rendall said to the maid once, 'Why, you couldn't seem more in 'orror of your pore master if 'ed murdered anybody;' and the woman looked dreadfully frightened, and begged Mrs. Rendall not to take up what she had said, or think of it any more, or madame would never forgive her. And after that she would never say a word more on the subject. But, Bernard, I don't say he has been hanged, mind you, though it is not impossible. He may have been only sentenced to imprisonment, and died before his time was out; or he may have escaped, and died in hiding. There are many more disgraceful crimes than murder, and yet gentlemen have committed them. But to think of Averil, so pure and dignified, bound to the memory of a felon!"

"Thinking of it, and of her," Bernard observed, "I should almost have thought such a fate would have killed her. Greater pride I never saw in any one than in that gentle widow lady."

"Ay, and that pride has made her fly from my love, lest in blessing her it might injure me!" cried Philip, his eyes flashing. "Kill her! No, hers is too great and strong a soul to droop and die under the disgrace of a worthless husband. She would put it from her, and bury it out of her own remembrance, and everybody else's ken. Bernard, I never cared to find her before as much as I do to-day; for I never felt before that she loved me as much as I do now."

Bernard had risen, and was pacing the room as if deep in thought. He stopped short at this, and spoke abruptly.

"Do you feel—you have lived in the house with her, you ought to know—do you feel as if she were a truthful woman—a woman who would not tell a lie on slight occasion?"

"I am sure of it. See, even in this. She has been silent altogether as to many things she might have told us. Of some others she has said when questioned, 'Do not ask me, I cannot bear to talk of that;' but she has never told us an untruth yet."

"You asked her if she loved you," said Bernard; "did she say, 'Yes?'"

There was no answer.

"Did she even keep silence? or did she say, 'No,' most distinctly, and repeat that 'No' both by word of mouth and letter? Philip, I agree with you that Mrs. Grey is a truthful woman. I do *not* believe that she would lie on a point like that!"

"There is no need for such a strong word as 'lie,'" Philip said, his face flushing angrily. "It is perfectly well known that nine women out of ten think themselves privileged to use some little prevarication on the subject of love."

"I agree with you; but none the less I hold that in this case Mrs. Grey was the tenth. After all, you see, I have a higher opinion of her than you, Philip—in this matter, at least."

The last words came as an after-thought, spoken very low, and with so strange a look—a look half of pain, half of annoyance—that Philip, gazing at him, asked involuntarily—

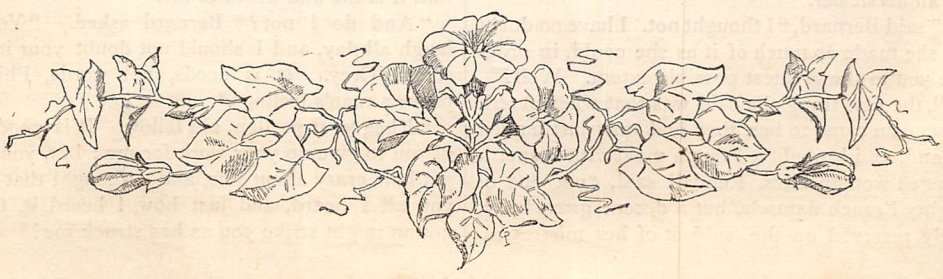
"What are you thinking of?"

"I would rather not tell you," was the unsatisfactory answer. "Wait a moment;" and he came back to the table. "Let us put in a few words what you have told me. You believe from all you have gathered that Mrs. Grey—that being probably a feigned name—loves you as you love her; but that she has denied her love and fled from you because she knows that your family, who have been kind to her when she was in sore need of kindness, would never consent to your marrying the widow of a man whose life had been publicly disgraced?"

"Yes, I do," said Philip decisively. "And I believe" (rather reluctantly) "that she cared so much for him—hang him!—that she would submit to any present pain herself rather than be the one to expose the misdeeds for which she, as his wife, has suffered."

"And *I* believe," thought Bernard, turning from his brother's earnest face, "that this man that she has cared for, cares for still so dearly, has been the cause of the misdeed for which she has suffered, and suffers still—God help her!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.



Starlight.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* WALTER H. SANGSTER.

Andante.

VOICE. PIANO.

Andante.

1. I see the white..... road wind - ing down, Through star - lit mea - dows to the
2. The lane is sweet..... with ten - der light, With rain - wash'd ro - ses, red and

town,— The years re - turn, the years that were; I think of these, re - mem - b'ring
white, As when we used to lin - ger there: I pluck a rose, re - mem - b'ring

her, I think of these, re - mem - b'ring her. The ri - - ver glis - - tens
her, I pluck a rose, re - mem - b'ring her. But fool - - ish lips for -

far..... be-low, Be - yond the bridge the branches throw Their trem - - bling sha - dows, faint..... and
- bore ..... to speak, From day to day, from week to week, The years went on, the years..... that

fair,..... faint..... and fair; I lean..... and look,..... re - memb'ring her, re-memb'ring her, I
were, the years ..... that were; I walk ..... a - lone, ... re - memb'ring her, re-memb'ring her, I

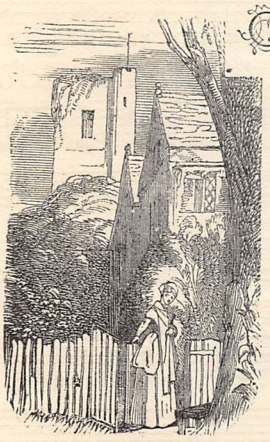
ritenuto.

lean and look, re - mem - b'ring her.
walk a - lone, re - mem - b'ring her. *tempo.*

colla voce.

LOVE OR PRIDE?

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



GREAT purple shadows swept across the hayfields; the distant landscape was becoming indistinct; and the moon was slowly rising in the heavens.

After awhile the twilight deepened into as much of darkness as there would be in the summer night, and silence fell upon the earth. Then a girl stole noiselessly across a small garden, and stood beside a gate that led into the adjoining churchyard. A yew-tree spread its dark branches wide above her, but the silver tints that were slanting down upon the tall gravestones, and bringing out the delicate lines of the old church spire, touched also her white face, making it whiter than usual. She did not start as a tall figure approached from the farther side of the churchyard. She had evidently been expecting some one, and when she heard the words—

"You are out late, Miss Jervis"—

She quietly answered—

"I was waiting for you; I wanted to say good-bye to you before you went away."

"I thought you had done that already," replied the young man with some bitterness.

"Not quite," returned the girl wearily, "you were too angry for me to say it as I wished."

"Had I not a right to be so?" he asked. "Ever since I have been at Shelford you have been deceiving me. I believed you to be as earnest as I was myself, and now——" He paused.

"And now?"

Her voice had a sharp ring in it as she repeated his words, as though she would give denial to what he had said; but her face looked like stone in the moonlight, white and immovable, as she continued—

"I did not understand that you could really be in earnest, otherwise I might have told you before what I have told you to-day."

"You did not believe in me—you looked upon me as heartless—as a deceiver. You do not believe in me now."

"I do."

"What do you believe?" he asked impetuously; "nothing good, or you would not give me the answer you have given me."

"Everything good, except the knowing what is good for yourself. I want you now to say good-bye to me without any anger in your heart. The day will come when you will perhaps bless me for what I have had courage to do to-day." And she held out her hand.

The young man hesitated. "Is there no hope?"

"None."

Her voice rang low and clear through the summer air. Again he hesitated, then suddenly taking both her hands in his, he bent down and kissed her for the first time.

She gave a faint cry, and disengaged herself.

"We part in peace."

And with these words she turned and fled, not looking back, or perhaps she might have repented her decision.

Once in the house she sat down in the empty sitting-room, made light as day by the moonbeams. The old dog rose as she came in, and when she threw herself into a chair he laid his head in her lap.

There came a sound of clattering of plates in the kitchen on the opposite side of the narrow passage, and her mother's voice sounded sharply, giving her directions about supper.

Presently she entered.

"Where have you been, Ally? How ill you look! and you're all shivering. Come into the kitchen, child; Anne's gone off to bed, and there's a bit of fire in the grate. It might be winter instead of midsummer, to feel your hands."

Alice rose mechanically. She walked dreamily into the little kitchen, where her mother drew a chair to the fire for her.

Presently a ruddy, good-humoured-looking youth entered, saying—

"Let me have my supper here, mother; the fire looks pleasant though it is summer time."

Mrs. Jervis opened the oven door and took out a covered dish that had been kept warm there. Alice, watching her as she placed it on the table, and laid a knife and fork beside it, instinctively roused herself, and, taking a jug from the dresser, went to the cellar to draw some beer for her brother.

It was a relief to her to perform this menial service; it seemed almost an answer to the question she had been asking herself over and over again, since her conversation with Mr. Scrope in the morning. She was even glad that all around her looked so commonplace, so poor—poorer and commoner than ever to-night. And a bitter feeling rose in her heart and made her almost indignant that some people should be so much more favoured, in a worldly point of view, than others.

When she went to her own room, instead of undressing, she opened the window and gazed out towards the yew-tree under which she had parted with Mr. Scrope, and then suddenly untwisting her long hair she turned to the looking-glass, not with any feeling of vanity, but in order to find what had so attracted him.

It was more than a handsome face that answered back her gaze, one which showed an amount of earnestness and intelligence not often met with. Of this she was no judge herself, neither of the continual change of expression which Mr. Scrope had begun by

curiously observing, and ended by being thoroughly interested in. He was passing the Long Vacation at Shelford, reading and fishing, and had made the acquaintance of William Jervis on the banks of the river, and through him, whom it was a condescension on the part of Mr. Scrope to notice, of Alice herself.

Alice perhaps understood the footing on which they stood better than her brother, and the innate pride in her nature caused her to accept it with reservations. She felt the gulf between them, and measured it by the world's standard. Therefore, when Mr. Scope made his somewhat startling offer, she, in spite of her surprise, was not unprepared with her answer.

And now that she had given it, she asked herself if she had done right.

Mr. Scrope was an only son; a brilliant future was before him; a world of which she knew nothing was familiar to him. Could she, who was accustomed to the littlenesses incident to circumstances somewhat above actual poverty, move with propriety in circles accustomed to every luxury? Would his relatives so far above hers accept her and her belongings? She answered, "No." Mr. Scrope had argued, what matter since it rested with him to give her place and position in the world as his wife? But that she knew would be a separation for him from all former associations, and her own unfitness to move in her lover's sphere would make her a clog upon the life of him to whom, before she knew it, she had given her heart.

Such had been the train of argument she had pursued, and she had struggled free from the prospect open to her, not without pain, and had dismissed it as a dream of beauty that had naught to do with waking hours. And now——

But it was over. The morning rose, and she went about her tasks as usual, perhaps even more energetically, since she needed an outlet for her pent-up feelings. Mingled with pain there came a sense of happiness in the knowledge of Mr. Scrope's love. To have possessed it—nay, perhaps to possess it still—carried her into another world, in which, however, she must always be alone, since all that had passed must for ever remain her own especial secret.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MR. SCROPE went abroad; and after a time he returned home to begin his career.

Alice Jervis pursued her homely and monotonous life. She grew quieter and graver, and worked more diligently. She believed that she had decided rightly as regarded Mr. Scrope's happiness, and the sacrifice she had made for his sake made her feel that she had a right to be interested in him, and she lived in the excitement of seeing his name in the papers, and in gaining every particular of him within her grasp. She smiled when she read his name among the presentations at Court, or noted his presence at the Court balls. At such times she looked down at the shabby dress and the poor appointments surrounding her, and wondered what sort of an appearance she should have made in other circumstances.

At length she saw another announcement. Mr. Scrope was going to be married.

She turned pale, and put down the paper.

And yet she had expected this announcement—had looked for it day after day. Nevertheless, she felt a strange pang, which as long as he was unmarried she had escaped.

Down by the river, where the water-flags hoisted their yellow standards among the reeds, and where the forget-me-nots blossomed along the banks, she sauntered, listening to the murmuring waters, whose burden was, "Past, past, past!" Even Rover appeared to understand it, for he looked up mournfully into her face and whined.

Then great grey bars of cloud spread across the setting sun, and blotted out the sunlight; but still Alice paced up and down under the pollard-willows, until the evening was far advanced. Night was setting in around her; the light and life were over. She had scarcely realised until the present moment how present Mr. Scrope had been in her every thought.

The morning after reading the news in the papers, another very startling piece of information came to her—

She was an heiress.

By one of those strange chances in life that are so common now-a-days, her mother's brother, beginning life as an artisan, had amassed a princely fortune. And he had left it between Alice Jervis and her brother.

And Alice Jervis sat down and wept bitterly. To her it had come as a mockery. Her lot in life was cast, what did she want with money now?

In due time she read of the marriage itself; she cut it out of the paper and placed it in her pocket-book. It was all over.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THREE years slipped away. Three travellers entered an hotel in a little foreign town. One, a beautiful woman, a little past her first youth, whom one knew in a moment, in spite of the improvement that had taken place; but her brother was scarcely to be recognised. A tutor and three years of foreign life had caused a marvellous transformation. The third, an elderly lady, was not much altered, excepting that her dress was handsome as heart could desire.

They took their places at the *table-d'hôte*, and exactly opposite to them sat a lady and gentleman. The latter looked wearied, and his short black moustache twitched with the curvings of the restless mouth beneath it. The lady was fair, fashionable, and vivacious.

Alice Jervis started. She would have moved, but William Jervis, all ignorant of past events, had exclaimed—

"Mr. Scrope!"

Mr. Scrope looked across, wondering at the friendly recognition from an apparent stranger. Then his eye fell upon Alice, and he started; but quickly recovering himself, he bowed, saying—

"Pardon me, if I did not at first remember you."

Mrs. Scrope had turned in delight towards William Jervis.

"The first English voice, excepting my husband's, that I have heard for three weeks. I do not understand Italian, and have consequently had no one to talk to but Mr. Scrope. Can you imagine anything more dreadful?"

Then turning to her husband, she said, "You must introduce me to your English friends."

"Mrs. Scrope—Mrs. and Miss Jervis," said Mr. Scrope, his look rivetted on Alice.

The face that had never left his memory in spite of his marriage, had grown to a higher beauty than even he had imagined to be possible. And though he knew it not, it had come about through her striving after an ideal that she deemed worthy of him.

Stilling the pulses that throbbed so painfully, Alice conversed with him as with an old acquaintance, and yet the remembrance of their parting on that moonlight night was vividly present to both of them.

Mrs. Scrope talked incessantly, the more especially as William Jervis was a lively talker, with a frank, half-jesting, half-deferential manner, that had something very winning in it.

Alice Jervis watched Mrs. Scrope narrowly, and wondered why Mr. Scrope had married her? And instinctively the answer came, Because he did not care very much about her, but found that the alliance would add lustre to his career. There was something paradoxical in the idea, but it passed with her. She had argued that, if Mr. Scrope had really cared for herself, to care much for Mrs. Scrope was impossible.

So they met, and so they parted, in the little out-of-the-way Italian town; and Alice had seen Mr. Scrope once more. Was she glad or sorry?

The Scropes returned to England: the Jervises remained abroad. And they heard nothing more of one another.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

EXACTLY why she had come there she could not tell. It was more to gratify an old longing than for any definite reason, though she had persuaded herself into the belief that she had business at Shelford. At any rate, upon the anniversary of that day, eight years ago, when she had waited under the yew-tree to say good-bye to Mr. Scrope, Alice Jervis stood with her hand on the wicket-gate, quietly reviewing her life, and once again asking herself whether love or pride had had the greater part in her decision.

The branches of the yews were waving gently, the roses were rustling their silver-tipped leaves, and the white moonlight fell upon the graves. Still with her hand upon the garden gate, she looked towards the church, trying to believe that the years had stood still, and she was there waiting for Mr. Scrope.

She was turning away, when a dark figure approached her, and a well-remembered voice said—

"Miss Jervis!"

"Mr. Scrope!"

"Yes; I was waiting for you. I wished to see you before you went away."

Almost her own words in their last interview.

She looked up at him half fearfully. It was so strange to see him there at that hour of night, and an almost superstitious awe crept over her.

"I wanted to tell you that you have ruined my life so far. I heard that you were at Shelford. I knew that you would be here to-night; and I have come to ask you if you repent the past, and are willing to atone for it."

Alice shrank back.

"Mr. Scrope!" was all she could say.

"The inferiority, if there be any, is on my side," he said; "you have improved the past—I have wasted it. Yet the wasting of it I lay to your charge. I knew you better than you knew yourself. I wanted a wife who would understand me, and would give me sympathy. You could have done this, and you refused it. Will you refuse it now?"

Bewildered, and yet indignant, Alice shrank further away from him.

"Mr. Scrope," she said, "I bid you go back to your wife. I bid you to repair the brilliant prospects you seem so wrongly to have marred."

"I wish I could," he answered sorrowfully. "My wife is dead, Alice, or I should not be here to-night. She died two years ago. You are hard and unjust as you have ever been."

"Dead!" stammered Alice; "how could I know? I have but just returned to England." She moved nearer to him; she held out her hand. "Forgive me," she said.

And their eyes met; and Mr. Scrope, looking down into hers, stooped and kissed the quivering lips for the second time in his life.

JEAN BONCŒUR.

MEMORY.

ONLY to think of thee must make me weep,
Thou wert so beautiful; and most things so,
Being no more for us, bring tears—I go
And gaze upon some dead flowers which I keep.

If thou canst now divine thy powerful sway
Of interruptive sweetness o'er my sleep,
I cannot tell—but in my dreams I weep
As one who hears a loved voice far away.

These once white blossoms, coffin'd long ago
With many kisses, fragrant to this day,
Unto remembrance sadly still convey
Some symbol of past joy to present woe.

I marvel, now, if thou canst ever feel
Any regret compassionate with mine,
Or ever hear my wail—as I hear thine—
When visions o'er thy slumbering spirit steal.

H. YERWORTH.

(Drawn by Frank Dicksee.)

"THEY TOOK THEIR PLACES AT THE TABLE-D'HÔTE" (p. 299).

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

APRIL is a season when the French dressmakers and modistes have prepared all their novelties; but which of these will find favour generally, remains hidden in the future for awhile; and perhaps at no other time of year is it so difficult to prognosticate with any certainty what will be worn. You may study the fashion-plates with the most assiduous care, and visit all the dress *ateliers*, if one may so term them, in turn, and yet arrive at no certain conclusions. Some chance may turn the current in a totally unexpected direction; and, in London especially, a fashion often crops up in the middle of the Metropolitan season, without any distinct setting or cause, and is fairly done to death—*vide* the blue-and-white striped camlets, Dolly Varden cambrics, and many others—which certainly did not originate in Paris.

Next month we shall know much better what this season's fashions are to be; now we can chronicle that the furore for entire costumes in white is as great as ever, and likely to continue. At some of the most fashionable weddings, many of the guests might be mistaken for the bride, thanks to swansdown, lilies of the valley, and white washing-silk; and in Paris, as in London, some of the best-dressed women of the day have appeared, and are appearing, at fêtes, in pure white, silver trimmings being much introduced upon it; indeed, the *specialité* just now is a sort of tawdry tone, that is creeping into our evening dresses. A very fashionable style of making tulles and tarlatans is with plissé flounces and bouillonnées, and then, simulating a tablier, two rows of some four or five crossway bands of tarlatan of a contrasting shade, having lines of silver interwoven, are laid across the front, and the pouf at the back; for example, grey and silver on black, and blue and silver on blue. The skirts are all cut straight in the front and the sides, where they are very much tied together, the back having almost the appearance of being distinct, and resembling in shape a peacock's tail far more closely than anything else; but they are graceful.

If you are preparing dresses beforehand for the season, you may very safely adopt plissé trimmings, either for morning or evening wear, whether the material be plain or figured; and for full dress, either gold or silver trimmings will render them more thoroughly *à la mode*. The newest lace has gold and silver threads running through it; and some of the lace now used in Paris is gemmed with small rubies, diamonds, and emeralds.

A new material for wear on dressy occasions is called "Gaze Matelassé"—a transparent fabric with satin stripes, all alike indented in the form of diamonds. Ecru muslin of a very open-work make, called "Spider Muslin," is a novelty as trimmings on grenadines, Japanese silks, and similar materials.

The make of such skirts is too complicated for minute descriptions—two large crossway puffings extending from the hem to the waist, and other puffings and plissés running at right angles and otherwise.

According to fashion-plates and the dictum of dressmakers, low bodices must *de rigueur* be worn at balls and dances; but experience shows that at every entertainment of the kind at least half the people are not *decolletée*.

Notable among the spring dresses are all kinds of embroideries in straw—muslin, tarlatan, and silk alike displaying them. Woollen materials such as cashmere and fine zephyr cloth in conjunction with silk will be worn; and the probability is that the shade of brown known as "cigar" will be more adopted than any other. Feather trimming will hold its own throughout the season; as will a style of goffered silk, imitating feather trimming. There are many new varieties in gimps being introduced, and, as gimps are made for each particular silk costume, this does not at all tend to diminish their costliness.

As possibly most people will be having dresses made either now or soon, a word or two as to the general style of arranging them will not be amiss.

Long tabliers, with wide voluminous sashes at the back, are still worn; and young ladies are adopting light delicate shades of cashmere over black velvet petticoats, the probability being that velvet skirts and trimmings will, as last year, be as much worn on sultry July days as they were in the frosts of January; violin-backs of velvet are often introduced into the over-dresses, which, by-the-by, are calculated to show off to advantage the silver belts and gold châtelaines that, costly as they are, once possessed are not likely soon to be discarded. Velvet intended for the wear of married women is most elaborately embroidered with all kinds of beads and coloured silks.

The trimmings which last year were all on the back of the skirt, are now all on the front, the back being very nearly untrimmed, unless large bows are carried down the fashionable box-plaited skirts; but the fronts are either perpendicularly froncé, or made with a series of horizontal plaits, turning down in the centre of the front, and up at the sides, plissé trimmings being introduced down the sides and along the edge of the skirt. The bodices all have basques, while some have waistcoats, and the sleeves are tight and reach to the wrist, the Henri II. style still keeping in favour. The plissé flouncing is not really a difficult matter to manage. It should be hemmed with the hand, plaited in small folds all one way, and sewed down to keep it in its place. For low dresses, cuirass bodices are still fashionable, but are being superseded by points back and front, which are more generally becoming. Velvet bodices with light skirts will be, and are, much worn in Paris; and this is just a useful fashion which English people will be pretty certain to follow, as the

same bodice can be worn with many skirts, and we like an article of dress to be of general service.

We are still falling back on old paintings for head-gear; and the Rembrandt and Velasquez bonnets are becoming, and well worn, recalling the beauties of long ago, as they have been handed down to us on canvas. Strings will once more be universally adopted, though as yet they are only of tulle, and come from the back of the bonnet, showing the ears.

The Dolman will be the kind of shape on which many of the spring mantles will be based. Among the newest Paris mantles, there is a form which is short at the back, and has the front much longer, forming a sort of waistcoat, and having long hanging sleeves over tight-fitting under ones, recalling Venetian costumes of years ago. Diagonal bands of braid will be much worn on mantles, and they form a becoming style of trimming. For dresses generally very little trimming, except silk matelassé velvet, gimp, and beads, is used, though a new variety of floss silk daisy fringe, and a fringe with clusters of tassels, have been introduced.

Bége is a material which for the coming *demi-saison* is most useful. An excellent way of making it is to select two shades, and use them alternately on the skirt, in crossway flounces, with the fulness merely piped. These come to the hips, where the tunic takes the form of a plaited scarf, fastening on one side, and edged with knitted woollen fringe. The two shades should be deftly blended on the body, which should be made with a basque; but for additional warmth, when required, there is a sleeveless jacket of the darker shade (the sleeves being of the lighter) made with long basques and pockets, both on the back and front breadths, and as many as can conveniently find place in the skirt; tailors always gore for a pocket each side—a convenient plan, especially now, when it is impossible to put much more without spoiling the hang of the skirt. Châtelaine bags suspended on the left side are in high favour.

Swedish gloves are beginning to be as much worn for evening as for day wear, especially black ones, which several of our ladies of fashion have taken to wear with white dresses, the result being more peculiar than pretty.

We run into very curious extremes in the matter of dress. Nothing now seems too heavy for evening wear, and velvet trains over tulle skirts may be counted by dozens in every ball-room.

In the mania for novelty, any uncommon flower is selected as a garniture for ball-dresses, and the result is often more unique than pretty. However, one fact is well established—you cannot have too many flowers about an evening dress. Heavy garlands are carried across the bodice to the back, and so spread like the tendrils of a vine over the back of the train.

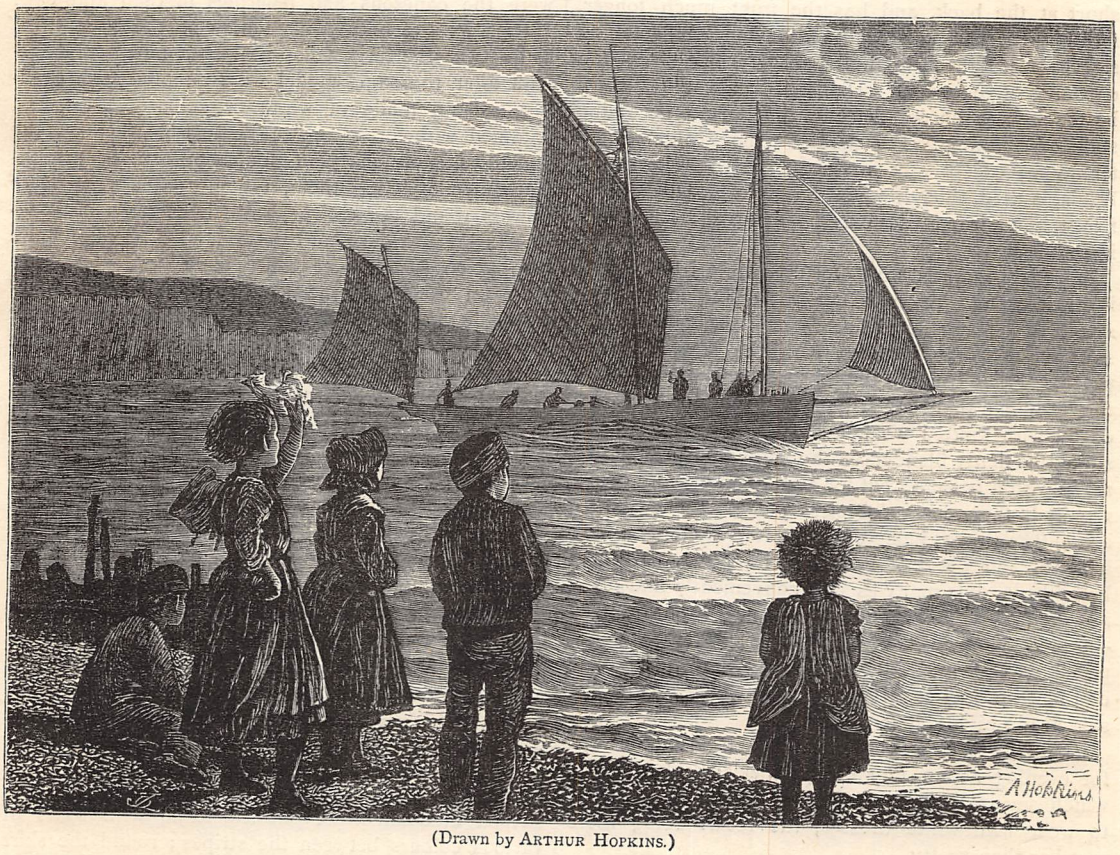
Thin people, who do not fall back upon square-bodied dresses, cling still to the fashion of wearing tulle across the shoulders, either over or under the bodice, and terminating at the waist.

Amid this chronicling of present fashions, it may not be uninteresting to turn back a little, and see what our mothers and grandmothers wore some forty or fifty years ago, within the memory of some of us; though memory is sometimes a treacherous friend, and, like other friends, requires a good deal of attention to keep it always at our service. In a few trifles we are returning to the modes then in vogue, but not, we trust, in all. In those days nothing but short dresses were seen, showing the shoe or boot. So many familiar terms occur in the descriptions of what was worn then, that it is necessary to turn to the fashion-plates to note how differently the rouleaux and bias folds were applied, and how wide apart were the canezous and pélerines of then and now. Hats were the outrageous mania of the hour, twice as large as the largest flop-hats seen now, and dress-hats after the same model were adopted with evening toilette, made of white or coloured satin, and trimmed with broad gauze lappets floating on the shoulders, enormous plumes of marabout or ostrich-feathers completing them, together with wreaths of flowers round the crowns, sometimes birds of Paradise inside and out, and rosettes and clusters of bows coming on to the forehead. They were placed far back on the head, and slightly on one side. Conceive the effect of a hat of bird of Paradise in yellow satin, lined with crimson velvet, trimmed with wide puffings of yellow ribbon, figured with black, and two white feathers surmounting the crown, while another was placed on the left side, curling on to the face—a demi-veil, as they were called, of white blonde falling from the forehead! However much ridicule the present stringless bonnets of small size may give rise to, they are certainly an improvement on these. Silk and satin pelisses, too, were all the rage, not unlike the short dresses worn a little time back, cut in the princess form. They were very much gored, and fitted the figure closely; a cape or pélerine was worn with them, and gigot sleeves kept out with buckram. Pelisses cut low at the neck, and open in front to display a white satin skirt, were worn for evening. The dresses for balls look very scanty and meagre to our eyes, and were mostly made of areophane or crape. Here are descriptions of two worn at court balls:—A striped blue-and-white *painted* satin, with spots of various colours between the stripes; round the skirt were festoons of marabout feathers, fastened together with blue bows. The bodice was made with folds of the same, crossing each other in front, and coming down to the waistband. The hair was worn enormously high, little frizzed curls touching the face, and coming scarcely below the temples; a bow of hair, or plait or diadem of pearls and bows, intermixed with marabouts, towering above them at the back, completed the coiffure. The other costume was of white areophane, with two bouillonnées of the same at the hem, on which were wreaths of flowers placed cross-ways. The body was very long-waisted; the hair arranged in two enormous puffs, with flowers intermixed, standing quite a quarter of a yard above the head. Surely, whatever our fashions may be, we do not make ourselves as ridiculous as did our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. *Qu'en pensez-vous?*

FATHER'S BOAT.

OUT the sails sweep; on she crashes;
Round her stem the foam-bells glance;
From the pier the *May Queen* dashes
Seawards to the merry dance—
Dance of white waves, wild white horses,
Tumbling in the hazy west—
Tossing wind-swept manes, the forces
England for her guard loves best.

Breasting tide-swells, heeling over,
Bends the *May Queen* to the breeze.
Yards and cordage shrill, gulls hover
Screaming as she cleaves the seas.
Father waves his hand high, making
Fast the sheet; uprise once more
Little shouts; then sighs he, taking
Last look at his pets ashore.



(Drawn by ARTHUR HOPKINS.)

High upon the rocks one watches
Father's boat start. Silent prayer
Breathes she as her eye just catches
Dipping masts and mainsail's square.
Children—boys and girls—are running,
Speeding down to wave good-bye,
From the beach, its foam scarce shunning—
"Good-bye, father!" hark, they cry.

Luck outside the bay befriend thee;
Silver herrings catch to-night!
Herrings countless moonrise send thee,
May Queen, with its amber light!
Happy father, home returning,
Soon exchange the hard sea-strife
For thy bosom's inmost yearning—
Love and leisure, babes and wife!

M. G. WATKINS.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

IV.—A LONDON SLUM.

TWENTY thousand people huddled together in a maze of foul courts and alleys, extending for a square quarter of a mile in the midst of the greatest and most opulent city of the world!

It is a powerful text to preach from on the need of sanitary legislation, and a good many people may be startled by it, when they hear that the houses in this acreage of poverty and wretchedness are either mere hovels, or at the best only small tenements, many of them let out in single rooms, each room containing one or more families.

It requires a real practical acquaintance with London slums to correct the notion that the laws against overcrowding have been effectual in preventing that terrible condition of the London poor, the reports of which ten years ago stirred district surveyors and other authorities into temporary activity. The truth of the matter is that such neighbourhoods have no laws but those of necessity, and even "regulations" cannot be enforced against a whole population which demands shelter, and has to live on pence earned by poorly paid industries, or by labour which would be lost if it had to be sought from a distance.

Nine years ago I wrote of one such district: "It is but one painful and monotonous round of vice, filth, and poverty huddled in dark cellars, ruined garrets, bare and blackened rooms, teeming with disease and death, and without the means, even if there were the inclination, for the most ordinary observances of decency or cleanliness.

"In neighbourhoods where the inhabitants follow poor trades the condition is but little better—a few streets where there is a more cleanly appearance do but lead to a repetition of the horrors just witnessed, and from garret to cellar whole families occupy single rooms, or if they can find a corner of available space, take a lodger or two.

"In some wretched *cul-de-sac*, partly inhabited by costers, the fœtid yards are devoted to the donkeys, while fish are cured and dried in places which cannot be mentioned without loathing.

THE GIN-SHOP.

Band-box and lucifer-box-makers, cane-workers, clothes-peg-makers, shoe-makers, French-polishers, chair-makers, and tailors, mostly earning only just enough to keep themselves from absolute starvation, swarm from roof to basement. And as the owners of such houses have generally bought the leases cheaply, and spend nothing for repairs, the profits to the landlords are greater in proportion than those on a middle-class dwelling."

ROOM IN A LONDON SLUM.

This was in reference to the district lying between Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, and the same words might be repeated of some of the places in that neighbourhood at this day.

There are numerous instances in which the earnings of a family, consisting of four or five persons, only enable them to pay half-a-crown a week for their single foul room, bare of all furniture except a broken chair or two, a heap of ragged bedding, and some

straw or shavings thrust into a tattered sack, occupying a place on the floor in each corner. I should be sorry to say that the number of such spectacles has not diminished, but I know that in many places where our boasted "clean sweeps" have been made, they still exist, or have been driven thence to add new horrors to other neighbourhoods, or even to deprave some more reputable adjacent locality.

The question is, what can be done in order to provide decent dwellings for these people? It is of no use here to quote the saying of old John Knox, who, when he advocated the demolition of monasteries, grimly remarked, "Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away." Where are houseless families, with scarcely a truck-load of furniture, and a few pence, barely sufficient to buy the next meal, to find shelter, even if their last week's rent be forgiven them? Remove them from within easy access to the places where they are employed, or whence they obtain work at some poor handicraft, and they must either starve or become chargeable to the parish.

With all the large sums which have been expended for the purpose by benevolent persons—administrators of charitable trusts which are to pay a percentage on the outlay, or co-operative associations which combine reasonable interest on capital with practical philanthropy—no scheme has been extensively carried out for providing dwellings for these poorest of the poor.

But are there not model lodging-houses? Could not vast piles of buildings be erected on the open spaces made by the demolition of entire neighbourhoods—buildings, the original cost of which might be a permanent investment, yielding a sufficient profit to represent reasonable interest on the capital?

Without asking what is to become of hundreds of ejected tenants while such places are being built, let us pay a visit to any one of the already existing model lodging-houses, and see who the model lodgers are.

It is true that one such pile of building has a large contingent of model lodgers, consisting of the men (and their families) who go out to work at a large factory close by; but this is exceptional, and it is doubtful whether the provision of a suburban workman's village, with cheap trains to and from a station near the factory, would not supersede the model lodging-house. At any rate, there are no dwellings for "the poor" in this establishment; and I may confidently say that, except as casual tenants, the class which now chiefly occupy the London slums are never likely to become model lodgers on the present system.

The misery entailed on thousands of men, women, and children by the very existence of some of the vile places in which they live is obvious enough, but it is equally obvious that the erection of vast costly edifices, in a style of building composed of that of the union workhouse and the barrack order of architecture, and intended to gather a great aggregate of families under one roof, will not be the remedy.

The model lodging-house may be made to pay as a philanthropic investment, because the rents charged—from half-a-crown a week for a single room at the top of the building, to eight and sixpence for three rooms on the lower floors—may come within the means of single or married craftsmen earning fair wages, or may offer inducements to porters and packers employed at warehouses, to a few clerks and others who recognise in the neat and orderly apartments, and the convenient appliances in the various corridors, advantages not to be obtained in the ill-conditioned houses appropriated to "genteel poverty;" a few postmen and messengers, and even policemen, may also become model lodgers; but in what sense can such places be said to ameliorate the condition of the poor—that is to say, of the class who now live in dirt and squalor, and find it almost impossible to pay the rent for two rooms, even though they may number eight in family?

The truth is that managers of model lodging-houses do not admit such tenants; or if they admit them, soon give them notice to quit. They will not conform to the rules. They have a habit of driving nails into the trim "cut brick" or smoothly plastered walls; they litter the corridors, they are unaccustomed to be orderly, and even if they submit for a time to the restrictions imposed upon them, soon become restless and take their departure. As they walk down the rectangular passages leading to the rooms right and left, they mentally compare the place to "the house," by which they mean the workhouse, and some of them have gone so far as to say that they "might a'most as soon be in gaol."

It may be doubted whether the model lodging-house will ever become a chosen institution even of the English working class. A few families recognise the value of lavatories, laundries, drying floors, dust shoots, and all the excellent contrivances for ventilation and sanitary conditions; the rooms kept in good repair, with windows that will open, and doors that will shut; the comfortable little "living room," with its oven and boiler range, and even the respectability of having a door-keeper in a lodge at the bottom of the common staircase which represents the street. It is even possible that some matter-of-fact people may ask what is the difference, when you have only to regard the said staircase as a main thoroughfare set up on end, and the corridors as so many smaller turnings leading to so many street-doors? People somehow will not accept this sort of community as representing "home." Probably the working man's notion of home is a little place with three decent rooms and a kitchen, a bit of garden, with some sort of summer-house or arbour, and a back washhouse where "the missis" can do a bit of ironing, or he himself can do a bit of carpentering.

He likes to have a place of his own, which he can lock up, putting the key in his pocket, and asking a neighbour to give an eye to the street-door while he goes out for a walk with "the little uns."

If he can't get such a house—and he can very seldom get it if he has to live near his work—he goes as near to it as he can, and is lucky if he can keep out of a slum by paying a moderate rent.

It is for such as he that efforts have hitherto been made; but what is done, and what is likely to be done effectually, for those who are some degrees beneath him?

Now, it is quite possible, if it be effected gradually, to acquire portions of the present slums bit by bit, and to erect thereon plain, ordinary, but substantial houses, each large enough for only two or three families; to provide neat lime-whited or stencilled rooms, with plenty of window-space, ample water-supply, and strong fittings, adapted to rough use. A square of such houses, with a central play-ground for the children, and a corner for a laundry and baths, would be a good beginning; but a great deal might be done at once in many instances to improve existing dwellings. All the houses in London slums are not absolutely ruinous, and their foulness is the consequence of want of drainage and water-supply. Even a pail or two of whitewash, a cheap wall-paper, and a little carpentry, will do wonders in restoring a room to decent condition; and if a determined attack were made upon local authorities, and drains were rendered perfect, water-butts abolished for constant-supply cisterns, windows made to open, and fire-places to be fitted with grates—a whole neighbourhood might be renovated, and the first germs of restored self-respect would appear in the tenants. In some of the streets of Mile End, a few benevolent men and women started a ragged-school and church, and a refuge for destitute girls, some years ago. Connected with these institutions were lady district visitors who, in the time of a fearful epidemic, carried food and medicine and clothing to the poor.

More than this, however, the promoters of the benevolent work, after a long struggle, succeeded in arousing the local authorities, and, much against the will of the landlords, and even of the tenants, insisted on a system of drainage and better water-supply being adopted.

This district now presents a very different appearance to some of the surrounding streets. The very pavement in front of the houses is clean; the women standing at the doors are neater and better dressed, and more civil and good-humoured; the children are more comfortably clothed, and evidently know the daily use of soap and water. Cleanliness coming with the means of godliness has wrought wonders. The church and the schools have influenced the whole neighbourhood—and it has practically ceased to be "a slum."

Lord Shaftesbury has adopted the plan of renovating houses in some of the worst districts of London, and has proved its value; but it needs to be followed by authoritative and more widely extended effort, wherever a moral and religious influence can also be set up. The very mention of Lord Shaftesbury takes me back to the point whence I started—a district where there needs both renovation and demolition, but where hasty destruction may work much evil—a place where a widely extended religious and benevolent influence has wrought a wonderful change on the people. It is the locality wherein the Earl lately boasted of having been made a costermonger, and his barrow is carefully housed in a shed close to the coal stores at the back of the mission-room. For at Golden Lane it is especially "a costermonger's mission;" and there are not only tea-meetings, and Bible-classes, and ragged-schools, and benevolent distributions of food and clothing, and religious services, and popular lectures, and a penny savings-bank, and a dozen other means of usefulness, but a barrow club.

Further still towards Saint Luke's and Bunhill Fields, the maze grows closer, and almost more terrible in its silence and squalor. One of the entrances to it is Chequer Alley, and I have named the whole foul area the Chequers. It means a whole zigzag neighbourhood—an agglomeration of courts and alleys intersecting as wretched a district as can be found in all London—a puzzle-map of poverty—a maze of misery in which the unaccustomed visitor might grow sick and dizzy, in the attempt to thread his way amidst a tangle of hovels and close yards, of which a key is not to be found except by reference to the mission-room map, or the guidance of a youthful inhabitant, who takes you round by the "Three Pigeons"—a strangely suggestive tavern, with a way for the initiated through a passage leading from one alley to another.

It is in this vast sty in the midst of London, close to the Charterhouse, within a stone's-throw of that glory of the Corporation, the Metropolitan Meat Market, and quite uncomfortably close to Finsbury, of which it was doubtless once an appanage, that 20,000 human beings lately herded together in a condition so wretched, that if a report of such a community had reached us from a heathen land, we should begin to ask for missionary effort. I say "lately 20,000," because quite recently a "pullling-down" has been effected for the purpose of building some blocks of warehouses (ground-rents will rise now, no doubt), and about 2,000 poor people were evicted, to crowd the remaining houses more closely, or to find some other neighbourhood as nearly as possible like the one they were compelled to leave. I will put the population of this square quarter of a mile as 18,000 to-day, and ask what is to be done for them?

Do you see that enormous structure of brick-and-mortar on the right there, just out of Golden Lane itself? It might be one of the warehouses for any beauty there is in it; but in fact it is a comparatively old institution here. Would you like to go inside—to walk through the corridors, and peep into the rooms, some of them now undergoing repairs? Surely this will be one of the means of rescuing the people of this wretched area; for it is a Model Lodging House, and nearly all the rooms are tenantless. Yes, and have been so, except for a short time, ever since it was built. It cost above £30,000, and nobody will stay in it for long together—nobody, that is, who represents "the poor." For poverty here cannot pay even the half-crown a week for a top room without attempts at overcrowding, and to recover the half-crown requires a broker with a threat of distraint, or an immediate notice to quit on non-payment. If I wanted to give an example to those who may have to give effect to the proposed measure for improving the dwellings of the *poor*, I think I would ask my Lords and Gentlemen to take a walk with me from Golden Lane to Chequer Alley.

POLICE 'PRENTICES.

THE gathering of candidates for employment in the Metropolitan Police Force, to be found in an obscure little apartment at Scotland Yard every Tuesday morning, is a particularly motley one.

Amongst three hundred men enlisted during four months recently, there were no less than about eighty trades and occupations represented. There were tailors and greengrocers, painters and poulterers, bricklayers and barmen, clerks and cooks, servants and sawyers, bakers and butchers, farmers, footmen, gamekeepers, grooms, coopers, carpenters, waiters, woodmen, warehousemen, and some score of others. These were the accepted candidates; it may easily be imagined, therefore, that the weekly gatherings from which they were selected are usually of a very heterogeneous character.

The number varies materially with the season of the year, the state of the labour market, and so on; but whatever it may be, the first test to which all are subjected—the simple measurement of height—invariably weeds out a considerable proportion of them. No man is admitted to the Metropolitan Police who stands less than five feet seven inches without shoes or stockings, and it is rather amusing to sit by and quietly watch, as one after another they come up to the standard. One is conscious of a good couple of inches to spare, and stalks up with a dignified self-complacency; the next evidently has his doubts about it, and comes forward with a face full of anxious concern. He stretches up his eyebrows, purses his under lip, sticks out his thumbs with painful rigidity, and finally endeavours to make a little use of his toes. This won't do, however. "Turn up your toes," is the stern mandate, and down he drops, perhaps a quarter of an inch below regulation height. If with the toes turned up there seems to be any doubt about the heels being fairly on the ground, a slip of paper is put underneath, and lightly pulled. The raising of the heels will of course liberate the paper.

It is evident that many of the candidates regard this punctilious adherence to rule with supreme dissatisfaction, and, well knowing their own shortcomings, place themselves under the standard with an air of sullen indifference. Five-and-twenty per cent. are often rejected in this preliminary test, and notwithstanding that the requirements of the force as to height are most explicitly stated in a printed sheet sent to every applicant for employment, it is not an unusual thing for a man to come from a distance of fifty or a hundred miles, to be measured and found wanting.

The educational test comes next. Every policeman must be able to read and write, and those who have failed in the first stage of the proceedings having been dismissed, the others are requested to seat themselves and fill up a printed form. This is manifestly a particularly tough piece of business with many of them. There is a deal of tongue-rolling and elbow-squaring, and one or two of the biggest and burliest are evidently cudgelling their brains most cruelly in their efforts to keep pace with their more practised fellows. The slowest man beyond all comparison is the biggest, and there is a little quiet merriment at his expense, as he plods desperately on long after the others have finished. The standard here is not a very exalted one, and failure is comparatively rare. Every man, however, who joins the force is required to attend the divisional education classes until he receives from the instructor a certificate of proficiency. For this schooling the regulations of the force require him to pay twopence a month.

The next part of the business is far more serious. Every man is subjected to a rigid surgical examination, which includes rather a severe test of eyesight: a printed slip is pasted up on the wall of the surgeon's room, and the candidate is required to stand at a given distance and read from it. Many fail here—indeed, this medical ordeal altogether is often very disastrous to candidates. On a recent occasion no less than twenty-six out of thirty-seven were rejected by the Chief Surgeon.

Of those found eligible, a minute personal description is taken, for any future purposes of identification; and—assuming that matters of character bear close investigation—they are formally inspected by one of the Assistant Commissioners, and forthwith enrolled members of the "preparatory class," with an income of fifteen shillings a week.

Training for active service commences next morning, at the Wellington Barracks. The inquisitive stranger who follows on to the drill-ground here may perhaps do so in the expectation of witnessing some rather diverting rehearsals of policemanship. To "run in" a malefactor in a business-like and dignified manner, is an accomplishment which it is only reasonable to suppose would be a matter of special instruction; and for obstreperous offenders who decline to run, the "frog-trot"—the plan of carrying a man on all-fours as it were—is a still more complicated feat of constabulary art. One might almost expect to find some frisky and muscular member of the force specially devoted to the duty of enacting the part of the prisoner who, as the newspapers say, "was very violent on his

way to the station," while the recruits struggled with him under the experienced tuition of an inspector. Rehearsals of actual duty in this way, if somewhat arduous, might at times prove at least very entertaining. Nothing, for instance, could be more thoroughly enjoyable than the enactment of a little manœuvre practised some time ago upon an active and intelligent officer, while engaged in belabouring a mob with his truncheon. The leather case of his weapon hung at his belt behind him, and observing this, some facetious Hercules seized hold of it, slipped it over his shoulder, and, amidst roars of laughter, actually ran away with the indignant officer on his back. Unfortunately for the interest of our article, the preparatory training of the police does not include any kind of practice for an emergency of this description.

The men parade at a quarter before nine in the morning, and forthwith commence a course of exercises differing only very slightly from ordinary military drill. The object of it is, perhaps, in some degree to impart to them a little smartness of deportment, but more particularly that they may be able to manœuvre with ease and rapidity when, as often happens, they are required to move through the streets in masses or to control a crowd by concerted action. They are taught to march in single files, in fours, in subdivisions, sections, and so on; and as they are, as a rule, undeniably superior to army recruits, both in intelligence and respectability of character, the precision they usually attain in a few days compares very favourably with the result of a similar length of training with the military. They are drilled steadily for about ten days, during which time every man has the use of an instruction book, which he is expected to study at his leisure. In this he will find general rules for his guidance when actually on duty. Thus: "If an

CANDIDATES FOR "THE FORCE" (*p.* 308).

accident occurs, and any person is injured or insensible, he must send some one, or go himself, for the nearest medical man, get assistance and a stretcher from the station, and convey the person to an hospital or station, as may be directed by the medical man," &c. And again: "A constable who has apprehended a person must attend the police court the next morning, clean and properly dressed, with his prisoner, and be quite ready when the case is called on. On entering the witness-box he is to stand 'at attention,' and pay all possible respect to the magistrate."

To the contents of this instruction book the inspector in charge of the recruits takes occasional opportunities of adding such advice, or such explanations, as he may deem necessary; and at one time it was the practice for the Superintendent of the A Division to hold a kind of class for testing their knowledge of this elementary manual by questions, and by requiring them to state what would be their course under certain fictitious but probable circumstances. This, however, has been discontinued. Practically, it is found that the only teaching of any great value is that which is enforced by the responsibility of actual duty, and that men who are too minutely instructed are apt to rely upon their instructions to the exclusion of their judgment and common sense.

During the period of their drill and instruction, recruits are considered to be on approbation only. Those who prove inefficient at the end of it may be dismissed, or may be relegated to the drill yard for further training. All going well, however, at the end of a fortnight the whole company will appear before the Chief Commissioner, or one of the Assistant Commissioners, and will be sworn in as constables, and required to sign the "Oath Book." These clerks, and cooks, and bakers, and butchers have now become officers of the Crown, and will be forthwith decorated with belt and buttons, and "posted" to any of the nineteen land divisions that may happen to require reinforcement.

As regards pay, these nineteen divisions stand on an equal footing. Every man begins with twenty-four shillings a week. The duty, however, varies very materially, and the distribution of the recruits depends mainly on their individual fitness for different districts. Thus, a young and slightly-built man will probably be appointed to one of the outer police divisions, where work is comparatively light; while a man of mature years and firmer frame will be dispatched to a central part of London. As this "posting" is a matter entrusted entirely to the judgment of the superintendent of the A, or Whitehall, Division, it would be reasonable to assume that any specially eligible recruit would be retained for that division. This, indeed, appears to be the case, and hence probably the A's are regarded as the "crack regiment" of the force.

Before permanently taking up his quarters, a policeman used at one time to go as it were in leading-strings for a week. He was required to do five hours' duty a day in company with some experienced officer on one of the busiest divisions. This, however, has been discontinued. On being made a constable he now proceeds at once to the scene of his regular duty, though he is not immediately appointed to a beat. For a week he is retained at the police-station, where of course he has many opportunities of becoming familiar with the practical details of the work that lies before him. Occasionally, perhaps, during this period he goes out for an hour or two on beat duty, or it may be that he is required for some reason or other to attend at one of the police courts.

Thus, by degrees, does a man cease to be a cook or a cobbler, and develop into a law officer of the Crown. Once on his beat, he has only to be strictly attentive to duty, to resist temptations to drink and everything else that is wrong, to be civil and respectful to the public and obedient to his superiors, to command his temper, speak the truth, be prudent, valiant, vigilant, intelligent—and he may hope in course of time to rise to the higher ranks of the service: so, at least, says the little book.

G. F. MILLIN.

APRIL SHOWERS.

FAST falls the fleeting April shower,
Splashing the busy street;
And overhead the dark clouds lower,
Hiding the sun's retreat.
Walking along through mud and rain,
Two heedless figures stray;
They care not a jot if it rain or not,
For their thoughts are far away.

Nestling close to each other's side,
Arm to arm firm-pressed,
By the merest chance two hands out-glide,
And then together rest;
Two pairs of eyes, up-glancing, meet,
Then droop and turn away;
And the old, old story is told in the street,
This rainy April day.

Wonder we that their faces are bright,
Unheeding the passing shower?
Already for them the sky is light,
And rich with a sunny dower.
All clouds of doubt have vanished now;
The dancing sunbeams play;
And the future teems with golden gleams
Of a merry, joyous May.

Ah! time and place, they matter not
When fond hearts meet together—
Love chooses not one certain spot,
Nor careth he for weather!
But time and place have often wrought
As allies full strong in power;
And thus are hearts together brought
By the help of an April shower.

G. W.

(Drawn by HERBERT JOHNSON.)

"THEY CARE NOT A JOT IF IT RAIN OR NOT."

"APRIL SHOWERS" (*see page* 310).

VIVISECTORS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

DURING the last two or three years, the words "Physiological Laboratory" have become familiar to most of us, but we find comparatively few who understand their meaning. We frankly confess that till within the last six weeks we were ourselves as ignorant of their meaning as the rest. We have even good reason to believe that more than one Metropolitan Hospital have permitted Physiological Laboratories to be added to their Schools of Medicine, without in any manner understanding to what particular uses these buildings should be applied. Assuming then the possibility of the reader being as ignorant of the meaning as, till lately, we were ourselves, and at the same time desirous of understanding the merits of a subject coming daily more prominently before the public—that of vivisection—we would refer him, for fuller information than we are inclined to give, to a work sold at most medical booksellers'—the "Guide to the Physiological Laboratory." We do this the more readily as we are not only persuaded that before he has half finished the volume he will close it, solely from horror at the terrible details it contains, but also from the possibility that it may arouse him to join in the movement now afloat to put a stop to the cruel *and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, utterly useless* experiments and operations on living animals. Should however (and we must be excused for thinking this very probable) the reader object from humane principles to study the pages of the "Guide," we may still refer him to extracts from it, lately brought under the notice of the public by many of the most influential of the daily and weekly newspapers.

Possibly we may be accused of presumption when we say that the advantages science derives from these experiments are infinitesimally small, and this the more likely when we state that many of the grand discoveries said to have been made by operating on the living animal are extremely doubtful. Let us quote one or two examples in proof. It is said that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood through the experiments he made on dogs and other living animals, when a student at the University of Padua. An English medical writer of eminence, when passing through Padua not long since, stopped some days in that city for the purpose of collecting some memorials for a Life of Harvey; but in spite of all his researches he could not find, either in the archives of the University or from any other source, a line to prove he had ever been there. Nor must it be supposed that it was an omission caused by any jealous feeling on the part of the authorities, for none admit more readily than the Italians that the honour of the discovery belongs to our countryman.

Again, we are informed by the advocates for vivisection that Sir Charles Bell, than whom a more humane man never lived, discovered the practicability of the operation for the cure of Strabismus (squinting) from experiments he made on the eyes of living dogs. This statement is simply absurd, as it is impossible to find a dog that squints—at least, that is the reply the late Mr. Anthony White, when President of the College of Surgeons, received from the Veterinary College, when he applied to them for a dog to try the experiment on, many years before Sir Charles Bell is stated to have made the discovery. Again, Sir Charles is reported to have obtained from experiments on live animals the valuable discoveries he made of the mechanism of the human hand, but at the same time the discoveries alluded to are never particularised, or at least we have never met with them. We have read his book, and with great pleasure and admiration, but we have failed to find the "discoveries." The great merit of the work appeared to be the clear and lucid manner in which Sir Charles brought under the notice of the reader a great masterpiece of the Creator's constructive wisdom. Other "discoveries" derived from vivisection, which are much vaunted by the upholders of this cruel system of instruction, would, if carefully investigated, be found to have been known before; and even of those undisputed, we are not aware of one that has conferred a benefit on humanity equivalent to the torture occasioned in the experiments to obtain them.

Among other advantages claimed by the supporters of vivisection from their experiments on living animals, is that of proving that the lower we descend in the scale of animated nature, the less is the susceptibility to pain, till at length the line is reached which divides the animal from the vegetable kingdom—a mathematical line so fine that at present it is hard to say where the one ends and the other begins, although we know that this line of division does exist. For example, let us take the sponge, in which it would be impossible to detect the slightest evidence even of sensation. All this is perfectly true, but let us also bring under the reader's notice another fact equally indisputable—that in starting from the lowest and least sensitive grade of the animal kingdom, in proportion as we rise, the sensation of pain becomes keener until we reach the dog, which after man will perhaps show the most perfect organisation, and is therefore more particularly sought for in the Physiological Laboratory. But the reader should bear in mind that, if rightly considered, the very value of the dog in these experiments consists in his sensibility to bodily torture being scarcely, if any, less than that of a human being undergoing a similar operation; and in that case, whether, if not from a fellow-feeling, certainly from one of common humanity, we are not under a moral obligation to lift our voices against the practice of vivisection?

For one interesting discovery we are certainly indebted to vivisection, but whether the interest it has developed is a reason for the continuance of the practice, we will leave to our readers to decide. We have already pointed out that the lower the animal stands in the scale of animated nature, the less perfect is its organisation, till at last it is impossible to state where animal existence ends, and vegetable life begins. In like manner as the scale ascends the sensitiveness to pain becomes the more acute; but in proportion as sensitiveness to pain increases among animals, instinct and intelligence also become the greater, till at length—as in the dog—it appears impossible to say where instinct ends and reason begins. In fact in many cases the intelligence of the dog seems positively to pass the line which separates instinct from reason. We will submit to the reader two cases in point.

Last winter the captain of an East Indiaman was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of some Lascar seamen serving on board his ship. Among the different atrocities brought forward, was that of a poor fellow being beaten over a wounded shoulder with a belaying-pin. The poor wretch, utterly defenceless, by way of beseeching the ruffian to spare him, threw himself on the deck and, clasping his assailant round the knees and looking imploringly in his face the while, unable to speak English, in his own language begged for mercy. None was granted him, and he died shortly afterwards from the wounds he had received.

Let us now contrast the behaviour of the Lascar seaman with that of a dog undergoing some useless and cruel experiment in vivisection. When brought into the operating theatre he looks anxiously in the faces of those he finds there. Although there is not the slightest distinguishable appearance of ill-feeling towards him, the dog is an excellent physiognomist, and in a moment detects that there is some danger hanging over him. He now tries to escape, but that is impossible, for the door is closed. He attempts to conceal himself under the table, but all in vain—he is caught and placed upon it. Although not an expression or word has been uttered to alarm him, he now makes the most violent efforts to escape, and in his struggles attempts to bite the hands of those who hold him. Chloroform or some narcotic is now generally (but not always) given, and the operation commences. We will not attempt to describe any one in particular—the task would be too painful—but merely beg the reader to imagine it is a serious one on the nervous system. For a satisfactory conclusion to the experiment, it is necessary that the effects of the narcotic should be over, and the dog recovers his instinctive faculties to find his body lacerated in the most fearful manner. From the faces of those around him he judges that his torture is not yet over. In a moment a most pathetic and imploring expression is visible on his face, which he supplements with a low whine, totally apart either from anger or pain, but evidently to raise pity in the breasts of his tormentors. He further displays his knowledge of his helpless condition, and submits it as a plea for mercy, by licking the hand of the demonstrator that before the operation he had attempted to bite. Is the reader able to point out the line which separated the reasoning of the Lascar and the instinct of the dog? But admitting the intelligence of the dog to have been nothing more than instinct, when it assumes a semblance so closely allied to the reason of man, ought it not to rouse in our breasts a strong plea for our interference in his behalf?

Many years since, we called with a letter of introduction on Professor Majendie in Paris. He received us with great courtesy, but candidly told us that he was then particularly engaged, but if we would call another day he would with great pleasure receive us, and show us every assistance in his power—"or," he continued, "if you please, come with me now into my laboratory, where I am at present engaged in trying experiments on two dogs."

"It has often struck me," he replied, "that a dog, when suffering under the effects of the poison strychnine, exhibits symptoms so closely allied to hydrophobia, that it is difficult to tell one from another. It therefore appears to me a perfectly natural conclusion, that if I can devise any means of reducing the spasmodic action of the poison, the same remedy may be applied with success in calming the terrible spasmodic convulsions in hydrophobia; and as I have now two dogs, to each of whom I have given a strong dose of strychnine, and which are now labouring under its effects, you can, if you please, witness my effort to relieve them from the pain they are suffering."

We now accompanied the professor below into his laboratory, where we found some half-dozen medical students gathered round a couple of dogs, that certainly exhibited many symptoms strongly resembling hydrophobia—for example, the haggard expression, dilated eyes, foaming at the mouth, &c. They did not attempt to bite, or to escape from the room—in fact, remaining almost stationary; but this, perhaps, might have been caused by the strength of the dose they had swallowed. The professor now explained that he hoped, by rapidly reducing the vital powers by bleeding from an artery, he might be able at the same time to reduce the spasmodic action under which they were suffering, and that the "inherent power of life"—the *vis vitæ*—they would still possess, would be sufficient to save them from death. If he succeeded in his object, it would be a justifiable reason for adoping the same remedy in man when suffering under that most terrible of all maladies, hydrophobia.

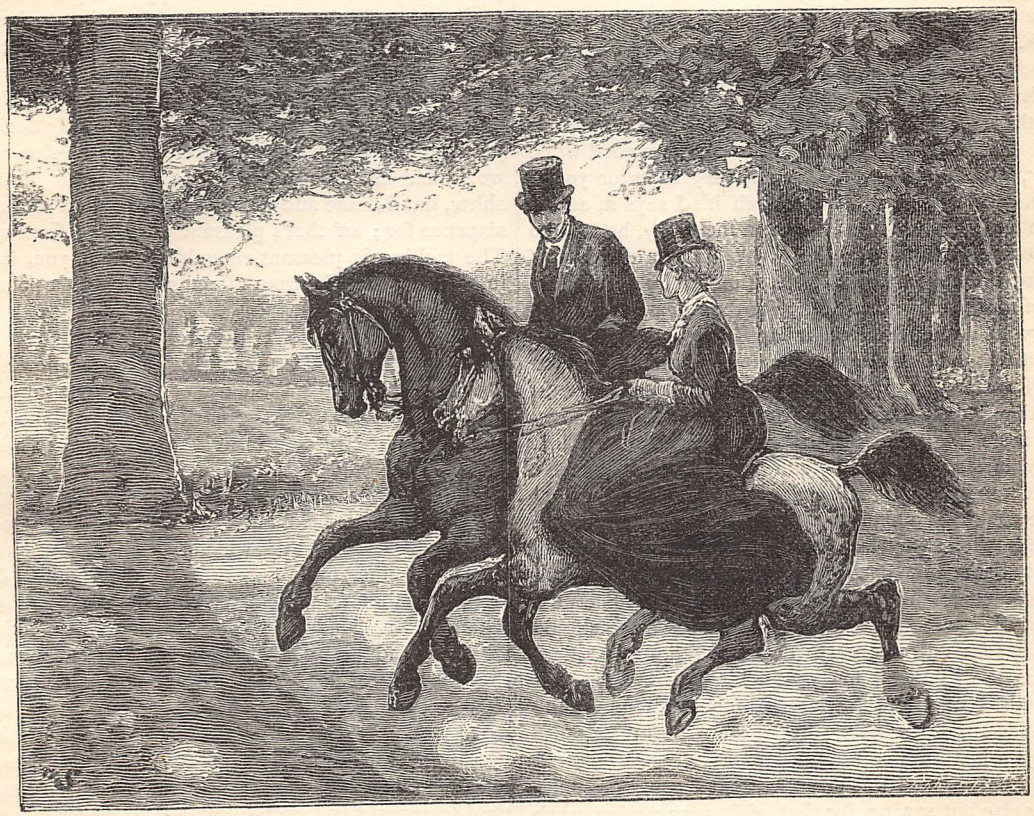
The professor now placed one of the dogs on the operating table, and in less than a minute had succeeded in opening the femoral artery of the leg. The dog bled rapidly, and shortly afterwards the artery was tied, and the dog placed on the ground. The other dog was now subjected to the same operation, the artery was opened, and we stood by to watch the effect of the experiment. All spasmodic action, every symptom resembling hydrophobia, had certainly ceased, and the two dogs lay for more than an hour tranquilly on the floor. Then one died; and about

twenty minutes later, the other. Altogether the results of the experiment seemed encouraging, the deaths of the animals having evidently been caused by excessive depletion.

The experiment over, the professor on our quitting him invited us to be present at another, of a totally different nature, which he intended to perform next morning in the School of Medicine; and, without inquiring the nature of it, we promised to attend. On our arrival we were shown into an amphitheatre, with a table in it ready for the operator. There might have also been present at the time some thirty or forty pupils. After waiting for a few minutes, the professor entered, followed by an assistant carrying in his arms an Italian greyhound. The professor then shortly informed us that the experiment he was about to perform would be on the nerves of the jaw and ear, and described the results which would follow. He then commenced, but after a few minutes the yells of the poor animal were perfectly heartrending. That this is no exaggeration may be judged by the fact that the whole of the students present—gentlemen by no means liable to any morbid sympathy for the brute creation — raised a unanimous shout of disapprobation, and the professor was obliged to submit to their decision.

We have now given two examples—the former we consider a justifiable experiment, the latter unjustifiable; and we trust that the reader will agree with us in our conclusion, and join energetically with those who would restrain, by the action of the law, all experiments on living dumb animals from which no *immediate* benefit to humanity is likely to occur.

W. GILBERT.



SECOND THOUGHTS.

WHERE the wood-paths broke in twain,
Doubting, Dolly checked her rein.
"If I take that path," mused she,
"I shall meet with somebody.
Nay, but that would never do;
Maidens should be wooed, not woo!"
So the other path she prest,
Saying, "Second thoughts are best."

Who is that with Dolly there?
What has made her ride so fair?
"Somebody," most strange to say,
Rode the self-same way to-day;
And there, among the greenwoods dim,
Dolly told her choice to him,
Whispering what her heart confest—
"Truly, second thoughts were best."

F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

NEEDLEWOMEN.

MARY BANKS, m'm? Yes, m'm, that's my name, as lives down at No. 9, Little Gosling Street, over the railway bridge. Oh, yes, m'm, I'll be certain to bring the work home to-night, and much obliged to you for it, I'm sure. I'm very glad of any work ladies can give me just now, for this is the slack time of the year, an' now I've a baby to take care on I can't go out to work in the shops as I'd used to do. No, ma'am, I'm not strong. I got a cough about a year ago. They said it was stooping over my needle late and early, an' sitting up of nights to finish work; but it's never quite gone away since, and somehow I don't seem to have picked up no strength at all after my little one's birth.

Do I take nourishing food? Well, m'm, thank you, I take what I can, but you see I've got to earn it first, an' there's my 'usband an' child to be kept as well as me. No, ma'am, he ain't in work—not for a good while back, I'm sorry to say. He's a very superior young man, is my 'usband, m'm, though it's I says it, an' 'as been a clerk ever since he were a mere boy, he 'as; so in course he *couldn't* take any common, low sort of work; an' he lost his last situation, as he'd 'ad goin' on of four year, in consekence of the foreman speaking sharp to him. You see, m'm, 'Enery 'ad come late, but it was only onst in a way, and he didn't see that the foreman 'ad any call to go rowing 'im about it. He thought the master ought to ha' spoke to him hisself if he were in fault, an' so he just took an' left. They offered 'im three pounds to go back, but his spirit was up, an' he wouldn't; an' he said besides that if he could get a similar place in a bigger shop in the City, it would pay him better. I dare say it would too, but somehow none on 'em hasn't seemed to want a clerk since then, or he hasn't seemed to suit 'em; an' in course some one must work, or else we should starve, so it falls on me to do it. Well, m'm, I dare say as he was a little hasty—that is, he might ha' put up with a trifle from the foreman, knowing our living depended on 'is situation; but men don't think on those things when they're put out, do they, pore fellows? And I only wish I was stronger, that I could do something else but sewing, for that ain't very paying work for a person situated like me, as 'as to take it 'ome.

Yes, m'm, I used to go out to work at one o' them big shops in the West End. Took up the best 'alf of the street, it did; and I were in the shirt-making department, an' very well paid and treated. I had to be there at eight. The work was all cut out for me an' the other young women. That's done by men—three of 'em; an' ain't they well paid for it too! Three pound a week the principal one. I wonder they don't employ a woman for that sort of thing, as I don't suppose they'd 'ave to pay 'er more than half; for women never expects as 'igh wages as men for anythink, and it's easy work enough, once you know how. They uses knives instead of scissors, an' cut out three or four at a time from the one pattern. As soon as the shirts was cut out, we took 'em and tacked all the separate parts—sides, an' tails, an' sleeves, an' pleated fronts—all ready for the machinist, who took 'em from us as they were done, an' put 'em through the machine. We were paid eightpence each shirt, for that and hand-finishing afterwards; but if we made the shirts by hand—all but collars, cuffs, an' fronts, which are always machined now—we got a shilling; and two if we did all the after-work too—putting in the little gussets, stitching down the collar, making the button-holes, &c. Made by hand to private order was two-and-sixpence, an' linen shirts three shillings. Anythink made to order is paid for at a 'igher rate than the stock shop goods, though they mayn't be done a bit better; an' all linen work is paid 'igher than cotton—it's so much harder to sew, an' takes longer time an' finer stitches; but everythink was expected to be as neatly done as possibly could be at that shop, nothing like slop-work would ha' been permitted for a moment. Flannel shirts, hand-made and finished, we was paid two-and-sixpence for; an' that's pleasant work, so soft an' easy. The tacking is pleasant enough too, when your 'and's in. I used to make from fifteen shillings to a pound a week at it.

No, m'm, we weren't given any food there. We took our dinners an' teas with us, an' were allowed an hour for each meal, an' the use of a gas stove for cooking at. We left at eight, and was allowed to take 'ome any unfinished piece of work, to finish there, which was a great 'elp. Also we were saved the dreadful worrit of being so keerful to keep the work from getting the least bit soiled, which we 'as to make such a point of in private work, and which is one of the 'ardest things with the young women in the dressmaking line, for everythink was washed before it was sent out. There was a laundry on the premises, an' sometimes when we 'ad an order for a dozen shirts one evening, they'd be all cut out, made, washed, and got up ready to wear by three o'clock next day.

Oh, yes, I liked working at that shop, because there was so much thought for everybody, even down to the lowest. Great big place as it was, the master 'imself used to superintend everythink, an' never even passed one of us tacking-girls without giving us "Good morning" or "Good evening," as pleasant as if we'd been 'is ekils; an' if there was a order on for which he were in a great 'urry, he'd come into the work-room perhaps, an' say—

"Now, please, I want you all to make great 'aste for me, an' finish this afore dinner. Take two hours instead of one, arterwards, to make up, if you like."

An', dear heart! we'd ha' done anythink for 'im, an' sewed away all day without our dinners, when he spoke that way. I wish all shops were like that one, but

they ain't—far from it! Why, at one where I worked some time, it was nothing but drive, drive, drive, an' 'urry, 'urry, an' sharp words all day. *And* the pay! Well, now, m'm, what d'you think they gave me for ladies' long white petticoats, made by hand, nine tucks in each, besides the seams, hem, band, and button-hole? Eightpence! Yes, it's true, an' they had to be so neatly done, I could 'ardly get more nor one an' a bit finished in the day. An' trimmed chemises, with pretty cross-over sleeves, an' two rows of feather-stitch on the insertion, was only tenpence. Ah! I've 'eard ladies praising of that shop, an' sayin' as the things was *so* reasonable, considering how beautifully they was made an' finished! Per'aps they wouldn't ha' thought so much of the reasonableness if they'd known it was at the expense of poor girls' fingers, an' eyesight, an' 'ealth. Work all day, an' 'alf the night too, I *couldn't* keep the rent paid an' buy food out of what I earned in that shop; an' I was expectin' my baby just then, an' not over-strong. I think that it was that first shook my 'ealth, and talkin' of it always minds me of some verses I've 'eard my 'usband sing:—

"Oh, men with sisters and wives!
It is not linen you're wearin' out,
But human beings' lives."

Leastways, I think that's how they go; but there, I'm always that busy I often get 'old of the wrong end of things, an' particularly of rhymes, for they run in my head as I sit over my work, an' get mixed up together some'ow.

How long do it take me to make a shirt by 'and? Well, m'm, it depends. I was doin' some linen ones for a lady's 'usband not long since. She was in a 'urry for 'em, an' I worked extra hard; but I don't think none on 'em took me less than a day an' a 'alf. Of course they'd the very best of work in 'em, an' she paid me very well—three-and-sixpence apiece.

Oh, yes, m'm, private work pays much better than shops as a rule. That's 'ow you often manage to get ready-made things so much cheaper than you can buy the material an' put it out to be made. You couldn't do it otherwise. There's very few shops like that big one as I was a-telling you of at first.

After my baby was born, an' I'd lost the shop-work, an' not got any private connection, times was very hard for me. Pore 'Enery! he couldn't stand it, an' went to stay with 'is mother, as is a dressmaker, an' 'as now and then 'elped me to get a bit of work through the ladies as employed her. Very kind it is of her too, for in course she didn't think me good enough for 'er son, as was only a nursery-maid when I married 'im; and certainly he might ha' done much better; but we was too fond of one another to think of that at the time, neither of us; an' I'm sure I *do* try to be a good wife to 'im. But just then it was slack time with 'er also, an' I had to get what I could for myself, an' was glad of anythink.

No, thank God! my baby has never suffered much. It's a small, delicate-looking thing; but it's never 'ad a day's illness since it was born; an' that's the greatest blessin' in my life. I'm sure I praise the Lord for it every night and mornin'; for what I should ha' done if she 'ad ailed, or been sickly, as so many children are, I don't know. As it is, I'm often obliged to neglect her on account of the work, an' it's gone to my heart sometimes, when I've been sitting hour after hour at somethink that there was a 'urry for, to hear the pore little lamb wail, wail, wailin' to be taken up an' nursed. One cold night in particular I remember. She was teething, an' that always makes children cross; an' I'd had to leave her all the afternoon on the bed, so that I really thought she'd 'ave screamed 'erself into convulsions. I kept lifting 'er up every now an' then, an' giving 'er the warm bottle; but milk an' water ain't as comfortin' as bein' in a mother's arms, an' 'er pore little mouth was that sore an' inflamed that she couldn't touch it; so, at last, I wrapped the blanket round her—for there wasn't no fire—an' took her on my knee, an' tried to go on with my work too. That had to be finished, for it was part of the trousseau for a young lady, an' 'er mother wanted the things on the morrer. Well, baby she was quiet at first arter I took 'er, and cooed an' crowed quite 'appily, till I thought she was goin' off to sleep; but the movement of my hands an' the rustling work teazed 'er; an' she began to scream again, an' got so restless that I 'ad to walk up an' down the room with 'er, trying to stitch at the same time; but, as you may guess, m'm, the work didn't get on neither fast nor well; an' though I laid 'er down to cry again afore long, an' sat up till near dawn finishin' of it, the lady as I took it round to in the mornin' said it was infamous: such long stitches here, an' such careless work there; an' as I'd done the first ones all right, it must have been sheer idleness. Babies? Oh, that was nonsense. People who took in work, and were paid for it, ought to pay other people to mind their babies. If there had been time, she'd 'ave given me them back to unpick and do all over again; as there wasn't, I was to understand that it was only slop-work, and should be paid for accordingly; and so she only gave me half-price for each, an' sent me off. Ma'am, my rent was overdue then; and the full sum would only just ha' paid it, so if my landlord 'adn't been more merciful than that lady, we might ha' been all turned into the street along of my poor little baby. It'll be easier to get work when she's bigger, an' can run about; only then in course she'll cost more to feed an' clothe too.

Oh, yes! ma'am, there's a many worse off than me. You wouldn't believe it if you 'eard what some of the pore needlewoman an' slop-workers earn down in the City. People 'ave written an' spoken about that often enough, an' many thinks as it's all done away with now; but it isn't, ma'am; it's just going on the same as ever, an' worse if possible. Don't you remember a few months ago hearin' of a case where a pore woman was engaged to work for a large firm of army contractors, an' machined soldiers' trousers at a penny three-farthings the pair? It don't sound believable, do it, ma'm? an' I'd 'ardly 'ave believed it myself if I 'adn't seen it printed there in the papers, and proved to be true. Well, I *have* done better than *that*, an' thankful I am for it, too.

THE FLOWER-GATHERER.

LOST flower of a flowery land,
I saw thee walking silent through
Wild garden-path and avenue,
Where blossoms nodded to thine hand,

A little while; then tree by tree
The spoiler felled on every side:
The flowers were cut down, and died—
And one gaunt mower gathered *thee*.

OUR SOIRÉE MUSICALE.

"WHY not have a Soirée Musicale?" said Adolphus Tweedlegig argumentatively.

"Why not?" echoed the present writer reflectively.

The result of the foregoing conversation was, that it was resolved to hold a Soirée Musicale forthwith, in the great hall of the Public Lyceum at Mudworthy, in support of the funds of the Mount Parnassus Literary Society, of which my friend Adolphus Tweedlegig was honorary secretary, and of which I had quite recently become a humble but aspiring member.

This society was formed for the purpose of bringing into noble companionship the soaring intellects of Mudworthy, who, spurning the terrestrial prosaics of things mundane, plumed their wings for flight towards those sublime heights whence the society took its name. It held periodical meetings, at which the members discussed the last new novel, the latest discovery in the scientific world, the attitude of the Government, or the greatness and importance of the Mount Parnassus Literary Society. It also possessed an organ of its own, called the *Parnassian Meteor*, to which the members contributed brilliant and soul-stirring articles, philosophic essays, mediæval romances, or tender effusions of the poetic muse. Some of the theories for the better government of the universe, for instance, which had first seen the light in its pages, would, if carried out, have inaugurated a new era in the history of mankind; but a callous and blind world neglected them, and the universe went on in its old humdrum style.

A man of the name of Baggs had proposed to join the society. A shudder ran through the members when the name was announced, it was so horribly suggestive of trade. But his references were good. A baronet was second-cousin to his maternal grandmother, and a blackrod-in-waiting had once distinguished his father's stock. So he was duly elected, and was to be formally admitted at the next general meeting.

At a meeting prior to that, however, the secretary did not appear at his usual time, and the most alarming surmises as to the cause of his absence were indulged in.

Presently the door was suddenly opened, and he staggered in, cast an anxious look round the room, and sank into the nearest chair.

All gathered round him, and implored him to speak, but for some time all his efforts to articulate were vain.

In the dead silence that ensued, only one word was spoken, but it was a word of dread import, and it fell from the secretary's lips.

"Soap!" he feebly articulated, and gasped for breath. "Yes," he went on in an agonised voice—"yes, it is too true. That traitor Baggs deals in soap, and all is lost!" and he buried his face in his hands.

After a short time they were able to collect their scattered energies sufficiently to form a deputation on the spot to wait upon Baggs, and ask him to resign. Adolphus was spokesman, and put it to him with the eloquence of despair. He read the fundamental rule about blood, and besought him in moving tones to behave as a man, and not wound the feelings of a number of ladies and gentlemen whose tenderly nurtured souls would fade and wither if brought in contact with the atmosphere of soap.

"Gentlemen," said the unhappy trader thus addressed, "I am greatly obliged to you. After what you have told me, I would not become a member of your society for the world. I wish you good morning, and trust you will never again demean yourselves by crossing my threshold—else," he added, "I fear I may be tempted to kick you individually out."

The deputation then hastily left in silent scorn.

However, this by the way. A Soirée Musicale was decided upon, a committee of ladies was appointed, and the secretary was entrusted to draw up a manifesto that should adequately represent the society, and at the same time exert a salutary influence on the minds of any members of the outside world into whose hands it might chance to stray. And this task was most admirably performed, for every line bore the unmistakable impress of blood of the deepest and purest azure.

Adolphus Tweedlegig had been unanimously elected M.C., and wore on his bosom, in sign and token thereof, a tasteful composition in gilt and emerald, about the size of a sun-flower.

By half-past seven the guests began to arrive, and the great hall to fill.

"Mr. Democritus Blobb," shouts the man at the door, as a diminutive youth with straw-coloured hair and green spectacles enters, and elbows his way in our direction.

"Here comes one of the cleverest fellows in London," whispers the M.C. in my ear; "you remember how he cut up Tyndall and his primordial atomic theory in the *Parnassian Meteor?* You should see him experiment on gunpowder; it would astonish you."

I am introduced to this distinguished pyrotechnist, and note that he has neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. This, I am subsequently informed, is owing to the fact

that once a week at least an experiment explodes under his nose. Such are the contingencies of an earnest devotion to science.

"Mr. Charles and Miss Amarinth Tubginger," is the next announcement.

The M.C. rushes away to greet them with great fervour, presently returning with the beauteous Amarinth on his arm.

"I shall now have the pleasure of making known to each other two distinguished contributors to the *Parnassian Meteor*," he observes with great *empressement.* "Miss Amarinth Tubginger—Mr. Democritus Blobb."

The two celebrities bow, much in the same way as mere mortals do, while Tweedlegig observes to me in a stage-whisper—

"Miss Tubginger is our great satirist; so you had better be careful what you say before her. Probably you have read her sketches signed 'Juvenal'?"

I am compelled to confess with shame that the pungent lucubrations of the fair Amarinth are unknown to me; but I express a fervent hope that at a very early date I may be able to refresh my soul by their perusal.

"And when you do," continues Tweedlegig, "just notice the mild and sparkling wit—the rich and covert humour that abounds in them. Humour! why, Dickens is nothing to her."

I regard this prodigy with admiration and awe. She is a heavy young lady, with a row of corkscrew-curls, and a costume of pink tarlatan, and looks more like the compiler of a cookery-book than a satirist. But thus does Nature ever hide her choicest treasures. Diamonds in the bowels of the earth; genius behind a tendency to *embonpoint* and pink tarlatan. I may just perhaps add that I subsequently found her writings far surpassed the eulogium passed upon them. The wit might not invariably be sparkling, but it was splendidly mild; the humour was not always rich, but it was superlatively covert.

"Who is that lovely blonde on Fitzcatgut's arm?" I presently inquired of Tweedlegig.

"Oh, that's his famous sister Cordelia, one of the finest poets our Society has produced. All those verses signed 'C,' and a note of admiration, are from her pen. Talk of sentiment! some of her compositions are sentiment itself; and such rhymes!! why, she can actually beat Tennyson at rhymes!!!"

"Why does she wear her hair so untidily?" I ventured to observe.

"Untidily!" said my friend warmly; "why, my dear fellow, that's just her finest characteristic. Her verses are just the same. No conventionality—no restraint; the gush of unfettered genius is apparent in every line. She scorns the trammels both of hair-pins and metres."

A voluminous man, accompanied by a violoncello swathed in green baize, now enters the room; and a whisper goes round that he is the great Mr. Bombazine. While I contemplate him from a respectful distance, I am informed that he is a local magnate, and that next to himself he regards his cello as the most important unit in Mudworthy. From the number of people that hasten to revolve round him, I judge that, like other luminaries, he has his satellites, who aspire to shine with a little reflected radiance. This, I observe, he benignly allows them to do, until one of them presumes to glimmer on his own account; and then—down goes a social extinguisher, and the sun of Bombazine shines alone.

At eight o'clock the entertainment commenced. It comprised songs in three languages, a duet for flute and trombone, one for violin and cello, with piano accompaniment (by desire); a trio for harp, piano, and bagpipes, composed by Mr. Sandy MacWhirtir, and never before performed in public; and a finale, in which all the performers united, and strove in a most brilliant manner for mastery.

Adolphus Tweedlegig led off with a tenor aria, in which he called down vengeance on an imaginary foe in his finest style. All were delighted; Miss Fitzcatgut was enthusiastic.

"Such a *voce-di-petto* he has!" she cried; "he reminds me of the great Brownini. Ah! his *chiaro-scuro* was superb, while his *passionatamente* passages were absolutely thrilling!"

Mr. Longwinde Fitzspouter then gave some dramatic recitations, in which he leaped and sprung, panted and raved, rumpled his hair and beat his breasts in a most finished and artistic style, and was of course applauded to the echo.

But the palm of honour must be awarded to the duet between violin and cello, with piano accompaniment. It was entitled the "Siege of Seringapatam;" and if the piano might represent the besieged, the violin would represent the light infantry and the cello the artillery of the besiegers. It commenced with a slow movement, as though the combatants were marshalling their forces for the encounter; then suddenly the violin gave a fiendish scream, and rushed to the assault, and was answered by a clang from the piano and a groan from the cello. Then it retired, and gave place to the cello, which executed a flank movement to a weird and lugubrious monotone, and ended by flinging a fierce note at the piano, which caught it up, twisted it, deployed round it, and worked out variations upon it in a most strategical manner. Then the violin, in attempting to scale the walls, ran up the gamut, and fell back; then got up a little higher, and again missed its footing; and at last, having got to the top, was met by its opponent, which made a frantic rush from its very lowest to its very highest note, and hurled it with a crash to the bottom again, while the cello fired off a heavy cannonade of grunts with deadly effect. Then they all fell into a minor key, and wailed and sobbed with anguish, which of course represented the cries of the wounded and dying. Then they once more resumed hostilities, and after a most animated passage, which, as Miss Fitzcatgut very poetically observed, was "*furiosamente* to its heart's core," the piano capitulated, and joined with its late opponents in "God save the Queen."

E. M.

THE GATHERER.

No More Broken Glass.

The breakage of glass is to be a difficult thing in future. On the authority of Dr. C. W. Siemens, the electrician, we learn that a French gentleman-farmer, of an experimenting turn of mind, has discovered that when glass is heated to redness, then cooled and annealed in oil, it is rendered wonderfully tough and irrefrangible. Dr. Siemens' brother, a glass-maker in Dresden, is said to pronounce the process as "certain and unquestionable." We may, therefore, look forward to quite a revolution in the manufacture of glass.

A Test for Eggs.

Among the minor troubles of city life is the difficulty of procuring a regular supply of fresh eggs. When we cannot remove our woes, the next best thing is to try to understand them. So we devote this paragraph to what will interest all out of hearing of the cheerful sounds of the barnyard. An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in summer, and two to six days in winter. The shell being porous, the water in the interior evaporates, and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of the egg sinks, too, as may be easily seen by holding it towards a candle or the sun; and when shaken, a slight shock is felt if the egg is not fresh. To determine the precise age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; but if three days, it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will come to the surface, and project above it in proportion to its increased age.

At a Low Rent.

House-rent in some parts of Arabia cannot be called extravagantly high. Mr. Palgrave mentions, in his "Journey through Western Arabia," his taking a comfortable dwelling at Bereydah, possessed of two large rooms on the ground storey and three smaller on the upper, besides a spacious court-yard surrounded by high walls, for which he paid eighteenpence per month.

Another use for Mustard.

The lives of many of us are nothing else than instances of slow poisoning. What with unwholesome food and adulterated drink, it is really a wonder of wonders that we live so long. But cases in which people perish by a single fatal draught are happily few and far between. They may, however, occur in connection with any of us, and it is as well to be prepared. Suppose, then, one should swallow poison—what should he do? Fly to the mustard-pot: it may save his life. A table-spoonful of ordinary mustard, mixed in a wine-glassful of water, will seldom fail to produce sickness. "In the mustard-pot," says a distinguished writer on food, "we have one of the safest and swiftest of emetics." This surely is a fact worth knowing.

An Extinguisher of Pain and Fire.

Chloroform, which banishes pain, has been found at Antwerp to extinguish by its vapour the flames of petroleum vapour—that most inextinguishable of all flames. And other highly combustible gases when mixed with chloroform vapour appeared to lose their dangerous properties, even to the extent of having their explosive qualities removed. In view of recent fire-catastrophes on ship-board, where means for the extinction of fires appear in general to be of limited and ineffectual nature, an apparatus in which this vapour might be employed should prove useful.

On the Housetops.

Some sensible remarks on the subject of reclaiming an at present uncultivated wilderness were lately made by a contemporary. A happy thought suggests that the "leads" might be converted into play-rooms and nurseries for children. The glass-protected apartments could be filled with evergreens and flowers: they would catch the faintest gleam of sunshine of the day, and altogether would make such a nursery as city-bred children never dreamt of. Besides this use, it seems quite possible to plant gardens of no small importance on our roofs, and erect smoking-rooms and summer-houses there. Thackeray says that a view from such an altitude, "on a sunshiny day, is grand through the chimney-pots over the way." It is a fact that the view from many a roof is as magnificent as it is unrecognised. There is but little doubt, when the great value of the sky-storey is appreciated, that we shall see a glass-house on well-nigh every housetop.

Drying Wet Boots.

In wet weather the following account of a new way of drying wet boots may be useful:—When the boots are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the least vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture, it swells and fills the boot with a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning, shake out the oats, and hang the grain in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for use on the next wet night.

The Thirsty Ground.

It appears that the problem of artificial irrigation is in a fair way of being solved. A well-known French chemist and inventor, M. Paraf, has discovered a way of doing without rain. M. Paraf knew that the air is full of moisture, and he was also aware that chloride of calcium would attract and condense it. He has applied this chloride on sandhills, on grass, and all sorts of soil successfully, and has ascertained that it will produce irrigation of land more cheaply and efficiently than any other artificial methods. One of M. Paraf's applications will produce and retain abundant moisture for three days, when the same amount of water introduced by ordinary methods will evaporate in an hour.

Warm Covering for Cold Nights.

On cold nights, when you have not sufficient bedding over you, adopt this very simple plan :—Throw off one or two of the top covers from the bed, then get two or three large newspapers—one very large one will do—spread them over the bed and replace the cover. The result will be a warm and comfortable night, without any perceptible increase in the weight of the bedding. Again, for a cold ride on boat or coach, or a long walk against the wind, spread a newspaper over your chest before you button up your overcoat, and you will not become chilled through. Nothing can be cheaper, and nothing more efficient.

A New Air Filter.

Among the numerous inventions connected with the preservation of life and property from fire, there are not a few intended to enable persons to breathe and move about in the poisonous atmosphere generated by intense combustion. These have acted on very various principles. Some are modifications of the well-known diver's dress, in which the wearer is cut off from all communication with the air immediately about him, and is supplied with air through breathing-tubes. Others consist of caps or hoods with respirators, so that the air is filtered and purified sufficiently to enable it to be taken into the lungs. To the latter class belongs an apparatus recently invented by Professor Tyndall, and brought into a practical form

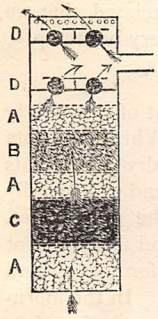


FIG. 2.

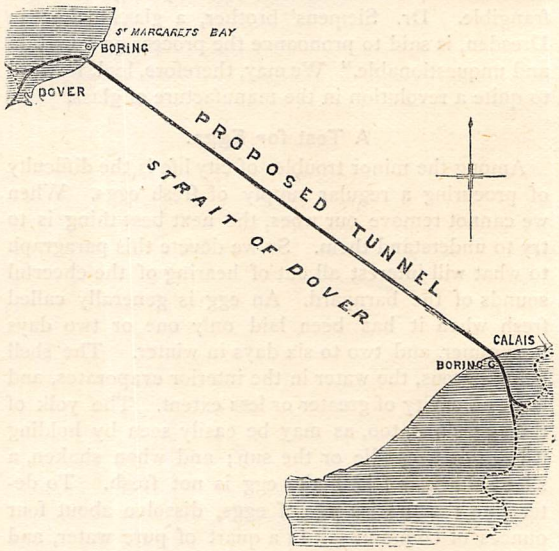
FIG. 1.

A. Dry cotton-wool. B. Wool saturated with glycerine.
C. Fragments of charcoal. D. Valves.

by Captain Shaw, Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade (to whose kindness we are indebted for permission to take the above sketch). It is a simple-enough affair, consisting of a hood with a respirator of cotton, part soaked with glycerine and part dry, charcoal, and lime. This will enable a fireman to breathe in dense smoke. Indeed, Professor Tyndall found he could go into atmosphere of the most atrocious character, and live for half an hour in a place where he could not unprotected have existed for a single minute. There seems little doubt that this respirator will contribute greatly to the saving of life and property.

Under the Channel to France.

One of the bugbears of travelling Englishmen is the narrow strait between Dover and Calais which separates us from the Continent. We bold Britons tremble at the thoughts of sea-sickness. Chloral, spinal ice-bags, chloroform, iced champagne, effervescing draughts, and all the rest of the thousand and one "infallible remedies" have been tried. At last we are going to be independent of the sea, and get to the Continent by land. A tunnel under the Channel has



long been spoken of, and now very vigorous action is being taken in the matter. Shortly it will, so it is said, be an accomplished fact, and engineering skill will have betaken itself to pastures new.

From the accompanying map the reader will readily obtain an idea of the course to be followed by this great undertaking. It will be observed that the points to be connected are the nearest to each other on the two coasts. The tunnel is to be made through a deep bed of chalk, which is supposed, and with reason, to extend without serious interruption under the sea, from one side to the other of the strait. The depth of water on the proposed line is not worth speaking about as an obstacle. It nowhere exceeds a hundred and eighty feet. Were Westminster Abbey, it is said, sunk in the deepest part, its towers would project forty-five feet above the surface of the sea. There will be no risk of the tunnel being invaded by the ocean if the present plans are carried out, for these provide for at least two hundred feet of solid matter between the top of it and the bottom of the water. The tunnel, both in England and France, will begin at a considerable distance from the shore, and there will be a gradual descent of about one foot in eighty till the requisite level is reached. Then the tunnel will be continued to the other shore with only a trifling slope (1 foot in 2,640, to be exact) towards the centre, for the purposes of drainage.

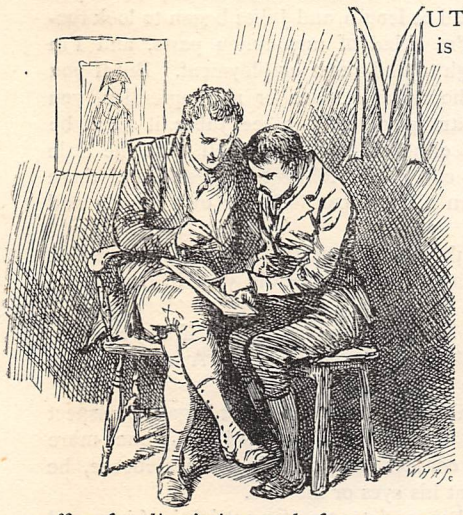
On the completion of the tunnel, whenever that may be, a double line of rails will be laid down in it, and trains will run from Dover to Calais.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

IN THE WAREHOUSE.



MUTABILITY is the epitaph of worlds. Change alone is changeless. People drop out of the history of a life as of a land, though their work or their influence remains. A passing word may suffice for dismissing such from our pages.

The Reverend John Gresswell had been taken by Death from the Chetham College school-room before more than half the term of Jabez Clegg's pupilage had run. Dr. Stone's resignation of his librarianship followed close on his discovery of the half-drowned boy on the dairy-steps. After a long engagement with a young lady who refused many eligible offers, and withstood much parental persuasion, for his sake, he—the curate of St. John's Church—accepted the first vacant living in the gift of the college whereof he was fellow. A bridal closed their almost Jacob's courtship, and the constant couple retired to the seclusion of Wooton Rivers, where Dr. Stone's learning and eloquence had seldom more appreciative auditory than smock-frocked Yorkshire rustics and their families.

About the same time, or not long after, old Brookes was missed from the "Packhorse," and the "Ring-o'-Bells," and the "Apple-Tree," and the "Sun Inn"—the breeches-maker and his neighbours ceased to hear his foul and offensive maunderings and imprecations as he staggered past to his son's home, there to test his endurance. He had gone home to his Mother Earth, sober and silent for evermore. And Parson Brookes, left to his books and his pigeons, sent in his resignation, and the Grammar School knew him no more as a master. So the boys felt themselves free to take greater liberties with him than ever, and kept his hot blood for ever on the simmer.

As all these changes preceded that which converted Jabez from a Blue-coat-boy into Mr. Ashton's apprentice, so were they anterior to the changes wrought by war in the homes of the Chadwicks and the Cleggs—changes differing even more widely than did the two homes.

Poverty had made sad havoc amongst Simon Clegg's household goods; but Tom Hulme had not come home empty-handed, and soon their furniture came back, or was replaced; and the three rooms brightened up wonderfully. Though Simon's flowers brought pence to his pocket as well as the other produce of his garden, he had always a spare posy for the broken jug on window-sill or mantel-shelf; and Bess, full-hearted, if not full of work, sent her voice quivering through that unmusical yard in songs of gladness and rejoicing.

Very little fresh wooing was necessary. To people who had been so stinted as they, in common with others, had been, Tom's pension seemed more than it was; and no sooner was he able to discard his sling, than he talked of immediate marriage, and was wonderfully sanguine about obtaining work as soon as his left arm regained its old power—which it never did. It was no use setting up a loom; he could no longer throw the shuttle back. He would have to seek some other employment.

But thousands of other men were seeking employment too—men with the full use of all their limbs—men who had not disqualified themselves for peaceful arts by "going soldiering;" and Tom Hulme stood little chance. Mr. Clough would have taken him on as a timekeeper, but lack of penmanship was a barrier in the way.

Lamenting this in the presence of Jabez, the youth offered to be his instructor; and with the permission of Mr. Ashton, who granted leave of absence, set him copies and gave him lessons on Sunday afternoons, at first on an old slate, to save the cost of paper, which was then dear. And then, at Mr. Ashton's suggestion, Jabez superadded arithmetic, thus keeping himself in practice, besides helping one dear to those who had helped him.

Of course, a weekly or fortnightly lesson was not much; but the disabled soldier was a persevering pupil, and brought a clear head and an eager desire to his task. The maintenance of a better home for Bess depended on it.

About this time, a matter transpired at the Ashtons' which had a material influence on the fortunes of the Cleggs.

Though the house of Mr. Ashton was in Mosley Street, the premises extended as far as Back Mosley Street, where was the warehouse-door. The workpeople entered at a side door under a gateway, which led to the stable, gig-house, and court-yard between house and warehouse, guarded by the black retriever, Nelson.

You may look in vain for house and warehouse now. A magnificent block of stone warehouses, having threefold frontage, occupies the site.

More than once, Jabez Clegg, frequently entrusted with outdoor business requiring promptitude and

accuracy, came upon Kit Townley and one or other of the tassel-makers or fringe-weavers in close conference under the dim gateway at closing-time on Saturdays, or in the still darker doorway at the stair-foot of the workmen's entrance. The first time they moved aside to let him pass, afterwards they separated hastily; but not before Jabez, who had quick ears, caught the chink of money as it passed from one to the other.

On the first of these occasions, his attention was barely arrested; it was the repetition and the avoidance which struck him with its air of secrecy, and set him pondering what business his fellow-apprentice could have with the hands out of proper place and time. He knew him to be not over-scrupulous. He had seen him at Knott-Mill Fair and Dirt Fair (so called from its being held in muddy November), or Kersall Moor Races, with more money to spend in pop, nuts, and gingerbread, shows and merry-go-rounds, flying boats and flying boxes, fighting cocks and fighting men, than he could possibly have saved out of the sum his father allowed him for pocket-money, even if he had been of the saving kind; and, coupling all these things together, Jabez was far from satisfied.

He was aware that of late years stock-taking had been productive of much uneasiness to both Mr. and Mrs. Ashton. There were deficiencies of raw material in more than one department for which it was impossible to account, save that the quantity accredited to "waste" was far out of reasonable proportion.

Mr. Ashton, suspecting systematic peculation or embezzlement (of which many masters were complaining), had privately communicated with Joseph Nadin, the deputy constable, a gnarled graft from Bow Street, who bore the official character of extraordinary vigilance and smartness. He was supposed to set a watch on work-people and others, but nothing came to light. Perhaps he was too busy manufacturing political offences, or hunting down political offenders, to look after the interests of private manufacturers. Sure it is that silk, worsted, webs, and gingham once gone were not to be traced.

Jabez was also aware that a shade rested on the establishment of which he was an item, and felt that it behoved him to clear it away for his own sake, if possible.

Since the discovery of his faculty for design, much of his time had been occupied at a desk with pencils and colours, making patterns for the wood-turner, the mould-coverer, the tassel-maker, the fringe-weaver; for bell-ropes, brace-webs, carpet and furniture bindings; and although some of these things admitted but of little variety, there was plenty found for him to do.

This was well-pleasing enough to Jabez, but the College officials, who never lose sight of the boys they apprentice, demurred. His indentures provided that he should learn small-ware-manufacturing in all its branches; and pattern-designing, if part and parcel, was only one branch. Mr. Ashton was too just not to assent, and Jabez went to his active employment again.

But he had a love for his new art, and an interest in his master's interest, which prompted him to say—

"If it would be all the same to you, sir, I could draw patterns before breakfast, or in the dinner-hour, or in an evening, if Kezia had some one else to wait on her."

The inevitable snuff-box came out, Mr. Ashton's head went first on one side, then the other, as he took a long pinch before he answered.

"No, lad, it won't be all the same to me, nor to you either," he said at length, and Jabez began to look rueful. "Your're a lad of uncommon parts, and I'm willing enough to find them employment. But if you work extra hours, apprentice or no apprentice, you must have extra pay. So you see, Jabez, it won't be the same to either of us. You shall have the little room at the end of the lobby to yourself, and there you may earn all you can for your own friends and for me."

"Oh, thank you, master!" interjected Jabez, his thoughts flying at once to the old yard in Long Millgate.

"And let Kezia wait upon herself if there are no other idle folk about," concluded Mr. Ashton, and the business was settled.

This was about the time Jabez first began to suspect Kit Townley of unfair dealing; and being once more in frequent contact with him in the warehouse, he could not shut his eyes or his ears.

Kit was then assistant putter-out in the fringe and tassel department—counted out the moulds, weighed out silk and worsted, and called out the quantities each hand took away, for a young booking-clerk to enter.

Jabez was still in the brace and umbrella room, but there was a wide door of communication between the two, and he had frequently to pass through the former with finished goods for the ware and show-rooms on the lower floors, and had to go cautiously past the large scale, lest he should tilt the beam with his ungainly burdens.

Now and then it occurred to him that the bulk of silk or worsted in the scale was large in proportion to the weight, as called out by Kit Townley, and once he was moved to say—

"Is that balance true? or have you made a mistake, Townley?"

"Mind your own business, Clegg, and don't hinder mine. Naught ails the scales, and I know better than to make mistakes."

"Well, I only thought," persisted Jabez.

"I wish you'd think and keep those umbrellas clear of the beam. You're always thrutching past with great loads on your shoulder when I'm weighing out," interrupted Kit testily, and Jabez held his peace.

But if he went on his way quietly, he was equally observant, and saw the same thing happen again too often to be the result of accident. Moreover, from the window of the little room where he had a broad desk for designing, he saw Kit meet the same men and women stealthily after hours, under the opposite gateway.

"Kit," said he one night, when they went to their attic, "what do you meet Jackson, Bradley, and Mary Taylor under the gateway for so often?"

Kit, arrested with his warehouse jacket half on and half off, asked sharply—

"Who says I meet them under the gateway?"

"I say so. I have seen you myself."

"And what if you have?" Kit retorted snappishly. "There's no harm in saying a civil word to poor folk that I know of."

"No harm, if that were all," returned Jabez seriously, sitting down on the edge of his truckle-bed to take off his blue worsted stockings (knitted by himself), "but I have seen them give you money."

"And what of that? you Blue-coat spy! If they're kind enough to call at old mother Clowes' shop for toffy and humbugs for me, and give me the change back, what's that to you?" he blustered, coming up to Jabez with a defiant air.

"I know you've a sweet tooth, Townley," replied Jabez unmoved; "but I fear nothing half so good as Mrs. Clowes' toffy takes you there so stealthily."

"Perhaps, Mr. Wiseacre, you know my business better than myself?" retorted Kit, bold as brass, though he did begin to feel qualmish.

"Perhaps I do, for I suspect you of double-dealing, and I know what the end of that must be; and I warn you that I cannot stand by and see our good master robbed. I should be as bad as you if I did."

Townley enraged struck at him, and there was a scuffle in the dark, the bit of candle in their horn lantern having burnt out.

Kezia, who slept in the adjoining attic, rated them soundly the next morning for the disturbance they had made, threatening to tell Mrs. Ashton: had she done so, inquiry would have followed.

Jabez, troubled and perplexed, the very next Sunday consulted old Simon Clegg as to the course he should pursue, being alike unwilling to tell tales on suspicion, or to see his kind master wronged.

"Eh, lad!" quoth Simon, rubbing down his knees as he sat; "aw've many a toime bin i' just sich a 'strait atween two;' but aw allas steered moi coorse by yon big book, an tha' mun do t' säme. Thah munnot think what thah loikes, or what thah dunnot loike, but thah mun do *reet*, chuse what comes or goes. It is na reet to stëal, and to look on an' consent to a thief, is to be a thief. Thi first duty's to thi God, an' thi next to thi payrents (if thah had anny), an' thi next to thi measter. Thah's gi'en the chap fair warnin', an' if he wunnot tak' it, th' faut's noan thoine."

It so happened that the "putter-out" in the brace and umbrella room was an old man named Christopher, who had been in the employ of the Ashtons (father and son) for thirty years. He professed to be very pious and very conscientious, but lamented that increasing years brought with it many ailments and infirmities, such for instance as headaches, dizziness, sudden weakness of the limbs, and attacks of spasms, for the cure of which he kept a bottle of peppermint in a corner cupboard.

It was into this room Augusta used to come dancing, to coax old Christopher out of bits of waste leather, and other odds and ends for which only a child could find use. She was fond of cutting and snipping; and, with an eye to his own advantage, the cunning old fellow had taught her how to use the stamps, so that she might *amuse* herself by helping him. Then he bespoke her compassion for his aches and pains, and often on holiday afternoons was troubled with one or other ailment, which a pull at the bottle and a nap on the bundles of leather or gingham alone could relieve—"If Miss Augusta would be so obleeging an' so koind as to stamp out a few tabs or straps for him, or count out umbrella ferules, or wheels or handles," for him.

And she, full of the superabundant energy of youth, did it, nothing loth. Though as her own years increased, and with them her ability to help, came a sharp sense that old Christopher was a hypocrite: knowledge she confided to Jabez one day when the sanctimonious putter-out was resting his aching head and uncertain legs, as usual; and in order to convince him she drew a bottle of gin, *not* peppermint, from under a pile of white kid.

Jabez, too, had been sorry for the old fellow, and often added a good part of Christopher's work to his own to relieve him. It was this fact which brought both Christophers to book.

The old cant was so very grievously afflicted on the Monday afternoon that Jabez, seeing him quite incapable of doing his work properly—he was putting out umbrellas—undertook to do it for him, though it was no business of his, and so Mrs. Ashton would have told him, had she been there.

He measured off what he knew to be sufficient gingham for two dozen umbrellas (a workwoman standing by in waiting), and was about to cut off the length when the woman arrested his hand.

"Yo're furgettin' th' wäste, mi lad; Mester Christopher allus alleaws fur wäste."

He looked at the woman, knowing there could be no waste in cutting umbrella-gores. She winked at him.

"Oh!" said Jabez, conscious he was learning something not down in his indentures: "and how much does he allow?"

"Abeawt a yard an' hauve th' dozen," she replied.

"And how do you contrive to waste it?" Jabez asked.

She winked again. "Eh, but yo're a young yorney. Yo'd best ax Mester Christopher that."

"I think I'd best ask Mrs. Ashton that, if she's in the warehouse," rejoined he, sending his scissors through the gingham at the proper place.

"Yo'd better not, or yo'n cut off yo're nose to spite yo're own fäce;" and the woman nodded her head knowingly. "T'other 'prentice knows whatn wäste means if thah dunnot; an' manny's th' breet shillin' it's put in his breeches-pocket, my lad."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Jabez, whilst he was counting over the already bundled-up whalebone sticks, &c., to complete the umbrella fittings. "As our mistress would say, 'we may live and learn.'"

He found that whalebone, ferules, handles, leathers, wheels, were all in excess. An extra umbrella might be made from the surplus materials.

Thereupon he wakened Christopher, to do his own

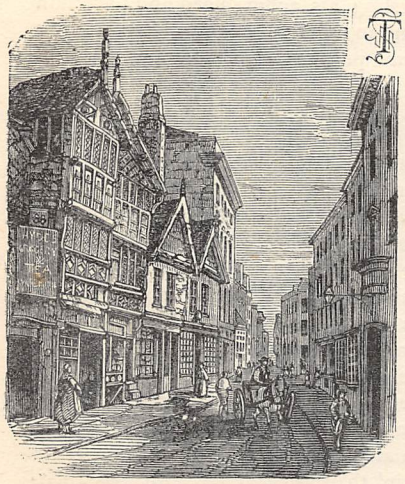
work, simply remarking that he thought the bundles of sticks, &c., had been miscounted.

"Oh, no, Clegg, they're a' reet; we're obleeged to put in moore fur fear some on 'em shouldn split in makkin' oop," said old Christopher cunningly, as if for his information.

Jabez took no further notice then, but shouldering a great bundle of large umbrellas, carried them through the fringe room, and there noted that, despite the caution he had given, his fellow-apprentice was dexterously manipulating silk and scales to falsify the weights he called out.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

EASTER MONDAY.



THAT evening, Jabez, a clear-eyed, open-browed youth in his seventeenth year, upright, well-knit, and firmly built for his age, knocked at the parlour-door after Miss Augusta had been sent to bed.

There was some trouble on his countenance, as though he was bent on an errand utterly repugnant to him. He was truly sorry to be the means, however remotely, of bringing disgrace on both an old man and a young one; but Simon had led him to the conclusion that if there was little honour in turning informer, there would be absolute dishonesty in keeping silence whilst he saw his master robbed.

Yet he hesitated; and lingered with his hand on the handle of the door, after the clear voice of Mr. Ashton had twice invited him to "come in."

Mr. Ashton therefore opened the door, and saw Jabez with a design for a bell-rope tassel in his hand.

"Well, Jabez—what is it? something special you have to show us?"

"No, sir, I only brought this lest any of the servants should be curious about my errand here."

Mrs. Ashton, who was reading a romance from Mrs. Edge's circulating library in King Street, lifted up her head at this; and Jabez came in, closing the door.

"Then what is the errand which needs such precaution?" asked Mr. Ashton, resuming his seat, and looking up at the clear face of Jabez.

"I *think*, sir"—and he laid an emphasis on the "think"—"I have found out how you are being robbed, and who it is that robs you."

"You—what?" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, putting his hand on the elbows of his chair, and bending forward inquiringly.

Jabez repeated his statement, adding, "I think, sir, some of your putters-out and workpeople are in league to defraud you."

Out came Mr. Ashton's snuff-box, down went Mrs. Ashton's romance, whilst Jabez told succinctly how his suspicions had been first aroused, and how they had been confirmed that day.

"I did not tell my suspicions to Christopher, sir, thinking I had best not interfere, or put the—the—them on their guard until I had spoken to you. I feared lest I should defeat your plans," said Jabez modestly.

"Just so, Jabez, just so; you were quite right, Jabez," said his master, whilst a shower of snuff fell on neckcloth-ends and shirt-frills.

"Yes, quite right!" assented Mrs. Ashton with customary dignity. "'A still tongue shows a wise head;' but we seldom see an old head on such young shoulders."

No active steps were taken for a few days, but Mrs. Ashton was in the warehouse, and doubly observant; and Mr. Ashton was also on the alert. They saw enough to convince them that Jabez was correct; and, acting on first impulses, Nadin was again communicated with.

From the window of Jabez Clegg's little room, Kit Townley was seen to receive payment from a fringe-weaver for his share of the spoil; and then Nadin, who knew all about it quite well enough before, followed up the clue to a waste-dealer's, who bought, at his own price, workpeople's "waste" (*i.e.*, warp, weft, silk, &c., remaining after work was completed), and found tradespeople willing enough to re-purchase, well knowing that commodities so varied, and so far below market value, were never honestly come by.

Nadin, big and blustering when there was nothing to be gained by silence, was for hauling the whole lot off to prison—the two Kits, the waste-dealer, and sundry workpeople—and the criminal code was a very terrible dispensation then.

But Mr. Ashton was more merciful; he was for milder measures. Besides, Mr. Townley was an old friend of his, and for the sake of the father he forbore to drag the son into a court of justice; and unless he prosecuted all, he could not prosecute any.

The sight of Nadin and his rough men, in their red-cuffed, red-collared brown coats, with their staves and hand-cuffs ready for use, was sufficiently terrifying. The distress of old Mr. Townley was painful to witness. As for Kit himself, he seemed less conscious of his guilt than ashamed of being found out, openly declaring that he *did no more than was customary*, and no more than old Christopher, who had led him into it, had done for years. That old hypocrite went down on his knees with many whining protestations of his innocence; but finding proof too strong, he made a clean breast of it, and on learning that he was about to escape prosecution, which would have led to transportation, he begged piteously to be allowed to retain the situation he had held for so many years.

"No, Kit," said Mrs. Ashton; "'there is no rogue like an old rogue;' you have not only robbed us yourself, but taught others the trick. Think well you have escaped the New Bailey" (the Manchester and Salford prison).

At that period the constable who apprehended a criminal received a bonus on each conviction, called "blood-money," so large a proportion of felons were executed; and Nadin, gruff and uncourteous even to his superiors, was disposed to resist Mr. Ashton's amiable "interference with the course of justice." A liberal douceur from Mr. Townley's well-stocked purse was potent to allay his zeal. His runners were dismissed, and his friend the waste-dealer had a longer lease.

The clearance of rogues paved the way for honest men; besides suggesting measures to prevent like embezzlement in future.

The Ashtons rightly thought that the best way to reward Jabez was to serve his friends.

A situation as putter-out to the weavers was offered to Tom Hulme, Mr. Ashton having had his eye on him for some time; and old Simon, being sent for, went home delighted with commendations of Jabez, and the consciousness that the only barrier to Bess's marriage was now removed, and that through the foundling's instrumentality.

The only bar, that is, save the double fees of Lent, and the "ill-luck" supposed to follow a couple united during the penitential forty days. Tom put up the banns, however, and Easter Monday was chosen as the day of days for the ceremony. Tom Hulme's parents had been married on an Easter Monday, Simon had been tied to his wife on an Easter Monday, Jabez had been made a Blue-coat-boy on an Easter Monday, and apprenticed on an Easter Monday; it was consequently an anniversary to be observed and respected.

Early marriages prevail amongst the class made early self-dependent by earning their own living. Matt Cooper had long been a grandfather, Molly and his two eldest boys been married and settled. A brisk young butcher coming to the tannery with hides had met Martha, the other girl, bearing her father's dinner, and been so taken with her sharp, active gait, and saucy answers, that he proposed to transfer her to his shop beyond Ancoats Lane Canal-bridge; and to make his offer more palatable, suggested an amalgamation of the two households, and to take the youngest lad—Matthew, aged fourteen—as his apprentice.

So ardent and promising a lover was not to be despised. Martha did not say "No," and Matt, beginning to stoop in the shoulders, rejoiced at the prospective haven for his declining years.

It was arranged that they should be married along with Bess and Tom Hulme; and so Matthew Cooper went with the Cleggs to church, not as a gallant bridegroom, but, more suitably, to give away a bride.

And now how shall I describe the scene at the Old Church on Easter Monday, to convey anything like an idea to modern readers, unacquainted with the locality, the period, and the habits of the people?

It must be borne in mind that registrars' offices did not exist; that there was no marrying at dissenting chapels; that few, if any, churches were licensed for the solemnisation of matrimony; and that the collegiate parish church of Manchester was the nucleus towards which the marriageable inhabitants of all the townships and villages turned at the most important epoch of their lives.

The venerable pile (now being doctored by restorers) was set, as it were, in a ring-fence of old houses, with an inner ring of low wall encircling the churchyard, which, as grave-stones testified, had once extended to the very house-steps. As I have elsewhere said, the path between this wall and the houses was known as Half Street, a portion of which, containing Mrs. Clowes's old shop, still remains; and were I to enumerate all the public-houses in this ring-fence which offered accommodation to wedding and christening parties, only a future generation of antiquaries would thank me; and even they might doubt facts set down in a work of fiction.

Nevertheless on Easter Monday not one of these hostelries had a spare foot of room. Every window and every door stood wide open. Men and women, gaily dressed as their own means or friendly wardrobes would allow, went in and out, filled rooms and passages, leaned from the windows with ribbons flying loose, or with pipes and ale-pots in their hands, calling to their friends below, whilst rival fiddlers (almost every party having its own) scraped away in anything but harmony. Horses and carts blocked up every avenue, and the churchyard itself was thronged with an excited crowd.

Only the parties immediately interested were admitted into the sacred edifice, but to reach the doors they had to force their way, and could only return in couples through a dense avenue of humanity, amid a shower of jests, many not the most seemly.

Bess wore only a white cambric gown, and a straw bonnet crossed with white ribbon, both of which Mrs. Ashton had provided; but somewhere in Tom's Peninsular campaigns he had picked up a bright-coloured scarf, which made her glorious to behold, and the envy of many a country bride. His old uniform had been kept for the occasion, and they looked grand together, but the quiet content on Bess's face was better than the grandeur.

Nat Bradshaw, the butcher-bridegroom, was of a jovial turn, and nothing would do but the whole double wedding-party, Jabez included, should turn into the "Ring-o'-Bells" to drink health and happiness to the brides, and give them spirit to go through the ceremony befittingly.

Bess and Martha hung back, blushing like peonies; but Nathaniel was not to be gainsaid, and in they went; and whilst the brides sipped, he quaffed, and pressed the others to do likewise.

At length Jabez, who had been brought up temperately, cried out they would be too late—Parson Brookes had been gone into the church half-an-hour.

There was a general rush from the room, and in the scramble to get first the party got separated, Matthew

pulling his daughter along and leaving the bridegroom to follow.

They elbowed their way into the church, and reached the choir just as Joshua pronounced the benediction over some twenty couples closely packed around the altar. Then there was a jostle and a scramble for "first kisses," amidst which rose the rough voice of the chaplain.

"Now, clear out, clear out! Do your kissing outside. There are other folk waiting to be wed. Do you think I want to be kept here all day tying up fools?"

That instalment of the married having been hustled away to sign the church books, with their attendant witnesses, Joshua called out impatiently to the waiting couples, amongst whom were Bess and Tom—

"Come, come! How long do you mean to keep me standing here? Do you mean to be married or not? Oh, it's thee, is it? [to Bess]. Well, thah's waited long enough.—See that you make her a good husband [to Tom]. Kneel down here," and he placed them, not roughly, almost in the centre of the altar, pulling others to their knees beside them, with scant ceremony.

"What do you want here?" in his harshest tones he asked a very youthful-looking couple.

"To be wed," was the prompt answer of the young man.

"Ugh!" grunted the Parson, "what's the world coming to? I used to marry men and women—now I marry children! Here, you silly babies, take your places."

Another file of candidates for matrimony being ranged (after some pushing and pulling) in pairs round the altar, Joshua took his book, and the service began.

So long as it was general, all went tolerably smoothly—women and men alike were too bashful and confused to know much what was said, or what they responded, and certainly they rarely looked in each other's faces. At length there was a slight stir and a whispering from the quarter where Matt Cooper stood behind his daughter.

"Silence there!" roared Joshua, in a voice which set a row of hearts in a flutter, and there *was* silence.

But he had come to the troth-plight, and again the same commotion was apparent as he approached the Coopers.

"What's wrong here?" he demanded, pausing before Martha, who was all in a tremble.

"Moi lass is waitin' fur her mon," answered Matthew from behind.

"Ugh! I can't wait for laggards.—"Here, you [addressing Tom Hulme] answer for him.—What's his name?" [to Martha].

"Nathaniel," she faltered.

"I, Nathaniel, take thee, Martha, to be my——" he went on, insisting on the response of Tom, who looked aghast at the prospect of marrying the wrong woman, and being told "to pair as they went out," as Joshua had summarily adjusted a like mistake heretofore; or what was worse, of being saddled with two wives.

On imperturbable Joshua went with the ceremony, bent on a marriage by proxy. His experience having taught that women of the working class as a rule took charge of their wedding-rings, he asked Martha for hers, which was duly produced, and without further ado he directed Tom Hulme to place it on Martha's finger, as he had previously put one on Bess's, and with the same formula.

They had got as far as "With this ring I thee wed," when the missing bridegroom came in hot haste through the side door, into the chancel, closely followed by Jabez, who had been in quest of him.

He was flushed with ale and excitement, but was clear-headed enough to perceive what was going forward, and, to the chaplain's chagrin, plucked the young woman back from the altar, and his proxy and the ring rolled to the ground.

Then ensued an altercation between the butcher and Joshua Brookes, the latter insisting that what was good enough for princes might be good enough for him, and refusing to go over the ceremony again. But an apparitor drew the tardy bridegroom aside, and whispered to him a few mollifying words, whilst Joshua concluded the ceremonial, and then hurried from the altar with hardly a look at either Jabez or Simon as he passed out of the chancel, chafed and angry.

Another clergyman took his place, and in the next group Nat Bradshaw and the half-married Martha took theirs. The lost ring had a substitute provided by the clerk for such emergencies; and this time they were as snugly married as Bess and Tom had been.

Jabez had found the truant bridegroom at the "Ring-o'-Bells," oblivious of the flight of time, or of his party.

The story having got wind, there was a general rush in their direction.

"Here's th' mon wur too late to be wed!"—"Tak' care thi woife hasna two husbants!"—"Hoo's getten two husbants o'ready!"—"See thah's tied oop gradely, lass!"—"Thah'rt a pratty fellow!" and much more which might have provoked a man less good-humoured in his cups.

As it was, the new brides clung to their husbands, half afraid of these noisy demonstrations, and were not sorry to get clear of the crowd, and thread their way to Ancoats Lane, where the thriving butcher, assisted by Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Clowes, and Mrs. Clough, had prepared a dinner which bore no proportion to the "short commons" of every-day fare.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

PETERLOO.

PEOPLE had been naturally sanguine that the conclusion of peace would inaugurate prosperity, that commerce would flourish with the flourish of pens on the parchments of a treaty. But the war had been of too long continuance, too universal, too destructive of life and property and crops. When grounds lie untilled for years; when swords reap harvests that should have been left for the sickle; when cattle are slaughtered wholesale for unproductive soldiery, or for lack of pro-

vender; when orchards and vineyards which have taken years to mature are given to the flames, there can be no sudden re-adjustment of commercial matters. Food-products are the staple of trade, which is only a system of exchange facilitated by coin and paper.

What could a food-producing continent, down-trod by the iron hoof of war, have to offer in exchange for our textile fabrics and hardware?

Trade could not revive until there was food to sustain it.

Yet the mass of the people in 1816, still further impoverished by a deficient home-harvest, imputed the evil to defective legislation, and the exclusion of foreign corn save at famine prices; and discontent became universal.

Strangely enough, the agricultural districts, which the Corn Laws were supposed to protect, were the first to cry out against them, and to break out into riot—not Manchester, Oldham, Nottingham, and the manufacturing centres.

This year closed on a popular demand for parliamentary reform, but not a riotous one. Sunday-schools had created readers on humble hearths, and William Cobbett supplied them with books and pamphlets bearing on their own rights and wrongs. They were read with avidity, and he became a power.

He counselled peaceful persistance, not armed resistance. Hampden Clubs were formed all over the country, in which the political questions of the day were discussed with as much freedom as stringent law permitted. Public speakers and poets, of whom Samuel Bamford was one, arose from the ranks of the working classes; and the men banded together under such leadership called themselves Radical Reformers, a title which soon degenerated into Radicals.

The members of these rapidly-spreading clubs subscribed a penny a week each. Delegates were sent to meet and debate together; and on the 4th November, 1816, a large meeting was held in St. Peter's Field, Manchester (strangely enough, the site of the present Free Trade Hall), "to take into consideration the distressed state of the country."

Other meetings were held by the Reformers and their delegates; and on the 13th January, 1817, their political opponents held a counter-meeting, to consider the "necessity of adopting measures for the maintenance of the public peace;" for certainly the meeting of large masses of disaffected people, however peaceably disposed in the outset, and individually, becomes threatening in the aggregate. No one cares much for a grain of gunpowder; but mass the grains into pounds, and the pounds into tons, and there is certainly need of precaution in dealing with it.

Amongst the precautionary measures deemed necessary for the protection of the peace, and the suppression of seditious meetings, were the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the enrolment of the Manchester and Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry, under the command of Sir T. J. Trafford; Laurence Aspinall, Ben Travis, and John Walmsley joining the corps.

On the 24th March—since known as Blanket Monday—a large number of men assembled in St. Peter's Field, with blankets upon their shoulders, with the openly-expressed design of walking to London, to lay their grievances before George, the Prince Regent, in person. The blankets were intended for coverlets on the wayside beds Mother Earth alone would spread for them. The meeting was dispersed by military, the newly-formed yeomanry distinguishing themselves by trapping a number of the Blanketeers who had prematurely set out, and who had not got farther than Stockport.

This was the signal for wide-spread alarm, and for Joseph Nadin to prove his discrimination and vigilance by scenting out imaginary plots, and arresting suspected plotters, whom he tied together, handcuffed, ill-used, and hauled to prison, or before magistrates (whether for acquittal or conviction), for little other reason than the dangerous power given by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus.

He was a big, blustering, overbearing fellow, with a large grizzled head, closely set on strong broad shoulders, with overhanging brows drawn close, and a sallow skin; and his officious zeal in arresting such persons as Samuel Bamford, the weaver-poet, Thomas Walker, and the amateur actors he laid hands on at a public-house in Ancoats Lane, laying to their charge plots which had their origin in his own brain, did more to embitter the people against their rulers than those dust-blinded rulers suspected.

The Radical agitation reached its climax in 1819, when our friend Jabez was a well-formed, well-favoured young man of twenty, high in the estimation of his master and mistress.

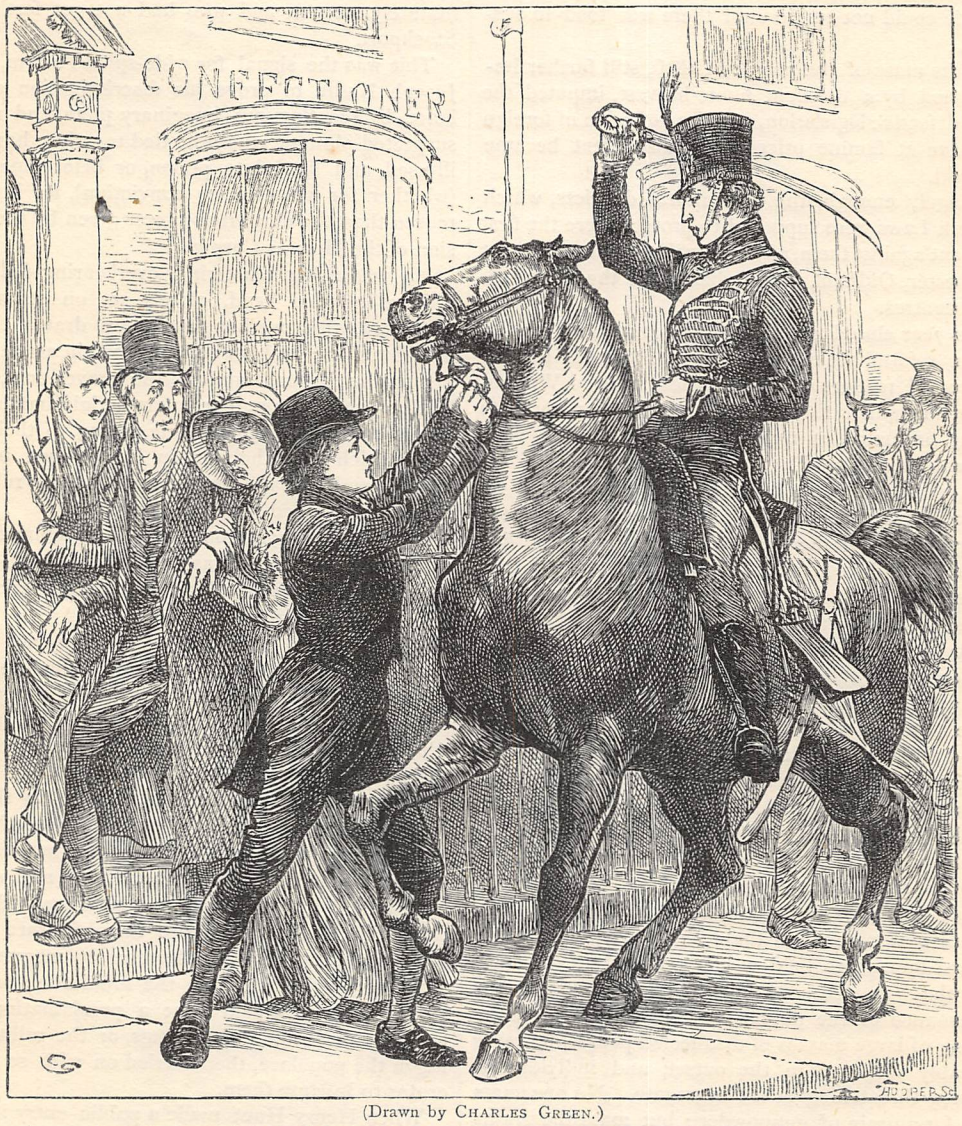
Popular rights had found a fresh champion in Henry Hunt, the son of a well-descended Wiltshire yeoman, a man of gentlemanlike bearing and attire, agreeable features, mobile in expression, and dull grey eyes which lit like fiery stars when in the fervour of his speech his soul shone out of them.

"Orator Hunt," as he was dubbed by those who loved him not, was the very man to move the people as he himself was moved; his energy and fervid eloquence carried his hearers with him, and as he was wont to lash himself to a fury which streaked his pale eyes with blood, and forced them forward in their sockets, no wonder the Manchester magnates were afraid of his influence on the multitude; or that the Prince Regent should issue a proclamation against seditious meetings and writings, or the military drilling of the populace, then carried on with so fervid an orator to inflame them.

When Henry Hunt made a public entry into Manchester, and attended the theatre the same evening, a disturbance ensued, and he was expelled, and the next evening the theatre was closed, to preserve peace.

Then a watch and ward, composed of the chief inhabitants, was established; a meeting called by the Radicals was prohibited; but that did not deter the calling of another on St. Peter's Field, on the 16th of August, when a couple of large wagons were boarded over to serve as temporary hustings, whence Orator Hunt from the midst of his friends might address the assembled multitude.

Augusta Ashton had just passed her fifteenth birthday. She was slim, graceful, and tall beyond her age, and was surpassingly lovely. She was still under Mrs. Broadbent's care, and went to school that morning as usual, other meetings having passed off quietly, and no apprehension of disorder being entertained until long after nine o'clock.



(Drawn by CHARLES GREEN.)

"SHAME, YOU COWARD! TO ATTACK A WOMAN AND A PARALYSED MAN!" (*p.* 330).

About that hour the people began to assemble from all quarters on the open ground near St. Peter's Church—not bloodthirsty roughs, but men, women, and children drawn thither for a sight of a holiday spectacle. True, of the collective eighty thousand, there were many thousands of earnest thinking men, who went to grapple with important questions; and no such mighty gathering could be without its leaven of savagery and mischief.

But those who went from the mills and the workshops, the hills and the valleys around Manchester, walking in procession, with bugles playing and gay banners flying, though they might look haggard, pinched, and careworn, made no attempt to look deplorable, or excite compassion. They wore their Sunday suits and clean neckties; and by the side of fustian and corduroy walked the coloured prints and stuffs of wives and sweethearts, who went as for a gala-day, to break the dull monotony of their lives, and to serve as a guarantee of peaceable intention.

Such, at least, was the main body, marshalled in Middleton by stalwart, stout-hearted Samuel Bamford, which passed in marching order, five abreast, down Newton Lane, Oldham Street, skirted the Infirmary Gardens, and so on along Mosley Street, each leader with a sprig of peaceful laurel in his hat. Women and little ones preceded them, or ran on the footway,

singing, dancing, shouting gleefully in the bright sunshine, as at any other pageant to which the music of the bugle gave life and spirit, and waving flags gave colour.

Such, too, were the bands which, with banners and music, fell in with them on their route, and together parted the dense multitude as a wedge, on their way to the decorated platform.

Thence Samuel Bamford observed that other leaders had been less temperate. There were to be seen black banners and placards inscribed with seditious mottoes and emblems—caps of liberty, skull and crossbones, "Bread or Blood," "Liberty or Death," "Equal Representation or Death;" this last with an obverse of clasped hands and heart, and the one word "Love," but all of the same funereal black and white.

But ere he could well note or deplore this, the scattered bands struck up "God save the King," and "Rule, Britannia," deafening shouts rent the air, and Henry Hunt, drawn in an open barouche by white horses, made his way slowly to the hustings amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the multitude. A Mrs. Fildes, arrayed in white, with a cap of liberty on her head, and a red cap borne on a pole before her, sat on the box-seat. It is said she had been hoisted there from the crowd. Be this as it may, she paid dearly for her temerity before the day was out.

Barely had Henry Hunt ascended the platform, taken off his white hat, and begun to address his attentive auditory, than there was a startling cry, "The soldiers are upon us!" and the 15th Hussars, galloping round a corner, came with their spare jackets flying loose, their sabres drawn, and threw themselves, men and horse, upon the closely packed mass, without a note of warning.

All had been preconcerted, prearranged.

From the early morning, magistrates had been sitting in conclave at the "Star Inn," and there Hugh Birley, a cotton-spinner, was said to have regaled too freely the officers and men of his yeomanry corps, so soon to be let loose on the "swinish multitude," as they called them.

A cordon of military and yeomanry had been drawn round St. Peter's Field.

The boroughreeve and other magistrates issued their orders from a house at the corner of Mount Street, which overlooked the scene; and thence (not from a central position, where he could be properly seen and heard) a magistrate read the Riot Act from a window in an inaudible voice.

Then Nadin, the cowardly bully, having a warrant to apprehend the ringleaders—although he had a line of constables thence to the hustings—declared that he *dared* not serve it without the support of the military.

His plea was heard; and thus, through the blindness, the incapacity, the cowardice, or the self-importance of this one man, soldiery hardened in the battle-field, yeomanry fired with drink, were let loose like barbarians on a closely-wedged mass of unarmed people, and one of the most atrocious massacres in history was the result.

Amid the shouts and shrieks of men and women, cries of "Shame! shame!" "Break! break!" "They are killing them in front!" "Break! break!" hussars, infantry, yeomanry rushed on the defenceless people. They were sabred, stabbed, shot, pressed down, trampled down by horse and infantry; and in less than ten minutes, the actual field was cleared of all but mounds of dead and dying, severed limbs, torn garments, pools of blood, pawing steeds, and panting heroes (?). Men and maidens, mothers and babes had been butchered by their own countrymen for no crime.

Hunt had been taken, Bamford had escaped—to be arrested afterwards—and Mrs. Fildes, hanging suspended by a nail in the platform which had caught her white dress, was slashed across her exposed body by one of the brave cavalry.

But the butchery and the panic had spread from the deserted Aceldama over the whole town; and the roar of cannon began to add its thunder to the terrors of the day.

As the first shrieking fugitives rushed for their lives down Mosley Street, with the Manchester and Cheshire Yeomanry in swift pursuit, Mrs. Ashton, for the first time alarmed for the safety of Augusta, hurried through the warehouse in search of Mr. Ashton, who was nowhere to be found.

On the stairs she met Jabez in a state of equal excitement.

"Miss Augusta! Is she at school? Had I not better——"

"Oh, yes! Run! run!" cried the mother, anticipating him. "Go through the back streets, and take her to her aunt's. It is not safe to bring her home."

He was gone before she concluded. (His master's daughter was the very light of his young eyes.) From Back Mosley Street he tore down Rook Street and Meal Street, into Fountain Street, across Market Street—already in a ferment—and onward down High Street without pause.

By good fortune, he met the young girl and a schoolfellow on their usual homeward route, at the corner of Church Street—almost afraid to proceed, the distant firing had so scared them.

"This way! this way, Miss Ashton!" was his impetuous cry, as he hurried them from the main thoroughfare (into which a stream of terror-stricken people was flowing), through bye-streets, and a long entry to the back door of Mr. Chadwick's house, which they found unfastened; and then he thanked God in his heart of hearts that she at least was safe.

Up-stairs rushed Augusta, followed by her friend, in quest of her aunt and cousin, whom she found in the drawing-room, in a state of the greatest trepidation and alarm.

Dolly, a stout woman-servant, had gone to Fountain Street, as was her custom, to assist her paralysed master home to dinner.

From the windows they had seen men, women, and children flying along, hatless, bonnetless, shoeless, their clothes rent, their faces livid and ghastly, cut and bleeding, shrieking in pain or terror as they ran,

or dropped in the path of pursuing troopers; and their hearts throbbed wildly with affright as they pictured that helpless old man caught in that whirlpool of horror and destruction, with only a woman's arm to protect him.

"Jabez will go and meet them," cried Augusta; "he is below!"

"Jabez!" exclaimed Ellen, starting to her feet, her white face flushing for a brief moment. "Oh, no!"

But without waiting to hear her cousin's exclamation, or to note her change of colour, Augusta had run down-stairs to Jabez, waiting in the long kitchen, and communicated her aunt's fears to him.

Personal danger was unthought of when Augusta Ashton pointed to needful service.

The lobby-door closed after him with a bang before she had well explained her wishes; and when Augusta reappeared in the drawing-room, Ellen Chadwick's head was stretched from the window, watching the sturdy young man stem the onrushing tide of humanity—the only one in all that crowd with his face turned towards the danger from which the rest fled in desperation.

The sights and sounds that met her eyes and ears were terrible: gashed faces and maimed limbs; appeals and imprecations mingled with the roar of a surging crowd; the dropping fire of musketry; the coarse shouts of the yeomanry, drunk with wine and blood!

As her fearful eyes followed Jabez, a man rushed past whose hand had been chopped off at the wrist. With the remaining hand he held his hat to catch the vital stream which gushed from the bleeding stump; and as he ran, he cried, "Blood for blood! blood for blood!" in a tone which made her shudder.

Faint and sick, she drew back her head; but open apprehension for her dear father, and secret fear for the apprentice who had gone so readily to pilot him through that surging human sea, caused her to look forth once more. Augusta and her friend, with blanched cheeks and lips, were also at the window, fascinated as it were with that which chilled them.

Jabez turned the corner into Piccadilly, where one or two good houses had been converted into shops without lowering the floors, or removing the original palisades, which enclosed bold flights of steps leading to doors with good shop-windows on each side. A confectioner of some standing named Mabbott occupied the second of these. He and his neighbour were hurriedly putting up their shutters as Jabez, crushing his way through the thickening crowd, saw Molly and Mr. Chadwick jammed up against the palisades, a young mounted yeoman officer, in all his pride of blue and silver, brandishing his sabre, urging his unwilling steed upon them, and shouting—

"Move on, you rebels, move on; or I'll cut you down!"

Strong of nerve and will, Jabez thrust the impeding throng aside, and grasped the horse's reins to force it back, crying as he did so—

"Shame, you coward! to attack a woman and a paralysed man!"

"Come in here, quick, Mr. Chadwick!" cried Mr. Mabbott at that instant, opening his closed gate and drawing the feeble gentleman and his attendant within, as the sabre, raised either to terrify or strike the old man, came down on the outstretched arm of Jabez, gashing it frightfully.

Another of the corps riding past, with his eyes full upon them, stopped his horse at the gallop as if to interpose, but he was too late.

"My God! Aspinall, what have you done?" he exclaimed, and throwing his own reins over the palisades, he dismounted hastily, caught at Jabez, who had staggered back, and drew him too within the iron screen, and helped him also into the confectioner's, as the other, with a derisive laugh which ill-became his handsome face, turned at a hand-gallop up Oldham Street, where he overtook a confrère, and with him sneered at "that soft-hearted Ben Travis."

Ellen and Augusta had not lost sight of Jabez many minutes, when two of the Manchester Yeomanry, their dripping sabres flashing in the August sun, wheeled their panting chargers round, and rode (heedless of the shrinking wretches beneath their hoofs) across the footway, and made the brute beasts rear and plunge against the area-rails.

"Shut your windows, or we'll fire upon you!" they shouted.

Nothing daunted, Ellen called back indignantly—

"John Walmsley, I'm ashamed of you!"

Not sober enough to distinguish friends from foes, again the pair launched their threat, "Shut the window, or we fire!" and Ellen, seeing pistols advanced, drew the window down, Mrs. Chadwick in much trepidation closing the other.

"Who was that handsome officer with John?" asked Augusta, as they drew back; "he's a perfect Adonis" (Augusta dipped surreptitiously into Mrs. Edge's novels at times, and a handsome man in uniform was of course a hero in her eyes).

"Oh, Augusta! how can you talk of handsome officers at such a fearful time?" remonstrated Ellen. "I think them hideous, every one!"

"But who is he? do you know him?" she asked, even through the tears drawn by the scenes she beheld.

"Oh, yes; know him? yes. He's a friend of John Walmsley. He's too wild to please either Charlotte or me!—Oh, mother! I do wish father had come home!" and Ellen turned a worried look towards Mrs. Chadwick, whose rigid face and clasped hands betrayed the anxiety which kept her silent.

Augusta, though not naturally void of feeling, longed to know more of the handsome yeomanry officer, who had so captivated her young fancy; but that was not the season for such inquiries, and she was conscious of it.

"Hark! what is that?" burst from Mrs. Chadwick, some half-hour later, as the sound of feet was heard from below; and Ellen, rushing to the stairs, came back followed by her father and a big muscular man, in the blue and silver uniform of the yeomanry cavalry, a red cord down his pantaloons, hessian boots, and,

to make assurance sure, M.S.Y.C. upon his shako, which his height compelled him to doff ere he entered the doorway.

"Where is Jabez Clegg?" faltered Ellen, as she pressed to her father's side, led him to his chair, and placed his cushions to his liking, Augusta bringing a buffet on which to rest his foot.

The stalwart young fellow's eyes followed the attentive daughter, as he answered—

"We have left Jabez Clegg at Mr. Mabbott's, Miss Chadwick," with an inclination of his head. "He was afraid you would be anxious for your father's safety, and I offered to see Mr. Chadwick home in his stead."

Ellen's black eyes expanded questioningly, and Mrs. Chadwick's mild voice, in accents indicative of some fear, asked—

"I hope not of necessity, sir?"

"Well, yes, madam: and I must hasten back; he has received a sabre-cut on——Eh, dear!"

Ben Travis, for he it was, darted forward to catch Ellen Chadwick, just as he had previously caught Jabez at Mabbott's gate; Aspinall's sabre had wounded two instead of one—Ellen Chadwick, who that day had seen what sabre-cuts meant, had fainted.

Ben Travis bore her to the sofa, Mr. Chadwick pulled the bell-rope, Augusta ran for water, Mrs. Chadwick called for vinegar and burnt feathers, and in the midst of the commotion Mr. Ashton burst into the room in a state of excitement very foreign to his nature, which was tolerably easy-going.

"Thank God! Augusta, you are here," he exclaimed. "Your mother is almost distracted about you—Why, what is the matter with Ellen? The whole world seems gone mad to-day—or hell has set its demons loose. I've just seen our friend Captain Hindley's horse take fright in Mosley Street at the firing, and dash with him against those half-built houses at the corner of Tib Street. He was pitched off amongst the bricks and scaffolding; and the horse dropped. Old Simon Clegg happened to be there, and he helped me and another to raise Hindley, who had fared better than his horse, for it was stone-dead, and he is only badly hurt."

He had gone on talking, though hardly any one had listened to him. Ellen's fainting fit engrossed feminine attention, and the yeoman, seeing her revive, was saying to Mr. Chadwick, "You will excuse me now, sir. I must look after our poor friend Jabez."

"Eh! what! Jabez? You don't mean to say anything has happened to Jabez Clegg?" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, pausing in the act of drawing forth his snuff-box.

Travis was gone, but Mr. Chadwick, whose tongue now was none of the readiest, stammered out—

"Yes, William, w-we le-left him at Mab-ab-bott the confectioner's. In try-ying to-o save me he got b-badly w-wounded. I'm v-very s-sorry, for he is a n-noble y-young man."

"The wretches! I'd almost as soon they'd wounded me! Stay here, Augusta;" and with that, Mr. Ashton was off after Ben Travis. The main streets were unsafe, so he also took the back way, and across Spear Street to Mr. Mabbott's, with a celerity scarcely to have been expected, for he was not a young man. But his apprentice had won upon him not only by his integrity and business qualifications, but by his manifest interest in the family he served, especially the daughter. Let me not be misunderstood. Augusta was the cynosure of Mr. Ashton's eyes; the homage of the apprentice to the school-girl, he estimated as the homage of an apprentice merely, and was gratified thereby, but had no thought beyond.

He found Jabez on a chintz-covered couch in Mr. Mabbott's sitting-room, his arm bound tightly with a towel through which the blood would force its way.

He was pale and exhausted from excessive hæmorrhage, but seemed more concerned about the fate of the multitude outside than for his own.

Ben Travis, discovering that no one had dared to venture in quest of a doctor, threw himself across his horse, which he found where he had left it, and was off up Mosley Street, intent on bringing either Dr. Hull or Dr. Hardie.

His uniform was a protection, and so the doctors told him; Dr. Hardie plainly saying that black cloth was not plate-armour, and that his friend, whoever he might be, must wait until the tumult had somewhat subsided.

But Jabez was only a few hours without attention. There were hundreds wounded that day, who had to skulk into holes and corners to hide themselves and their agony as best they might, afraid of seeking surgical aid lest Nadin and his myrmidons should pounce upon them and haul them to prison as rebels.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

HOW WE GOT FRANK OFF TO SEA.

II.—THE TRAINING-SHIP.

"WELL, how do you find that Frank gets on at the training-ship?" said I to Mrs. Sandforth, when that lady came to see me one morning after the boy had been away from home about twelve months.

"Very well, indeed," she answered. "I came to-day on purpose to see you about him, for I wished to propose that we should make a visit to the *Worcester*, and look over it together. I thought you would be interested both on Frank's account and also——"

"Ah! I know what is in your mind," said I. "You fancy that my Jacky is following Frank's example. I hope from my heart you are mistaken."

"Wednesday is the day on which the friends of the cadets usually visit them," said Mrs. Sandforth, "but Wednesday is a holiday; and as I know you would prefer going some day when the boys are at work, I

wrote to the captain, with whom I am acquainted, and he has given me permission to go there with my friends on Thursday next. Will that suit your convenience?"

"Perfectly," I answered, "and I think it will suit Jack also."

As this was found to be the case, Thursday was finally fixed upon, and on that day we visited the *Worcester;* and for the benefit of any mothers who have thought of sending their boys to sea, I shall give an account of what we saw and heard when there.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "WORCESTER."

Thursday morning was exceedingly cold and stormy; and when we were on our way, I mentally congratulated myself that none of my boys were exposed to the elements, and undergoing the hardening process which was, I imagined, being experienced by the *Worcester* cadets. On reaching Greenhithe station, we went at once to the pier, passing on our way the *Chichester* and *Arethusa* training-ships, which are moored about half-a-mile above the *Worcester*. A boat rowed and steered by five or six of the young gentlemen, who evidently quite understood their business, quickly conveyed us to the ship. Everything was so quiet that no one would have imagined, on first stepping on board, that 145 boys were on the vessel; but on descending a few steps quite a different scene presented itself.

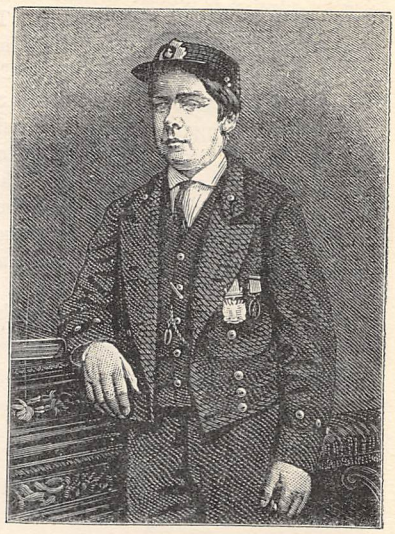
The main deck serves as school-room and dining-room for all, and as sleeping apartment for half of the cadets.

We arrived in the middle of school time. The classes were arranged round the deck—the English or junior classes on the right hand, the nautical classes on the left. I must say I never saw collected together a finer set of boys. They looked honest, healthy, straightforward, gentlemanly in their bearing, fearless, and bright. If the men prove what the boys looked to be, no one need fear very much that the future of England in their hands will be behind its past. They were all busily at work when we entered; but when we had been there about half-an-hour, there was a general uprising, and the busy hum of cheerful voices proclaimed that lessons were over; and shortly tea began. The tables were movable, and when not in use were fastened to the ceiling above the desks; and near them were large hooks, from which, in two or three hours, the beds would be suspended. There is no unoccupied space on board a training-ship. In fine weather the upper deck is the playground, but on cold, raw days the boys remain below; and if not in the school-room, are to be found in the play-room or in the library. In the play-room they romp and jump about to their heart's content, or play at dominoes or chess; and in the library they can read any of the books which are on the shelves, and which consist of stories of adventure, and various pleasing and instructive works.

I think it would have been a comfort to the mothers of the boys if they could have felt how warm the ship was. It is heated all over with hot-water pipes.

In the lower deck there was a hammock for each boy, suspended from two strong rings in the ceiling, with a chest underneath it, marked with his name. These hammocks consist of a hair bed, a pillow, a couple of blankets, and a sheet; and we were told that, after sleeping in them, one did not take kindly to an ordinary bed.

Every part of the ship was beautifully clean, and the work was, in a great measure, done by the cadets. They straighten their hammocks, black their boots, scrub the decks, and the elder boys take the watch in their turn, both day and night. They rise at six in winter, and at half-past five in summer time. They have a cup of coffee, a biscuit, then wash, and study seamanship, under the commander, until eight. In summer this consists of reefing and furling the sails, a task the boys greatly enjoy. Prayers are read twice a day, and divine service is held on board twice every Sunday. There is a little room for sick boys, and a matron who looks after those who are ailing; but if anything at all serious is the matter with a boy, he is sent ashore. A doctor visits the ship every day.

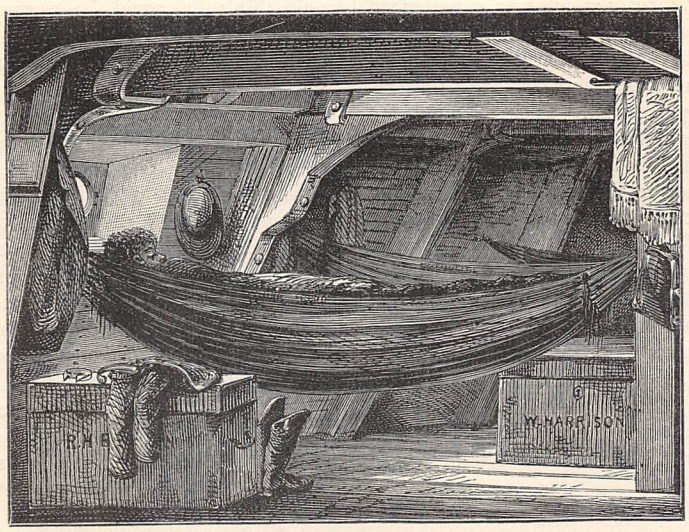


CADET.

The instruction given includes the usual branches of a sound English education, French, mechanics, steam-engine, chart and freehand drawing. Over and above these the boys are taught practical seamanship, such as knotting, splicing, reefing, furling, heaving the lead, the management of boats, swimming, and nautical astronomy. They learn many things which it is not usual for regular apprentices to be taught, such as covering the masts with rigging, and heaving the lead.

The masts are generally rigged when a boy goes on board ship, and so he has no opportunity of learning how to do it; and as to heaving the lead, I was told of an instance lately in which it was necessary that this should be done on a vessel coming up the Thames, and only two persons on board knew how to set about it, and they both had been *Worcester* cadets.

There are several prizes offered annually as rewards for merit and progress. One of these—a gold medal—is given by the Queen, and is awarded to the boy who shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor. These consist of cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and, above all, fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness. Before giving the prize, the commander confers with the head master, and selects not less than three, or more than five, boys whom he considers to have the qualifications for which the prize is given. (I was told that the difficulty was to limit the list to the required number.) The commander then submits these names to the boys who have been assembled in the school for the purpose, and each boy who has been six months on board previously to the time of distribution, votes then and there for one of the five selected. The boy who receives the highest number of votes gains the prize. The advantage of this plan is that the boys are so much more likely than the masters to know which of their companions has displayed these high moral qualities.



HAMMOCK ON BOARD THE "WORCESTER."

"Do you find that the judgment of the boys confirms your own?" asked I of the captain.

"Generally it does," he replied; "though I am afraid if there were two boys of equal merit, the biggest would get the vote."

The captain told us with great pride of an incident which occurred only a few months before, in which a boy named Gordon had saved one of his companions from drowning. Three or four of the boys were playing on the pier, when somehow one of them fell into the river. Gordon immediately threw off his boots and coat, and jumped in after him. The terrified boy clung to him so closely as to endanger the lives of both, and they went down twice. When they came up the second time, Gordon gave his companion a blow on the head to keep him away, and then held him up by the collar with one hand, whilst with the other he swam—not to the pier, for he had coolly looked round, and discovered that it was too far off—but to a boat which was further out in the river. For this gallant conduct he obtained a medal from the Royal Humane Society, and another from the committee of the *Worcester*. The boys on board the ship gave him a gold watch, and the captain and his wife a gold chain.

The majority of boys at present on board the *Worcester*, are the sons or friends of those who have been connected with the Merchant Service; though there are besides several who have had no connection with it. A Japanese prince was there for two years, and left some months ago. He was one of the cleverest boys on board, and could climb the masts like a cat. He served as lieutenant in the late Japanese expedition to Formosa.

Perceiving that we were rather tired with our walk round the vessel, the captain kindly invited us into his cabin, where we were regaled with a cup of tea, during the discussion of which my husband resumed the conversation, by asking the captain about the terms of apprenticeship, of which Mr. Jackson had spoken to us in the first instance.

"What becomes of your boys when they leave your ship, captain?" he said; "for, after all, I consider the future of more importance than the present."

"They are bound apprentice on board some vessel," the captain replied. "If they receive their certificates—and it is quite unusual for a boy not to do so—they have no difficulty in obtaining a ship; indeed, shipowners give a preference to our cadets. Many of those who have been apprenticed are now holding honourable positions in the Merchant Service. The Board of Trade allows two years passed on board the *Worcester* to count as one year's sea-service; so that a cadet who has been here two years can pass an examination as second officer after three years' service at sea."

"And is any premium required before a boy can be apprenticed?" said Jack.

"Oh, yes," replied the captain. "Different shipowners have different terms. Some ask £150, others £30 or £40."

"Do you think that the boys continue to like the profession?"

"Fairly," answered the captain. "The old cadets come to see us every now and then, and seem for the most part tolerably contented with sea-life. They evidently enjoy the remembrance of the time they spent here."

"Do I understand that your ship is devoted exclusively to the training of officers for the Merchant Service?" said Jack.

"Yes, quite so; and we intend shortly to substitute a larger vessel for this one, when we shall be able to take boys from the age of ten years instead of twelve."

"And is it the only ship devoted to this purpose?"

"There is another at Liverpool, where the terms are not quite so high. There are ships for training seamen not officers, such as the *Warspite*, the *Chichester*, and the *Arethusa*."

"And how did the idea of these training-ships originate?" asked Jack.

"It arose from the difficulty which was experienced in providing properly qualified officers for merchant vessels. This induced several gentlemen—shipowners and others—to try the experiment of educating respectable boys for the profession. There used to be an idea that boys intended for a seafaring life should be sent on board young, and allowed to rough it, and get their knowledge how they could; and the result was that there was quite a scarcity of properly-trained officers."

"Poor little fellows!" said I.

"Yes, indeed they were poor little fellows," said the captain. "My wife, who used to accompany me on my voyages, says that often her heart ached for the boys when they first came. Officers and seamen were all busy with the navigation of the vessel, getting her out to sea, and no one had any time to attend to the new hands, who had only a miserable time of it."

"And you think this institution is successful?" said Jack.

"I do not imagine that any one who has felt an interest in it, and watched its operation, can doubt that it is doing, and will do, a great work in connection with the Mercantile Marine. The training given is calculated not only to qualify the officers for the performance of their duties, but to make them true Christian gentlemen; and it is to be hoped and expected that their influence over the seamen will be such, that the tone of the entire service will be raised."

"Well," said Jack after we reached home, and were talking over our expedition with Mr. Jackson, who had dropped in, "I think these training-ships are noble institutions, nobly carried out. There is only one thing more I should like to see altered."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Jackson.

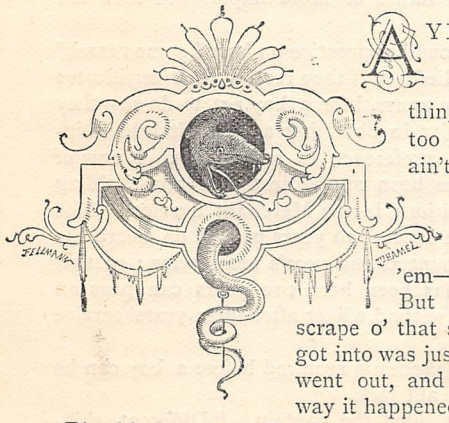
"The premiums," answered Jack. "After parents have had a boy two or three years at a training-ship, and paid fifty-five guineas a year with him, one would think he could be apprenticed without paying anything more, especially as after receiving this training he will be able to make himself useful at once."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Jackson; "and I have good hopes that this system will in time be improved upon. The majority of the shipowners are right-feeling men. It is they who have started the training-ships; and, seeing that the results have thus far proved so satisfactory, I cannot doubt but that they will shortly see it to their interest to go one step further, and by the reduction of premiums to a merely nominal sum, remove the greatest difficulty now remaining in the way of those who wish their sons to enter the Mercantile Marine."

We all heartily echoed Mr. Jackson's "hope," and I sincerely trust that by the time my Jacky is of age to join it may be in a great measure realised.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.



AYE, aye, sir—I've had a taste o' them things in my time too; and they ain't none so pleasant neither—not till you gets used to 'em—are they now? But the queerest scrape o' that sort as ever *I* got into was just arter we fust went out, and this was the way it happened.

D'reckly we got to Bombay we was packed off up country, part by rail and part on foot, till we got to our new quarters—a little bit of an outlyin' station on the Upper Ganges, with a crackjaw name as I can't recollect, and couldn't pronounce if I did. And a sweet place it was, by jingo! all mud barrin' the trees, all trees barrin' the mud, and all mosquitoes together. Then, by way of makin' things nice and comf'able, we got there just in the height of the hot season; and as if that warn't enough, we'd just had new shoes sarved out to us, and mine was so jolly tight that I felt just like standin' on tiptoes in a tea-cup! Oh, didn't I just wish myself back in old England agin, nineteen times a day! But, d'ye see, if a man wants to have everything cut out soft and smooth for him, he's no call to jine the sarvice at all; and if he does, his best game's just to grin and bear it. And so did we.

But there was one man among us as didn't seem to mind it a bit, and that was our commanding officer, Major the Hon. Edward M——, as maybe you've heerd on. He got his step in the time o' the Sikh war, at Sobraon, where all the senior officers o' the regiment was bowled over all to once; but he didn't get nothin' more nor what he deserved, no, nor half as much neither. He was a man if ever there was one,

and as good an officer—and as kind-hearted a one too—as ever stepped in shoe-leather. Why, bless yer, it 'ud ha' done your heart good to see him, in the middle of a thunderin' hard day's work (when everythin' was a-goin' wrong, and we was all gruntin' and growlin' under our breath), turn round to us with as jolly a face as if he'd been a-eatin' of his dinner, and say—

"My lads," he'd say, "this'll be somethin' to laugh over by-and-by, when it's all done!"

And when we'd see him so jolly over it, and pickin' out the very worst o' the work for hisself, 'stead o shovin' it all upon us, like some as I've seen—him, as had been reared, so to speak, on the fat o' the land, and fed with a silver spoon, like—we couldn't, for very shame, hang back and make faces over it. My chum, Tom Jackson, used to say as the Major freshened us up more nor a double ration o' liquor all round; and he did too, and no mistake. For, mark ye, we privates ain't sitch precious fools as some folk makes us out—we can tell what sort o' man we're under, as well as any 'oss with his rider; and when we feels as there's a man over us as can remember that we're flesh and blood like hisself, and treat us like men, and not like dogs, we'll go anywhere and do anythin' for him—blowed if we won't!

Now I should tell yer, sir, as one o' the Major's ways was gettin' up as early as early could be, and goin' all over the place afore sun-up; and no matter how late he might ha' been the night afore (when there was a jollification at mess, or anythin' o' that sort), as sure as mornin' came, there he was, as fresh as a cricket, and never missin' a bit of his round. For, d'ye see, he was that sort o' chap that he'd never be satisfied without he'd seen, with his very own two eyes, as how everythin' was a-goin' as it should be; and I wish there was more of his sort about, I do.

Well, one mornin' when the sun was just a-peepin' over the tree-tops, and everythin' still cool and pleasant, I sees the Major a-comin' back from his walk. But 'stead o' goin' at a good steady pace, like he gen'lly did, he was a-spankin' along like any postman, and in he comes among us hot foot, and sings out—

"My lads, I've got a job for you. Six of you take your arms, and come with me."

We all on us came for'ard at once, for we knowed as he wouldn't send us nowhere where he didn't mean to go hisself; and when men once know that, you can lead 'em anywhere. He picks out me and Tom Jackson, and four more, and away we goes with sloped arms like on parade, and him a-leadin' on us.

As he hadn't said nothin' 'bout what work he wanted us for, I warn't quite sure if it 'ud be right to ax him; but he'd spoke to me several times already, off and on, and I knowed him for one as 'ud always give a civil answer to a civil question; so when we'd tramped a spell without a word spoken anywhere, I says—

"Axin' your honour's pardon," says I to him, "what *is* this here job as we're bound on, if I may make so bold?" says I.

"Well, my man," says he, "it's nothing very glorious," he says, "but there'll be some fighting in it for all that. Fact is, I've spotted a big snake close by here, and I don't choose to have him loafing about the place, and perhaps snapping some of you up when you're not thinking of it, so I just mean to settle him at once. He was asleep when I saw him, so if we can finish him before he gets his nap out, so much the better."

At that we all grinned like anything, thinking it no end of a spree; for, you see, after stickin' in this out-o'-the-way hole so long, without any fun, anything in the way of a lark was reg'lar nuts to us. So for'ard we went, briskly enough, for all round the cantonments o' course the scrub had been cleared away, and we had plain ground to walk on. But when we got to the edge of the jungle, where there was a path cut, as it might be, 'bout the breadth o' that 'ere little table by the window yander, the Major pulls up for a minute, and says to us, says he—

"Now, my men, you must be as quiet as you can, for if we can pin this beggar before he wakes up, we shall have an easier bargain of him."

So in we all went as quiet as mice, single file, with the Major in front—for catch him lettin' anybody git ahead of him when there was danger about! All to once he stops short, and points with his finger; and I, happenin' to be next behind him, steps for'ard to reconnoitre, guessin' as how we was in presence of the enemy.

Fust thing I seed was a small white buildin' (one o' them idol-temples, by the look on't), all overgrowed with bushes and briars. I should say it must ha' bin rather pretty when it was new, but now the roof was smashed in, and there was a big piece cracked out of the doorway, and the creepers had run rank all over it, and the walls was all plastered with moss and green slime, and altogether it had a dreary, t'other-world kind o' look, as 'ud ha' made a man rather shy o' goin' near it arter dark.

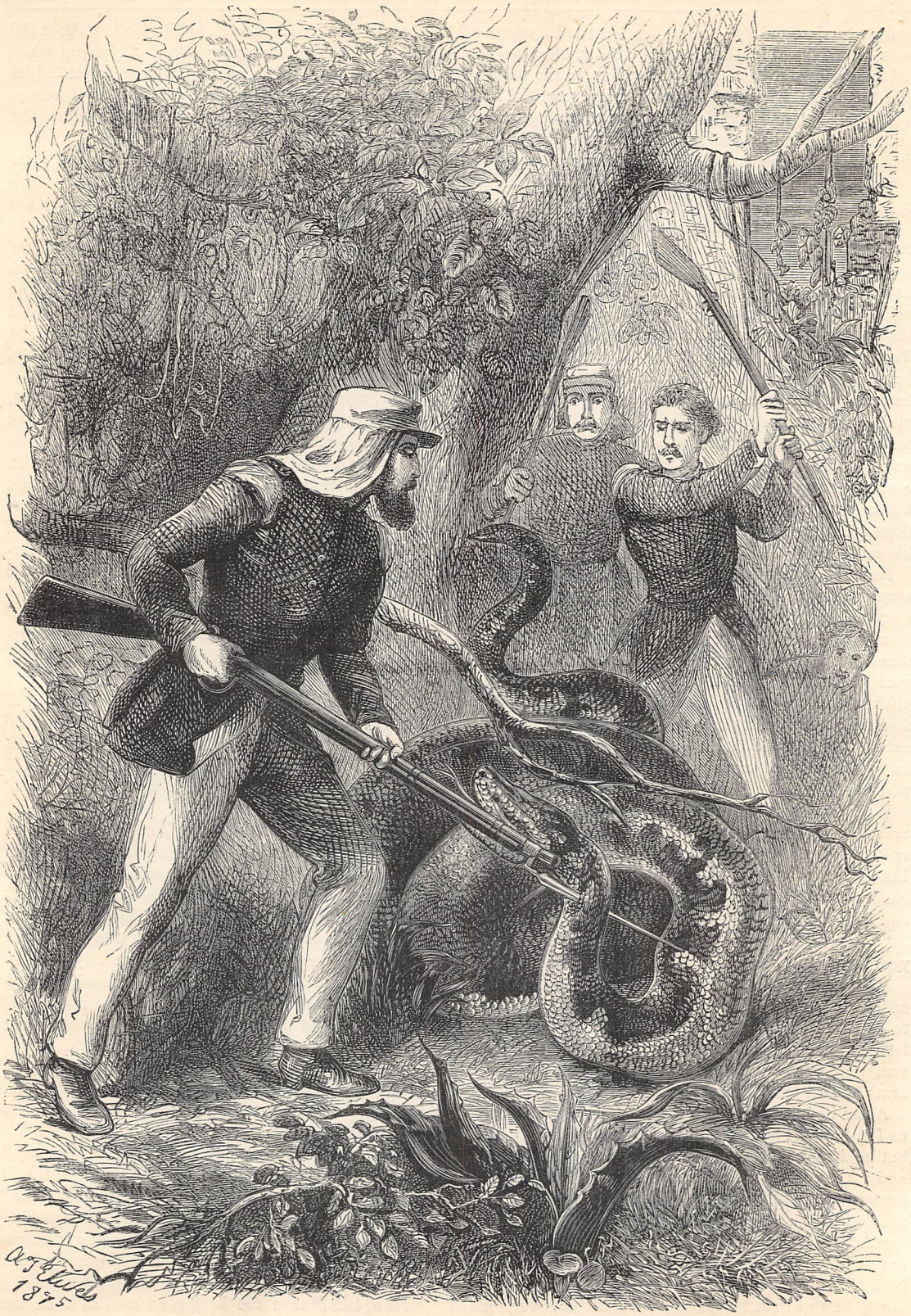
But when I got nearer, I seed summut inside as drove everythin' else clean out o' my head. The sun was fairly up now, and came streaming through the cracks and crannies o' the ruin, makin' a sort o' half-and-half light, like a room with the blinds down. At the back o' the temple a thunderin' big tree had forced its way slap through the wall, and was a-lyin' slantways, with its roots half torn up, and its head propped agin the wall, and all about it there was a glitterin' and glimmerin' of all the colours o' the rainbow—jist sitch a glitter as you see when the sun catches a big cobweb with the dew on it. And there the old sinner was, as large as life, coiled round and round the trunk, and sleepin' as innercently as if he'd never done no harm in his life!

"He's pretty strongly intrenched, is the enemy," whispers Tom Jackson to me, with a grin, "but we'll be into his works pretty sharp, for all that—eh, Jim?"

Through the doorway we scrambled, and picking our way gingerly among the fallen stones, got within arm's-length of old Corkscrew, who had never moved a bit.

"Now, lads," says the Major, as cool as if he was a-giving the word on parade, "thrust!"

The words warn't out of his mouth when "plug" went



"HE MIGHT AS WELL HA' HACKED A GUTTER-PERCHER ROLLER!" (*p.* 337).

all our bagnets into the old sarpint, while the Major out sword, and began a-hackin' away at him like one o'clock ; but, bless yer, he might as well ha' hacked a gutter-percher roller !

Well, sir, you may think as the feel o' six English bagnets goin' plum through him was enough to rouse any snake as ever wore scales; and it rousted him up, with a vengeance.

Fust thing I heerd was a hiss like steam comin' out of a engine-biler ; and then cum a smash as if the whole buildin' was down a-top of us, and a yell from our men, and then a rumble-tumble among the stones. The old varmint had unreeled hisself as quick as a coil o' rope runnin' out, and with one slap of his tail had knocked the Major and five more on us head over heels.

So there was I, left to tackle the job single-handed, with a thunderin' old snake, as long as a fire-hose, lashin' and whackin' at me with his confounded old tail, every whack soundin' as loud as if some pavior was a-rammin' down the Great Pyramid with a church-tower. Luckily there was a forked bough in the road, so he couldn't get a fair lick at me ; but the very wind of his blows putty nigh knocked me down of itself; and with this blessed old coil o' live rope comin' curlin' and whirlin' within a hinch o' my nose, and the hissin' and the thumpin' and the shakin', I'm blowed if I didn't feel jist as if I'd been cotched in one o' them precious cotton-spinnin' machines, as father used to work at in Manchester. Howsomdever, by duckin' and dodgin' like a hacrobat, I managed to save my skin, and all the while I stuck to my bagnet, which was through his neck, so as he couldn't get his head loose to bite me.

Presently his flapping and wriggling began to slacken, as if he was gettin' spent ; and just then I seed Tom Jackson, who hadn't got it quite as heavy as the rest, scramblin' to his pins agin.

"Hit him on the tail, Tom," screeches I, "the tail's the place !"

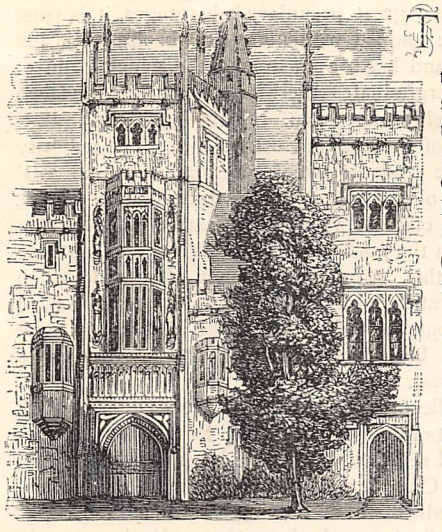
Tom clubbed his piece, and began poundin' away like a thresher ; and just then the Major staggers up, fists hold of another musket, and jines in with a will. Three or four good licks smashed his tail ; and it's precious lucky as them big snakes *are* so brittle 'bout the tail, for as to hurtin' 'em anywhere else, you might as well try to cut a German sassage with a slate-pencil.

Then the others, who'd been quite *none compass* at fust, picked theirselves up, and among us all we settled Mr. Snake's hash, and lugged him out on to the grass ; and the Major says, "Well done !" and tips us a rupee [two shillings] apiece all round. Then we ketches hold o' the body, and carries it home to quarters, for to stuff it for a curio. And when we cum to measure it, it was good thirty feet from head to tail, and three feet round in the middle ; and if you don't believe it, ax Tom Jackson, who lives just next door to me here.

Now, then, what d'ye say to a cup o' tea afore you goes?

DAVID KER.

THE NON-COLLEGIATE STUDENT IN OXFORD.



THE functions of the University are three-fold: (1) to encourage learning; (2) to teach; (3) to test results.

A student may now be admitted to the University in two capacities: (1) as a collegiate student; (2) as non-collegiate, or "unattached." The points of resemblance and difference between the two classes form the subject of the present paper.

All students before admission have to satisfy certain officials that they are morally and intellectually fit persons. The standard of the matriculation examination practically determines the intellectual prestige of the College. For members of Halls and unattached students it is not high. When once matriculated, examinations are for all precisely similar. Prizes and degrees have for all precisely the same value—as certificates of attainments.

Instruction.—The organised aids to education differ for the two classes. For both, it is true, the classes of professors and other lecturers are available; but for the collegiate student special instruction is provided by the tutors of the College or Hall to which he belongs. Private tuition can readily be obtained from a large number of able men, but this is matter of personal consideration and expenditure. If, as is the case, it is necessary for the collegiate student, it is *à fortiori* imperative for the non-collegiate. Here, however, one of the advantages of the new system may be seen. The non-collegiate student, not obliged to attend lectures which may be worthless, as in the case of his collegiate fellow-student, is at liberty to choose a tutor for himself. He naturally goes to the best man.

Tuition is not only cheapened, but improved by competition.

All students are alike amenable to the discipline of the University, which is in many respects full of absurd inconsistencies and trivialities. Here, however, a

third class arises—or rather, a subdivision of the collegiate class; and students may be classified as follows:

1. Those who must live in a College or Hall during the greater portion of their University career.

2. Those who, while belonging to a College or Hall, may live entirely in lodgings.

3. Those who must live in lodgings because there is nowhere else for them to live—*i.e.*, the unattached, or non-collegiate.

The reason of this three-fold division does not lie very deep. Class 3 sprang up as a crusade against collegiate expenses; Class 2 sprang up partly as a confession, partly as a compromise, of the evil. Class 1 remains, by far the largest class, consisting of those who suffer from exorbitant charges.

Now let us compare the expenses of collegiate with those of non-collegiate students.

A collegiate student pays on entrance the following fees:—To the University at matriculation, £2 10s.; to a College on admission, £25; for furniture of rooms, taken at a valuation, £25; he requires plate, bed and table linen, which may be put down at the modest sum of £20; china and glass, together with various household utensils, purchased from his "scout,"* and claimed by him as perquisites on his master's departure, which may be priced at £10;† total, £82 10s. It must here be admitted that at most of the Halls, and at Keble College, many of these expenses are avoided. Furniture may be hired, and a fixed rate covers other sundry charges.

A non-collegiate student pays to the University at matriculation £5, and as caution-money £2. He chooses lodgings where he pleases, provided they are licensed, and at what rent he pleases; and as the terms vary from 8s. to 70s. weekly, his choice is not limited. A fixed weekly payment includes all his needs. His personal effects are all he brings. He need not possess plate, linen, china, or glass. He has his meals when he likes, buys his food where he likes, and is under no petty restraint such as is enforced in the matter of food at the Halls and College above-mentioned.

The expense of entrance, then, stands thus: £7 to £10 for the non-collegiate, £80 to £90 for the collegiate student.

During a year of residence—which is usually twenty-two weeks, never more than twenty-four—the collegiate student pays to the University, £1; to his College or Hall, room-rent, £10; tuition, £20, which in the majority of cases has to be supplemented by private tuition; establishment charges, £20. This last item includes "servant's dues," but yet the student has to "tip" his scout sums varying from £3 to £6. Then as to food. If at the colleges the 6d. loaf is charged 8d., if butter at 1s. 10d. is charged 2s. 6d., and if the scouts get more in perquisites in one day than their masters eat in two, it is hardly possible for a student, however careful, to keep his weekly bills for food lower than 30s. or £2. This allows of little or none of the hospitality which plays so important a part in true collegiate life. Total, £100.

* The scout is the apportioned servant.

† In the above sums an average has been struck.

It is officially stated that unattached students have paid all the above corresponding charges with £45. Allowing £15 for room-rent and attendance, £36 for board, £20 for private tuition, £5 for University dues, we have a total of £76, and may fairly accept £55 as the average cost.

In addition to this, the expenses of travelling, clothes, medical attendance, books, charity, amusements, and subscriptions must not be forgotten. But these fall on the collegiate student and the non-collegiate in the proportion of about ten to one. If the former were not to support the cricket, boating, athletic sports, musical societies, balls, and concerts, he might as well be an unattached student at once.

If we add £20 for private tuition to the current expenses of the former, the amount will be £120, as opposed to the £55 of the latter, and taking the total for the first year—*i.e.*, payments on entrance and current expenses—the sums are respectively £200 and £62, to say nothing of the disproportionate nature of other items enumerated, but not priced.

A collegiate student who has obtained permission to reside entirely in lodgings, is exempt only from such charges as valuation of furniture and room-rent. Establishment and tuition charges he has to pay to his College. His only advantage, therefore, will lie in the skill with which he can economise his personal expenditure. All the other social drains upon his purse are the same as though he lived in college.

What then are the advantages of the non-collegiate student? Pecuniary advantages only—at present. It would be cruel to deceive a lad into the belief that the Oxford of the unattached is the Oxford of which he has heard so much—so bright, easy, and free from care. He has great pecuniary advantages, it is true, but they are coupled with many drawbacks. His life is solitary and hard, and, among the general run of Oxford undergraduates (there is no concealing the fact), at present held in disesteem. It is the ignorance and extravagance of the age that causes this. The majority of collegiate students live far beyond their parents' means, and out of proportion to their future incomes. There is no class so wasteful, so extravagant, so discontented in the matter of food. Wives and mothers will testify this. The pinch comes afterwards, when they are curates and under-masters. It seems so hard to go without a good cigar, or the best wine; to be careful with butter, and not always to eat the prime joints of meat. It is the fault of a vicious system. The non-collegiate student learns the value of money and the cost of living. He wins, in lessons of economy, wisdom, and self-denial, what he loses in a few trifling pleasures. Crusaders cannot expect an easy time. Collegiate education and living ought to be cheaper than non-collegiate. It is not so. If the crusade succeeds—and, to judge from facts, there is every likelihood that it will—students will be able to obtain the best education, the best food, and the greatest comforts in the cheapest market. All this can only be effected by systems kindred to that which has opened Oxford to non-collegiate students.

A RESIDENT M.A.

"HOW SHALL I CHOOSE MY HOUSE-LINEN?"

Of course the majority of readers will quickly turn over this leaf when their eye catches sight of those two words—"house-linen," for naturally they will deem the subject to be a most prosaic and uninteresting one. Nevertheless, it is of high importance to all housewives; and as I purpose to deal with the subject in a thoroughly practical manner, I doubt not but that the useful particulars herein jotted down, will be acceptable to those persons whose minds happen to be intent on providing their households with these most necessary articles of daily use.

In portioning out the money for the purchase of furniture, a goodly part should be set aside for the requisite house-linen, the several items of which form a somewhat lengthy catalogue, and, when added up in actual money, a considerable sum-total. Like the pots and the pans, and other seemingly insignificant but necessary appendages of a house, a great many pounds, shillings, and pence are swallowed up in their purchase, and yet there seems so little to show in comparison with the greatness of the outlay.

Here is a list of the items: Table-cloths and napkins, tray-cloths and d'oyleys, kitchen table-cloths, glass, tea, knife, pudding, and dish-cloths; roller-towels and dusters; sheets, bolster and pillow-cases; chamber-towels and toilet-covers, with the addenda of quilts and blankets.

Allow me to remark to the world in general that housewives of the present day take scarcely enough pride in the display of house-linen. I am of opinion that the exhibition we see of it in dining-room, bed-chamber, and kitchen, is a great test of good or bad housewifery.

Maybe you will say, "We had no experience, and are suffering from the effects of an unwise choice at the outset. We did not know the merits and demerits of double and single damask, nor were we aware that a cloth in which cotton threads were intermixed with linen could never look smooth and glossy. Our sheets are rather short, our pillow-cases too narrow, our blankets will not be tucked in, and our quilts soon looked soiled; but we had no knowledge on these points to guide us."

I am sorry if this be the case; but now make use of my experience, for very probably you will have to renew your stock ere long. A century or two ago, the store of house-linen with which a young couple started on setting up housekeeping, served their lives, and not uncommonly it was bequeathed to their descendants still fit for use; whereas, in these degenerate days, the original set has to be renewed every ten or fifteen years. We have not time to search into the actual cause of this; but I think the real reasons are probably these, that we do not provide ourselves with such a large stock as that with which our provident grandmothers were wont to fill their chests and presses; nor can it be denied that linen as now manufactured is not equal in durability to the homespun of olden days.

The price of wool, linen, and cotton rises and falls, as you know; therefore I do not pretend to note down the *exact* sums for which you may at any time obtain these articles. My object is to give you some notion of what the necessary outlay will be, in order that you may be able to make a rough calculation of the cost.

We will first consider the *table-napery*. The price of this depends on three things—*i.e.*, upon the size, the pattern, and whether of single or double damask. "Spots and sprigs" are less expensive patterns than those which have a centre design and a border. Single damask is little more than half the cost of double damask. However, as I am no friend of the former, I shall not quote the price of it; for, being single, it is naturally a thinner substance, and therefore it cannot look as well; it easily creases and crumples; nor is it able to exhibit its pattern in such strong relief as double damask.

As it would be impossible to enumerate the various sizes and their prices, we must take that of an ordinary table, which would require a cloth measuring $1\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The price of such an one with small pattern would be (in round figures) from 7s. to 12s.; with centre pattern and border, from 9s. to 22s.

Just to show how much money *may* be spent on table-linen, I will mention that the cost of a very long cloth—say eight or nine yards—would be at least £10 or £11, and the table-napkins to match would be £2 10s. the dozen.

It is now the fashion to have table-napkins larger than formerly. The medium size is surely the most convenient—26 by 30 inches; the prices of these vary from 13s. to 28s. per dozen for spots or sprigs. If you wish for beauty of design added to superiority of texture, you can procure it by paying an extra pound.

Tray-cloths are usually of uniform size—*i.e.*, 34 by 43 inches—and they range from 2s. 6d. up to 6s. 6d. each, according to quality and pattern. The small fringed d'oyleys are useful for pastry, and cost from 3s. to 12s. per dozen.

In buying all these above enumerated, be sure that the linen is really *bonâ fide* linen. Go to a good trustworthy shop or warehouse, where you can depend on the word of the seller that no cotton is mixed in the materials you select. Table-napery will never please the critical eye if it is not pure linen, for it can never be made to look smooth or glossy.

For *kitchen or nursery table-cloths*, a strong half-bleached linen, sold by the yard, is the best; that 45 inches wide is about 1s. 6d. per yard.

Kitchen cloths.—The price of glass-cloths is according to the size. The medium one of 23 by 35 inches is the most convenient, avoiding as it does the common faults of being either too large or too small; these are about 6s. 6d. per dozen. For ordinary kitchen use the white loom towels, at 4s. the dozen, are the best; and for rough use the Forfar towels, price 3s. the dozen, are serviceable. The linen crash for

roller-towels is sold at the rate of 6d. per yard. Knife-cloths should not be too large, and half-a-dozen would suffice, which would cost about 1s. 6d. Nor should the pudding-cloths be forgotten, the linen for which is 7d. per yard.

Dusters are always a worry to housekeepers, for they are for ever disappearing, and never reappearing; and, moreover, they cost more than one would suppose. The union check dusters are the strongest and most durable, but the medium size is not to be had under 3s. 3d. per dozen. I do not recommend more than half-a-dozen of this kind, for they are too hard and stiff for polished surfaces. The "patent cotton" dusters are particularly adapted for furniture, but they are rather expensive, being 7s. the dozen. I find that glazed calico, either white or coloured, when the stiffening has been washed out, makes very nice soft dusters, and is considerably less expensive; but then I suggest that you take the trouble to hem them, or they will soon get torn, and then will be considered as rags.

Now let us turn to the bed-room requisites.

Sheets.—I don't suppose that our grandmothers would have allowed any cotton sheets to intrude into their linen-press, and yet how generally they are used now! I must confess to old-fashioned tastes—prejudice, if you will—and accordingly I turn up my nose at cotton sheets, and am half offended if expected to lie between them. I suppose it is, perhaps, only custom which has engendered this feeling, for I hear people declaim against linen as cold and comfortless. I think it cannot be denied, however, that linen wears longer and keeps its colour better than cotton.

The width of sheeting for a single bed should be about 66 inches, and for an ordinary-sized double bed 78 to 88 inches. The length should average two and a half yards; but if you want what are termed handsome sheets—namely, plenty to turn in and turn over—the proper length is three yards.

For ordinary use the linen should not be very thin or fine: a good medium quality may be had for 3s. per yard, the best quality being about 8s. Half-bleached linen is less in price, being from 2s. to 4s., according to width. A very serviceable sheeting, and one particularly fitted for winter use, is the twilled calico. The 78-inch width is 2s. 3d. per yard. Then there are what are called Bolton sheets, suitable for servants' beds. These are sold at prices varying from 3s. to 10s. per pair.

Linen is always preferable to calico for pillow-cases. Even if it be coarse, it will not soil so quickly as calico, however fine the latter may be. For 1s. 6d. a yard you should get a nice linen for this purpose.

Chamber-towels.—The huckaback towels are the best suited for every-day use. These can be bought in the piece, or the towel ready-made. The choice depends on whether you like a fringe or a hem as the finish.

Towels should be at least 35 or 40 inches long, for if short they will continually slip off the towel-rail. Towels made of good huckaback cost from 9d. to 1s. a-piece. For the guest-chamber, huckaback with damask borders look the best. These cost about a shilling more than the plainer ones. There are also linen diaper towels. For those who prefer a soft towel, these have that trait; but they so soon get damp and wet, that it takes several of them to perform a duty which one alone would do if made of huckaback.

The toilet-cover requires a few words. Those cut off the piece and made at home are more satisfactory in every way. It is a great chance whether the size of the ready-made cover suits that of the dressing-table; and an inch or so too long, or too short, gives an untidy appearance. Very often, also, the fringe is poor, or badly sewn on, and after the cover is washed these defects appear. You will get a very nice material for 1s. 3d. per yard, and a dozen yards of the loop fringe for 1s.

A muslinette cover, bordered with a deep cambric frill, is particularly pretty for the "best bed-chamber."

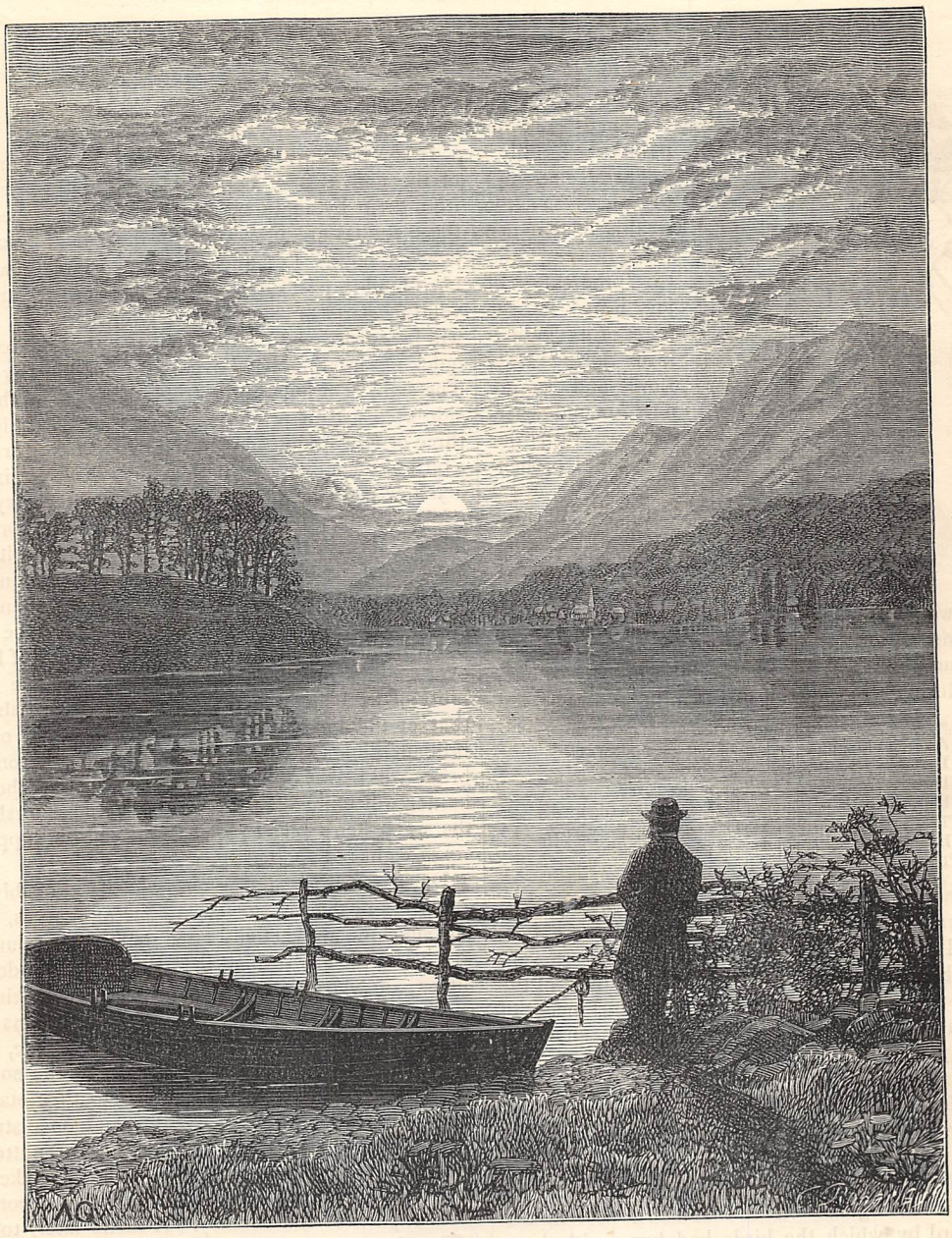
Quilts.—The white Marseilles quilts, figured on both sides, look the handsomest, but they are rather heavy for summer use—one $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 yards would cost a guinea. The cotton honeycomb is much lighter—in that size the price is 18s. Then there are what are called toilette-quilts—these range from 9s. to 33s. in that same size. Of course the patterns do not show effectively in the lower-priced ones, and the material is very loosely woven.

The old-fashioned knotted counterpane is still manufactured, and is the least expensive, being about 14s. for the above size. The coloured Alhambra counterpane is suitable for servants' beds—they are to be had for 5s. and 10s. In buying quilts for single beds, bear in mind that the difference in size should be in the width only. I forgot this the other day, and did not find out my mistake until too late to remedy it, and that short quilt troubles my eyes daily.

Blankets.—In respect to price, the Witney blankets are about the least expensive of the several kinds made. Take for instance a pair measuring $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards; the best quality of Witney would be 37s. 6d., the Irish the same, the Bath 53s. For single beds or under-blankets, of course this size would be too large. The price per pair of those measuring $1\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, Witney and Irish, is 15s. 6d.; of Bath, 20s.

Many people, who live in large and smoky towns, prefer the scarlet blankets to the white ones; these are more expensive in comparison, the prices running from 15s. to 40s. per pair. The blue-grey blankets are useful for servants' beds, and may be had from 7s. to 10s. 6d. the pair.

In the middle of last winter I spent a fortnight in a curate's cottage, and, owing to circumstances into which I need not enter, I had but one blanket on my bed; but happily for me it was a good one, and a new one, and I always felt quite a comfortable glow when enfolded in it. I passed on to another house, a mansion in comparison to the cottage, and there I had three blankets on the top of me; verily I speak the words of soberness and truth, when I say that these three together did not afford warmth equal in degree to that one good blanket I had just quitted. E.C.



ERE THE NIGHT.

I LOOK out across the waters
To the gold and crimson west,
Where the regal sun is drawing
Evening's veil before his breast;
Ere, with kindly care for mortals
Who are weary and o'erworn,
He permits night's dusky portals
To close o'er him until morn;
And I gaze upon his glory
Till I feel no more forlorn.

I had been o'ertried and driven
Ere I brought my boat to shore,
For the wind had been untoward,
And the current mocked my oar;
But the baffling breeze tore past me,
Cheering zephyrs glassed the tide,
And ere evening's shades o'ercast me
I have touched the hither side,
And in yonder sunset glory
I see hope re-typified.

ISABELLA BANKS.

MAY.

HE who can "gild refined gold or paint the lily" might also attempt to describe the wealth of English wild flowers, and the prodigality of joy heard in the notes of its singing-birds during May. Love and beauty now abound wherever we turn our eyes, and lengthening days and warmer sunshine invite all to seek the peace which Nature bestows on those who delight in her many attractions. Mr. Browning, by one or two delicate touches, places his reader as it were at any open window in any country house during a morning of this month :—

> ——————"After April, when May follows,
> And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows;
> Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
> Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
> Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
> That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture."

Nesting cares and incubation mainly occupy the birds during this month. The diversity of architecture and situation which British birds adopt is very remarkable. Probably every one who has lived in the country must have observed curious instances of variation on both these points. Thus the chaffinch ordinarily decorates the outside of its nest (one of the most beautiful, by the way, of British nests) with lichens from the bark of trees, old palings, &c. We once tore into small scraps a letter written in light blue ink, not dissimilar in hue to many lichens, and scattered them in a woody lane. Some little time afterwards we lighted on a chaffinch's nest in the hedge hard by, which the birds had hung with these scraps. They had been industriously brought together, and added instead of lichens for the usual ornament of the exterior.

Again, we have known lace abstracted from a drying ground, and woven into a blackbird's nest; and once saw a pair of swifts choose a singular place for their nest. This was built in one of the closed pipes which carry the rain from the roof of the clerestory of Southwell Collegiate Church. The birds could not fly up the pipe, so were compelled always to enter at the top, and drop down the whole extent of the pipe, some fifteen or twenty feet, to emerge again at the bottom. This tumbling feat seemed greatly to their taste, as they never left the nest by the entrance.

It is a pleasant thing in mature life to resume some of the activities of boyhood, when we are separated from them by an interval of many years, especially if these studies are prosecuted in the company of light-hearted boys. Let any one, for instance, who has been fond in past days of birds'-nesting, accompany a youthful party of eager searchers during May, and he will be surprised to find how little the old habits of quick observation have departed from him by disuse. The sight of a hole in the trunk of a tree on the other side of a stream prompts him to watch it quietly for three or four minutes, when the departure or arrival of a bird at once betrays whether there is a nest in it. If a yellow-hammer flies quietly up from a grassy bank, within a few yards there is certain to be a horsehair-lined nest, with the curiously-marked eggs in it which have given the bird in some parts of the country the appellation of the "writing-lark." A mossy bank, with ivy trailing over it, prompts him to look for the wren's domed abode, while the presence of a bunch of lichens overhead in the hedge at once suggests the probability of its being the most beautiful of British nests, that of the long-tailed tit-mouse. Further on, the brilliant plumage of the bullfinch amongst some tall briars will betray its nest, while by a pond the nest-hunter will immediately scan every tuft of rushes for the water-hen's pile of sticks and sedges, supporting six or eight red-spotted eggs.

During such a walk the observer will probably light upon one or two of our few species of reptiles, enjoying sunshine and activity after their winter slumbers. Mr. Bell, their historian, puts their number down at fifteen, and even these are made up by two kinds of turtle which have on three or four occasions been driven to our coasts. A third species of snake, which has been found of late years sparingly in the south of England, has however to be added to this total. It is not likely that the student will all at once stumble on this rarity, nor on the edible frog, or natterjack toad, but he may easily find the common snake sunning himself on a dry and warm bank. It is common in most parts of the country. A rustic lately told us, "There's a part snakes in Norfolk!" meaning that they abounded in that county. Another, with that astonishing ignorance of natural history so common amongst day-labourers, added, "They do say, when they lie to sun themselves on a bank, that the biggest lies highest up on the bank, under it the next in size, and so on, five or six of them together, but each decreasing in size"—which at all events forms an eminently symmetrical theory.

It was firmly believed among them that if a snake were cut in half with a spade, it would snap at it, and turn the spade blue with its venom (the snake is innocuous!), while the sundered halves would soon come together again and unite.

(Drawn by R. Barnes.)

"THE WEALTH OF ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS."

"*MAY*" (*see page* 342).

"The last I cut in 'alf," said one, "wriggled together certainly, but I don't believe as how *he* would ever have joined himself again."

It is matter of great doubt whether the adder ever swallows her young in times of danger, but we were lately informed by one who has lived his life in the country, and has been in the habit of observing its denizens, that he has seen a snake, sunning itself on a dry bank with its little ones around it, open its mouth on his approach, into which the young immediately glided, and then it too made off. Mr. Bell is somewhat sceptical as to the fact with regard to the adder, but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of our informer.

The toad, emerging from his hole under the bank where he has dozed away the winter, is another reptile which a rambler at this time will be almost certain to find. The same observer told us what at first sounds an incredible story respecting a toad, but a similar encounter is vouched for by the historian of our reptiles as having happened between a toad and an adder, so that there is no need to distrust this narrative.

A characteristic sight of May is sheep-washing. Few memories of childhood spent in the country remain longer with us than the idyllic pictures of the shouting men, plunging white-fleeced sheep, the eddying stream with its green masses of submerged weed, and the delighted group of children watching it all, which so often in after-life recur to the mind in May. Fishermen do not love the scene, as the loose scraps of wool wrap round their flies, and are very difficult to be unrolled; besides which, trout will not at such times pay much attention to their lures, while the baneful modern practice of dipping the sheep in poisonous compositions, and then pouring off the water, proves the death of many fish.

How beautiful are May evenings! The grateful dew falls as the sharp outlines of hedges and trees commingle. Rustic sounds are stilled, and the wayfarer hurries on through the woodlands with his—

> "store
> Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd white anemony,
> Dark blue-bells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
> And purple orchises with spotted leaves."

A little later, and he nears the garden-gate, turning to survey the quiet solitudes of the meadows where—

> "only the white sheep are sometimes seen
> Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanched green."

Ancient as sheep-washing must be, it is curious that Shakespeare, who so seldom misses any picturesque rustic employments, has no allusion to it, though he celebrates sheep-shearing and its feasts.

In the garden so much depends on the weather during May, that it is difficult to lay down general rules.

It is theoretically the month for planting out bedding plants, but in the northern parts of the kingdom, and even the north-eastern English counties, they certainly ought not to be trusted to the beds till the last week, or perhaps, in some seasons, the first week of June. It is better to be in no hurry about it until the weather has quite settled. So, too, dahlias may be planted out, if warm days and nights have set in.

Manure-water should be administered towards the end of the month to such roses as are in bud. It will have to be continued vigorously during June, if really good roses are desired. Do not leave too many buds on the standards in such a case, and where three arise from one stalk, mercilessly nip off the centre one.

Late autumn-flowering annuals should be sown at once, and heartsease may now be propagated by cuttings to flower at that season.

Precepts about nailing up and training creepers, &c., seem superfluous, as a garden is twice as enjoyable when it is neatly kept, and such precepts are always seasonable.

French beans and scarlet runners must be sown in the kitchen-garden. Early celery can be pricked out.

Watering must be carefully attended to amongst the growing crops, and especially in the strawberry-beds. This often makes the difference between a good and a bad crop of this fruit, while all vegetables which are quickly grown are more succulent and tender.

Turnips must be watered in dry weather, or they will all be lost.

Potatoes should be carefully freed from weeds, and earthed up as they advance. Last year it was found that the earliest crops were best able to stand against disease; and besides planting early, let them be gathered in as soon as ripe. They only deteriorate by being left in the wet.

It is well to keep an eye on trained apple and pear-trees, in order to kill insects, and nip off any cross-growing branches, which withdraw much nourishment from the stock, and prevent light and heat from penetrating to the heart of the tree. Standards had better never be pruned, but a little manure does them good. In Devonshire the mud of an old "cob" wall is frequently broken up and laid over their roots, while the stems are whitewashed, in order to kill insects; but it is probably owing to the damp warm climate, rather than to these secrets of husbandry, that the natives are indebted for their splendid crops.

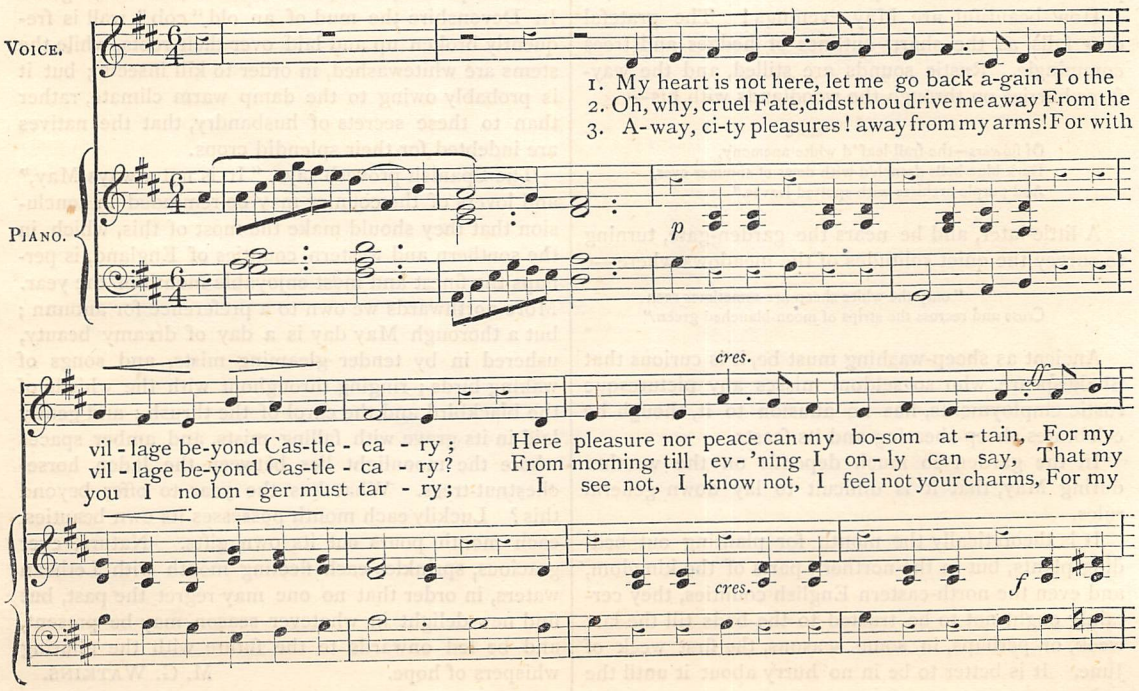
The Spanish proverb says, "It is not always May," and lovers of the country may be reminded in conclusion that they should make the most of this, which, in the southern and western counties of England, is perhaps the finest and most enjoyable month of the year. More northwards we own to a preference for autumn; but a thorough May day is a day of dreamy beauty, ushered in by tender gleaming mists, and songs of waking birds; ringing throughout with the whistle of the blackbird and the carol of the thrush; and gently laid in its grave with falling mists, and amber spaces where the moonlight lies between the laden horse-chestnut-trees. What has the year to offer beyond this? Luckily each month possesses its own beauties, each month pours out its own gifts. Nature, ever gracious, sprinkles each fleeting month with Lethean waters, in order that no one may regret the past, but find new delight in whatever season may be present, and be led onwards to the future with the alluring whispers of hope.

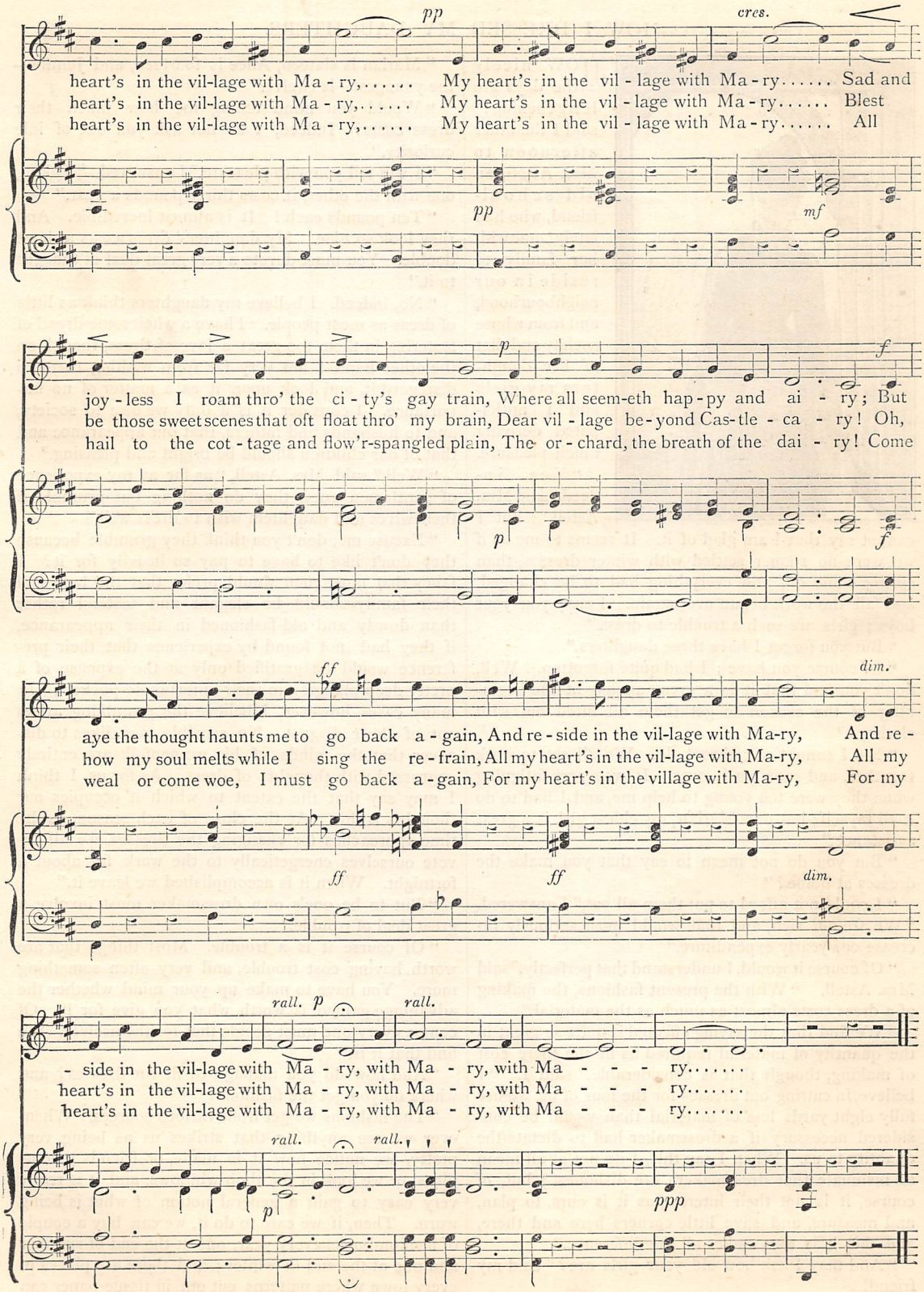
M. G. WATKINS.

(Drawn by J. LAWSON.)

My Heart's in the Village with Mary.

Words by J. BARR. *Music by* J. STAINER.

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cres.
heart's in the vil-lage with Ma - ry,..... My heart's in the vil - lage with Ma - ry..... Sad and
heart's in the vil-lage with Ma - ry,..... My heart's in the vil - lage with Ma - ry..... Blest
heart's in the vil-lage with Ma - ry,..... My heart's in the vil - lage with Ma - ry..... All
pp
mf
joy - less I roam thro' the ci - ty's gay train, Where all seem-eth hap - py and ai - ry; But
be those sweet scenes that oft float thro' my brain, Dear vil - lage be - yond Cas - tle - ca - ry! Oh,
hail to the cot - tage and flow'r-spangled plain, The or - chard, the breath of the dai - ry! Come
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f
aye the thought haunts me to go back a - gain, And re - side in the vil-lage with Ma-ry, And re -
how my soul melts while I sing the re - frain, All my heart's in the vil-lage with Ma-ry, All my
weal or come woe, I must go back a - gain, For my heart's in the village with Ma-ry, For my
ff
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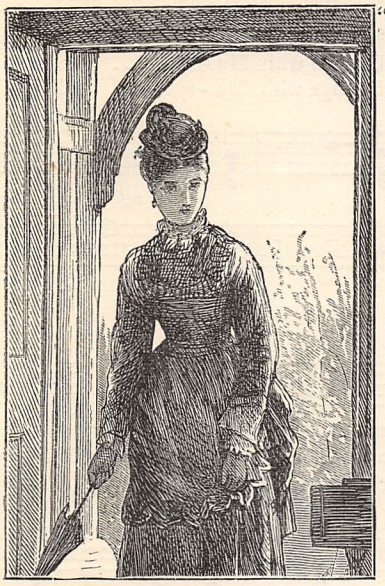
HOW I DRESSED MY DAUGHTERS.



"HOW nicely the days are lengthening!" said I the other afternoon to Mrs. Astell, an old school-friend, who had lately come with her family to reside in our neighbourhood, and from whose society and that of her daughters my girls and I anticipated deriving much pleasure.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Astell, "but I cannot say that I am glad of it. It seems to me as if we were no sooner settled with winter dresses, than spring came on, and everything had to be changed, and all the work begun over again. I envy you your boys; girls are such a trouble to dress."

"But you forget I have three daughters."

"Of course you have; I had quite forgotten. Well, don't you find that it is a great anxiety at the beginning of the season to get them all fitted out with clothes?"

"No, I cannot say that I do. We all set to work together, and soon get it over. It was very fatiguing when they were too young to help me, and I had to do it all myself; but now Marian, my eldest girl, is a great assistance."

"But you do not mean to say that you make the dresses at home?"

"I could not afford to put them all out," I answered. "We are not rich, and that would most seriously increase our yearly expenditure."

"Of course it would, I understand that perfectly," said Mrs. Astell. "With the present fashions, the making of a dress costs almost as much as the material."

"We find that the saving effected is quite as great in the quantity of material required as in the mere cost of making, though that is considerable," said I. "I believe, in cutting out dresses for the four of us, we use fully eight yards less of material than would be considered necessary if a dressmaker had to dictate the quantity to us. When I say this, I do not at all mean to insinuate that dressmakers are dishonest; but, of course, it is not their interest, as it is ours, to plan, and measure, and save little corners here and there, and this it is that makes all the difference."

"And may I ask how old your girls are?" said my friend.

"Marian is sixteen, Alice is fourteen, and Jennie—the youngest—is twelve."

"Would you mind telling me how much their dress costs? Indeed, I do not ask you out of idle curiosity."

"I will tell you with pleasure," I answered. "Taking one with the other, it costs thirty pounds a year."

"Ten pounds each! It is almost incredible. And they look so nice. My daughters' dress costs at least double. You must devote a very great deal of thought to it."

"No, indeed. I believe my daughters think as little of dress as most people. I have a wholesome dread of fostering in them too great a love of dress, though on the other hand I am very far from wishing them to disregard it, and look upon it as a matter of no importance. I consider it is a duty we owe to society, and to husbands and fathers, that our appearance and that of our children should be bright and pleasing."

"Well," said Mrs. Astell, "as far as my experience of gentlemen goes, they do nothing but grumble if their wives and daughters wish to dress well."

"Excuse me, don't you think they grumble because they don't like to have to pay so heavily for it? I fancy that most men would prefer that the ladies of their family should be elegant and tasteful rather than dowdy and old-fashioned in their appearance, if they had not found by experience that their preference would be gratified only at the expense of a pretty deep plunge into their unfortunate pockets. In many cases, however, I believe the grumbling arises out of sheer disgust. No sensible man likes to discover that the minds of his womenfolk are entirely engrossed with thoughts of dress. As for us, I think I may say that the extent to which it occupies our thoughts is this. At the close of each season, as the time approaches for changing the dresses, we all devote ourselves energetically to the work for about a fortnight. When it is accomplished we leave it."

"But to be one's own dressmaker must involve a great deal of trouble."

"Of course it is a trouble. Most things that are worth having cost trouble, and very often something more. You have to make up your mind whether the advantage gained is worth what you give for it. Of course every one must decide that for themselves. We find that it is."

"And how do you manage to fit the dresses? and where do you get the fashions?"

"The fashions we get from various sources. Whenever we see anything that strikes us as being very pretty, we notice how it is made, or friends give us ideas, or we look in the shop windows, and it is really very easy to gain a general notion of what is being worn. Then, if we care to do it, we can buy a couple of fashion-books every year, one at the end of summer and one at the end of winter; and there are places in every town where patterns cut out in tissue-paper can

be bought for a trifling cost. I should tell you, however, that though we endeavour to avoid having our things out of date, we do not attempt to have them in the *height* of fashion, but rather tasteful and neat."

"And why do you avoid the height of fashion?" said Mrs. Astell.

"For one thing, because dresses are more easily both made and altered when they have not so many frills, furbelows, and kiltings; for another, because I think young girls never look so well as when they are simply dressed. Then as to the fit, after people are accustomed to it, there is no difficulty about that. If I were a new beginner at this sort of thing, I should rip up an old dress that fitted nicely, and cut the new material out by it. If, after being used, the pattern were cut out in brown paper, with a written word or two on each piece to say what it was for, and whether or not the turnings-in were allowed, it would last for a long time with slight alterations. I need scarcely say that we always tack the dresses loosely together at first, and fit them on before making them properly."

"Well, I think I shall try if I cannot do as you do," said Mrs. Astell. "The advantages are so great that it is worth while making the effort."

Mrs. Astell did try, and though she found it rather difficult at first, and she and her daughters failed with one or two dresses, yet as she had made the experiment with materials of trifling value, no great loss was sustained. Hilda Astell, the eldest of the sisters, was soon discovered to possess a decided talent for fitting dresses, and as my Marian was particularly clever in trimming hats and bonnets, they used each to avail themselves of the other's services in these departments. I am quite sure that the saving they effected was considerable.

It must be evident, however, that in order to dress economically, and well, attention has to be paid to something else than dressmaking and millinery, so I had better narrate in detail the plan we adopted to accomplish this desirable end. As I have before said, we calculated the expense of our dress one with the other—that is, we were very careful to buy good material, everything was the best of its kind, and then the dresses were made up again and again, and used for the younger ones after the elder ones had done with them. I do not think much of any fabric that cannot, with proper treatment, be worn for three seasons. Many will last for four or five. We were very fond of washing materials, such as hollands, cottons, and blue tickings, for morning wear; French cambric and muslin for evening. When I say muslin, I do not mean thin muslin, but the thick white muslin with a stripe or check on it, which can be worn with a lining quite up to the throat if necessary. If my girls went to a picnic or evening party, they always wore white. The advantage of these dresses is that after washing they look fresh and new. And here I must mention one great point—*we got them up at home.* When my eldest girl was about eight years old, a friend of my mother's came in to see us, and in talking to the child, asked her if she could wash and iron.

I laughed, and said—

"It is rather too early to begin that yet."

"Not at all, my dear," she replied. "If you will take my advice, you will buy the little girl a small box-iron and two heaters, and let her on regular days wash, starch, and iron her own doll's-clothes. If you do that, and, disregarding the trouble, take a little pains to show her how to do them properly, you will find that in a short time she can do small things for you; and when she is a big girl, will be able to do her own dresses."

I followed this advice with all the girls, and the result is that Marian can get up her own dresses very nicely indeed, and assists me with her sisters'. We should find washing dresses very expensive if this were not done. I hear constantly of laundresses charging half-a-crown for muslin and piqué dresses, and more than that, of tearing and scorching them, so that they have to be laid aside long before the proper amount of wear has been got out of them. I would therefore advise young ladies, with whom the expense of their dress is a consideration, to learn to iron. It is quite clean work, there is nothing dirty or disagreeable about it; and if they can do it, their dress during the summer may always be light, fresh, pretty, and very inexpensive. As to the washing, we had a good stock of summer dresses, and a woman came in once a fortnight to wash them out. We did the rest ourselves.

With these muslin dresses my girls wore natural flowers whenever they could get them, and in this way saved the money that would otherwise have had to be spent on ribbons or artificial ones. We had fortunately a piece of ground belonging to our house. Very small it was; but they took a little pains with it, put in seeds, and reared a few plants—just sufficient for the table and for their hair and dress. Perhaps it was a mother's partiality, but I never saw any girls who looked in my eyes better than mine did, with their bright faces, their simple dresses, and a rose, a scarlet geranium, or perhaps a few ivy-leaves or holly-berries in hair and bosom. Surely there is nothing in nature half so pretty as an unaffected, pretty girl, prettily dressed.

There are of course many people so circumstanced that they cannot get up their own dresses. To these I would recommend alpacas of all shades, which look well, and have an endless amount of wear in them; also bèges and shalets—good shalets, costing about two shillings and tenpence per yard. Alpacas, however, are the best. A superior black alpaca looks almost as well as a silk. By the way, it is very nice when a girl can have one pretty silk dress; but this cannot be obtained out of ten pounds a year. For winter wear we chose French merinoes and woollen reps, and were careful to buy a couple of yards of any fabric more than was required for immediate use, and with these we were able to make afterwards any alterations we wished. I always made a point of doing this, because I had again and again been obliged to throw dresses aside for want of a little extra material; which, if not purchased at the time, I had found difficulty in matching when repairs were necessary. I am very partial to subdued colours in dress. If a

girl is awkward, the awkwardness is not so conspicuous; and if she is pretty, the prettiness will not be overpowered.

Bonnets and hats of course were trimmed at home, and seldom cost more than six or eight shillings each.

We followed the same rule with underclothing that we did with dresses. We chose good calico, and took pains to make them nicely, and then there was always satisfaction in looking at and wearing them. At the same time, they were not too elaborately trimmed, on account of the ironing. I need scarcely say that we never thought of *buying* embroidery. We wore Welsh flannel; for, though it does not look quite so well as the Lancashire to begin with, it wears much better; and also Balbriggan hose. On two points I was most particular, and those were gloves and boots. However well a lady may be dressed in every other respect, if these are defective, all the rest will be spoilt. A badly-fitting glove, or an untidy, unshapely boot, would detract from the appearance of the best-dressed lady in the world. There are no two particulars in which our French neighbours excel us more than in these. With regard to them, I can only repeat what I have said about so many other things—that the best are the cheapest. Good kid gloves can be cleaned again and again—that is, if they are not worn too long. For every-day wear, the best calf-skin look very nice, and are much more serviceable than kid. If practicable, the colour should correspond with that of the bonnet. As to boots, the same principle applies. We paid a higher price per pair than many of our friends, but we found on comparing notes that ours wore three times as long as theirs, and that our yearly expenditure was not nearly so high. The great mistake which people make about boots is in wearing them too far before they send them to be repaired. There is no article of a lady's attire of which it may more truly be said, "A stitch in time saves nine." It is good economy to buy boots six months before they are wanted, wear them once or twice to fit them to the foot, then put them away to season.

I think it will be evident that by managing our dress thus—buying everything thoroughly good, and getting the full amount of wear out of them—many articles did not need replacing for three or four years. A mantle was kept two years for best and two years for every-day wear. A waterproof was expected to last at least as long, and the hollands and alpacas the same; and thus the replenishing of the entire wardrobe was spread over a period of four or five years.

I am quite aware that by many people these ideas of mine about dress will be looked upon as rather too quiet and old-fashioned; but I can only say that if my daughters have never been remarkable for their dressiness, neither have they been so for their want of it; and they have done me no discredit when placed in comparison with companions upon whom much larger sums of money have been spent. And when I look around and see how great the tendency is at the present day to bring up girls with no other idea in life than to regard as the chief end thereof the solution of the problem: Wherewithal shall I be clothed? I am better satisfied that my daughters, whilst neat and unpretentious in attire, should have acquired habits of self-help and economy, and remain simple and natural, than that they should be in the possession of extensive wardrobes by the indulgence of extravagant tastes.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

YOUR SECRET.

WHEN the late immortal Thackeray was being shown over a new mansion, it is reported of him (but for the fact I will not vouch any more than for the usual thousand and one light stories of literature) that he put the following query to his guide:—

"But where is the closet, my dear sir, in which you keep the family skeleton?"

Witty enough in its way, this question, and wonderfully suggestive, for is there a house anywhere without its family skeleton? Of course, there are actual skeletons. I distinctly remember to this day, when a boy, living in a country town in Buckinghamshire, being shown, at a veritable apothecary's, a veritable skeleton, in a veritable closet, and I know that I was in veritable alarm all the while it was being exhibited to me, lest it should step out, or spring out, or otherwise—if peradventure, as lawyers would say, it should take it into its hollow head "to annoy, injure, assault, and endanger you the aforesaid, and produce irritation, vexation, alarm, and indignation." However, there the skeleton was, sure enough—a grim spectre: the ogling not to be indulged in by me in any second spectacle, and especially to be forgotten towards evening or bed-time. You wouldn't have caught me sleeping in that doctor's house as a boy, no, not for sacks of marbles, nor piles of rabbit-hutches, nor pigeon-cots of cooing pigeons. To this day I would prefer such an actual skeleton in some other person's closet, and not in one near to my domicile.

However, the figure of speech is what I am dealing with, and we are all supposed, according to prevalent tradition, to have a skeleton in our closet.

What popular philosophy shall we adopt concerning its treatment? First of all, shall we keep open the

closet door, or close it tight, and lock it up as securely as we can? I have thought about the subject, and I am not certain whether the best policy is not to throw the door wide open, and let people see the skeleton.

If you've got a relative given, we will say, to kleptomania, it is best to reveal the fact to your friends, in the delicate euphemistic fashion which the word kleptomania embodies, rather than to be in an everlasting state of uncomfortableness in your feelings lest perchance some acquaintance's dessert-spoons should be missing, and everybody—yourself amongst the number—be suspected of the larceny. Surely it is better for all parties in such a case to do as the phrenological lecturer does—viz., put your hand (figuratively, of course) on the head of your relative, and say—

"This individual betrays a slight commingling of the 'meum and tuum' bumps—the strata, so to speak, of this cranium are not kept separate, but interlace each other in an extraordinary way, so that you can't quite tell which is chalk and which isn't!"

Very well; everybody knows the worst of it then, and on occasions hosts can use plated spoons.

But lock up that skeleton, and you are always looking, not with Mr. Micawber for what may "turn up," but for what may be "taken up," with "ditto," perchance, for your relative when the little weakness is discovered.

Of course it is not pleasant to show all skeletons. We are bound concerning some to lock them up.

In very many families some male or female fellow has, let us suppose, a *penchant* for borrowing money. You must keep the "dark secret" of your relative's habit. You feel quite sure that he is suggesting the help of a signature to a little bill from your closest friend, and borrowing a sovereign till to-morrow from more of your acquaintances than you can count on your fingers. This is uncomfortable.

Another is bibulous—very—and never leaves anything in any bottle, as Dickens says, but the cork and the smell. Oh, pity, a thousand times pity, not for you only as a friend, but for the sons and daughters who have hard work to hide the skeleton, and who do their very best to keep the door fast!

Of course skeletons vary physically, and so they do in the scale of ignominy. They are more or less hideous, all of them. Sometimes it is the skeleton of degrading debt, introduced, let us say, to the poor man's house by the "tally" system, and to the better classes by several years of free-and-easy bill-running. Ah! when borrowing from loan-offices comes, "without inquiry or trouble," with "perfect freedom from expense," and a hundred or two on your furniture is lent at six, seven, eight, nine per cent.—that's a skeleton! Then for years the skeleton is hidden; friends come to dinner or tea; but there the skeleton is by day and night, till one unlucky day the interest is not forthcoming; and then the skeleton rushes out, and hangs the stair-carpet out of the front window, and writes "distraint" on the bill of sale at the hall-door. The moral is, keep as clear of skeletons as you possibly can. It is far easier to bear the absence of flattering compliments on your articles of vertu, than to have the bill for them sticking in your digestion, like a blanket in the inside of a snake. Well, you meet a man or woman at home or abroad, in the street or on the Cunard steamer, and you say—

"My dear friend, you have *your secret!* I wonder what it is."

Never mind, my reader: we don't believe in confessionals; and if we are going to show our skeletons to everybody, we are, trust me, not going to show them to *you* only for criticism's sake. Bah! How contemptible is the man who says—

"Know Jones? I'll tell you—but you mustn't repeat it—his family secret."

Ah! neither wine nor walnuts give that kind of human shark such relish as this. Cut a man like that at once, dear reader, and tell him plainly you don't want to know Jones's secret, and that you feel pretty sure it is not a whit more ugly and disgraceful than one such which the confidence-revealer has shut up in his own history. If people did not relish dishes of scandal, no one would serve them up. Of course people bring trouble upon themselves sometimes by their own stuckupiness. They are very distinguished, very mincing, very ultra-refined; and out comes a fact which shows there is "no call" for too much of this sort of show.

One of the comic papers put this humorously once. A little street-boy stops a swell in Regent Street, and inquires, "If you please, sir, are you anybody in particular?" Yes, people feel a morbid delight in finding out the skeleton when you pretend to be "somebody in particular;" and thus it always will be. My friend, don't be bumptious—don't be "loud"—don't give too much "bush" with your wine—don't be in a hurry to put the coat-of-arms on the carriage unless it was originally on the family barrow—don't patronise other people—don't walk and talk on stilts—don't remember the "Admiral" in your family and forget the "unadmirable" relatives—don't, if your parents once belonged to a certain "society," ask, with a dove-like innocence, what the tenets of these people "weally are—you know?"—don't, as Ruskin says, "try to be a prodigy." Thus you will escape many an inquiry about the family skeleton.

Many heroes and heroines die, who have lived and suffered—unnoticed and unknown; and amongst their ranks have been many who have cloaked the faults of others, and concealed the darker side of life. Valiant and beautiful souls! The world knew little of their true glory; and, as a rule, society gives its "hurrahs" to more pronounced and prominent victors! Let it be quite understood that there are other lessons—such, for instance, as "contentment"—springing out of this subject. Will you, my friend, exchange your closet skeleton for anybody else's? No, not you. And would you like anybody to make a peep-show of yours? Not exactly! Then be a gentleman in this also, and say, "I don't want to make an 'open Sesame' of anybody's secret." Be as happy, cheery, and useful as you can, and society will let you keep "your secret."

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE merry month of May, about which poets write, all brightness, warmth, and sunshine, exists only in their imaginations, in this nineteenth century of ours; and the probability is that we wrap our warm fur mantles quite as closely round us, in the early part of May, as we did in March. Still by this time, if we do not wear them, we either have, or are about to invest in, our demi-saison and season dresses, and in no month of the year does dress occupy the feminine mind more.

Black and white still hold their own—that is, black velvet intermixed with white washing-silk, crêpe de Chine, white matelassé, and other such materials, which find as much favour as ever; and the probability is that in England, as here in Paris, gold and silver braids will be much introduced on these for full dress occasions. Few mixtures are more becoming, and moreover durable; and just now there are few better investments in the matter of dress than a black velvet skirt, which comes in usefully all the year round, and for all occasions.

We are imitating the magpie in our choice of colours, the peacock in the arrangement of our skirts. No evening dress is in good style, now, unless it is cut in a fashion that resembles a peacock's tail; this floats very gracefully, and is by no means the worst mode of the hour.

The spring bonnets still retain the hat-like form, and match the dress exactly; but the newest have strings which come from the back, and not from immediately above the ear. Spring flowers are most in favour where flowers are used, but the prevailing notion of getting money's worth for money shows itself in the heavy buckles, feathers, and bead trimmings so generally introduced.

There is a chance that the long pre-Raphaelite figures we have been wont to admire on canvas will now be seen in every-day life. Tournures of any size are going out, and the skirts, tightly tied back, float a good half-yard on the ground.

The latest way of arranging them at the back is in a series of gatherings, just as the old-fashioned drawn bonnets used to be made, quite a quarter of a yard deep, and beginning where the basque of the bodice leaves off.

Another mode, too, is a series of plaitings extending from the waist to the edge of the skirt; but for ordinary every-day wear there is more simplicity than a year ago, and the trimmings which so profusely adorned the back of dresses have now been relegated in a less degree to the front, bows and long ends at the back sufficing.

Beads and beaded gimp will continue the rage, but of course the manufacturers are introducing novelties. It is always to be hoped that the vagaries of fashion do some one good, and when luxuries become blameably numerous, there is the consolation left us, that some of the hard-worked part of the population are reaping a golden harvest. Several of the new dresses are liberally embroidered with beads, and many gimps are composed entirely of long bugles. Braidings of all kinds, diagonal bands of plain braids, silk braids edged with beads, are all much used, and gold and silver braids are largely introduced in Paris on evening dresses, and cloaks, and many gimps are outlined with gold braid. White jet and blue steel are to be as much worn as last year, so that some past investments need not be discarded.

Tulle, crêpe lisse, and muslin edged with lace are all used for ruffs. Mechlin is the most fashionable lace just now for these sort of adjuncts to dress; and the white muslin neckties, so unbecoming to most faces that have lost the first bloom and freshness, promise to be worn throughout the London season; but black lace on white muslin and crêpe de Chine handkerchiefs is newer than white lace.

Mantles and jackets of some kind will be more generally adopted than they have been, and the economical plan of the bodice of the dress serving without any addition for out-door wear is a thing of the past. Triple capes are the last new thing in Paris, and they remind you not a little of the prints of the old watchmen's capes which have been handed down to us. Fancy Parisian élégantes taking an idea from the weather-worn Charlies of fifty years ago! Semi-fitting jackets, having long basques in front and short at the back, are to be well worn also.

Satins will dispute the first place in popular favour with silk, and possibly win the day; while in silk, what are known as shot silks will be the newest. The designs in matelassé become more floriated. In fact, though Parisians, with their customary good taste, keep to simple styles, and only indulge in extravagant vagaries on occasions, Parisian fashions become more ornate and, to say the truth, "smarter" and more vulgar each month; but it is the Americans, and perhaps the English, who patronise such modes, not the true Frenchwoman.

There is more poetry and more individuality in

dress than most women understand, and which, sad to say, half of them miss by a slavish adherence to fashion. As a golden rule, abjure the fashion-plates, and the ultra-fashions of the day, and with a small store of good old lace, and a few simple toilettes made well, you will be better dressed than your neighbours who spend twice as much.

I often wonder what persons take the trouble to wade through the long, wearisome descriptions of bouillonnées and flounces in which ladies' papers abound. It must be a mind of a peculiar kind that can realise the descriptions and bring, moreover, the said descriptions in actuality before its vision. To the majority this reading is as insipid as the faces of the fashion-plates, to which sometimes for our sins we are compelled to have recourse. Women should strive to display themselves to advantage, and not their clothes—in fact, to make dress their servant, and not themselves be a servant to dress. All possess an individuality, which should in some way creep out.

A word or two as to the spring materials. Armure de Lyon is a novelty, but Cashmere will be possibly more general than anything else, and plaids will be the latest fashion, the plaid and the plain material being mixed in the same dresses invariably. Worth's introductions are a mixture of silk and wool—viz., wool as the groundwork, with the check in silk. These will be made as rédingotes, in new forms of polonaises, and as basqued bodices, with the long skirts trimmed in front, and box-plaited at the back, in the "pli bulgare," as it is called. Indeed, the rounded tunics worn only in front, either single or triple, are becoming wearisome by their constant repetition. Mossy fringe and goffered silk, imitating bands of feathers, will be much used as trimmings. Shoes will be more ornamental, more embroidered, and more costly than ever, and should, as well as the stockings, match the dress exactly.

A few hints as to the knicknacks of dress will doubtless be acceptable. Veils should be put on before the bonnets; and, indeed, many of the tulle strings worn with the new bonnets are pinned on first also. In the evening you can hardly wear too much round the neck for the present fashion. Most necklaces are mounted on broad velvet, edged with tulle on either side; or, besides the necklace, a ribbon to match the dress is tied tightly round the throat. Notwithstanding the length of the gloves (as many as eight buttons are often worn), some half-dozen bracelets are fastened over them, and "porte-bonheurs" are never omitted. These are small, slight bands of metal, with or without a motto; and the custom of wearing them has come to us from the East. Let us hope they bring happiness to the wearers. Evening dresses look like flower-gardens, for the floral trimmings are carried up to the front much in the manner that trailing plants are trained up a wall; and the very bouffant back-breadths are dotted over with bouquets to match. Everybody now carries a small bag at the side, in imitation of the early English aumoniers, and these are made of silk to match the dress, and always profusely beaded. Châtelaines, too, are as much a part of evening as morning dress, and hold the fan. The most convenient kind have a hook, on which the fan, suspended from a long chain, is fastened when not in use. In Paris many of these châtelaines are jewelled, and the introducing of such gems as emeralds and rubies into the embroideries which bedizen the robes of the fashionable women of the day is the latest vagary of the hour; some of the dresses jingle with a profusion of chains, metal fringe, &c.; coins and scales being intermixed with the embroideries. Plush will play a prominent part in the dresses of the season, as will woollen matelassés; and plastrons will be worn on bodices, or they will be trimmed to imitate plastrons, the real meaning of a plastron being a piece of material applied or put over another, and it always reminds one of the patch of red on the front of a Lancer uniform.

The Swiss embroidery covering the entire material will be fashionable again this year in silk, Indian silk, and washing materials; and some of the very prettiest scarves for the neck have the ends embroidered in this way, with lace beyond.

I think, after all these technicalities, you will have a pretty fair idea of the kind of costumes fashionable fair ones will appear in, at exclusive Prince's, Rotten Row, Hurlingham, Polo, and the host of morning and evening entertainments with which half the world strive to kill the time, that the other half find so difficult to economise sufficiently to do all they wish.

With regard to skirts, the right cut is a gored front width, gored widths on either side, and a plain back width, all the fulness being thrown to the back, and the back plait, or "pli bulgare," measuring some three or four inches at the waist. The favourite shades of colour will be brown, the new green, violet, and blue, Suédoise, Sphinx, Ashantee, Coomassie, and "tempête" grey, creamy white, and almond being the latest tints for evening wear.

Many people will regret that the comfortable short skirts are no longer worn, and for travelling they must have recourse to hooks and strings to make the long ones really wearable. Tailors certainly understand utility better than dressmakers, and their travelling suits invariably carry off the palm, with an abundance of pockets and firm, substantial sewing. Some of the best of these suits are arranged so that they will loop up over a petticoat to match, bound with leather, and let down when required sufficiently long to serve for a habit for riding on mules or mountain ponies. It is early, however, to talk of this, though those who love travelling for travelling's sake know that no time is perhaps more enjoyable than late spring and early summer, not the least of its charms being that the mass of tourists, who mar so much pleasure and comfort, are otherwise engaged. Still, nine out of every ten travel for the sake of meeting acquaintances, or at all events consider it enhances the pleasure of the tour; and the same crowd who have flocked to all the fashionable rendezvous in England to see and be seen, repeat the process on foreign soil with much the same result.

EMMELINE.

THERE is a maiden dear to me,
Emmeline!
A floweret wild that roveth free,
And blossometh luxuriantly,
Hid far away from Winter keen,
Emmeline!

I love this maiden sunny bright,
Emmeline!
As some pure lily, spotless white,
With eyes that beam with golden light—
The light of joyous love, I ween—
Emmeline!

I see her now this summer day,
Emmeline!
Upon the lawn, where sunbeams play
And o'er her flushing features stray,
Kneeling on couch of brightest green,
Emmeline!

I watch her face with blushes glow,
Emmeline!
As murm'ring zephyrs softly blow,
And gently whisper, "Yes or no?"
I wonder what their whispers mean,
Emmeline!

And yet it seems you know full well,
Emmeline!
For blushes soft their story tell,
And rosy lips an answer spell—
An answer you and me between,
Emmeline!

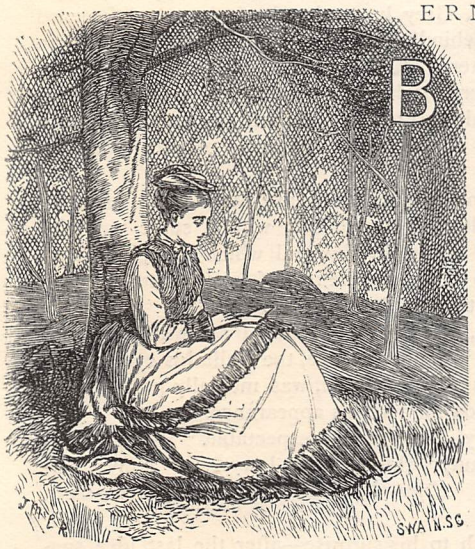
G. W.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"FEMME VARIE."



BERNARD CLIVE did not say the suspicion aloud. It pained him even to think it, liking and respecting Mrs. Grey as he did, and knowing full well how hopeless to remedy such a sorrow, if he were right, must needs be in the life of any honourable woman, more especially of a woman as proud as Lady Vanborough's companion. It were little matter, then, whether she loved or did not love his brother, in so far as the futility of that love was concerned. Bernard himself, a man ultra-particular in all things connected with womanly delicacy, felt that however kindly he might feel towards Mrs. Grey, he could never wish to see her his brother's wife — never give her as a sister to his own wife under such circumstances. It would not be well to link her name with the proud old one of Clive. He thought of her hasty yet determined flight from Woodleigh, and the suspicion strengthened. He thought of the sudden vehemence, so unlike her usually calm manner, with which she had declared that she would not take the post of governess to any motherless child; and it grew into a certainty. Yet withal remained his original conviction that she did not love Philip—that her love was indeed where she stated it to be—in the grave of another; and on that hint he spoke. As to the suspicion, which pained and disappointed him to think of, he would not have uttered it in words to save his own life.

"Look here, Philip," he said, sitting down, and laying his hand affectionately on his brother's knee: "you've had your say, and have suggested a new idea as to the cause of Averil Grey's flight from Woodleigh —an idea which I grant you is not impossible, and which may be—mind, I only say *may* be—the fact. Still, and granting all this, listen to me for one minute. Is it fair—is it kind or manly, to insist on pursuing a lady who has given up a comfortable home, friends who valued her, and the peace and respect so dear to every womanly woman, simply to escape from a love she could not return, and would not have thought it right to accept if she could? Would she have taken the trouble to leave the rectory and seek out a new home, cutting off every clue that would trace her, as she did, unless she had good reason for it, and unless it were her fervent desire to be left unmolested? Surely, if you care for her, her wishes and her will should count for something even against your own! Philip, I am disappointed in you."

"*Care* for her! Care for Averil Grey!" cried the curate, unheeding his last words. "Why, man, if you knew what love was, you would never use so cold a word in speaking of my feelings with regard to her. I love her, I tell you. I love her as never man loved woman before!"

"You tell me so. Yes, and I do not believe you! Now, Philip, please not to fly out. I believe that you think you do; but you are wrong. What you do love, and love as men have often loved before, is yourself, and your own gratification. That is centred at present in the possession of Averil Grey; and to satisfy that, you put her feelings, her wishes, and even her happiness entirely on one side."

"Excuse me," Philip said haughtily, an offended flush upon his fair proud face, "I am vain enough to hope that her happiness would be increased, not diminished, as my wife."

"You hope so, and she thinks the contrary. It may be unflattering; but which is the older and more experienced of the two? Philip, if you do love this woman, be unselfish. Believe me, she is old enough and wise enough to know what is best for her happiness, and herself. Granted even that her husband was unworthy of her, have not women loved unworthy men before now? Ay, and loved them more warmly and faithfully than if they had been angels of light!"

"She told me that she loved him," said Philip Clive sulkily, "and I believe her; but——"

"And she also told you that she did not love you," put in Bernard. "Why don't you believe her then?"

"Because she had not had time," Philip said excitedly. "If I could only find her, I would soon teach her to—*make* her love me."

"Make her! Philip, if I were not so sorry for you, you would make me laugh. Do you think women can be driven to love like cattle to water, and forced to drink of it? Do you think a woman like Averil Grey is to be coerced into affection which her own heart does not prompt? You can make her despise you if you like; and you will do it. You can make her hate you if you like; and you will do that also; but love——"

"I won't listen to you," Philip broke in passionately. "I wonder I have stood so much and so patiently

already. Love! What do you lawyers know about it? That it is a word of four letters, and indirectly connected with breaches of promise and divorce cases, I suppose! I forgot that it was not in you to know what love or passion meant. Bah! I don't blame you. There are men who can't go beyond a certain mild, well-regulated, warm-watery affection; and it's not your fault if you're one of them. I ought never to have spoken of Averil to you; but I thought you might at least feel sufficiently with me to help me. It seems that you don't."

"I am afraid not," said Bernard.

He did not speak angrily; but Philip sprang up in indignation.

"Then you refuse!"

"To help you to follow a lady who has set me the example of refusal? Yes. I am sorry to be obliged to do so; but——"

"I believe that you are in love with her yourself," exclaimed Philip, white with anger, and tossing about the papers on the table with a quivering hand, on which the veins stood out like blue cords.

"You forget that it is not in me to know what love is," retorted his brother as coolly as before; but then he got up and laid his hand persuasively on Philip's arm.

"Don't let us quarrel, and about a woman," he said. "If I am not a sentimental fellow, and don't understand what passion and that sort of thing means, make allowances for me as I do for you. You think one thing, and try to persuade me into it; I think another, and try to persuade you into that. You won't give in to me, because your feelings are too strong for you; I won't give in to you, because my opinions are too strong for me. I don't quarrel with you; don't quarrel with me. Sit down and shake hands."

"Thank you," said Philip, smiling bitterly, his hands trembling still as he hastily thrust them into his gloves. "If my feelings were as cold-blooded as your opinions, I might sit down. As it is——But quarrel! Oh, dear! no. Why should we? I asked a brotherly kindness of you, and you refuse it. I don't mean to quarrel with you; but if you expect me to feel the same——"

"I don't," Clive answered, still speaking with perfect good-humour, but in the easy bantering way which (unconsciously) was adding fuel to the flame of Philip's wrath. "I expect you to feel very sore and awfully aggrieved, and to make yourself as disagreeable as the best of men are liable to do under the circumstances, for a time. What! Are you going?"

"To leave you to enjoy your joke in peace!" Philip said fiercely. "Yes, I am! How does this door open? Oh!" And so he went out of it without a word of farewell, and letting it clang-to with a noisy bang as he passed down-stairs.

Bernard stood still for a moment where he had been left, and then dropped in his chair, his face grave and sad enough now to do away with all suspicion of joking.

"Mild, warm-watery affection," he repeated slowly. "And from one of them! Well, well, the lad was in a passion, and——But I did think *he* would have understood me better."

The sunshine fell upon his bent head with a kindly touch, and rested on the papers tossed here and there by Philip's hasty hand. With an old-bachelor-like hatred of untidiness, he got up, and began rearranging them in their former neat piles; then turned to get his hat, with the muttered remark, "I suppose I ought to let Mrs. Grey know that he is in town," fastened the door behind him, and was just sallying forth, when he encountered at the bottom of the steps a very pretty girl in a very bright pink bonnet, and with the stamp "provincial" written in each frill of her lilac gown, and each stitch of her bran-new primrose-coloured gloves.

"Can you tell me which are Mr. Clive's rooms?" she said, looking up to him with a smile naturally sweet and artificially shy, and which brought prominently into view a double row of teeth white and even enough to turn the head of—a dentist!

"No. 14, first floor up. May I ask what you want with him?" inquired Clive, the while his eye, skilled in varieties of womankind, was mentally pronouncing its verdict on his visitor's appearance.

"Country—*bourgeoise*—respectable. Thinks herself a beauty," thought the lawyer. "Never saw her before. *Ergo*—law business. Query—breach of promise?"

Not much to his surprise—after the last idea suggested—the young woman faltered, blushed, and even showed a slight inclination to tear the tassel off her pink-lined parasol.

"I—I—" she stammered. "Do you know if I can go up—if he's at home? or——"

"I am Mr. Clive," said Bernard sharply. "If you wish to see me on business now, I am at your service for"—looking at his watch—"ten minutes. After that I have an appointment."

The blushing and faltering recommenced, and the young woman's bonnet-strings were nervously tightened.

"Oh! thank you. It wasn't that, but—mother knows——"

"She has the advantage of me, then," said Clive patiently, and in nowise impressed by the combination of sidelong eyes, white teeth, and rosy cheeks. For himself, he would far have preferred to have to do with the mother. "Pray go on. You wanted——?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon. It—it wasn't *you*; but—haven't you a friend staying with you?"

"No, I have not," said Clive shortly. He was surprised now, but did not care to waste time in showing it. "Good morning."

"Not Mr. Bellew?" She had stopped him, startled by his abruptness out of her little airs and graces, and laying her hand on his coat-sleeve with a grasp unconsciously strong enough to surprise him. "He mentioned in a letter that he was coming to stay with his friend Clive at the Temple, because there was sickness in his own house. If you are Mr. Clive, you'll know about him—or perhaps there are two of the name!"

"There is no other of my name," said Clive gravely;

"and though I know Mr. Bellew, he is certainly not staying with me, or in London at all."

His surprise had passed away now in a faint shrug of the shoulders at the name of his friend—a faint sense of disgust at the thought, "So this is the sort of thing Master Dick's visit would have entailed! Lucky for me he went elsewhere;" and he would have gone on with a nod; but the girl was not to be so easily left.

"Do you know where he is, then?" she asked; and Clive answered, "Somewhere in the country, I believe."

He had not the slightest intention of giving his friend's address.

The visitor's eyes sparkled. Her timidity was quite forgotten now.

"The country! Can he have gone down to us? Good gracious! How unfortunate if we've come all this way up here, and he be at home after all!"

"If you could tell me where 'home' is?" suggested Clive.

"Market Gosling, Loamshire," the young woman put in quickly, and with a hopefulness in her face which Clive's shake of the head dispelled.

"No," he said slowly; "I only saw him for a few minutes before he left, but I am pretty sure he never mentioned Market Gosling; nor did I think of asking him if he were going there. Your own name is——?"

"Fanny Greypole," responded the visitor promptly. "Miss Greypole, that is. I dare say he has spoken to you——"

"Often," said Clive, keeping, I am afraid, more to the letter than the spirit of the truth. "Well, Miss Greypole, I am sorry not to be able to give you any information about Mr. Bellew. I hope you have not come up to London on purpose to see him."

"Indeed we did," said the girl, her black eyes very doleful. "Mother would have come before, only I persuaded her not, for he said it would be bad for it to be known at home; though, if he means to act like a gentleman, it must be known sooner or later; and as he's not coming back to Oxford for a year, mother said she wouldn't wait any longer, for there was nothing to keep him from going off on the Continent, or somewhere without letting us know, or settling anything at all."

"Settling?" repeated Clive inquiringly, and then checked himself. "I beg your pardon, but I ought to tell you that I know very little of Mr. Bellew's private affairs. If he has any business to settle with you, I have no doubt that by writing to his usual address you will receive an answer."

Miss Greypole nodded her head angrily.

"If I don't, mother says she will go to law, and mother's not a woman to be played with. She says her daughters shan't be left to go a-begging through any one's nonsense; and, you know, a man really ought to stand to what he says."

"Undoubtedly," said Clive. He looked at her more narrowly as he spoke. Despite the over-fine clothes and dubious presentation, instinct told him that his first idea was the correct one, and that the young woman was as "respectable" as she was plebeian; and told him likewise that, under the vanities and affectations incidental to her age and position, there lurked a certain amount of shrewdness and determination which made her somewhat interesting to a student of human nature. If Dick, among his numerous little games, had chosen to play with the affections of this young woman, she was not one, Clive thought, to let him go scot-free and rejoicing, as other girls had done, and hid their broken hearts in shame and silence. A sort of presentiment of evil to Mr. Bellew, and through him to Kate and the rest of the family, came over Clive as he stood looking down on the gorgeous bonnet and primrose gloves, and made him, despite his impatience to get to Lady Vanborough's, delay to ask—

"If I can get his address, would you like me to write and tell him of your call?"

"I'd rather you sent me the address, and write to him myself. I think he'd mind me better," was the frank answer.

Clive smiled.

"Very likely; but I am afraid I can't do that," he said. "To give a person's address to a stranger without authority to do so would be taking a liberty which, if taken with me, I should certainly resent."

Miss Greypole pouted.

"It seems to me," she said, looking up with an odd mixture of bashful sauciness and the shrewdness Clive had detected, "that mother is right when she says men always *resent* straightforward dealings where a woman is concerned."

"In individual cases I've no doubt your mother is perfectly right," Clive answered composedly.

"And Dick's afraid of mother. She knows it, too," Miss Greypole went on.

"I have no doubt of that either," said Clive. "Your mother is evidently a remarkable woman. Now, as my time is precious"—he made another movement to go, and at the same time Fanny Greypole came nearer.

"Tell him then," she said low and hurriedly, "that we are at No. 11, Praed Street; over a china shop it is; and tell him mother's set on speaking to a lawyer, without he writes or comes up to settle something nice and fairly. I'm not sure she won't see one if he delays the least. Tell him so, please."

"Most certainly I will," said Clive. "Now, good morning, Miss Greypole, and allow me, as a lawyer myself, to suggest one thing to you as a sensible woman. Don't take any rash steps in anger. Law is a ticklish thing, very easy to set in motion, very difficult to stop again; and given at times to rebounding on those who play with it."

He lifted his hat as he spoke, and went away swiftly. Looking back after he had gone some distance, he saw the pink bonnet and primrose gloves in close juxtaposition with an older and more soberly attired woman.

"How has he got into that girl's hands?" Clive thought. "And what can she be?—lodging-house keeper's daughter, or lady's-maid? Too blunt for the latter, I fancy. Surely he can't have been fool or mad enough to marry her privately; or is it my first thought

after all—a breach of promise case? It seems incredible even for him, with a widowed mother and all those young sisters; but it doesn't look like anything worse. Her manner is too honest and confident of being in the right. Upon my word, that young scamp deserves to be horsewhipped. Fancy Kate's family name dragged through the law-courts! and yet the alternative of such a sister would be almost as bad. Well, I can but write and warn him. It seems to me that everybody's affairs are crowded on to my head."

He had jumped into a hansom, and was at Lady Vanborough's door by now; so, dismissing the man, he inquired if she were at home; and being answered in the affirmative, was shown up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Lady Vanborough was at that moment engaged in a desperate struggle between the piano, two professional violins, and an amateur flute. The babel of moans, wails, squeaks, and crashes proceeding from the tortured chamber might be better imagined than described; and in the middle of the infernal din, calm and serene as usual, sat Mrs. Grey, the white border of her widow's-cap and line of golden hair bent over some work, on which her mind appeared to be concentrated to the exclusion of all else.

"Don't speak to me," said Lady Vanborough spasmodically. Her head was almost level with the keys, and her arms going spread-eaglewise, like a galvanic windmill. "Don't come near me for your life.—One, two, three. One, two, three—three.—For goodness' sake, Mr. Whistleboy, keep *some* time! We are bars behind, and it's all your fault.—Can't we begin again, signor?—this passage, I mean.—Now, Mr. Whistleboy, one minute first. Hum it before we commence. Please hum it."

"La—l'-la, lee," began the flute-player, a lanky fair-haired youth with expansively knobby brows, which extended almost to the back of his head, and which became violently pink from nerves and bashfulness the moment he opened his lips. Lady Vanborough interrupted him with a shriek.

"*Quite* wrong! There, I told you so. That's where we were out. Now, do listen—La, l', l', lee, l' lee, l' *lee*——"

"Mais, madame, pas si vite, pas si vite!" remonstrated the first violin, a greasy little man, with spectacles and a blue chin, and with a close-cropped head like a blacking-brush.

"Hallé plays it a great deal quicker," said Lady Vanborough obstinately. "However, if we crawl, perhaps Mr. Whistleboy will manage to keep up. Call it a dirge, signor—call it a dirge, that's all, and go on. One, two, three."

"How are you, and how do you feel?" said Clive, stepping up to Mrs. Grey, and speaking low, so as not to distract the performers. "You look as if——"

"She were enacting the Christian martyr!" broke in Lady Vanborough, who possessed the most marvellous capacity for making unlimited noise herself, and yet hearing the lowest whisper from those about her, and was averse at all times to hiding her talents under a bushel. Now and then this particular one had been the means of putting certain of her friends to considerable confusion; but on the present occasion it had no such effect, Mrs. Grey merely looking up with her calm grave smile, as though a playful child had said something saucy; while Clive (who *was* slightly disconcerted) preserved a greater appearance of sang-froid than usual, and answered coolly—

"Exactly; for the Christian martyrs loved their martyrdom better than all earthly delights. Thanks for the suggestion. It hadn't occurred to me before."

"Hold your tongue, and go away, right away, out of the room," retorted Lady Bee. "You want to make me laugh, and disgrace myself by playing as many false notes as Mr. Whistleboy is doing.—Averil, take him away into my snuggery. He'd a great deal rather talk to you than to me; and when I've got through this I'll come to you.—Now, Signor Bolis, once again, and give us a lead over the first fence. One, two, three!"

"Do you often have these sort of things?" said Clive, as Mrs. Grey led the way into the pretty little boudoir before described. "I wonder you can stand it; but I suppose music is one of her weaknesses."

"At present; but fortunately they don't last. Music is the rage this week. The last was horses, and the next may be the stage. Sensation in any form is the real weakness."

She said it so kindly and so easily that Clive, looking into her eyes, thought within himself—

"Surely this woman could never have brought any trouble on herself by weakness, at any rate."

Aloud he answered—

"You take it coolly. It would drive me mad."

"You are a man, and can carve out your own niche in life. I am grateful for a home; and so long as Lady Bee is content with making me practise with her in private, and exempts me from all public share in her vagaries, I should be the last person to complain of them."

"You are right," said Clive gravely. "There are many worse things in life than a musical mania in a friend; and though that is bad enough, I should be glad if you need never know anything beyond."

There was a decided shade of what the French call *intention* in his tone; and Mrs. Grey recognised it at once. A faint shade of alarm came over her face; but she looked full at him, and asked directly—

"I fancied that you had come to see me this afternoon, Bernard. Have you any bad news for me?"

"Not much," he answered, glad that she had led the way, and yet feeling an embarrassment in touching on her affairs which he had never felt before; "a little worry perhaps; but I thought I had better mention it to you so as to put you on your guard. I have had a visitor to-day."

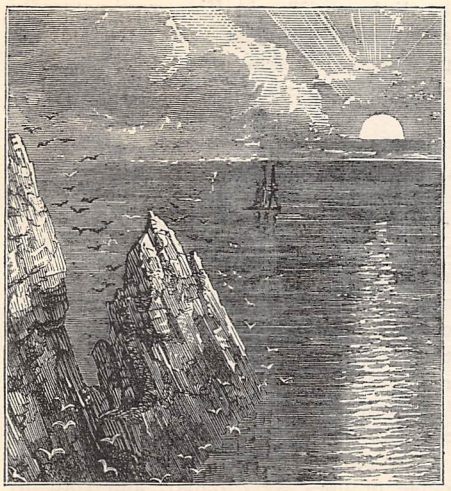
Her colour faded a little; but she only looked at him. Oddly enough, it came back with a half-look of relief when he added—

"My brother."

Book the Second.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

COMBE REGIS.



"GOOD news, young people!" said Kate, looking up from her letter with a bright dimpling smile; "Eve is better—quite out of danger, mama says.—Dottie, you may give three cheers if you like; but don't throw your tea-cup over the back of your chair, my child, for we've got to pay for all we break; and enthusiasm becomes expensive under such circumstances."

They were all seated at breakfast in the little parlour of Bloom Cottage, Combe Regis, far from London sights and London sounds, from fog and smoke and bustle, away in the green, wave-washed country, and fattening upon fresh air and sea-breezes as only young Londoners can fatten in such circumstances: even Dick sporting a *soupçon* of tan in his pale cheeks.

The parlour in which they sat was long and low, the ceiling painted white, and crossed by heavy brown rafters, against which Dick always looked as if he were going to knock his head; and the walls one half wainscot, terminating in a shelf broad enough to hold "no end of things," as Madge said, and the other half papered with a vivid pea-green representation in small squares of the sacrifice of Abel. One breadth of this, having got put in upside down, gave you at times an odd impression of being at sea in a gale; and this nautical element was carried out by the pictures on the wall, being chiefly highly-coloured prints from the *Illustrated News* of vessels in full sail over a cobalt sea, or stranded upon a burnt sienna beach. Cases of stuffed gulls, squirrels, &c., so unlike life that it was difficult to imagine that they had ever figured in the flesh, also ornamented the pea-green walls; and opposite to them was a window, long and low, like the room, lattice-paned, and looking out upon a patch of garden, a flicker of almond-blossoms, and a broad expanse of tumbling, tossing sea. The fireplace was very original, having a broad, black, wooden mantelshelf, adorned with a concave mirror in an antique carved frame, stacks of peacocks' feathers, and hecatombs of shells, and an oven big enough to bake a good-sized loaf, and which was the special joy and delight of Madge Bellew for cooking limpets and other marine abominations. Madge only sighed for George. Dottie was but a baby, and Kate was grown up, and didn't enjoy limpet-pies and dough-nuts with the zest of George and Tom. The little girl never looked at the oven without an impatient exclamation at Mr. M'Kenzie for having carried off her playfellow. In one corner by the fireplace was a funny little window about two feet square, across which a Portugal laurel had grown, and blocked out all but a glimmer of green light; and in the other stood a funnier little chiffonier of some black wood inlaid with brass, and always loaded with jugs and bowls of wild flowers, books, and workboxes. Of flowers, indeed, there was no lack in the room; a large soup-plate full of primroses, looking like a heap of pale sunshine, set round with dark crinkly leaves, standing in the middle of the round breakfast-table, on which hot scones, fried bacon, Melton pie, toast, and marmalade made a goodly display, and contrasted amusingly with the infinitesimally small plates, black-handled knives, and Britannia metal forks.

"You must really write to my mother for some silver to-day," Dick was saying; "everything one eats tastes of these confounded knives.—Oh, bother! one can't be always remembering the children. Men are not expected to talk like school-girls."

"What would you do if you heard Dottie say it?" said Kate in French, that Dottie might not understand.

"Do! whip her, of course," replied Dick in English; and Dottie, who had caught her own name with infantine quickness, lifted up her innocent daisy-like face and round blue eyes to Kate, and asked anxiously—

"Nobody's doin' to whip me, is dey, Katie? Me's not done nuttin naughty, has me?"

"No, my darling; you're the goodest of the good," said Kate, kissing her; and Dottie, looking across at Dick with a sort of doubtful confidence, repeated—

"Me twite dood, Dick; doodest of dood—Katie says so."

Dick's favourite dog, a beautiful brown and white setter, was lying on the wide chintz-covered settee which nearly filled up one side of the wall, keeping guard over his master's hat and fishing-rod, which had been thrown down among the cushions; and opposite to the fireplace stood a shabby little cottage piano, which had been hired, with some difficulty, from the nearest town, and was at present encumbered by a great heap of tangled ivy, ferns, and convolvuli, gathered during an early ramble in the woods. The window stood open to let in the sunshine and fresh morning air, and the chintz curtains fluttering in the breeze, and bulging inwards, half hid, half revealed, the panorama of blue foam-frayed sea and greenish-grey headlands. There was a strange smell of salt about everything, salt and seaweeds, wild flowers, and tar, which pervaded the whole atmosphere; and down upon the beach below, four or five stalwart fellows, in blue guernsey shirts and red caps, were singing, "Yo, heave ho," in rough melody as they hauled a great brown boat, flecked with foam and dripping with wet seaweed, up from the sun-flooded waters of the bay to the sun-flooded yellow sands above them.

Little Dottie, with her golden hair and rosy face, sat eating her bread-and-milk with solemn and somewhat sloppy energy, which diffused itself over her cheeks and pinafore in the process; but the elders had finished, and Dick, tossing the *Times* on the piano, gave the signal for a move by going to the window and shouting to some one on the beach to know if the "boat was ready."

"Ay, ay, zur. Gwine to bring her down now," was shouted in answer; and Dick caught up his hat and whistled to Floss, the setter. Kate gave him his rod, and knotted the string of his hat securely to his button-hole. "It won't do to lose two in a week," she said, laughing; and Dick laughed too, and pulled her ear.

"That's a good girl! I say, Kittie, won't you come along too? I'm going to try Waters's new boat, and sail round Deadman's Head, and see if there's any fishing to be got in the cove. Run and put on your hat. It's a glorious day, and she's the prettiest craft going. If she only sails as well as she looks, I've a good mind to hire her for all the time we are here."

"Oh, Dick!" broke in impetuous Madge, knocking over her chair in her haste to get to him. "Let me go too. Will you? I've got a rod now, you know, and——"

"No, no, Madge. Now don't you bother. There isn't room, and I hate going fishing with more than one girl—they do chatter so consumedly."

"But, Dick, I won't open my mouth once, I promise."

"Take Madge instead of me," said Kate good-humouredly. "I ought to write to mama, and she wants to go.—Get your hat, Madge, and do, for goodness' sake, take an umbrella, child. You're getting as brown as a beefsteak."

"I like being brown; it's healthy. Oh, Katie! what a delicious old trump you are!" cried Madge, tearing up-stairs in frantic haste, while Kate turned to her brother and asked, "You're sure that boat is safe, Dick? Have you been out in it before?"

"No; but Waters has, five or six times. Safe! of course it's safe. Is that why you backed out, Miss Kitty Coward?"

"Nonsense! But I am a coward for Madge, I acknowledge. "Don't let her spring about in the boat, Dick."

"All right. Don't bother;" and Kate ran after Madge to warn her that if she were not quiescent in the boat Dick might not take her out again—a politic suggestion which she knew would have more effect than any entreaties on the score of the girl's own safety.

Left alone with Dottie, Miss Bellew sat down to write to her mother, while *la cadette* washed her doll in a soapdish and administered dirt pills to it with maternal solicitude. It is curious to watch how early the philoprogenitive instinct commences to act in some girls, while others have grown to be wives, and even mothers, without possessing it at all. In the middle of the operation, however, the maid came in to take Miss Dottie for a walk, and the little lady, flinging her doll upon the floor, rushed to Kate's side with—

"Katie, tate me. Do, pease, Katie tarling. Me lites to do out wis oo so mush."

"Do you, little one?" said Kate good-naturedly. "All right, so you shall.—Get her ready, Martin." And Dottie departed frisking with triumph, while Kate fastened her letter and ran up-stairs for her own hat.

They had not gone far before Kate sat down to rest upon a heap of dry dead bracken, and sending Dottie to go and pick primroses, took a couple of letters out of her pocket, and unfolded them for a fresh perusal. The first was the one she had received that morning from her mother; and she read over again all the discursive little home details and invalid accounts, with a sigh of relief for the improvement mentioned in the latter. The other was from George, written some days previously—a mere schoolboy's scrawl, mentioning a horse-show to which he had been with Mr. M'Kenzie, and a new play to which the same gentleman had taken him. Beneath were a couple of lines, very frankly and cordially expressive of his pleasure in Master George's company, from the host himself; and Kate turned to these and read them over again with the same smile her mother's letter had evoked, and something like a blush into the bargain.

"What a nice hand he writes!" she thought, "so firm, and yet so neat and clear. I wish Dick or I could write like it; and how kind he is, taking George about everywhere, and pretending that it is all a pleasure to himself! It is very odd, the way in which we have grown to know him better in three weeks than hosts of men whom we have known for three years and more."

And Kate closed the letter, and leaning her head against the trunk of a tree, gave herself up to dreamy musings on the peculiarities of life as exemplified in the recent acquaintanceship.

Kate had begun to think a good deal about Dallas M'Kenzie of late, more than she was in the habit of thinking of any man in particular, and her thoughts were not unpleasant ones. She had admired him, admired him quite unaccountably, the first moment her eyes fell on him at Mrs. de Ponsonby's ball. She had met him and talked to him when she and her mother called on that lady two days later, and again in the park on the following day, with Petre de Ponsonby, when both gentlemen found their way to the side of the carriage; and Mr. M'Kenzie received a general invitation to call from Lady Margaret.

I am afraid Lady Margaret was hardly a prudent woman to be the guardian of so many daughters; but there was something quiet yet fascinating—unmistakable good looks, yet joined with an unmistakably middle-aged air—which made the mother feel safe and at home after a few minutes' chat with this traveller. Besides, as every one knows, M'Kenzie is a very respectable name in the north of Scotland. He himself spoke of having been in the Royal Engineers when he first went abroad; and every word and tone be-

spoke a man of education and refinement. Kate did not think her mother imprudent at all, and felt quite a little glow of indignation when Lady Bee remarked on the suddenness of this friendship with a gentleman who had dropped so lately out of nowhere. For it *was* a friendship, and no one could deny it. Mr. M'Kenzie was continually coming to the house—once and sometimes twice a week; and then there were chance meetings in the park, and he had dined with them, and got them tickets for concerts, and private picture views. Kate thought it was very pleasant, and said so openly.

"And why should I not say what I think?" she had said, when remonstrated with by a young lady friend. "There is no harm in speaking the truth as to whether one likes a person or not."

"You will be falling in love with him next," the friend said, and then Katie fired up.

"I wish you would not be always talking of falling in love. Surely a woman can like a few people without—and it is so ridiculous, as if people were not to be frank in their friendships, and proud to own and be thankful for them. Surely even if I were to—fall in love," cried Kate, growing furiously scarlet at the bare sound of her own words, "would there be anything sinful or disgraceful in it, that I should affect to deny the very merits of the person beforehand and—but all this is such utter nonsense; and indeed, please forgive me, but I think it is worse taste to suggest such things as falling in love with a person one knows so very slightly as Mr. M'Kenzie, than to praise him because he is pleasant and gentlemanly, and not exactly the same as other people."

After this the conversation dropped, and the friend quarrelled with Kate, which was not wholly unnatural, as for one young lady to tell another that what she says is not "good taste," is impolite, to say the least, and less easy to forgive than many an accusation involving much deeper wickedness. But this result remained, the usual one in such cases—Katie was a little shy with Mr. M'Kenzie the next time she saw him, and afterwards thought more of him than she had done before, and in a different manner. Previously her liking had been purely centred in certain qualities of the man, not the man himself; and it had never crossed her mind to inquire whether he were single, married, or engaged. Now a personal element had entered into her admiration, and not content with liking him, she began to care for his liking her, and to be sorry for his faults, as well as appreciative of his merits. Also she took more interest in the things he said to her of himself than all he could say on other subjects.

This was a symptom, and a dangerous one.

"Do not laugh at me: I know I am old-fashioned and backwoodsman enough to feel things more strongly than London men," Mr. M'Kenzie had said to her once; but Kate felt no temptation to laugh at him, and her eyes said so with most unaffected candour. He apologised also to her on another occasion for his temper, having lost it altogether in a gust of perfectly uncontrolled wrath at the opera, when some man, who had evidently partaken too freely at dinner, had shown a tendency to make impertinent remarks on the ladies passing along the lobby.

"It has been the curse of my life," he said to Kate later. "I was a spoilt child, and allowed to fly into passions for any or every cause—sometimes none at all; and see the result! A hasty temper and a hasty judgment have ruined my whole happiness, and that of those about me, and made my life desolate before I was thirty."

"But, Mr. M'Kenzie," said Kate, the sad remorseful tone waking a world of pity in her brown eyes, "you are very seldom angry; and sometimes it is right to be vexed with people. You thought those men were speaking of us."

"Ah!" he said smiling, "you are young and tender-hearted, and would find excuses where none are. I seem very seldom angry, because too late—years too late—I have learnt to strive for self-command and cooler judgment. If you knew me as I am, or rather as I was——"

And there he broke off, while Kate looked in wonder and sympathy at the careworn look which spread over his face, the great lines, never wholly absent, which came out deeper than ever on his brow. Certainly, Mr. M'Kenzie was not like the other young men. *They* never talked to her about their temper, or told her of faults which had ruined their lives.

It might be that Mr. M'Kenzie was in the habit of making confidences about himself; but neither did this idea occur to Kate, who took it as a great compliment to herself to be thus trusted with the inner feelings of a man's life; and began to feel as if, in some sort, Mr. M'Kenzie were belonging to her in virtue of such trust; and to feel that warm interest and sympathy for him which it was her nature to feel for all things connected with her home circle.

"I am afraid you have gone through a great deal of trouble," she said to him once, a little fount of pity shining in her honest brown eyes; "but it is all over now, isn't it?"

"Over!" he repeated, a sort of harsh bitterness in his tone, which would have repelled her if she had not seen it was not directed at herself. "Is pain and wrong ever over while memory lasts and life remains? Only a child like you——" He checked himself there, and added, with that quick transition to gentleness which made one of the charms of his variable nature, "But it is like the innocent child you are, sweet and loving enough to care for even a stranger's troubles—troubles you could not understand if you knew them."

Now, it does not often happen in society that young ladies of the period are told in so many words, and without compliment or jest, by their male acquaintances, that they are sweet and loving and innocent. If men *think* it, they are sufficiently prudent to keep such thoughts to themselves. And therefore, though Kate was always inundated with compliments, the worth and meaning of which she knew too well to pay any heed to them, these simple words, spoken with such candid gravity by a man so much older than herself, sounded like the sweetest flattery in her ears, and

were dwelt on with a pleasure which derived its source from the unspoken thought, "He must think it, or he would not say it, he is so frank; and if he thinks so well of me, he must like me."

He did. Kate was right. He liked her very much, but not in the way in which she was beginning to like him. He had once loved a woman passionately—had been, as he considered, bitterly wronged—and had shunned and avoided all womankind for years after for her sake. But the man's nature was not misanthropical or morose. His temper might be passionate, and his judgment hasty; but the heart behind was warm, and the inclination to love and trust indestructibly vivid.

It was Kate's frankly-shown liking for him which won him to like her. He admired her fresh young beauty, as was only natural. He felt towards her, in his own words, as towards an innocent loving child, and found rest and pleasure in her girlish friendship. No other thought had ever occurred to him, else perhaps he had made an effort to deny himself the free enjoyment of her society and sympathy, and, for her own sake, left her to forget him and his troubled life among younger and easier-minded men. But

"THE BABEL OF MOANS, WAILS, SQUEAKS, AND CRASHES" (*p.* 356).

Kate knew nothing of this; and it was with a violent and joyous start that she was suddenly roused from her musings by two hands clapped on her shoulders; and, turning quickly round, found George at her back, and Dallas M'Kenzie standing at a little distance, smiling at her bewildered expression.

"Why, Katie, you nearly jumped out of your skin," cried George, going off into a peal of delighted laughter at the success of his grand surprise.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE greatest English musician which this century has produced is dead. He lies in Westminster Abbey, near Purcell, of whom he is a worthy companion in the great Republic of Musical Art. On that grey morning of February 6th, 1875, many thousands gathered round his grave. The coffin was covered with a violet pall, and heaped up with fair white wreaths and crosses; and thus the rites of death seemed to lose something of their general gloom. And why indeed should they not, for one who had so long worn amongst us "the white flower of a blameless life?"

There was much in Sterndale Bennett, both as regards his personal character and his work, which made him fit to be held up as an example before the men of his generation. But his claims upon our interest extend beyond the present, and his life has other and wider significance than that of pointing a moral or adorning a tale.

Sterndale Bennett (born 1816) lived in what will be looked back to by our posterity as the sunniest epoch of musical art. The age of Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Schubert, Spohr, Rossini, Auber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gounod, Wagner, Brahms, and Liszt will be doubtless called the golden age of music; and although the late composer could not have said, as Ulysses said of himself and of the events of his age, *Quorum pars major fui*, yet those who shall hereafter look up into the musical firmament of the nineteenth century, will doubtless note that his star is not the least of those that glitter in the resplendent crowd.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Early in life, Sterndale Bennett was thrown across the path of that great and beautiful soul, Felix Mendelssohn. These two were soon drawn together by a community of tastes and dispositions, and a friendship was then begun which ended only with the death of Mendelssohn, now nearly thirty years ago. But ever since that time we have had a sort of living and embodied memory of him in the person of his attached friend and disciple, Sterndale Bennett. The same singleness of purpose—the same industry—the same loftiness of aim—the same beauty of conception and execution which all men loved in the greater master—were seen reflected in his illustrious survivor. And yet it would be unfair to say that Bennett was the shadow of Mendelssohn either in his life or his work. His character was strongly pronounced and individual, and his work has a peculiar subtleness and fine but fleeting grace—like the mobile and evanescent colours of the rainbow. When we are told, as we are sometimes, that Mendelssohn's personal and artistic influence over Bennett was absolute, and that we owe to it all that is most precious in his compositions, we must remember that his best works, the C and F minor pianoforte concertos, the overtures to "Naiades" and "Wood Nymph," were written before he ever met Mendelssohn — though of course not before he had heard some of his music. He took these things with him to Germany in 1836. There he met Mendelssohn, who received him like a brother; there he was introduced to Schumann, who writes—"The old prejudice which believed it impossible [that England should produce a good musician] has been already shaken by Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others, and now Sterndale Bennett has given it a harder blow than ever. How far his development was promoted by the careful instruction he received at the Royal Academy of Music in London, under masters like Crotch and Cipriani Potter, and by his own indefatigable studies, I know not. I only know that out of this chrysalis has burst a truly glorious butterfly, fluttering through the summer air, now lighting on this flower, now on that, and leaving us to follow with eager eyes and outstretched hands."

But I said that Sterndale Bennett was in many ways an example to the world of art. He was a type of man much needed in these days of hurry, slovenly finish, and general time-serving, disastrous pandering to popularity.

It will be no unfit tribute to his memory if I dwell for a few moments upon some of those characteristics of him, which are surely none the less needed because they are the most generally imitable.

First, then, I notice about him and his work what I may call the GRACE OF SELF-CONTROL. There is a general, but false, impression abroad that the artistic temperament is necessarily full of wild, irrepressible,

and irregular emotion. It is full, doubtless, of emotion; but the highest men and the best artistes are not those who, having great emotions, are tossed and mastered by them, but those who work at them as a man will work at certain fiery steeds, patiently, strongly, and with indomitable courage, until he has mastered them. All the strongest work, whether of artist, sculptor, poet, or musician, has a certain restraint and sublime temperance about it, which lifts it high above the most fascinating exhibition of exuberant and unrestrained emotion. See how Shakespeare can pull up in the midst of passion; see how Beethoven, in his symphonies, rules the gradations of tone-tint which lend such inexhaustible splendour to his great climaxes. Remember the marvellous temperance of passion in that wondrous episode of the "earthquake" in Mendelssohn's "Elijah," where almost every note in the scale of human emotion has been touched, but which is restrained and disciplined in such a manner that the soul is left at the close not exhausted, but tender and responsive to the heavenly wave of tidal melody that flows in at last with the "still small voice."

No! want of self-control in art, or in life, is not admirable. It means weakness always—waste of power always; and, however gifted may have been the ill-regulated genuises who have left much which the world will not willingly let die, yet these would have left more, and done better things, had they ruled instead of been ruled by their emotions.

I sometimes stand on the platform of a railway-station, and watch the shunting of some powerful engine. I know the steam is fully up, and that I am in the presence of a tremendous, though suppressed, force. Now I watch the engine gliding a few inches one way—then back again—then stopping in obedience to the lightest touch of the driver; but presently it is got into position, it is linked to its line of carriages: once more it moves onward; but this time, breaking into irresistible speed, it bounds along the rails. Who shall check it? That tremendous force of steam is still under control, and presently, after tearing for miles through field and hill-side, and meadow and town, the goal comes in sight; at a touch from the driver, the speed is slackened, the engine shows itself docile as a palfrey, and the long train glides gently and serviceably into the station, and soon lies motionless beside the platform.

Well, there is a symbol of emotion used and disciplined, but only so used because disciplined. And, depend upon it, no good work was ever done in this world without a certain measure of discipline. This is what makes Sterndale Bennett's work so perfect of its kind. It was indeed the reflection of his habits, both of mind and body, temperate, and full of quiet gentle thoroughness and mastery, even down to minute details, full of the GRACE OF SELF-CONTROL.

Secondly, I notice in him the GRACE OF COMMON WORK.

In these days, our young men complain of drudgery. They are too fine to do common work; no place is good enough for them; they are born for better things. They are poets, and have to keep accounts; they are painters, and have to serve counters; they are men of genius and sensibility, and pass their time in turning over other people's money. Remember, then, that Sterndale Bennett spent the greater part of forty years in incessant drudgery. He, the master—the worthy friend and brother in art of Mendelssohn and Schumann, with a reputation as wide as the civilised world, and a commanding genius, the lustre of whose work does not grow pale beside those of the great gods of music—this man spent habitually about eight or more hours every day of his life in teaching children, and all kinds of pupils, the rudiments of music. Some regret this, and from an artistic point of view it is to be regretted, but from a moral point of view it is not. His example reproves the idle, the discontented, the conceited grumblers to be found in all ranks of society. He taught once more the lesson left us by the Divine Man, who was called the Carpenter's Son—the importance of lowly duties—the power of unpalatable toil—the GRACE OF COMMON WORK.

Yet one more feature of the departed master's life-work—one more grace—and I have done. I allude to the GRACE OF A HIGH IDEAL—never more needed than in the present day, when art is in danger of becoming a mere trade, and music and musicians are notoriously bought and sold without regard to anything but the passing caprice or popular fancy of a musically ignorant and vulgar public.

Sterndale Bennett would never pander to popular taste at the expense of art. Musical art as a true and balanced expression of human emotion, as a legitimate means of kindling, regulating, and recreating the feelings, he held to be sacred. All exaggerated, artificial, merely spasmodic or claptrap effect, which might take with the crowd, he condemned as beneath the dignity of his art. His pen was fastidious to a fault. All his published work is exquisite in balance, finish, proportion, truth, and transparent clearness of expression. To reproach him for want of strength is to reproach the gazelle for lacking the power of the elephant. We speak not now of such inevitable defects as may be found in almost all human work—of such narrowness or want of variety and wide sympathy as may be found in most human work—but we speak of this noble quality in him which may be imitated by all of us, that, to use the words of Goethe, as an artist "in all his striving he ever looked to the highest." It was impossible for him to do otherwise. He had seen it and conversed face to face with it; he had drunk of the unsullied fount of German inspiration, and he felt with Guinevere—

> "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

It is this quality to which every action of his life, as far as he could see, and every stroke of his pen, as far as he knew, bore witness, which raises Sterndale Bennett so far above many of his contemporaries in this at once musical and unmusical country.

The interests of art were never jobbed by him; unworthy work was never puffed by him; no one was ever able to buy him; and no one ever induced him

to sell his name and high influence for money or the paltry prestige of a shallow and evanescent popularity. It has been said he was vain of his position and jealous of his rivals, but none will ever know to what extent in this silent and retiring man his so-called vanity was anything more than his deep sense of the important art-principle which he believed himself to be the chosen instrument of conserving, and in what degree his so-called jealousy is to be attributed to his anxiety lest any who loved self more and truth less than himself should take a permanent hold and exercise a baneful influence upon music in England.

That he failed to appreciate the Wagnerian tendencies of the time cannot sufficiently be deplored, but we must remember that he belonged to an earlier school, of which he himself was one of the brightest ornaments; and it is pleasing to reflect that almost his last work—"The Maid of Orleans"—was first introduced to the English public by Dr. Hans von Bülow, the greatest of Liszt's pupils, and the most illustrious and indefatigable exponent of Wagner's music.

Sterndale Bennett was rather the product of a school than the founder of one, and though he has left no imitators, he has left many pupils whose style is adapted rather to interpret intelligently the great classical pianoforte works than to show off the capacities of the great pianoforte firms.

Gentle and unassuming in his life, he has left behind him a memory full of heartfelt regrets in thousands of English homes. His loss has been, and will continue to be, deplored throughout the civilised world, and the vast concourse of men and women distinguished in every branch of literature, art, and science, that thronged his funeral at Westminster Abbey, was no unfit or inadequate tribute to the virtues and the genius of the most refined, industrious, and earnest of musicians, and the gentlest and purest of men.

H. R. Haweis.

HOW TO MAKE DISHES LOOK NICE.

I FEAR that, as a nation, taste is not our *forte*. I wonder, too, if there is any French expression that would fully convey the idea, "Wanted, a good plain cook." I suppose this really means: Wanted, a woman who can convert joints of raw meat into some state sufficiently intermediate between blueness and cinders as to render them eatable, and who also can make certain plain puddings, more or less heavy as the case may be, but who has no more conception of artistic taste than a cabbage, and would be as incapable of making a dish look elegant as of singing the shadow-dance from "Dinorah." And yet many of these persons are good honest souls, who mean well, and do their best, but somehow or other it is not in them.

They have been born in an uncongenial clime. For instance, contrast the dress of an English workman's wife whose husband earns, say, £2 a week, with that of a Frenchwoman in a similar station of life; and yet probably the latter spends less in dress than the former.

We have already compared a French pastrycook's window with an English one, but if there is ever a time in which we feel that Waterloo is indeed avenged, it is when we contrast a French salade with the ordinary English specimen.

We can well imagine a young wife in deep consultation with her next sister a week before her first dinner-party, the cookery-book between them.

"Oh! what a pretty dish," exclaims one, "let's have that."

But, alas! they have no idea what the appearance of the dish will be when done, or more probably leave it to the cook to do as she likes, with one or two little things from the pastry-cook's—an expensive way of going to work, it should be borne in mind. I have been asked several times in strict confidence the question, "But ought it to have looked like that?"—a question very often involving a necessary sacrifice of either truth or politeness.

Francatelli observes: "The palate is as capable and nearly as worthy of education as the eye and the ear." Now, without entering into the question as to whether a patty to eat is equal to a Patti to hear or see in the way of enjoyment, there is no doubt that the palate is to a great extent influenced by the eye. For instance, a large cold sirloin of beef on the sideboard at a good old-fashioned hotel, neatly decorated with bright green parsley and snow-white curly horseradish; the dish resting on an equally snow-white cloth; its companions consisting of as tempting-looking a York ham, and some bright silver flagons, the latter enabling the looker-on almost to realise the "nut-brown ale" talked about of old, though what it was like we have not the least idea. There is a common saying, "It makes one hungry to look at it;" or, "It makes one's mouth water." Yet contrast this same piece of cold beef with a joint I recollect being once brought up for supper at some lodgings, where Mary Ann was, to say the least, inartistic. She brought it up just as it was in the dish in which it had got cold—the dish smeary round the

rim with Mary Ann's thumb-marks. The gravy had of course settled, and was thickly studded over with hard white wafers of fat. Some of the fat, too, had settled on the meat itself. Yet the meat was in every respect equal to the decorated joint, and many a poor hungry man would see no difference between

THE TWO COOKS.

the two, any more than a hungry bull-dog would. At least, some might even prefer the latter, in order to lap up the cold gravy with the blades of their knives.

A poached egg nicely done, the yellow yolk surrounded with an equal rim of clear white, in contradistinction to one badly done, in which the yolk has broken and run and got mixed up with the white, is another instance of how much depends upon appearances, for both eggs would be equally wholesome.

Now, there are few nicer and at the same time prettier-looking dishes than a salade mayonnaise. Yet too often when directions are given, in books or otherwise, how to make mayonnaise sauce, the latter point—that is, appearance—is altogether left out of the question. Making mayonnaise sauce, and simply mixing it with some lettuce, and lobster, and hard-boiled egg, is certainly making a very nice lobster salad. Just in the same way the most beautiful clear jelly might be handed round in white pudding-basins, or even in the saucepan in which it was boiled; but how different to a handsome mould, with a few preserved fruits inside it, placed in the centre of a bright cut-glass dish, and a little cut lemon by way of garnish!

But we have been long enough on the subject, "How not to do it," and must begin at once with the practical recipe.

First the ingredients:—A lobster; and if there is any coral in it, take it out, and make some lobster butter with it, as it will do no good to the salad. This lobster butter will keep, and enable you at a future period to make lobster sauce in a hurry out of a preserved tin of lobster; and this cannot be done without lobster butter. Next, some fresh lettuces (French are by far the best for mayonnaise salads), a small piece of butter, two fresh eggs—as we are only going to describe how to make enough for about four persons—some oil, and a little parsley. We will also suppose the house to contain some vinegar, a bottle of capers, a bottle of anchovies, and a bottle of olives, at the same time reminding timid housekeepers that these latter will do over and over again, and that probably a shilling bottle of each will last a twelvemonth.

We will now describe how a cook ought to proceed in order to make a good lobster salad.

The first thing she would do would be to place an egg in a saucepan, and boil it for twenty minutes or so, and then place it in cold water to get cold. Next, take a couple of anchovies out of the bottle, and place them on a plate (putting the bottle back in the cupboard; for if you get in the habit of putting each thing by in its place as you use them, you will never get into a muddle). Next, take a small penknife, and cut the anchovy open longways, and carefully remove the bone; if this is done properly, each anchovy will make four fillets or thin strips varying from two to three inches; wash them thoroughly in cold water, to remove all the salt and soft part. Dry them, and roll them up, as they look at times too much like worms if not rolled. Next, take a teaspoonful of capers, and drain them carefully on a cloth, in order to thoroughly remove the vinegar in which they have been preserved. Next, take six olives, and stone them. This is done by cutting a strip off them as thick as you can, keeping the edge of the knife scraping

LOOKING AT THE COOKERY-BOOK.

the stone the whole time. As a rule, the olive will look round after the stone is taken out, but of course they have no ends to them. A little practice will enable the cook to cut out the stone quite bare, leaving the flesh, so to speak, of the olive in one piece, which curls up again, and looks like an olive that had never been touched.

These directions may to some seem unnecessarily minute; but then we are writing for others who

perhaps have never seen an olive except in a bottle in the grocer's window, and then they thought them preserved plums.

Next, chop up not too finely a little piece of bright green parsley; enough to cover a threepenny-piece when chopped is quite sufficient.

MARY ANN'S METHOD OF SERVING.

Put all these things by on a clean dry plate for use—viz., the hard-boiled egg, cold, with the shell on; the anchovies, rolled up; the capers, dry; the olives, stoned; the parsley, chopped. And, as we have said, clear away what you have used before beginning anything fresh. Next, wipe, or quickly wash in cold water and wipe, the lettuces, and pile them up *lightly* in a silver or any oval-shaped dish. Next, remove all the meat from the lobster, not forgetting the soft part inside and the claws; cut it all up into small pieces not much bigger than dice, and spread the meat over the top of the lettuce in the dish, taking care as much as possible to make the shape high in the centre. A sort of oval pyramid may convey the idea, though it is not a very mathematical expression. Sprinkle a little pepper and salt over the lobster, and put the dish by in a cool place.

Next, the sauce itself. I believe the directions generally given to be wrong in this respect. It is a mistake to put in any pepper, salt, or vinegar at starting. I will therefore describe exactly how I make mayonnaise sauce, at the same time stating that I only remember one failure, and that was on an exceptionally hot day, and I had no ice.

Take a clean cool basin, one sufficient to hold about a quart. Next, take an egg, break it into a tea-cup, and carefully separate all the white from the yolk. This requires care, and the yolk must be passed from one half-shell to the other half very gently, in order to avoid breaking it. It is no use trying to do it at all with a stale egg. Place the yolk in a basin, and break it with a fork—a wooden salad-fork is best. Then drop some oil on, drop by drop at starting, and at the same time beat it up lightly but quickly with the fork. Do not, pray, get impatient, and put too much oil in at once. Continue slowly till the yolk of egg and oil begin to look like yellowish cream. When it once begins to get thick, you may slightly increase the dose of oil, or let the drops fall more quickly. Continue the process till the sauce assumes the appearance of railway grease. This is rather a nasty simile; but then it is so exactly like it, that it conveys a correct idea. You may now add a little white vinegar. As the vinegar has the effect of making the sauce thinner—and the thicker the sauce is, the nicer it looks—this must be added with caution. A small bottle of dilute acetic acid, purchased from some good chemist, will be found best for the purpose, and is what I have always used myself, it being simply strong vinegar, about eight times stronger than ordinary; and, consequently, one-eighth of the quantity will answer the same purpose. Half a saltspoonful will be found sufficient, and will not have the effect of thinning the sauce. Next, with a silver knife, or ivory paper-knife, spread the sauce over the lobster, till the whole dish, with the exception of where the green salad shows round the edge, has the appearance of a mould of solid custard.

Now to ornament it. First select about a dozen of the brightest-looking capers, and stick them lightly over the sauce. They will stick easily without being in the least pushed in. Next pick out a dozen and a half pieces of the chopped parsley, each piece about the size of a pin's head, and drop these over it to give it a slight speckled appearance. Next take the beetroot, which of course is supposed to have been

AN ORDERLY MEAL.

boiled and got cold, and cut it into small strips about an inch long, and as thick as a wooden lucifer match split into four, and with these strips form a trelliswork of beetroot round the edge of the salad where the sauce joins the lettuce, so that the bottom of each strip just touches the lettuce, the strip itself resting on the sauce.

The contrast between the red trellis and the white

sauce has a very pretty effect. Next cut the egg into quarters lengthways, and place the pieces round the edge at equal distances, and put the olives and anchovies at equal distances between them; also arrange the small claws of the lobster, bent at the joint, around the border. By this means nearly all of the green salad is hidden, and the effect of the dish is exceedingly pretty. The remainder of the chopped parsley and capers may be placed round the edge, as when the whole is mixed up it will help to improve the flavour.

There is one thing more, however, that may make the dish look still prettier, and that is a little lobster spawn. If the lobster contained any spawn, take a small piece and cut it up into little pieces the size of a pin's head or a little bigger—a dozen and a half would be sufficient—and sprinkle these over the sauce alternately with the little green pieces of parsley.

It has been described how to make a nice-looking little lobster salade mayonnaise for about four persons. When, however, a considerably larger dish, and several of them, are required, such as for a wedding breakfast or ball supper, you should get by way of garnish a few little crayfish or prawns. A small crayfish placed in the corner of each dish, with its claws outstretched, resting on the mayonnaise sauce, looks very pretty. If, too, the dish is of a considerable size, a small one may be lightly placed on the top as an ornament.

Now we have described one way of ornamenting a lobster salad, but of course this is only one out of an infinite number of methods. Nor do we maintain that this is by any means the prettiest method; but we have given it as one of the simplest. For instance, mayonnaise sauce can be coloured red by mixing up some lobster butter with it, or green by means of parsley juice. Plovers' eggs, too, when they can be obtained, form a very pretty garnish. Leaves or flowers can be cut out of beetroot with a stamp, and be used by way of ornament. The long thin tendons of the lobster can be arranged, too, to stick upright out of the centre, but they should be put in before the mayonnaise sauce is placed on the lobster.

Perhaps a few explanations of why the salad was prepared in the order named may not be out of place. It will be observed that the anchovies, capers, &c., were got ready early, but the beetroot was not cut up till long afterwards; the reason of this is, fresh-cut beetroot looks a bright red, but after some hours, if it gets stale, it has a sort of withered look, and turns a dirty reddish-brown colour; so too with the egg, never cut open a hard-boiled egg until it is nearly time to use it, as the egg dries up, and the yellow yolk looks dark and separates from the white. The capers, too, were dried, as if dropped on to the spread-out sauce wet they would spoil its appearance.

Lastly, do not be disappointed if you do not succeed in getting the sauce thick the first time; and do not be afraid of the oil. One yolk of an egg will use up nearly a teacupful of oil. It requires a peculiar quick movement of the wrist, and like whipping cream into a froth, it is not always learnt in a day. We fear that, among the Mary Ann class, there are some heavy-fisted women who would never learn it at all. The dish, however, is well worth the trial; and if you can get one person to do the sauce and another to ornament the dish, all the better, as the exertion of making the sauce has often the effect of making the hand shake so much that it is incapable of arranging the beetroot, &c., with any degree of nicety. A. G. PAYNE.

EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW THEY ARE CAUSED.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.G.S., ETC.

ONE of the oldest and most general of the many agents which have modified the crust of the earth is that popularly known as an "earthquake." Fortunately for our densely-populated and ill-built towns, Great Britain is not now subject to earthquake shocks, although our oldest rocks are crowded with abundant evidences of their former action. Our carboniferous strata have been cracked through by them, and our hills and mountains elevated by their former convulsions. At present this country lies out of the way of great shocks, and we only experience faint and not easily recognisable tremblings, due to the nearly-spent forces dying out underneath us.

Earthquake action is nearly related to volcanic, and frequently one of these natural forces may pass into the other. Long-continued experiments in deep mines, in all kinds of rocks, have plainly proved that the heat increases as we descend. This increase of heat cannot be ascribed to the heavier column of atmosphere which must press down at the bottom of deep mines. If we ascend some mountain-side from the sea-level, the cold increases about one degree for every 300 feet. We might, therefore, conclude that the heat in deep mines, if it were due to atmospherical pressure, would increase at the same rate. It gains, however, much more rapidly—sometimes as much as one degree for every forty-five feet of descent, and seldom less than one degree for every seventy.

If the heat goes on increasing continuously at the same rate, it becomes an easy matter to calculate to what depth we should have to go to reach a point where all the known solid substances are in a state of fusion. Chemists can tell us exactly what heat is required to melt iron, copper, &c., so that it would not be difficult to estimate the depth in the earth where, if the heat increase at the average rate of one degree for about sixty feet, these well-known substances are constantly in a molten condition. For various reasons of

a mathematical character, it is believed that the thickness of the earth's crust is much greater than it would be if the heat continued to increase as above-mentioned. It is thought that as we go deeper through the strata, the increased pressure which ensues withstands the tendency to a molten condition ; so that at great depths the enormous pressure of the overlying rocks resists the tendency of the great heat to melt them. According to the calculation that heat increases one degree Fahrenheit every sixty feet of descent, if there were no counteracting agency, all solid substances would be in a molten state at the depth of about thirty miles. This is known to be too thin a crust, however, for a planet 8,000 miles in diameter, and so it is usually regarded as not less than 100 miles in thickness, owing to the pressure withstanding the liquifying influence of the earth's internal heat.

The oblate shape of the earth, and of all the planets of the solar system, is explained on the ground that they were originally in a molten condition. Since then they have lost heat and cooled down. The external stratified crust, however, still encloses the greater part of the originally molten planet. A loss of heat is yet slowly going on, known as the "secular cooling of the earth." The heat from the interior is conducted upwards through the rocky crust, and thence radiated into space. We have not to consider the *slowness* of this operation, but the fact that it is taking place. With loss of heat comes a shrinking or contraction of the earth's interior. The hardened crust everywhere enveloping it cannot shrink in the same degree, and it is necessary it should be constantly fitted to the contracting interior, otherwise there would be a vacant space between it and the crust.

It is along the weakest parts of the earth's crust that fractures usually happen. Hence it is that earthquakes and volcanoes generally run in lines extending over enormous areas of the earth's surface. The *force* generated by the fracturing or folding is that usually designated as "earthquake shocks." Mr. Mallet has shown that the friction which ensues during a fracturing of deep-seated solid rocks, and when the walls are rubbed against each other, will develop heat enough to melt the rocks. In this way earthquakes pass into volcanic action. These two forces extend over the same areas, and are often transmitted from the same spots, or foci. Volcanic action is nearly always preceded by earthquake shocks, whose intensity increases until volcanic energy is developed, after which the former subsides. On Mr. Mallet's theory, this near relation is easily understood, and he has shown that the amount of heat which must be annually developed by the secular cooling of the earth's interior, is more than is required to produce all the volcanic energy. Mr. Mallet, however, does not think the interior of the earth is molten, but in a heated solid state, the molten lava which issues from volcanic craters having been formed by the fusion of the solid matter where heat has been developed during shrinkage. In either case, however, whether we acknowledge a molten interior or a highly-heated solid one, we have equally to explain the origin of earthquakes and volcanoes on the theory of the secular cooling and contraction of the earth as a whole.

The shocks propagated through the earth's crust will vary in their degree of intensity in proportion to the amount of fracture or contraction. In every case the shock is propagated in waves, analogous to those which ripple the surface of a smooth pond when a stone has been thrown in, only vertical instead of horizontal. These are termed "earthquake waves ;" and when powerfully felt, the surface of the earth will actually be thrown into a series of temporary undulations, like that of a field of corn when a gentle breeze is passing over it. Not unfrequently, if the surface rocks be of a nature that does not readily transmit the wave, they will be rent and fissured to a considerable depth. It is to the undulation produced by violent earthquake waves that so much destruction is due. Houses and large public buildings are thrown to the ground, and a "fenced city" suddenly "becomes a heap."

Earthquakes are of three kinds—*undulatory*, *perpendicular*, and *horizontal*—according to the direction in which the wave or force is propagated. It is the former to which we have been chiefly alluding, as this is the most frequent, but, as a rule, also the most harmless. This, however, is not always the case, as the great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 plainly shows. That earthquake was of an undulatory character. The perpendicular earthquakes are not so frequent as the last, but when they attain any unusual development they are more destructive. Sometimes they have the character of an explosion, and objects in the neighbourhood are suddenly projected into the air, owing to the vibrations succeeding each other rapidly, and passing through the earth's crust in a perpendicular direction. The earthquake which occurred at Riobamba, in Ecuador, South America, in 1797, was of the perpendicular class. During its occurrences, rocks, trees, together with shattered buildings, and their inhabitants, were projected into the air as from the explosion of a mine. People were actually hurled hundreds of feet upwards.

Horizontal earthquakes are the rarest in their occurrence, but they are most destructive of any, as the motion which originates them is due to a combination of the two just mentioned, producing a kind of horizontal twist. The great Calabrian earthquake, investigated by the French Commission, which took place in 1783, was of this kind. In its course it destroyed two hundred towns and villages, and killed a hundred thousand people.

As will be understood from this classification, the undulatory earthquakes are usually felt over the most extensive areas. That of Lisbon extended from Bohemia to the West Indies, east and west, and from Algiers to Sweden, north and south. The Calabrian earthquake was confined to an area of only six hundred square miles. We have referred to the ripples produced by throwing a stone into a pool ; the waves extend themselves in circles, succeeding each other, and becoming fainter farther away from the centre of disturbance, owing to the friction of the water. This is very similar to the way in which many earthquake

shocks are propagated. They form huge circular waves of force, which traverse the rocks, and lose their violence far away from their origin, from the resistance of the rocks through which they pass. That the origin of these waves is due to the weak lines in the earth's crust, is evident from the fact that earthquake waves usually follow the same directions in the same districts. In Great Britain, what few shocks we experience are due to the earthquake undulations travelling in a south-westerly direction. In Scandinavia it is the same; whilst in Spain the direction the waves take is south-east. In the Alleghany mountains, North America, the course is north-westerly.

It has been found that certain rocks conduct away the earthquake waves better than others, just as some metals are better conductors of electricity or heat than the rest. Granite and primary rocks allow the shocks to be conveyed through them without much disturbance. On the other hand, the later tertiary strata (which are usually loose and unconsolidated), and soft alluvial deposits, are the worst conductors of earthquake movements, and therefore cause the greatest destruction to towns and villages that may be built upon them. Moreover, a still greater degree of violence is experienced at the junction of old primary rocks, and where the later tertiary beds rest upon them. The careful examination of the great Calabrian earthquake proved that the greatest destruction always occurred under such circumstances. This conclusion is not without a practical value in earthquake-visited countries, for it plainly shows which areas would be the best for building upon, and which the worst. It is not difficult to understand the cause of such destruction where the denser rocks and the looser strata come together. Just as electricity can be safely conducted away along a copper wire, whilst it will manifest itself as light if it has to leap a short interval to the end of another wire, so would the earthquake undulations travel at a certain speed, and with a certain rhythm, if the rocks through which they passed were everywhere alike in density and structure. At the point where a change takes place, as at the junction of primary and tertiary beds, the waves passing through the former are suddenly altered when they have to traverse the latter, and this sudden alteration is then powerfully manifested on the surface.

The rate at which these movements or waves are propagated has been ascertained chiefly through the researches of Mr. Mallet. The great earthquake wave of Lisbon travelled twenty miles a minute. When earthquake foci are situated near the sea, then, in addition to the destructive undulations which pass through the earth's crust, we have subsequent inundations, which not unfrequently cause even more mischief than the original shocks. This was the case at Lisbon, and still more recently in Jamaica. In the former place, when the earthquake had shaken down the buildings, such people as could escape found shelter on the new quay, away from the falling houses. Here they were congregated in thousands, when a huge wave of water, sixty feet high, came sweeping in from the sea, and drowned most of them. These waves are caused by the earthquake shock travelling more rapidly through the solid crust of the earth than through the volume of sea-water. The first is propagated with great rapidity; but water is a worse conductor of the force, and the friction to which the wave is subjected retards its progress, and thus causes it to make its appearance some time after the original shock has done all the mischief it could.

Mr. Mallet's researches in the phenomena of earthquakes have led to certain conclusions which are now generally accepted by physical geographers. These views are based on the theory of the secular cooling of the earth, although they do not necessitate a belief in a molten nucleus. When a strain is produced, by the outer crust of the earth being adapted to the contracting interior, a crack will result, the shock of which is conveyed away in every direction as an earthquake wave. It has been ascertained that these shocks are rarely generated at a greater depth than thirty miles, and frequently at a much less depth than that. The focus of the earthquake at Naples, in 1857, was only eight miles from the surface. In addition to knowing the depth at which any earthquake shock may have originated, the angle at which the wave emerges from the focus, and the rate of its movement, are also calculable. Earthquake shocks are always of such a nature as would result from a blow or concussion.

In various parts of the world we have areas where slow upward and downward movements of the earth's crust are taking place without any violent shocks accompanying them. In 1855, along the coast of New Zealand, a tract of country was uplifted as much as nine feet. Singularly enough, this elevation was bounded on one side by a crack, on the other side of which there was comparative rest. Here, therefore, we have the first trustworthy account of one of those singular movements so common in the older rocks, called "faults," where the rock-masses on one side a crack or fissure have been uplifted. The northern coasts of the Baltic are being elevated at the slow and gradual rate of about three feet in a century. The coasts of South America, on the western side of the Andes, are in a very unsettled condition. In 1822, over a large area of country, there was an elevation of from four to nine feet; and again in 1837, the same area was uplifted eight feet. These successive elevations added a strip of dry land equal to half the entire area of France. How long the elevation of the Baltic coasts have been going on, ever since the close of the last geological epoch known as the "glacial," is best shown by the fact that Baltic shells are found one hundred feet above the present level of the sea. It is by such slow elevatory movements as these that all the dry land has been elevated from the floors of the seas and oceans where, as the fossils in the rocks plainly testify, it was originally laid down. Earthquake shocks and movements, therefore, have played an important part in the history of the globe, in thus elevating areas to a higher level, and so compensating for the wear-and-tear to which the dry land is continually subjected by atmospherical agencies.

(Drawn by M E. EDWARDS.)

"SO HERE'S MY OLD LOVE ONCE AGAIN,
SURROUNDED BY HER BRIDAL TRAIN" (*p.* 370).

MY OLD LOVE.

A BRIDAL SOLILOQUY.

SO this is Janet's wedding-day!
Strange that my heart should feel so gay
And free from sorrow!
For 'twas through her, a year ago,
I cast me down in bitter woe,
And prayed that I might never know
Another morrow.
Ah, well! each day fresh knowledge brings,
And hearts are very changeful things.

I loved her wildly once, I trow,
And, foolish, thought I ne'er could go
Through life without her.
And now, although she's just as fair—
The same bright eye and winning air—
Yet really I don't seem to care
A bit about her!
"Ah! truly hearts are changeful things!"
A little voice within me sings.

So here's my old love once again,
Surrounded by her bridal train—
Bright blushing roses!
And as I watch the dimples play
On *one* soft cheek in that array,
No sadd'ning thought this joyous day
In me reposes.
Ah! every day new beauty brings;
Most truly hearts are changeful things!

So, Janet, I can wish you well;
For you may each glad wedding-bell
Ring gaily ever!
And as for me—to win *that* face,
That's glowing there with sunny grace,
To fill a bride's—not bridesmaid's—place,
Is my endeavour.
"How well it is," a soft voice sings,
"That hearts are made such changeful things!"

G. WEATHERLY.

THE QUEEN'S TOBACCO-PIPE.

AMONG Custom-house officers and other frequenters of the docks along the Thames, it is considered to be a joke—and a capital one too—to say that Her Majesty Queen Victoria is the greatest smoker in the United Kingdom. It is a good, serviceable old joke, and no doubt it is very funny; but what is a great deal funnier, to one who strolls about and chats with different officers of the Revenue, is the manner in which one after another of them will tell it—sometimes with a knowing wink and a waggish dig with the thumb, and always with the air of a man who is conscious of being rather an original wit.

But though given as a joke, the assertion is perfectly true, the only qualification of it necessary being, of course, that Her Majesty does her smoking by deputy!

The "Queen's Tobacco-pipe" is a furnace or kiln for the consumption, not of tobacco only, as its popular name would seem to imply, but of anything and everything it is necessary to dispose of without removal from the docks. There were formerly three or four such furnaces on the banks of the Thames; and when articles liable to duty were more numerous than they are now, the fuel with which these "Pipes" were fed was often of a singularly miscellaneous character. Goods such as Bandanna handkerchiefs, lace, gloves, hams, tobacco and cigars, tea and coffee, and innumerable other dutiable articles, were handed over to the representative of Her Majesty in the person of a Custom-house officer, and consigned to the flames. The importation of Bandanna handkerchiefs was at one time of day entirely prohibited; nevertheless they were smuggled into the country in such quantities, that at the very time they were under prohibition they found their way into general use. Vast numbers were, however, seized and destroyed. In the case of a similar seizure of other articles, such as lace or gloves—articles not prohibited, but merely subject to duty—they would be forfeited to the Crown, and if of any value, would be sold: otherwise they, too, would go to the furnace. It would sometimes happen that goods in transit would be so damaged as not to be worth the duty levied on them, and the consignee, therefore, would decline to redeem them. On one occasion 13,000 pairs of French gloves were thus abandoned, and were consequently mixed up with the tobacco in the Queen's Pipe. A still more curious consignment were 900 hams, which were kept in bond until unsaleable, and then similarly disposed of, several of the best of them affording Her Majesty—that is to say, Her Majesty's servants—many a hearty meal before finally disappearing. It has been stated that occasionally there have been broken up and thrown into these furnaces, articles in the manufacture of which metals of various kinds have been employed, and that among the ashes taken out molten gold and silver have been found. Among importations that have been thus treated, stories are told of large numbers of rank impostors in the guise of valuable gold watches, shipped from foreign ports apparently for the express purpose of imposing upon the unwary.

The truth of many such stories, however, appears to

be open to some question. Certainly nothing of the kind has taken place for very many years—indeed, the remission of one tax after another has gradually reduced the fuel of Her Majesty's Pipes, and at the present time all have gone out but one.

St. Katharine's Docks used to have one ; and in the adjoining London Docks was the largest of them all. It was this one which took in the 900 hams and 13,000 pairs of French gloves. It still stands, shut in within a small quadrangle, bricked off from a corner of what was formerly a huge tobacco warehouse, from which it drew the greater part of its supplies. In years gone by this kiln was always burning, both by night and day ; and every week tons upon tons of merchandise, brought from distant parts of the earth, or manufactured at enormous cost, were converted into ashes, to be sold by auction and employed as manure, or by chemical manufacturers. The gradual adoption of free trade, and the diversion of nearly the whole of the tobacco importations to the Victoria Docks, put out this furnace as well as the rest, and now the only Queen's Tobacco-pipe to be found in the Metropolitan dockyards is in this latter vicinity.

The journey down to it is not to be lightly undertaken. It stands perched on what in the docks is known as "the knuckle of the C jetty ;" and unless one sets out with a tolerably clear and distinct idea of the position of this "C jetty," he is very likely to find that his travels only fairly begin just where he expected they would terminate. In and out among forests of shipping and piles of merchandise, brought together from every point of the compass, hustled by natives of every climate, jabbering all sorts of unknown tongues, and at almost every step apparently incurring the risk of being run down by trucks and barrows, or unceremoniously hooked up into space by hydraulic cranes, or flattened into a pancake by some erratic hogshead or descending "lift," the explorer makes his way, until at length a whiff of very vile tobacco-smoke blows over with the thousand and one odours, good, bad, and indifferent, which always seem to constitute the atmosphere of shipping London ; and the adventurer knows that he has found the Queen's Tobacco-pipe, and that Her Majesty is still a great smoker, if not a very choice one.

Truth to tell, one's first impression of this unique little establishment—unique at least in London—is one of profound disappointment. It is a shabby-looking, insignificant little affair, altogether unworthy of its great name, and presenting nothing to the outside world but a chimney and a pair of gates, with a little loose lumber lying around. Nor are appearances very much more inviting when a vigorous kick at the gates calls forth the somewhat disputatious-looking head of a servant of Her Majesty, posted inside to see that nothing is brought out again when once it has been taken in as fuel for the Pipe, and who seems to think it altogether unreasonable in anybody to expect that he can get through his arduous and exhausting day's work if he is to be bothered with half-a-dozen questions from one and the same individual.

The place itself is merely a little enclosed yard, with sheds on one side of it, in one of which is a huge furnace, with an iron door sliding up and down, and capable of holding a good cart-load of fuel. The whole concern is very little bigger than an ordinary village pound, yet in the shipping world it appears to be as well known as the Custom House. Many, indeed, outside the shipping world have good cause to know it, at least by repute ; for many a luckless *voyageur* has made an involuntary contribution to the flames that are pretty steadily kept up here all the year round.

The great bulk of the fuel is bad tobacco—tobacco which has come into port in such a condition that it is not worth the duty which must be paid upon it before it can be removed from the docks. To this are added the sweepings of the warehouses and other odd litter. Altogether, the quantities of combustibles which find their way into this capacious pipe-bowl in the course of the year are something very large. Merely the ashes carted off every week amount to several tons in weight. These have a considerable market value ; and ladies who occasionally take a peep into this out-of-the-way little nook are generally found to express great faith in their merits as a dentifrice, and often carry away little packets for their own use. One might have supposed, however, that in these days of manufacturing economy such great quantities of refuse materials would have undergone some transformation more profitable than the mere conversion of them into ashes.

Some such reflection as this is still more forcibly suggested by the contributions which passengers aboard vessels coming into the Thames are frequently called upon to make—often, no doubt, very much to their astonishment. Any book of which a copyright exists in England, but which has been printed abroad, is ruthlessly seized and committed to the flames in this little temple of destruction. Nor are there, in a general way, any means by which such a sacrifice may be averted, when once the book has fallen into the hands of Her Majesty's representatives, even though, over and above its intrinsic value, it may have a value as a keepsake or a birthday present. This of course is done not in the interest of the Revenue, as there is no important duty on books, but simply as a protection to the proprietor of the copyright, to whom an appeal may be made, and who may, if he thinks proper, forego his right to have the books destroyed. Some authors have been especially indulgent in this respect. To the late Charles Dickens, for instance, such an application was rarely made in vain ; and there are some living proprietors of copyrights who are equally generous in this respect. In a general way, however, the law takes its course, and hundreds of volumes that might enrich the bookshelves of hospitals and other places, into which they would never otherwise find their way, are flung into this omnivorous furnace on the "C jetty" of the Victoria Docks. Of course, there is much to be said against any such distribution of forfeited books ; but it cannot be denied that absolute waste of this kind is very much to be deplored.

G. F. MILLIN.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

V.—VAGABONDS.

IF the law be operative to "comprehend all vagrom men"—as Dogberry puts it—it is necessarily loose in administration. We are every now and then reminded by some case before a police magistrate or a justice of the peace, that to have no settled place of abode is in itself an offence which may be summarily dealt with; and possibly some such interpretation of the Vagrant Act may be necessary in dealing with incorrigible tramps, who follow no calling but mendicancy, and infest the highways, ready to extort money from timid people, who can be easily frightened by their threatening aspect and violent language.

None of us have much sympathy for the idle hulking ruffians or sneaking thieves who tramp from one union to another, leaving their remarks in cypher on the walls of the casual-sheds, and their hieroglyphics on trees and fences and garden-palings, directing those of their fraternity who may follow, where begging will be most successful, which is the best halting-place, and even what gaol is least disagreeable in its discipline. At the same time most of us feel a distinct twinge of pity for those poor vagabonds who in their wanderings strive to pick up a living either by following some light calling, or by displaying certain amusing accomplishments.

"To have no settled occupation or place of abode," is a phrase known to the law just as some of the representatives of vagrancy may be known to the police, and be undistinguished from actual mendicants or tramps; but as a matter of fact in this country, and especially in or near to this great, striving, seething, restless, wealthy, poverty-stricken, benevolent, cruel, Christian, heathen city, everybody is supposed to dwell somewhere. Actual houselessness does exist, no doubt, in spite of the casual-ward and the night-refuge for the destitute. Homelessness is unfortunately too common. Witness the common lodging-houses of Spitalfields, Drury Lane, and Holborn—the tramps' kitchens of Golden Lane and Saint Luke's; but even vagabonds lodge somewhere; for a good many months in the year there is no life "under the greenwood tree" for the great vagabond contingent of London; and, indeed, a very large proportion of representative vagrancy cares but little for the greenwood tree at all. It likes the banks of the Thames on Boat-race day—Epsom Downs while the Derby and Oaks are being run—some of the few remaining fairs not too far out of London; and sections of the vagabond company are to be found at sea-side haunts, on river steamers, and in excursion trains; while if there be money in the exchequer, and the big drum and pandean pipes are out of pawn, and mother and the children can undertake the journey, a party may be made up to "work" some of the counties where the halting-places are known, and the tramp for each day not too difficult.

Sometimes, again, the outside vagabonds—acrobats, tumblers, conjurers—may have a lucky chance of an engagement in some organised troupe, with a circus and a stud of trained horses, or they may join a big show, and stow themselves and their families away in tilted carts and caravans which are drawn up on the edge of some bit of sheltered heath, on a village common, or even on a waste piece beside some country lane.

It gives one a strange sensation to come suddenly upon one of these parties at broad noon on a summer's day, before the pale woman and sickly-looking children have had time to become sunburnt and fresh after their long hibernation in some foul London lodging-house. The appearance of the men, too, is not suggestive of a deep appreciation of the freedom of nature. There is a world of "speculation in those eyes with which" they "glare withal." They appear to be constantly counting probabilities of making a

BRINGING HIM OUT.

living, speak to each other in gruff-muttered undertones, have an evident suspicion of the proprietor to whom they have engaged themselves, and look furtively at the passer-by, as though they wondered whether he would be likely to witness their performance at the next "pitch."

For some time after the beginning of their vagabond campaign, they have still the frowsy tavern air of the London slum about them. They seem still to be looking into the pewter-pot, which has left its beery

ring on a tap-room table, where the flies stick fast, and the only sign of a bird is the sign of the house—the "Magpie and Stump," the "Eagle," the "Peacock," or the "Feathers."

They will have to be a week or two at work before this wears off; and then on the village common will be worn a bare ring, where horses have galloped round to the braying of a brass band, under the big marquee where Mr. Merryman made his poor threadbare jokes, and roared himself hoarse; and those wonderful "star riders, Mesdemoiselles Pauline and Thérèse," performed their marvellous feats of equestrianism; or little Bob, known to the public as "Roberto, the Infant Wonder," was practising "the trip" with the clown who has taken him for an apprentice, and means some day to bring him out at a London theatre.

CHICKWEED AND GROUNDSEL.

On the whole it would seem as though those wanderers were most open to these vagabond influences who go out to seek their own fortunes without joining a large company, or doing suit and service to a manager; but then they need to have what may be called a regular show to make their position comfortable.

Who does not remember the inimitable description of the itinerants in "The Old Curiosity Shop?" Who can doubt that the proprietors of Punch-and-Judy and of performing dogs revived in the great novelist that curious vagabond instinct to which I have already referred? No man who was altogether a stranger to the longing to get away, and lose even personal identity for a time, could have written as he did about these people.

It must be remembered, however, that these vagabonds are town-dwellers—that for six months in the year they probably live in doleful lodgings in some foul neighbourhood, or in the dreary tangles of courts and alleys about Spitalfields or Soho, and form a portion of the underpaid or of the unemployed. They are mostly at work at other avocations during a great portion of the year, and go out as show-folk vagabondising just as Civil Service clerks take a turn at literature and the drama, or as Irish labourers and their families go "hopping."

Some of them, like the itinerant dealers in cheap pennyworths, seldom leave London at all. The stringency with which street performances are forbidden in certain localities does not affect other portions of the metropolis. Strangely enough, in the City—where vagabondage is strictly repressed, and the itinerant conjurer who makes a shilling disappear into space is, though he may restore the coin, in greater danger of punishment than the promoter of a bubble company, who cheats his gaping admirers of thousands—there is still a kindly tolerance of musicians. About Mincing Lane, and all sorts of queer nooks and corners in the very midst of the busiest haunts, the sound of fife and fiddle, of harp and deep bassoon, are to be heard at midday. This is, however, mostly confined to certain privileged performers, who, even if they have no disdain for copper, frequently expect and receive threepennies and sixpences, and often steadfastly refuse to accept engagements to play at private houses, because they have a regular set of patrons for each hour of their short working day.

It is surprising how well a connection of this sort will answer—but, of course, the fortunate artistes who secure such support are more than ordinarily skilful, and are few in number.

It is seldom now that we see acrobatic or necromantic performances in London thoroughfares. In some of the by-streets of the Strand, and about Covent Garden, we may see a stray exhibitor now and then; and on Tower Hill the patterer, the professor of sleight-of-hand, and the performer with tame birds and cats may draw and keep a crowd. Punch-and-Judy, and the galanty show, with its shadowy drama of "Billy Waters and the Irascible Cobbler," are still winked at by that relaxation of strict legality which is a necessary recognition of the sympathy that we all have for free shows and pastimes, that help to relieve the dreary monotony of London streets, and give them something of life and colour. The same may be said perhaps of the Ethiopian serenaders, the knife-spinners, the ingenious gentlemen who fling large potatoes into the empyrean, and receive them crashing upon their foreheads, whence they split into a thousand fragments, and leave the operator with unfractured skull, and ready to receive the congratulatory subscription of coppers.

A FORTUNE-TELLER.

It is difficult to imagine these people living in the midst of squalid streets, in common lodging-houses, in the hovels of low neighbourhoods, or in beer-shops and taverns in the purlieus

of London theatres; harder still to fancy them, in the off season, doing odd jobs in any capacity where light labour is wanted, or carrying some of their accomplishments to entertain the company at public-houses. Some of them get a living—a poor one enough—as supernumeraries at theatrical entertainments, where they carry banners, or "go on" in the pantomime; and their children may be fairies or imps in the ballet, their wives sixth-rate dancers, or "dressers" to the actresses at some minor house.

This, however, is where they "keep to the profession." The acrobats and circle people do this for the most part; the showmen work the nearer provinces and the suburbs; and, as I have said already, the small professionals, the conjurors, the Punch-and-Judy men, who do not go to distant towns, and take up their temporary abode there, and all the rest of the great body of vagabondage dwelling in and around London, from Somers Town to Stratford, and from Belleisle to the New Cut at Lambeth, work at casual callings, and "make out" the winter, till the season comes round when they can furbish up tights and spangles, mend and re-decorate their puppets, hire a caravan, and get a friendly help to start a new enterprise, or join a company on a "provincial tour," and live once more that strange, houseless, roving life, which should be so full of fancy and of poetry, and is really so full of hard fact and true twopenny prose.

Even the country-clad casuals, who occasionally bring rural cries, and smock-frocks, and round felt hats, heavy boots and leathern gaiters, into our suburban streets, are possibly dwellers in some eastward slum. The cry of "Chickweed and groundsel for your birds" may mean no more of innocence and peace than is to be found in Covent Garden Market; and watercresses, as we know, are a thoroughly recognised metropolitan article of commerce, the supply of which is obtained at one or other of the great markets every morning, or at the grounds at Hackney Wick or elsewhere.

Even the tinker may have his grindstone and barrow in a cellar in Old Pye Street, Westminster, or in a back yard in Frying-Pan Alley.

The chair-caner, who sits so freely and easily under the shadow of a wall, mending your furniture, may be a denizen of Old Nichols Street, Shoreditch, with a roving tendency which sought an outlet in Sunday bird-catching on the "Lower Marsh," or away beyond Low Leyton, until the Small Birds' Protection Act clipped his wings for him.

It is very difficult to distinguish the true countryman from the rural emigrant. Some of my readers may remember a woman who went about London streets, and especially in the suburbs, selling strange combinations of matchwood, gold-leaf, and wool, which children eagerly purchased as "lambs." The powerful melodious voice in which she vended these rude toys could be heard streets off, brought buyers to the doors and windows, and with its wild, half-melancholy refrain—

> "If I'd as much money as I could tell,
> I never would cry, 'Young lambs to sell,'"

suggested a hut on some lonely wayside—a gipsy tent in the dark brushwood of Hainault Forest—a shanty on a breezy open common, amidst the heather and the hum of insects. It is possible that this weather-beaten, sad-eyed, rough-mannered woman—who had a sort of subdued gleam of tenderness for little children—lodged somewhere in Whitechapel. I firmly believe that she lived no farther off than Stratford—near which a whole colony of householding vagrants still dwells, making brooms and brushes, clothes-pegs and props, baskets and cradles, besoms and table-mats.

We see the great cart hung with such wares come swinging along our street—the woman crying with a mellow note, which is taken up in a jerky chorus by "the barker," a fustian-clad hobbedehoy, who lags on the other side of the way, while a trim-built, grim-visaged, sharp-eyed, half-gipsy-looking fellow is at the horse's head, keeping a bright look-out all round, and contemplatively chewing a straw. These are not actual vagabonds, though they belong to the tribe, and some of them are half-gipsies. They live in houses, down towards the Essex border mostly, and there are others of their kind about the pieces of waste swampy common near Woolwich, and at Poplar, and other places where half-deserted streets of small tenements swarm with children. They form the connecting-link between gipsyism proper and casual vagabondism of the professional type. Of gipsyism proper there is very little left in England. When old Ann Lee died in the workhouse at Low Leyton, the "tribes" had begun to lose their characteristics. The small Hindoo head, the shallow snaky eye, the lithe figure, the thin lips, and the black twisted hair, are so different from the conventional idea of the ruddy-faced, stalwart, sloe-eyed, crisp-locked pretenders to the Romani, that few people know a true "Egyptian" now-a-days. Probably the School Board may reach these vagabonds, and even the true gipsies, some day. At present, however, neither of them are amenable to Acts of Parliament; for the Vagrant Act is an engine too crushing to be applied to a whole class, which only demands the freedom to live by casual and useful labour. It is doubtful, too, whether it can even be usefully applied to the poor entertainers—the showmen and the itinerants who "amuse to live"—without violating the principle of public recreations altogether. Present experience seems to show that while the abolition of some local fairs, and a few anniversary observances, has become necessary, that necessity has to some extent arisen from the attempt to suppress what were comparatively harmless diversions.

We nearly always find that the law tramples sternly a little in advance of the public education, and where the law is only human it afterwards relaxes, and lets in some other licence than that which it was at first strained to prevent. We have abolished Greenwich Fair and its low saturnalia, and rightly; but there are music-halls in London, each of which is a defiance to virtue, a direct incentive to vice. The only moral to be deduced from this is, let us be moderate in speaking of vagabondage. A good many of us feel an unacknowledged sympathy with it, let us discriminate between it and the vagrancy which is a source of danger and of crime.

A HEALTH FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

CROWN the cup with roses,
Drink a health to-day,
For years ago a princess
Was born in merry May;
And through the land, like joy-bells,
The people's shout rang clear,
"God bless the little princess,
Our sweetest gift this year!"

Crown the cup with roses,
Let the toast go round,
We pledge the noblest lady
That treads on English ground:
The lang-syne sweet May-princess
Who joy and grief hath seen,
Since through the grand old minster
First pealed, "God save the Queen."

Crown the cup with roses,
Call Heaven's blessings down
On her who long and royally
Hath worn our English crown;
On her who o'er her people
Hath held a gracious sway—
"The Queen! the Queen! God bless her!
We drink her health to-day."

JULIA GODDARD.

THE WIDOWER'S ELDEST DAUGHTER,

AND HOW SHE WORKED FOR THE FAMILY.

DR. MORGAN'S wife was dead; and as soon as he had laid her in the grey-fenced Australian churchyard, he was obliged to ride away upon his business, for there was not another doctor for many a mile around. It was a dreary churchyard; the soil was baked and cracked—the coarse grass looked like withered rushes—the box-shaped bare church, built like the court-house and police barracks, of convict-made red brick, was just old enough to be crumbled, without having the slightest look of venerability.

Almost all the inhabitants of the little township had attended the funeral; but, after all, that is not saying much as to numbers; and, though kindly, they were rough people, not at all adapted to become the guides, philosophers, and friends of a family of motherless children. The clergyman of the place was a bachelor, and had a "parish" so wide, that he was often absent from home for days at a time. A good many of the doctor's supporters—several of whom had ridden in to follow his wife to the grave—were also bachelors; and those who had wives, had plenty for them to do.

When the doctor had taken back his flock of bereaved little ones from the churchyard, shaken hands and said good-bye to such of his friends as had accompanied him to his home, mounted the horse that his man held ready-saddled for him, and started on a fifteen-mile ride to a patient whose messenger had arrived just as his wife's coffin was being carried out of the house, he thought sadly of the homelessness of his children. He had not even a woman-servant to leave them with; the last of his series of feminine helps, wearying of attendance on an invalid, having got married a fortnight before her mistress died. Paddy Fury, the man-servant, was a decent old fellow—respectful to his master, and fond of the children—when sober; but there being, of course, a public-house, as well as a pound, in the township, it was impossible to judge with any certainty as to when Paddy would be sober, and how long he would continue so.

His eldest daughter, Mary, a fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed image of her mother, on a taller, slimmer scale, was the only housekeeper the poor doctor could rely upon. An admirable housekeeper she made, but still she was only fourteen when she obtained the power of the keys, and there is something saddening, experimentally and reflectively, in such precocious assumption of responsibility.

The sister-mother, on her return to her home, drew up the blinds and put back the Venetian shutters which had darkened it. The rich westering sunshine streamed into the house of mourning—its brightness blotted by the new sables of the six girls and two boys, and the rusty-black ribbon which Mrs. M'Carthy, who had come to help, had put into, or rather pinned on, her cap, as a tribute of respect to the dead lady, or at least in honour of the occasion. Bridget M'Carthy, like her countryman, Paddy Fury, meant kindly towards the children; but they both, from "wake" experiences, associated respect for the departed with copious consumption of alcoholic liquor, and had been drinking freely all the day of the funeral. It was with a feeling of relief, therefore, that Mary saw Paddy reeling into the town almost as soon as her father had ridden away, and she was not at all sorry when Mrs.

M'Carthy followed him, as soon as she had brought in the kettle for tea.

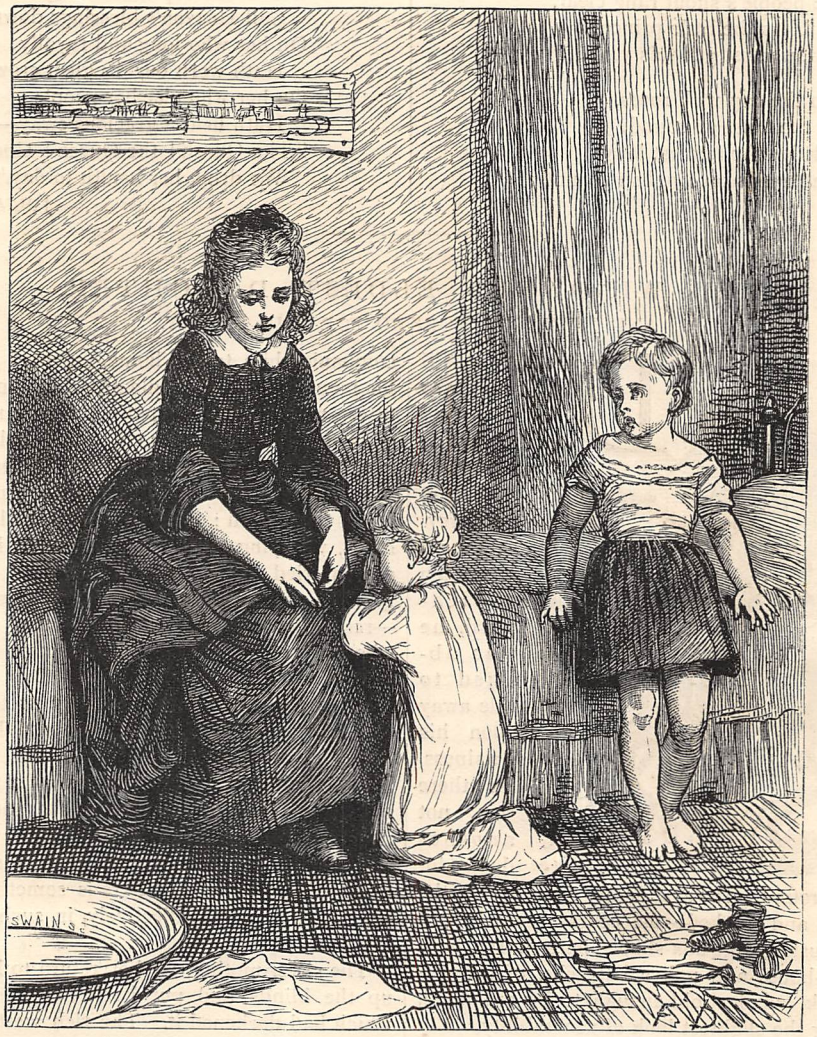
Mary for some weeks had "made tea;" it was nothing new for her to take the head of the table, and of course, like a girl, she had enjoyed the importance of the grown-up position; but now, when she called to mind that mamma would never again fill it, that she would have no mamma to run to and consult, she began to feel the weight of the burden that had been laid upon her. That was a melancholy meal.

A gap of two or three years divided Mary from the sister nearest to her in age. Mary looked upon her as being only the biggest of the "children"—had never made a confidential companion of her, and now she felt very desolate in the lonely grandeur of her grown-uppishness. The two or three children who came next to her had sometimes felt inclined to resent the authority she assumed over them, but now they fashioned themselves on her model, and looked as sad as she. They had really been, and still were, very fond of their mother; and besides, they in their turn were inclined to put on elderly airs, and rebuked the "youngsters" for being unfeeling, because the little ones, though they in their way felt their loss as keenly as any, ever and anon shook off the solemn sadness of the day, which weighed upon them like a heavy load, and laughed and prattled in their usual tone.

At last the house was quiet. Paddy had come back raving from the "Royal," but he had sense enough left to steer for his own hut, and tumbled in "all standing" on his bed. The children were deep in purer and more peaceful slumbers.

Mary had not had the heart to stop the "baby," Georgie, when kneeling in his tinily long white night-gown at her knee, with his curly locks and chubby cheeks bent over his plump, dimpled little hands, placed palm to palm upon her lap, he lisped his usual supplication for his mother's recovery—

"P'ay, Dod, b'ess dea' mamma, an' mate her toon tite thell, for Ch'ist take. Amen."



"LISPED HIS USUAL SUPPLICATION FOR HIS MOTHER'S RECOVERY."

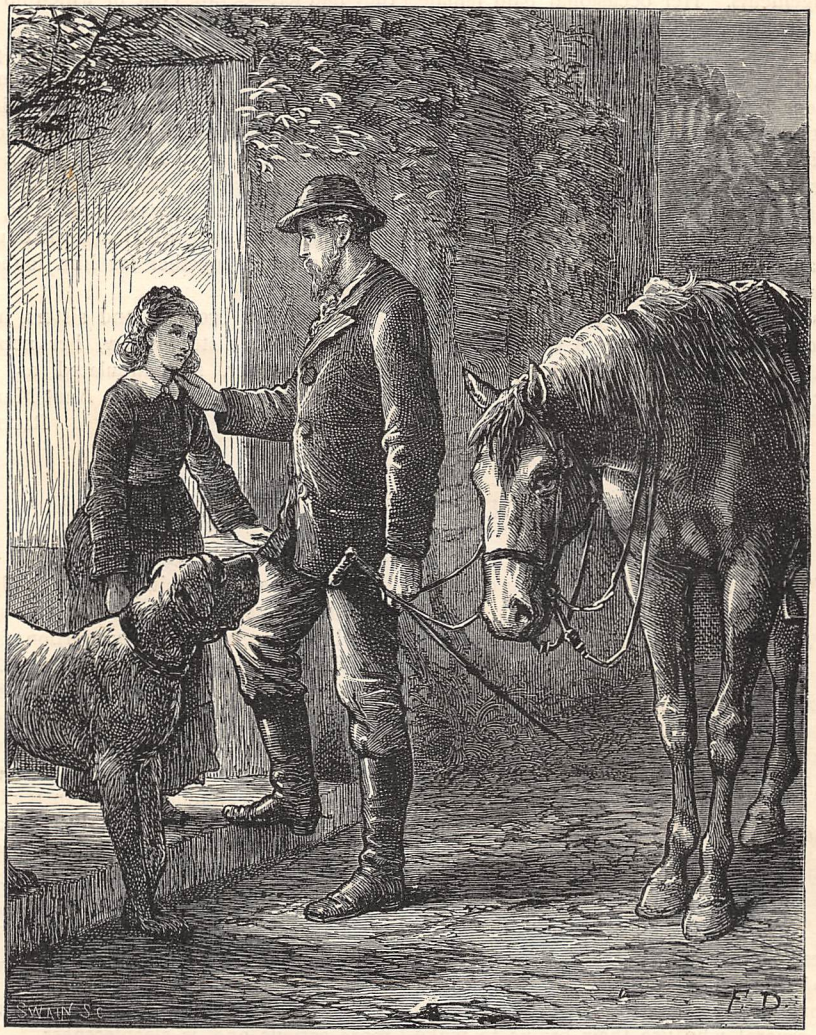
Mary made up the fire, and got everything in readiness for her father's late supper, or very early breakfast, and then leaving the house in charge of the old mastiff, stretched like a slumbering sphinx on the front verandah, she went out by the back door into the paddock, in which the cows were sleeping as tranquilly as the children, and so across into the garden.

After the sultry heat of the day, the air was deliciously cool, but soft, and by no means cold. The moon was not up, but the grandly glowing stars of the South floated in the clear dark sky. The pure stillness of the night calmed poor care-ridden Mary.

Higher and higher rose the silent moon, yet Mary lingered in the garden, as if she felt that as soon as she entered the house again, her chance of enjoying dreamy quiet would be gone for many a year, if not for ever.

After a time she heard—far off—the tan-ta-ta, tan-ta-ta of a horse's hoofs, and hurried into the house to make sure that the kettle was "on the boil," and to begin to cook the chops. Whilst they were sputtering, she could still hear the hoofs coming nearer and nearer. They stopped for a minute or two at the slip-panels, and then on they come again; and very thankful Mary felt that she had a father left her, though it was little she would ever see of him.

"Why, my poor child," he said, when she went to the front door to meet him, "you ought to have been in bed hours ago. I told Paddy to sit up for me. Where is he?"



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN IN BED HOURS AGO."

"In bed, dada, and a good thing too," answered Mary with a sad little smile.

So the doctor turned out his mare in the paddock, and brought in the saddle and bridle himself; and though he had half-chidden his daughter for sitting up, he could not help thinking how much more comfortable his meal, served by her, was than it would have been if rum-scented Paddy had been his ministrant.

Many a night after that she sat up for her father, and for many a year she was the—if not exactly contented — at any rate, cheerfully uncomplaining

drudge of the family. She had not only to provide for her father's comfort, but sometimes to make charitable allowance for his irritation, when he uttered peevish complaints which were not very complimentary to his little housekeeper, who prided herself on her "management." She had to keep her temper when "notable housewives," who only helped her in that way, called her "poor child," and found fault with her arrangements. Her occasional paid female helps were of the Mrs. M'Carthy type; her regular ones, when she had any, scarcely more useful, and not half so kindly. She had to humour old Paddy, and do her poor best to keep him out of mischief. She made clothes, mended them, altered them; calculated, contrived, cooked, washed, baked, brewed, ordered things from the store and the butcher's, looked after the butter and the bees, the pigs and the poultry, sick-nursed, and in addition had to "teach" her brothers and sisters until they went to school. Her mother had taught her; but, owing to the state of the poor lady's health, it was a very scrambling "education," so far as *instruction* goes, that Mary had received; and she could not help thinking it rather hard when her sisters, on their return home in the full bloom of Sydney graces and accomplishments, half looked down on their homely oracle of old, and got married one after another, whilst she continued single—not because she had been altogether unsought, but because there was no one to take her place as family manager.

Her brothers, too, after the manner of boys, had a knack of getting into scrapes, both at school and after they had left—scrapes out of which no one could pull them but sister Mary.

And when she was beginning to get her "own children" off her hands, their children—the children of the first-married among them—put in, somehow or other, imperative demands for similar care. And so the game went on until Mary was a confirmed old maid.

Last of all, when he was an old man, her father took unto himself a young wife; and the daughter who had kept his home together for him found but a chilly welcome in it.

Amongst her brothers and sisters, her brothers-in-law and her sisters-in-law, her nephews and her nieces, however, she circulated as much-beloved, though still much-bedrudged, Aunt Mary.

RICHARD ROWE.

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

INSOMNIA has come to be one of the diseases of the day. It is Nature's protest against that abnormal spirit of go-aheadism, which is characteristic of the busy age in which we live. In the struggle for fame, wealth, or even bare existence, which is for ever raging around us, it is not invariably the weakest who go to the wall. The race is not always to the swift here, any more than it is in a steeple-chase, and insomnia is the fence at which so many of the best and brightest careers terminate—fall never again to rise.

Every one, especially in towns, knows what the term "breaking up" means, as applied to hard-working literary men, professional men, some men in business, and people in general, who use their brains to make their bread.

"Poor So-and-so is breaking up," we say, and shake our heads. The fact is, poor So-and-so has become prematurely aged, in little over three months.

There can be no greater or more fatal mistake made, than that of overworking one's brains. It is infinitely better and wiser to do a smaller portion of work, and do it well, than to force the brain against its will and power. Shortening of life is the inevitable result of such a course.

A certain proportion of brain excitement, or mental labour, is actually necessary to maintain the health of any one, and especially of authors, play-wrights, and poets, who are almost invariably of the nervous temperament, as distinguished from the lymphatic; but this should never be over-done, and should in every case be followed by a due proportion, first of healthful exercise, and secondly of natural sleep.

The very first symptom of this state of "breaking up," or nervous *ramollissement*, is some degree of unnatural lassitude and weariness, after or during work. He is a wise man who does not disregard this; but the fool flies to stimulants, and instead of a long walk in the park, or a run up the river, or a few miles by train into the country, he drinks brown sherry, or brandy and water, or, by way of a little relaxation (?), shuts himself up in a close theatre, and breathes carbonic acid and exhalations. No wonder if he commences work the next morning with tired frame and burning eyeballs.

The next symptom of "breaking up," and a far more serious one, is sleeplessness. This comes on very gradually and insidiously. Some very temperate men will tell you that they allow themselves just one glass of "grog," and a pipe, before turning in, and they "sleep all the better for it." I don't mind about the pipe, but I tell you that any man who has to depend upon spirits to procure him sleep, has already one foot on the Avernian ladder—is diseased, in fact, in the first degree. The first symptoms are invariably disregarded. Although the patient—he would not care to be called a patient, by-the-by—feels that he is not altogether right, still he writes on, and fights on, and promises himself a little change, some day soon. Alas! how seldom that "some day" comes, and how little do most people imagine how quickly absolute

breaking up of the constitution sometimes follows on its primary symptoms! Perhaps he thinks that by using stimulants, and taking tonics—stimulants in another form—he will soon put himself all right again. Well, if your horse is tired before he reaches the end of his journey, there are two ways of making him go on—you may use whip and spur, or you may dismount and give him a rest and a feed. Stimulants and tonics may be likened to the whip and spur, they may do to goad on a poor writer for a time, but, verily, the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Would you know the pathology of insomnia? It is very simple. The state of sound, healthy sleep, such as few but children or the lower animals enjoy, is characterised by a bloodless condition of the brain, and probably the whole nervous system. The pressure of the net-work of capillary blood-vessels, which everywhere surrounds the brain-matter, has been removed, the stimulus to thought and action is absent, and the body sinks into insensibility, and the mind into forgetfulness. In the waking state, matters are simply reversed. Here the capillaries are re-filled with blood, and thought and action are the results. Now, from long-continued over-thinking, over-work, or over-excitement, these capillaries in the brain become abnormally distended, and, just as by over-stretching any elastic substance you destroy to a certain extent its elasticity, so with these minute blood-vessels, under such conditions, they do not contract sufficiently towards night to expel the blood from the brain; consequently, imperfect sleep, with dreaming, or perfect insomnia, takes the place of healthy slumber.

The constant pressure by day and night on the brain-matter by its capillaries, can but be productive of the most direful results, one of which—softening of the brain—is not the least. Sad it is for the literary man when this begins to take place. Even in its earliest stage there will be some loss of intellectual power; his writings will lose most of their pith and polish, he will find it hard to concentrate his ideas on any one subject for a length of time, he will feel unhappy, weary, listless, nervous, and emotional, with slight attacks of vertigo, or swimming in the head, if no actual pain; in a word, both body and mind will suffer, and his life may have the same sad ending as that of poor Marryat, or the unhappy Thomas Moore.

Sleeplessness is one of the earliest symptoms of insanity, and nearly always present, in a very marked degree, in the worst forms of mania.

The habit of taking any of the various narcotic or sleep-producing medicines is a most pernicious one, and never fails to weaken the general health, and increase the very evil it is meant to relieve.

Alcohol, opium, camphor, bromide of potassium, extracts of hemlock, henbane, hops, and Indian hemp, are all used in their turn to calm our sensitive nervous systems, and invoke the drowsy god. They are each and all to be condemned, more especially the last-mentioned. If any man wishes to feel a bigger fool than usual, on any particular day, let him go to sleep on the previous night under the influence of Indian hemp. He will awake with a head—judged by his own feelings—as large as a kettle-drum, and just as empty.

But of all narcotics, hydrate of chloral, now so much in use, is the worst. This dangerous drug, first introduced into the pharmacopœia about four or five years ago, is now in daily use among a large section of the public, not only as a narcotic, but in smaller doses as an intoxicant. The sensations produced by its use are somewhat similar to those from a dose of "hascheesh"—a mixture of Indian hemp and opium. The dose must be steadily increased, and in every case, after a few months, the new disease called *chloralism* is induced. This is characterised by an entire collapse of nervous energy; the power of volition is lost, the patient becomes emaciated, suffers from extreme restlessness, burning pains in the head and eyeballs, and pains resembling those of rheumatism in the limbs and along the course of the larger veins; he gets weaker and weaker, and finally dies from failure of the heart's action.

Medicinal narcotics should never be taken or administered to produce sleep, unless that sleep has been banished by great pain or intense bodily fatigue. How, then, is sleeplessness to be cured? Only by removing the cause, and *afterwards* endeavouring to improve the general health. Most men attempt to doctor themselves now-a-days, and it is a pity the laws of health are not better understood, and taught in our public schools. When, therefore, a man finds his health failing from overwork and want of good sleep, this is the treatment which he usually adopts:—He regulates his habits as to drinking and smoking, takes daily "constitutionals"—which mean long walks with his eyes on the ground, and thinking, thinking all the while—"goes in," as he calls it, for a course of quinine and iron, or cod-liver oil, with a little bromide of potassium to induce sleep at night, and he wonders that he does not get well.

Now, with the exception of the bromide, his treatment is rational enough, and would probably cure him IF he had removed the cause by leaving off work for a time. Nature insists upon our taking an occasional holiday; and by so doing one not only benefits his health and prolongs his life, but even finds it a good speculation in a pecuniary point of view; for on his return to town, his literary wares or his capacity for business will be of triple value. But if a man thinks he cannot afford to rest, he had better hire himself to Farmer Hodge, or work on the line for a month: even that would be preferable to "breaking up."

The best natural narcotic, and the only medicine for the cure of sleeplessness, is *ozone*. Inhale it; seek it on the mountain's brow; seek it along the sea-shore, far from town and turmoil, far from care and trouble. How the mountain air re-juvenates the system; how the breezes that blow from off the blue water calm and soothe the nerves!

"It is a delicious moment," says an old book, "that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you will drop gently to sleep. The limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delight-

ful. The labour of the day is over. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one ; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from a sleeping infant. The mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye. 'Tis closing—'tis closed ; and the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

I don't know, however, about the spirit's "airy rounds." I rather suspect the spirit remains between the sheets ; but during this gentle slumber the brain has renewed its power, the capillaries their contractility, and the body at length awakes refreshed, buoyant, and happy, and ready to resume the labours of the day with pleasure, just as you used to awake, reader, when a boy.

Contrast this with the condition of a man suffering from insomnia. He needs rest, oh ! so much. His mind needs it ; his weary frame needs it ; but his over-stretched brain-capillaries fail to contract ; so he tosses about on his bed in vain. Hour after hour goes by, and still he sleeps not ; while troublesome, tiring thoughts chase each other through his burning brain, until—perhaps towards morning—nature exhausted at last, his busy thoughts resolve themselves into harassing dreams, and he sinks for awhile into insensibility (we cannot call it sleep), to rise from his couch more tired and unrefreshed than when he lay down.

Sleep is oftentimes banished by persons going to bed with an empty stomach ; and if one has been lying awake for half the night, sleep can in most cases be induced by eating a small sandwich, and drinking a dessert-spoonful of brandy in a small quantity of water.

Having a hot-water bottle in bed is a bad practice, and often incites instead of calming the nerves ; but bathing the feet in hot water, and sponging the body with tepid or cold, has generally a very good effect. So has a rag dipped in cold water, and placed on the forehead and eyes.

A bottle of soda-water, with fifteen grains of carbonate of soda dissolved in it, is a good narcotic. So is a hard mattress, with a sparing amount of bed-clothes.

If you are sleeplessly inclined when you lie down, as most people are at times, you may try with success some of the following plans of dropping off :—Imagine yourself starting for a walk, along some once familiar, but now half-forgotten road—say, for instance, the path that used to lead you to school. Go over in imagination every bit of the way, and endeavour to call to mind all the landmarks, such as houses, woods, &c. You will not have gone very far before slumber overtakes you. Or, string a row of nouns together, the first that come into your head—the names, say, of people, professions, or animals—and first repeat them several times singly, and in the same order, as dog, donkey, parson, judge, &c.; then to each word attach some definition, as, the dog that barks and bites, the donkey with long ears, the parson in the pulpit, the judge in a wig. Repeat this over and over again ; you will be able to retain the right definition to each noun for some time. Presently, however, you will waver and make mistakes. The dog will have the judge's wig, the judge will bark and bite, and in the full assurance that there is nothing ludicrous or out of place in the confusion, you will drop calmly off to sleep.

TWO WHOM THE GODS LOVED.

A STORY OF THE SINGING-FISH.

IN the account of Ceylon by Sir James Emerson Tennent occurs the following passage: "On the occasion of a visit which I made to Batticalon in 1848, I made some inquiries relative to a story which had reached me of musical sounds said to be often heard issuing from the bottom of the lake, and which the natives suppose to proceed from some fish in the locality. . . . In the evening, when the moon rose, I took a boat, and accompanied by some fishermen proceeded to the spot. On coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger."

In connection with this notice of the singing-fish of Batticalon, there is a tradition current along that coast which, though replete with the fiction peculiar to Oriental peoples, is so prettily conceived and fashioned as to be worth rescuing from the oblivion too often the fate of unwritten legends. The ancient literature of the East, preserved through many centuries in books of dried palm-leaves, deals copiously with the larger events of early times, when native kings were numerous, powerful, and wealthy. In these well-preserved records of bygone ages are recitals of battles fought, of cities founded, of palaces and temples built, of public works executed ; but they contain no trace of domestic life, and but few memorials of family incidents. Tradition has taken much of these matters

into its keeping, and amongst others the "Story of the Singing-fish," telling of the fate of "Two whom the Gods loved," and took early.

In the early days of Lanka, when Arab traders frequenting the island knew it as Serendib, there ruled along the eastern coast a king whose territory extended from the treacherous rocks off Kirinde, where now the Basses light-ship floats, in warning to mariners, as far as the great fresh-water lakes beyond the Bay of Batticalon, and stretching inland from the golden sea-shore fringed with palm-trees to the lofty mountains, the guarded barriers of the Kandyan country. No vestiges now remain to tell where cities stood, where hamlets lined the way along those wooded plains, from south to north, so thickly that when the early dawn gilded the horizon, the first cock-crow was taken up and passed from house to homestead to the farthest limits of this monarch's rule. The quiet inland lakes, whose glassy waters slumber to-day amidst a solitude broken only by the cry of wild fowl, or the heavy plash of lazy crocodiles, in those far-off times were teeming with life and industry, that meant abundance and contentment.

The great Yahlai river rolled down its noisy waters to the sea through myriad fields and gardens, o'er which it scattered rich fertility. The hunting-grounds beyond, past the great Tanks, stretching to where the Ouvah country looked down from craig and mountain-peak, were full of savage life. There for many a wooded league were roaming the lordly elephants, the wary panthers, the spotted deer, so graceful, yet so swift; and amongst them, fully as wild, with no redeeming traits of form or nobleness, the poor outcast Veddahs, the wandering hunters, the last degraded remnants of Lanka's aborigines.

But brighter than all the flowers that blossomed in the royal garden, more graceful in limb than any deer that grazed within the sovereign parks, sweeter in voice than any song-bird of the woods, was Maie, the king's only child and daughter. Her face was resplendent as the moon, her bosom resembled the Timborrata fruit, her feet were small and delicate as the lotus, her teeth were as pearls. The princess was dearer to Rohana, the king, than his crown. He delighted to hear her voice, and never was he so happy as when his daughter's bird-like songs were wafted from her chambers to the royal audience-hall, by early morning breeze, or floated on the air at mid-day.

As might have been anticipated, the fame of her beauty and her accomplishments, the story of her winning ways and loving disposition, was not confined to the capital, or even to the king's territory. Princes and rulers of other lands heard of the Princess Maie, whose name was in the mouths of travellers and traders as something that might well be spoken of. More than one of these sent embassies to Rohana, with presents and friendly messages, as was the fashion in those days, to ask of the king that they might have his only child as their queen. But Rohana's heart yearned towards his daughter, so that after entertaining these messengers as became his own state and hospitality, he sent them away with presents in return, with precious stones, and ivory, and gums, and peacocks, but without a promise of his daughter's hand. She, too, wished to remain in her father's palace, for the time had not come when home-love should give place to another and a stronger emotion within her bosom. And so she continued to sing, to weave garlands of flowers amidst her maidens, to bathe in the cool shady fountain by the grassy knoll, and to live as happy as a bird upon the wing, as joyous as a young fawn in wooded dell. And all who looked upon her on great festival days felt that she was loved of the gods.

Her fame still travelled abroad, until one powerful and wealthy king, far in the north, heard of her goodness and beauty, and resolved to obtain her hand in marriage. With this object he arranged an embassy, and selected many rare and costly gifts, with which to plead his cause; and to make still more certain of his end, he chose one of the most accomplished of his nobles to be his ambassador to Rohana's court, a young man, handsome, well-favoured, of good repute, and gifted in speech. So when the retinue was arranged, and Asela the ambassador charged with his mission, they set forth on their journey of many days, having sundry great rivers to cross, and many lofty hills to ascend. It was the noon of the tropic summer, when the mid-day sun shone fiercely, when travellers hied them on their way by moon-light, or by torch-light, ere the day dawned. But Asela halted not, neither did he grow faint or weary by the way; for he was minded to be about his sovereign's work, to do it well and swiftly. On one of his many days of travel, when the noon-tide sun was pitiless in its scorching heat, when even insect life was hushed and still, when the morning breeze had died of tropic listlessness, and leaves hung motionless from the branches overhead, Asela slept upon a grassy bank beside a rippling stream. He dreamed a dream, and in the vision that he saw was a choice garden and a fountain, and by its crystal waters was seated a maiden of surpassing loveliness, such as he had never set eyes on. He made an effort to speak, to move nearer to her, to make certain she was what she seemed to be, and as he strove he awoke, and found it but a dream. He journeyed onward, and with changing scenes, and toil, and hunting, essayed to drive away the memory of that dream, but vainly. Ever the same figure appeared before him: the pleasant garden, the crystal fountain, were with him on the sandy plain, or in the mountain pathway. And thus he journeyed, and thus at length he reached Rohana's capital.

As was the custom in all Eastern countries, messengers had gone before him to prepare the way; so that when he halted, as was right to do, outside the city's limits, he found shelter and food prepared, that he might there bide the time when the king could receive him with all proper honours. When the appointed time came that the ambassador of the northern king should be received, the city was alive with crowds assembled to witness the entry and the reception. It was a day of jubilee in Rohana's capital, but a time of trouble and deep concern in the palace, where the monarch, not less than the princess, wished

the occasion had never arisen. Still an outward show of gaiety was apparent on all sides. Festive arches of leaves and flowers spanned the principal thoroughfares of the city, and around each were grouped a party of chiefs and flag-bearers. The population lined the streets, and as Asela set forth from his temporary resting-place for the royal abode, attended by a goodly retinue bearing his sovereign's gifts, the king's body-guard and band went before him, accompanied by chiefs, priests, and standard-bearers.

Outwardly nothing was wanting to make the reception cordial and pleasant to the ambassador, the more so that the answer resolved on was to be unfavourable. Games were played, after an exchange of gifts, music echoed through the royal halls, nautches were given by the female attendants of the nearest dewale, and all went merry with the crowd. The thoughts of Rohana were in his young daughter's chamber. Asela dreamt still of the garden, the fountain, and the nymph. He was lodged that night in a wing of the palace, in apartments spacious, lofty, and pleasant. But in vain he courted sleep: in vain his eyelids closed. His busy thoughts were ever on the one unvarying theme. Night slowly wore away before advancing day-dawn, and as the first notes of jungle minstrelsy came fresh upon the dewy breath of morn, Asela stole forth in quest of he knew not what, wandering he cared not whither. A tope of palms and then a wooded copse were passed, then round the margin of a little lake, amongst flower-beds, and into another palm-tope, and outside that a grassy knoll and a broad cluster of jambo-trees, and feathery bamboos, and—Asela halts!—notes soft and low steal upon his ear, the voice of a young damsel, surpassingly sweet. He glides gently and slowly onwards, and then, rooted to the spot, looks upon the fairy form of his dream, washing her feet in a pool.

Looking up, the princess saw him, and at first made as though she would have risen and fled; but there was such a calm dignity in his features, he stood so still, that emboldened, she beckoned to him to approach, motioned him to be seated on the grass close by, and woman-like questioned him as to his name and mission, at the same time telling him her own. On learning that the beautiful girl before him, the idol of his thoughts, was the Princess Maie, whose hand he had come so great a distance to demand for the king his master, Asela's brow was heavy with sadness.

"Alas!" he replied to her question, "I must sit here no longer, or I betray my trust. I have to ask you of your father for another, and that other is my sovereign!"

At this the light-hearted princess laughed, and bade him be of good cheer, for never would she leave her father's palace unless—and she hesitated—unless it pleased her particularly well to do so.

How long they sat and conversed, and how often they met in the garden and held communion, the story as it came down to the present time does not relate; but it tells how Asela, full of remorse for neglect of his sovereign's commands, sought a private audience of King Rohana, and unbosomed himself of all that had occurred, from his dream by the rivulet to that day, and ended by casting himself on the monarch's clemency and forgiveness.

At that moment the sound of Maie's voice, soft and silvery, came floating in with many a note of song such as her father loved to hear.

For a time the king's heart was touched; but again a dread of his neighbour's hostility outweighed all other feelings, and he dismissed the offending Asela for a time, until resolve was taken how to act.

Calling to his counsel his Chief Adigar, or Prime Minister, the king, acting on his opinion, determined to preserve the friendship of his northern neighbour, a powerful sovereign, by sacrificing the Ambassador, who had dared to play traitor to his master, and thus, whilst finding an excuse for avoiding a favourable answer to the northern king, he should succeed in retaining his much-loved daughter.

The order went forth—execution was to take place that evening, by the culprit being cast down from the loftiest pinnacle of the palace into the surging sea below, where boiling eddies and violent currents would sweep his body to destruction.

It was in vain the princess pleaded with her father, in vain she sent forth her sweetest, most touching songs. The monarch was inexorable, and preparations were hastened for the execution to take place in presence of the assembled chiefs, the priests, and troops drawn up before the palace.

Sunset was the time fixed, and great was the concourse, though a sad and gloomy one, that gathered in the palace grounds and on the soft sea-beach, to witness the punishment of one whom many pitied, whom few condemned.

Asela was led to the topmost tower of King Rohana's palace, and there, standing on the summit, stretched forth his hands towards the garden and the fountain where he had seen and held converse with Maie, who walked there no longer. He turned him to the north, and looked into the distance, beyond which was the home he should see no more, and waving a last farewell, he sprang from the lofty battlement, himself his executioner.

A deep, low groan went up from the gazing multitude below as his form flew downwards; but ere it met the waters of the sea, another was with him—the princess had sprung from a low window of her chamber, and joined her fate with his! But the gods, who loved them both so well, whose chief and best attribute is mercy, had compassion on them, and as the lovers touched the water they were transformed to fish, whose notes of softest music are still heard from the depths below, along the eastern shores, on still, calm, moonlight nights.* J. CAPPER.

* "They [the musical fish] were said to be heard at night, and more distinctly when the moon was nearest the full, and the sounds were described as resembling the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp. I sent for some of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of the musical sounds."—*Sir J. E. Tennent.*

THE GATHERER.

Our Warfare with Disease.

Many poor sufferers may now hold up their heads, and indulge in the luxury of hope: there is good news to be told. To begin at the beginning, we must remark that within the last few years a singular body, the nitrite of amyl, has sprung into notice. Its extraordinary feature is its action on the human system. This was first observed by Professor Guthrie, a distinguished chemist. He noticed that when he inhaled the vapour of nitrite of amyl, his face flushed, his heart beat rapidly, and he grew breathless; in fact, he felt just as if he had been running. Some time after this, Dr. Richardson, to whom we owe the introduction of ether spray as an anæsthetic, made a careful and prolonged study of the curious agent. He discovered that it produced its effect by causing an extreme relaxation, first of the bloodvessels, and afterwards of the muscular fibres of the body. It relaxed, indeed, to such an extent, that it was found to overcome the tetanic spasm produced by strychnia. Dr. Richardson's investigation ended in his proposing the use of nitrite of amyl for removing the spasm in some of the extremest spasmodic diseases. The remedy has now been tried, and the results have surpassed expectation. One of the most agonising of human maladies, it is well known, is *angina pectoris*, or heart-stroke, and it has been brought under such control by this new body, that the paroxysms have been regularly prevented: in one instance they were altogether removed. Even lockjaw has been subdued, and in two instances cured, by means of it.

Absorption of Water by Plants.

If the soil be sufficiently moist, the roots of plants take up all the water the plant requires, and the leaves in this case reject water; but if the soil be too dry, the leaves absorb water in the liquid state.

The World of London.

Here are some curious statistics about London, which we extract from one of the papers issued by the London City Mission:—

It covers within the fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles.

It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants.

It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe.

It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire, and Durham combined.

It has a birth in it every five minutes, a death in it every eight minutes, and seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets.

It has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened, and 9,000 new houses built, in it every year.

It has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day.

It has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 30,000 per annum.

It has as many beer-shops and gin-palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of 73 miles.

It has as many paupers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton.

It has an influence with all parts of the world, represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238,000,000 letters.

Intemperance and Ill-health.

The vicar of a parish in the south of London has, in a little tract entitled "One Pleading for Many," called attention to a rather startling fact, which may be found in the statistics quoted below. "Let me," he writes, "offer a testimony within my own knowledge, from the records of our village Foresters' Lodge, which seems to me of some value as a contribution to the hygienics of total abstinence. In 1870, the Lodge numbered 136 members, of whom 25 were abstainers. The total amount paid during the year to the sick was £91. If the 25 abstainers had only maintained an equality of health with the non-abstainers, they would have received £16 14s. 6d. What did they receive?—14s. In 1871 the Lodge numbered 150 members, of whom 45 were abstainers. The sick-money for the year was £68. The 45 abstainers' proportion, again supposing only equality of health, would have been £20 8s. What did they receive?—Not one penny." These facts speak for themselves.

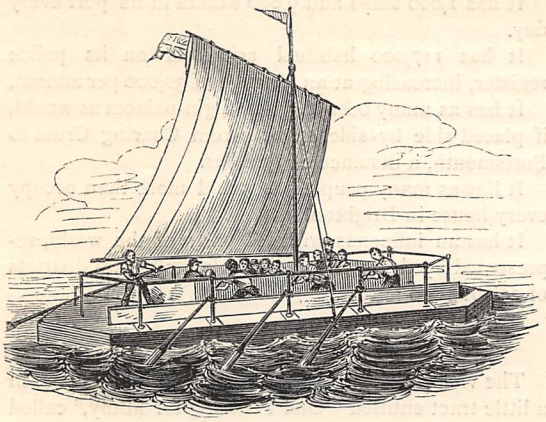
Velocity and Duration of Lightning.

A large flash of lightning, distinctly seen, often leaves upon the mind an impression that it has lasted fully a second or more, but it is proved that such is not the fact. Its velocity is at the rate of 288,000 miles per second. The utmost duration of a flash from beginning to end is estimated not to exceed the sixtieth part of a second, though retained upon the retina so much longer. This may be proved during a storm on a perfectly dark night, by setting a wheel to work so rapidly that, in a steady light, its spokes appear to blend and become individually invisible. It being dark, and the wheel rapidly revolving as above, when a flash of lightning occurs the wheel will appear to the eye motionless, every spoke being distinctly and separately visible and still. This was first observed by Wheatstone, and is recorded by him in conjunction with other similar experiments, as conclusive proof that the duration of the flash is excessively brief.

An Ingenious Life-Raft.

A simple yet ingenious contrivance, which seems to answer all requirements, has recently been patented,

under the title of the Life-raft, by Mr. Henry Christie, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. This promising invention may be constructed of either wood or



iron, and is divided into a number of water-tight compartments. Its buoyancy is very great; indeed, it is practically unsinkable, being able to carry more weight than can be placed upon it. Then it possesses this great advantage, that it can be stowed away on board very easily. It may be designed so as to form the deck of a bridge, part of a hurricane deck, the section of a bulwark, or the roof of a deck-house. From all the ordinary dangers of launching it is free, and when it enters the water it is of not the slightest consequence which side falls uppermost, both being fitted exactly alike. If a ship suddenly foundered, all that would have to be done would be to knock out some running bolts and cut away some lashings, and the raft would float away of its own accord. In some of the sea-proof compartments, provisions and water are kept stored, and the raft is also fitted with masts, sails, oars, &c., so that its occupants would have a fair chance of reaching a place of safety. Certain portions of the deck are also so arranged that four hinged planks can be raised so as to form strong bulwarks for the protection of women and children. Apparently a great deal may be expected from such a Life-raft, and it should be looked to by all who have anything to do with sea-going ships.

New Ideas about Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is generally associated in the minds of most untravelled readers with fogs, ice, mist, and snow, and as being in a limited portion only of its extent habitable and fertile. A recent geological survey has done much to dissipate such ideas, and has revealed to the Newfoundlanders themselves several new and very valuable features in connection with the resources and physical conformation of their island. Thus large timber forests have been duly noted, and considerable areas, capable of affording settling-grounds for stout emigrants, have also been found on the eastern parts. A navigable river—the Gander by name—has been ascertained to arise from a lake of considerable size. And of oil and salt springs, of coal, gypsum, and other mineral deposits, the island appears to have stores in plenty, the full extent of which it will be the lot of future generations to investigate and profit by.

Bloodless Surgery.

Esmarch of Germany has proved himself to be a benefactor of his race, in that by his plan of bandaging a limb or part, previously to its being operated upon, the hæmorrhage generally attendant on surgical operations is avoided, and the vital fluid is thus saved, to be of use to the patient during recovery. With chloroform to abolish pain, and Esmarch's bandage to save blood, surgery may congratulate herself upon having attained a high standard, so far as mere operative procedure is concerned. And with our new researches on hospitalism, on prevention of mortality *after* operations, and prevention of epidemics generally, we bid fair to see in our day a stage of medical progress, which fifty years ago would have been deemed Utopian in the extreme.

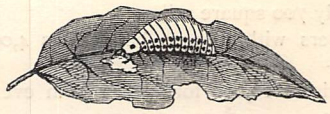
Insect Poison.

Petroleum oil possesses the highest efficacy as a destroyer of all kinds of insects injurious to plants or animals; and the less purified, and consequently the cheaper it is, the better. Thirty parts should be mixed with one thousand of water, and applied where required. Vermin of houses may be destroyed by introducing into the holes or cracks a few drops of petroleum.—A solution (one to twenty of water) of carbolic acid is said to kill every insect from the size of a mouse downwards.

Potatoes in Danger.

A terrible beetle—the Colorado potato beetle—has recently been doing its best to make a stir in the world, and we present the reader this month with its life-size portrait in the larva state, and in its developed form. It appears innocent enough, but looks are not always to be trusted. In 1866 this little creature did damage in one district in Kansas to the amount of £200,000.

The Colorado beetle is said to have existed in the



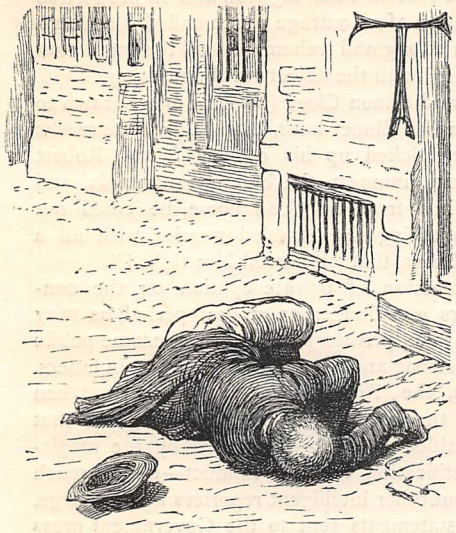
United States for upwards of a century, but no one ever heard of it as committing any ravages of importance till 1861, when it attacked the potato crops of Iowa. Since then it has pursued its march of destruction eastward as far as the western portions of New York and Pennsylvania, and northwards as far as Canada. Its practice is to eat the leaves and stems; it does not burrow into the tuber; and the larvæ are credited with doing even more mischief than the perfect beetle. The *rôle* of alarmist is not to our taste, but it is clear we ought to do what we can to prevent the importation of such a destructive insect.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

ACTION AND REACTION.



THE August sun had looked down in its noontide splendour when the events I have attempted to describe took place; but the tide of terror and destruction swept beyond the limits I have covered; and after the first fierce onslaught, as if the carnage had been insufficient, artillery went rattling and thundering through the streets, to awe the peaceful and terrified inhabitants. As the flying crowd dispersing left bare St. Peter's Field, pressing outwards and onwards through all accessible ramifications, the main thoroughfares thinned, and the scene of action took a wider radius.

Still the gallant yeomanry went prancing through these thoroughfares, dashing hither and thither, slashing at stragglers, shouting to the "rebels" and to each other to "clear the way;" driving curious and anxious spectators from doors and windows, and firing at refractory outstretched heads.

To clear the streets more effectually, cannon were planted at the entrances of the leading outlets from the town, and, as if that were not enough, the artillery had orders to fire.

At New Cross two of these guns (which went rattling up Oldham Street, to the dismay of Augusta and the Chadwicks, as well as their neighbours) were posted, one with its hard iron mouth directed up Newton Lane, the other set to sweep Ancoats Lane, not then so wide as at present.

Nathaniel Bradshaw's butcher's shop was situated at the narrowest part of Ancoats Lane, a little beyond the canal bridge. The shutters had been closed precipitately on the first alarm, but Martha Bradshaw and her young brother Matthew opened the window of the room above, and had their heads stretched out to watch and question the white-faced people scurrying past in disorder, when Matt Cooper, who lived with his genial son-in-law, came hurriedly home for dinner. His route from the tannery lay in a straight line up Miller's Lane, past Shude Hill Pits, and the New Cross, into Ancoats Lane, which he crossed the Market to reach only just before the cannon lumbered up.

His clogs had rattled as swiftly over the pavement as his stiffening, hide-bound long legs would carry them, and observing the heads of Martha and Matthew advanced from the window, he waved his hand in gesticulation for them to withdraw from a post so fraught with peril.

But youth is wilful, and woman curious. They either did not understand, or did not heed his warning. They did not know all he had seen at New Cross, or how narrow an escape he had had from Aspinall's flashing sabre.

"Do goo in, childer!" he cried, as he drew near, "if yo' wantn to kep th' yeads o' yo'r shoulders. Wenches an' lads shouldna look on sich soights."

"Han yo' seen Nat?" the wife asked anxiously.

"Nawe!"

"He's gone t' see what o' th' mob an' feightin's abeawt. Aw wish he wur whoam."

Matt wished the same, but went in at the unfastened door, and passed on to the room beyond, where he found the untended lobscouse boiling over into the fire.

He took the lid off the pot; then went to the stair-foot, and called, "Martha!"

There being no answer, he strode back through the shop, saying as he went—

"Dang it, hoo'll not be content till hoo's hurt!"

He stepped out on the rough pavement, and, looking up, called out—

"Do put yo'r yeads in; yo'll——"

A musket-shot, splintering a corner of the stone window-sill on which they leaned, was more effective than his adjuration.

The cannon boomed simultaneously—a shriek recalled the hastily-withdrawn heads; and there on the rough sun-baked ground before their eyes, lay weltering in blood, a doubled-up form, which a minute before had been their father, Matt Cooper the tanner, the preserver of Jabez, the friend of Simon and Bess.

This harrowing event was the last among the painful incidents of that fatal day coming within the scope of this history, which, isolated as they are, the writer knows to be true, even though they may not be chronicled elsewhere.

The streets grew silent and deserted, save by the military and medical men, as the day and the night advanced; but within the houses of poor and rich there were loud complaints, and groans, and murmurings, which did not sink to silence with the day that called them forth.

The town was, as it were, in a state of siege; and men of business, whether Tories or Radicals, alike felt the stoppage of trade and commerce in their

pockets, whether they felt the cruelty and injustice to the injured in their hearts or not.

But chiefly those who had friends wounded by design or accident in the *mêlée* were loud in their denunciation of the whole proceedings; and of these neither Mr. Chadwick nor Mr. Ashton was the least prominent, even though the one was paralysed, and they were of contrary shades of politics, the former being what he called a "staunch and true out-and-out Tory," the latter having a leaning towards Liberal—not to say Radical—opinions, and at county elections voting with the Whigs.

The stiff "Church and King" man, whose sons had distinguished themselves in the Army and Navy, and whose son-in-law, Walmsley, might also be said to have distinguished himself in the loyal Manchester Yeomanry—he who had been a member of John Shaw's Club in the Market Place, and called for his P or his Q bowl of punch even before the aroma of Jacobinism ceased to flavour the delectable compound, and while yet John Shaw himself lived to draw his silver spoon from its particular pocket to concoct the same, and (inexorable autocrat that he was) could crack his whip in his poky bar-parlour in the ears of even noble customers who lingered after his imperative "Eight o'clock, gentlemen; eight o'clock!" or summon his sturdy factotum, Molly, with mop and pail, to drive thence with wetted feet those whom the whip had failed to influence—he who had stuck to the club even after John Shaw, Molly, and the punch-house itself had gone to the dust—he, Charles Chadwick, whose Toryism had grown with his growth, was foremost in condemning the proceedings of Peterloo.

In his own person he had witnessed how the actual breakers of the peace were those commissioned to preserve it. In the wanton attack on himself, an unarmed, defenceless, disabled old man, he recognised the general characteristics of the whole affair, and entered his protest against so lawless an exposition of the law. He was himself a peaceable man, a loyal subject, going quietly about his own business when Jabez intercepted, to his own hurt, the sabre destined for his grey head. Matthew Cooper, his tenant's son-in-law, was as peaceable and well-disposed; and if so, might not the bulk of the so-called rebels have been the same? In his gratitude to Jabez he denounced the mounted yeoman who had sabred him as "a drunken, bloodthirsty miscreant," though in the hurry, excitement, and agitation attending his own withdrawal from the press by Mr. Mabbott, he had failed to identify his pursuer with John Walmsley's dashing friend, and the exclamation of Ben Travis had not reached his ear in the confusion.

Easy-going Mr. Ashton also seemed transformed by the event. He had certainly lost the valuable services of his apprentice for some time to come; but that was the very least ingredient in the cup of his wrath.

By faithful, intelligent service; by persevering industry; by a thousand little actions which had shown his interest in his employers, and his devotion to his old friends, Jabez had won a place in his master's esteem and affection, no other apprentice, of any grade, had ever attained.

And now that Jabez had risked the dangers of the soldier-ridden streets, to bear his beloved daughter to a place of safety, and had braved the storm of foot and horse, and fire and steel, to rescue his brother-in-law by endangering his own life or limbs, his admiration and gratitude rose to their highest, and in proportion his denunciation of an outrage which called for such a sacrifice was strong and vehement—all the more that he sympathised with the objects of the meeting.

When he and Simon Clegg (who had been drawn to the scene in his dinner-hour, with others, like moths to a candle) picked up his cavalry friend, Robert Hindley, from amongst the building materials, and disengaged him from his dead horse, he could not refrain from telling the disabled warrior, with all a friend's frankness, that "it served him right!"

Open expression of private opinion on the conduct of rulers was dangerous at that period, as may be supposed; but private opinion now became public opinion, too strong and too universal to be put in fetters.

Mr. Tyas, the *Times* reporter, had been taken prisoner on the hustings, and it was imagined that only a one-sided account—forwarded by the magistracy in justification of their conduct—would reach London. But other intelligent reporters were at large, the garbled statements sent to the Government press were confuted by the truth-telling narratives of Messrs. Archibald Prentice and John Edward Taylor, which appeared the following day, and roused the indignation of the realm. These statements being more than substantiated by the *Times* reporter on his liberation, national indignation rose to a ferment.

This alarmed the Manchester magistrates; a meeting was hurriedly arranged to take place on Thursday, the 19th (the third day from Peterloo), at the Police Station; thence adjourned to the Star Inn, in Deansgate; and, as though the meeting had been a public one, resolutions were passed thanking magistrates and soldiers for their services on the previous Monday.

Then Manchester rose, as it were, *en masse*, to vindicate its own honour, and reject participation in a disgraceful deed.

"A declaration," says one historian, "was issued, protesting against the 'Star Inn' resolutions, which in the course of two or three days received close upon five thousand signatures," in obtaining which none were more active than Mr. Ashton and (despite his paralysis) Mr. Chadwick. Old Mrs. Clowes talked her customers into signing, and Parson Brookes was not idle. Mr. William Clough, whose old servant Matthew Cooper had been shot down at his own door, gave the tanners a holiday, that they might influence their fellows; and Simon Clegg, Tom Hulme, and Nathaniel Bradshaw seemed ubiquitous, they went to work with such determined zeal. They did not feel "thankful" to the magistrates for the blood shed on Peterloo Monday.

Neither did the bulk of the inhabitants; and an energetic protest against the proceedings and representations of the magistracy was the result.

To counteract this, the Prince Regent, through his mouthpiece Lord Sidmouth, sent his thanks to the magistrates and the military leaders for "their prompt, decisive, and efficient measures." But this, instead of calming, lashed the public mind to frenzy. Meetings to remonstrate with the Regent and to petition for inquiry were held in all the large towns, Sir Francis Burdett presiding at one held in Westminster.

Subscriptions were also got up for the relief of such wounded and disabled persons as had crept into holes and corners, to hide themselves and their wounds from Nadin and his constabulary; and here, too, William Ashton and William Clough worked hand-in-hand to bring relief to sufferers not in the Infirmary; and Parson Brookes, to the disgust of some of his clerical brethren, lent his aid in ferretting out the miserables, if he did not ostentatiously flourish his subscription in their service; and I rather think a certain "J. S." in the subscription-list represented the mite of the Grammar School head-master, but I could not take an affidavit on the subject. But when the wounded, so far as ascertained, amounted to six hundred, irrespective of the killed, subscriptions had need to be many and ample.

Another token of the change in public sentiment was shown in the satires and pasquinades which appeared on the walls, or were distributed from hand to hand.

Previously to Peterloo, a set of anonymous verses in ridicule of the popular leader had been distributed. They began and were headed as follows:—

ORATOR HUNT.

I.

Blithe Harry Hunt was an orator bold—
Talked away bravely and blunt;
And Rome in her glory, and Athens of old,
With all their loud talkers, of whom we are told,
Couldn't match Orator Hunt!

II.

Blithe Harry Hunt was a sightly man—
Something 'twixt giant and runt:
His paunch was a large one, his visage was wan,
And to hear his long speeches vast multitudes ran.
O rare Orator Hunt!

* * * * *

VI.

Orator Hunt was the man for a riot—
Bully in language and front—
And thought, when a nation had troubles to sigh at,
'Twas quite unbecoming to sit cool and quiet.
O rare Orator Hunt!

* * * * *

VIII.

How Orator Hunt's many speeches will close—
Tedious, bombastic, and blunt—
In a *halter* or *diadem*, God only knows:
The sequel might well an arch-conjurer pose.
O rare Orator Hunt!

Sufficient has been given to show the nature of the lampoon without repeating its scurrility. The following, of which we only quote the two first stanzas, is of pretty much the same order, though emanating from the other side, and after terrible provocation had been given:—

THE RENOWNED*

ATCHIEVEMENTS OF PETERLOO,

ON THE GLORIOUS 16TH OF AUGUST, 1819.

BY SIR HUGO BURLO FURIOSO DI MULO SPINISSIMO, BART., M.Y.C. AND A.S.S.

The music by the celebrated DR. HORSEFOOD; *to be had at the "Cat and Bagpipes," St. Mary's Gate, Manchester.*

RECITATIVO.

When fell sedition's stalking through the land,
It then behoves each patriotic band
OF NOBLE-MINDED YEOMAN CAVALIERS
To sally forth and rush upon the mob,
And execute the MAGISTERIAL JOB
Of cutting off the ragamuffins' ears.

ARIA BRAVURA.

(*Forte.*) How valiantly we met that crew
Of infants, men, and women too
Upon the plain of Peterloo,
And gloriously did hack and hew
The d——d reforming gang.
Our swords were sharp, you may suppose:
Some lost their ears—some lost a nose;
Our horses trod upon their toes
Ere they could run t' escape our blows;
With shouts the welkin rang.

(*Andante.*) So keen were we to rout these swine,
Whole shoals of constables in line
We gallop'd o'er in style so fine,
By orders of the SAPIENT NINE—
First friends, then foes, laid flat.
By Richardson's best grinding skill
Our blades were set with right good will,
That we these rogues might bleed or kill,
And "give them of Reform their fill;"
And what d'ye think of that?

And so on the satire ran, in mock-bravura style, through the whole course of *piano*, *sotto voce*, *pianissima-mento*, and *con baldanza*, with foot-notes to strengthen or elucidate the text.

And that the writer or writers (for there were two) remained undiscovered and unprosecuted, spoke loudly for the reaction which had taken place in men's minds.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

WOUNDED.

AT the extreme end of Mr. Mabbott's long double-countered shop was an expansive archway, closed in general by folding doors, through which entrance was afforded to a narrow sitting-room, the length of which was just by so much less than the width of the shop as was required for a passage and staircase. Once a year the open archway revealed a shimmering mass of snowy sugar-work, the towers and turrets of a castle on a rock, or the illuminated windows of a magnificent palace, fit for any princess of fairyland, with

* Ere this is issued to the public, these long-saved squibs will be forwarded to the courteous librarian of Chetham's College, Manchester, together with a roll-call of Manchester Volunteers in 1808, &c., for insertion in the College Scrap-book, where those curious in such matters may fill up the blanks. The "Bravura" I believe to be the only copy extant. It is a family relic, and the authors' names will be appended thereto.—I. B.

pleasure-gardens and lake, or fountain and pond, wherein stately swans floated, and were overlooked by dames and cavaliers created by the confectioner and his satellites.

For the fifty other weeks it was simply a snug parlour, comfortably furnished according to the fashion of the time.

And it was in this room we left Jabez, while good-natured Ben Travis, leaving his more patriotic comrades to "hack and hew" at their pleasure, galloped hither and thither in search of a surgeon to dress the wounded arm.

Every doctor in the Infirmary had his hands full; Dr. Hull from his windows in Mosley Street, and Dr. Hardie from his in Piccadilly, had been satisfied that if they ventured forth they might soon need doctoring themselves—and they both pleaded "medical etiquette" in excuse for their lukewarmness. They were "physicians, not surgeons." He bethought himself of Mr. Huertley, in Oldham Street, but even he had more than one wounded patient in his surgery, and was loth to encounter the danger outside. Ben Travis, however, would take no denial. He waited until sundry gaping wounds were closed, cuts plaistered and bandaged, a broken limb set, and a bullet extracted, even lending a hand himself where unskilled help could be available, being less bemused with liquor than many of his cavalry corps. Then, although they were almost within a stone's-throw of their destination, as Oldham Street was not safe for a civilian to cross on foot, with loaded cannon in such close proximity, Travis mounted the surgeon behind him, the latter not sorry to have the yeoman's capacious body, in its conspicuous uniform, for a shield, as they dashed across into Spear Street, to Mabbott's back door.

As they passed Chadwick's, the younger man cast a sharp glance of scrutiny at the drawing-room windows, and bowed low in recognition of the face for which he was looking—the face he had seen so pale and pitiful, bending over an afflicted father, and so shocked to hear of even an apprentice wounded in that father's behalf.

Ben Travis had a big body, and a big heart, but he had little knowledge of the hearts of woman-kind, or he might have found another solution for Ellen Chadwick's fainting fit.

He did not know how she had trembled for another on seeing him dismount at Mr. Huertley's door, nor how she had watched, too sick and sad to descend to the dining-room, when the spoiled dinner was at length set on the table—watched eagerly and anxiously, her heart's pulsations counting each second a minute, as hours elapsed before she saw them mount and away, and noted the direction they took. And she saw no admiration in the low bow of the fine soldierly young gentleman—only the polite salutation of a stranger introduced casually by the untoward events of the day, albeit, having rendered her father a service, and professed himself the friend of Jabez, she was bound to recognise him as he passed.

To Jabez himself, lying, faint and exhausted with loss of blood, on kind Mr. Mabbott's chintz-covered squab-sofa, everything was a haze, and the people around him little more than voices. He was perfectly conscious when Mr. Mabbott hastily cut away the sleeve of his jacket, and bound the wounded arm as tightly as towels could bind. When Mr. Ashton put his troubled face into the confectioner's small parlour, Mr. Mabbott was in the act of reaching from a corner cupboard a small square spirit decanter, and an engraved wine-glass, in order to administer a dose of brandy to the young man, then rapidly sinking into unconsciousness.

Under its influence he revived for awhile; but as the blood gradually soaked through the towelling, he grew fainter, in spite of brandy, and by the time Ben Travis (who had surely kept the promise made in schoolboy days) brought Dr. Huertley to his aid, he had lapsed into a stupor, from which the manipulations of the surgeon barely aroused him.

"You should have tied a ligature tightly as possible round the arm *above* the wound, first thing," said the surgeon addressing those around him—"a bit of tape, a strip of linen, a garter—anything narrow, to stop the hæmorrhage. Had this been done, there would have been less effusion of blood, and our patient would not have been so utterly prostrated."

"Just so, just so," assented Mr. Ashton, adding, "but Mr. Mabbott had——"

"Done his best—no doubt," interrupted the surgeon, "or our young friend might have bled to death. But the tight narrow ligature would have been better; and many a valuable life may have been saved or lost this day through that bit of knowledge or—the want of it."

Mr. Ashton's "Just so, just so; I dare say you are right," was followed up by "Shall we be able to remove him to-night, Mr. Huertley? He is my apprentice, and has been injured whilst bravely protecting your opposite neighbour, Mr. Chadwick, my brother-in-law. I should like to get him home, to be under Mrs. Ashton's care, as well as to relieve Mr. Mabbott, to whom, I am sure, we all feel greatly indebted."

"Don't name it, I beg; at fearful times like this," said Mr. Mabbott, with a shudder, "it does not do to think of trouble or of ceremony. But I do not imagine the doctor would counsel the young man's removal to-night, even if the road was clear and safe."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Huertley, as he packed up his lint and instruments. "And in my opinion, if you remove him to-morrow, you must do it carefully, on every account, and will have to smuggle him away in a hackney-coach, lest he should be pounced upon as a wounded rebel."

Two days, however, elapsed before Mr. Mabbott's sofa lost its occupant, and even then the strong arm of Tom Hulme and the loving care of Bess were needed to help Jabez, feeble and wan, to the hackney-carriage brought up to the back door, which bore him slowly away, avoiding the main streets, until they passed under the arched gateway in Back Mosley Street whence he had last emerged at a headlong pace to prevent Miss Augusta getting into danger.

Some remembrance of this flashed through the brain

of Jabez as the coach stopped in the court-yard, and on the house-door-steps he beheld Mrs. Ashton, Augusta, and Ellen Chadwick, all three waiting to receive him as if he had been a wounded relative returning from far-off victories to his own hearth. Nay, the very servants hovered in the back-ground, even cross Kezia pressing to have a first look at him.

Mrs. Ashton herself, with the graceful dignity which sat so well upon her, went down the steps to lead him up and into the house, and as she touched his left hand and unwounded arm, she said impressively, "Jabez Clegg, I understand we owe our brother's life to your self-abnegation, if not that of our daughter also. I regret that your noble intervention should have cost you so dear; but I thank you most truly, and *shall not forget it.*"

The stately lady's eyes were humid as she led Jabez into their common parlour (the room in which Augusta had displayed his specimens of incipient artistry) and there placed him on the large soft sofa, already prepared with pillows for his reception.

The attention touched him to the heart; the humble apprentice, feeling himself honoured, raised the lady's hand to his lips as gratefully and reverently as ever did knight of old romance.

And then he would have closed his eyes for very weariness, but a little soft warm hand stole into his feeble one, and thrilling through him, a faint tinge chased the deathly pallor from his face as Augusta's voice, full of commiseration, said apologetically, "I had no idea, Jabez, that I was sending you into danger when I asked you to look for Uncle Chadwick; I am so sorry you have been hurt."

He held the little hand of his master's daughter for one or two delicious minutes while he answered feebly, "Never mind, Miss Ashton; I was only too glad to be there in time;" and lapsed into so ethereal a dream as he released it that the low, broken, grateful thanks of Ellen Chadwick left but the impression on his mind that she was very much in earnest, and had called him *Mr. Clegg*.

Mr. Clegg! When had the College-boy, the Blue-coat-apprentice, been anything but Jabez Clegg? Mr. Clegg! It was from such lips social recognition; and so blent strangely with his dream.

Ah! could he but have known how much of latent tenderness was embodied in those incoherent expressions of a daughter's gratitude, or that the speaker dared not trust her faltering tongue with his Christian name!

Mrs. Ashton called the young ladies away.

"My dears, you had better resume your occupations, and leave Jabez to repose; it is not well to crowd about an invalid on so sultry a day as this."

So Miss Chadwick went, with her tatting-shuttle, back to her seat by the one window, where the friendly shade of the dove-coloured curtains screened from observation any glances which might chance to stray from the tatting to the sofa; and Miss Ashton went back to her music-stool, where the sunbeams, falling through the other window, lit up her lovely profile, shot a glint of gold through her hair, and showed the dimples in her white shoulder to the half-shut dreaming eyes of Jabez, who listened, entranced, as she practised scales and battle-pieces, waltzes and quadrilles, totally unconscious that she was feeding a fever in the soul of the apprentice, more to be feared than the stroke of Aspinall's sabre, though it had cut into the bone.

Not that she was a simple school-girl, and ignorant of the power of beauty. She was pretty well as romantic as any girl of that romantic age who, being fifteen, looked a year older, and learned the art of fascination from the four-volume novels of the period. Mrs. Ashton herself subscribed to the fashionable circulating library of the town, but she was somewhat choice in her reading, and had Miss Augusta stopped where her mother did, she would have done well. But it so happened that, after feasting on the wholesome peas her mother provided, she fell with avidity on husks obtained surreptitiously elsewhere. Kisses from Augusta could always coax coins from papa, and as a Miss Bohanna kept open a well-known, well-stocked circulating library in Shudehill, albeit in a cellar, its contiguity to Bradshaw Street and Mrs. Broadbent's enabled Miss Ashton (or Cicily for her) to smuggle in amongst her school-books, other fictions such as Elizabeth Helme and Anna Maria Roche used to concoct, and George Richardson provided to delight our grandmothers with.

So Miss Ashton was quite prepared to be admired and play the heroine prematurely, but she had been reared in the same house with Jabez, had been caressed and waited upon by him as a child, and anything so absurd as her father's apprentice falling in love with her had never dawned upon her apprehension. Then not even his wounded arm could make him handsome enough for a hero, so she plunged through the "Battle of Prague," and "Lodoiska," and glided into the "Copenhagen Waltz," with no suspicion of a listener more than ordinary.

Mrs. Ashton, who was backstitching a shirt-wristband (family linen was then made at home), imagined that Jabez was dozing; and, unwilling to disturb him, only spoke when a false note, or a passage out of time, called for a low-voiced hint to her daughter, or she found occasion to make some slight observation to the equally silent Ellen.

Presently, the clock in the hall proclaimed "four." Miss Ashton closed music-books and piano; Miss Chadwick completed a loop, then put her tatting away in a small, oblong, red morocco reticule; Mrs. Ashton laid the wristband in her workbasket, which she put out of sight in a panelled cupboard within the wall, sheathed the scissors hanging from her girdle, folded up the leather housewife containing her cut skeins of thread, &c.; James brought in the tea-board, with its genuine China tea-service, plates with cake and bread-and-butter, and whilst he went back to Kezia for the tea-urn, in walked Mr. Ashton, and with him the Rev. Joshua Brookes.

One might have supposed his first salutation would have been to the lady of the house. Nothing of the kind! With a passing nod to Mrs. Ashton, who had

extended her hand, he marched straight to the sofa, and greeted its occupant with—

"Well, young Cheat-the-fishes, so you've been in the wars again."

"Yes, sir," said Jabez, attempting to rise.

"Lie still, lad! And so you thought a velveteen jacket defensive armour against sharpened steel?"

"I never thought about it, sir."

"Ugh! Then I suppose you reckoned a young man's arm worth less than an old man's head! Eh?"

Jabez smiled: "Certainly, sir!"

"Humph! I thought as much!" Then, darting a keen inquisitive glance from under his shaggy eyebrows at the prostrate young fellow, he added in his very raspiest tones, "And I dare say you've no notion whose sabre carved the wing of the goose so cleverly?"

What little blood was left in his body seemed to mount to the face of Jabez, the old scar on his brow—which every year made less conspicuous—purpled and grew livid.

Old Joshua needed no more. "Ah, I see you do! Well, are you inclined to forgive the fellow this time?"

All ears were on the alert. Jabez caught the quick turn of his kind master's head. He hesitated, paled, and flushed again. Joshua Brookes waited.

There was some indecision in the reply when it did come. "I am not sure, sir. But he was very drunk. I don't think he would have done it if he had been sober."

"Just so, Jabez—just so!" assented Mr. Ashton with evident satisfaction, and a tap on his snuff-box-lid.

Ben Travis had revealed the name of Mr. Chadwick's assailant to the manufacturer, and he to the chaplain.

"Oh! that's your opinion, is it?" cried the latter crustily, wheeling sharply round to disguise a smile.—Here, madam, let's have a cup of sober tea after that!"

"I think, Mr. Brookes," said Mrs. Ashton, as she seated herself, "with all due deference to you—I think you ask too much from Jabez. I do not consider drunkenness any excuse for brutality."

"No excuse for the brute, madam, certainly; but a reason why a reasoning man should forgive the brute incapable of reason."

"Just so, Parson!" chimed in Mr. Ashton, laying his Barcelona handkerchief across his knee.

"I don't see it, sir," argued Mrs. Ashton, handing a willow-patterned cup and saucer, with his tea, to her interlocutor; "a man who is a brute when intoxicated should keep sober. For my own part, I should be loth to let the same stick beat me twice. Our apprentice has borne quite too much from that fellow" (she waxed indignant), "and there is a limit to forgiveness."

"Yes, madam," answered the Parson snappishly, "there *is* a limit to forgiveness; but the limit is 'not seven times, but seventy times seven!'"

There was no more to be said. The rough chaplain spoke with authority, and from experience, and Jabez knew it.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

MR. CLEGG!

HOWEVER grateful Mrs. Ashton might be, she never lost sight of her personal dignity, and had no idea of admitting Jabez on terms of equality after that first reception.

In his helpless condition he required attention, which she could not condescend to render personally: yet she was as little inclined to delegate the duty to Kezia, who was never over well-disposed towards him, and who might have resented the call to "wait on a 'prentice lad;" or to Cicily, who was too young to have the run of a young man's chamber. It was like herself to hit on the happy mean, and invite Bess Hulme at once to satisfy her own longings, and meet the requirements of the case, by waiting on her foster-child in his helplessness, bringing with her her own boy, now two years old, to be committed to willing Cicily's care when the mother was herself engaged.

Yet the apprentice never again sank into the old ruts. His bed in the attic was turned over to his successor. From that parlour where he had lain and listened to Augusta's music, and Parson Brookes's dictum; where Mrs. Ashton had placed his pillows, and Ellen Chadwick had supplied his wants with such intuitive perception at tea-time; from that room he went to a chamber on an upper floor, furnished neatly but plainly, with due regard to comfort.

There was a mahogany camp-bedstead, draped with chintz of most extraordinary device. The bed was of feathers—not flock. An oak chest of drawers, which did duty for a dressing-table, stood by the window, which overlooked the yard, and on the top stood a small oval swing looking-glass. There were small strips of carpet along the two sides of the bed which did not touch the wall; an almost triangular wash-stand in one corner, and near the middle of the room a rush-bottomed chair and a tripod table. There was also a cushioned easy-chair, which had a suggestiveness of being there for that special occasion only; and Jabez, who on his first glance around began to speculate whether the whole would not vanish with his convalescence, was reassured when he saw that his wooden box had been brought from the attic, and stood against the wall.

The six-foot, bronzed, bearded man of forty remains a child to the mother who bore him, or the woman who nursed him. And as she had laid him in his cradle when a baby, Bess helped Jabez to his new bed, fed him with the beef-tea which Kezia had prepared (for a wonder, without a grumble), gave him the cooling draught Mr. Huertley had sent in, smoothed his pillows for repose, and kissed his brow, with a "God bless thee!" much as she had done when he was an ailing child, but with all the access of motherliness her own maternity had given.

Nevertheless he did not sleep readily. Neither Bess's soothing hand nor the soft bed superinduced

slumber. He was modest, and "Mr. Clegg" haunted him. He could not see the connection between his impulsive rush forward to check the yeoman's plunging steed, and his employer's recognition of the service rendered.

"I only did my duty," he debated with himself, as he lay there, with a mere streak of light from the glimmering rushlight showing between the closely drawn curtains—"I only did my duty. Any one else would have done the same in my place. If I had once thought of consequences and grasped the reins deliberately, there would have been some bravery in *that*. But I never thought of the sword, not I. I only thought of poor old Mr. Chadwick and Molly; and I'm sure Mr. Mabbott's ready hand did as good service as mine. Only I happened to get hurt. Yes, that's it! And they are sorry for me. I wonder if that ruffianly fellow did know who he was striking at? I hardly think he did, he was so very tipsy. If I fancied he did, I—But he could not. He was just blind drunk. What a pity, for such a handsome fellow, not older than I am, and a gentleman's son too! Forgive him! I don't think I've much to forgive. I'd bear the pain twice over for all the kind things that have been said and done since! Tea in the parlour with Parson Brookes and all! And this handsome bed-room [handsome only in untutored eyes]. And all the thanks I have had for so little. And, oh! the bliss of holding Augusta's delicate hand in mine, and hearing the music those white fingers made. It's worth the pain three times over. And Mr. Clegg, too! *Mr.* Clegg! How like a gentleman it does sound! Will anybody call me Mr. Clegg besides Miss Chadwick? How fond she must be of her father, from the way she thanked me!"

(Ah, Jabez! what oculist can cure blindness such as thine?)

If less consecutive, still in some such current ran the young man's thoughts, until chaos came, and his closed eyes saw innumerable *Mr.* Cleggs written on walls, and floor, and curtains, and a delicious symphony seemed to chorus the words, and "lap him in elysium."

After that, once each day Mrs. Ashton paid him a brief visit of inspection and inquiry, generally timed so as to meet the surgeon; Mr. Ashton, with less of ceremony, dropped in occasionally, to bring him a newspaper, book, or pamphlet to beguile the hours, and was not above loitering for a pleasant chat on matters indoors and out, the state of political feeling, and of business, in a manner so friendly, Jabez was at a loss to account for it.

Once or twice Augusta tapped at the door, to ask if Jabez were better, and to "hope he would soon be well," and the simple words ran through his brain with a thousand chimerical meanings.

Joshua Brookes paid him a couple of visits, brought him papers of sweetmeats and messages from Mrs. Clowes, and a Latin Testament and a worn Æneid from his own stores, as a little light reading.

Mrs. Chadwick, too, made her appearance at his bedside, with kindly and grateful words from her husband; and amongst them he was in a fair way of being elevated into a hero to his own hurt.

Simon Clegg (who pulled off his thick Sunday shoes in the kitchen, and went up-stairs in his stocking feet, lest he should make a clatter, and spoil the carpets) counteracted the mischief, and somewhat clipped the pinions of soaring imagination.

Jabez, his arm bandaged and sustained by a sling, lay with his head against the straight, high back of his padded chair, between the window and the fireplace, which glowed, not with live coals, but a beau-pot of sunflowers and hollyhocks from Simon's garden. At his feet lay little Tim, fast asleep, with his fat arms round the neck of Nelson, the black retriever, which had somehow contrived to sneak past Kezia with his tail between his legs, and to follow Bess up-stairs, where he had established himself in perfect content.

Simon greeted his foster-son with bated breath, awed no doubt by the lamp-bearing statues in hall and staircase, and hardly raised his voice above a whisper while he stayed. He had much to tell which the reader already knows, but he took his leave with quite a long oration, impressed, no doubt, by the comfort in that chamber, as well as by grandeur in rooms of which he had only caught a glimpse through open doors.

Jabez himself, being still feeble, had spoken but little.

"Moi lad," said he, "this is a grand pläce, but dunnot yo' let it mak' yo' preawd; an' aw hope as yo'r thankful yo' han fallen among sich koind folk."

"Indeed I am."

"Yo' did nowt but whatn wur yo'r duty, moi lad, as aw trust thah allays wilt; and thah's getten a mester and missis i' ten theawsand, to mak' so mich on a cut in a 'prentice's arm—aye, tho' it *wur* got i' savin' one o' theer own kin! Luk yo', Jabez: o' th' mesters aw ever saw afore thowt as 'prentices, body an' soul, wur theer own; an' yo've lit on yo're feet, aw con tell yo'. An' yo' conno' do too mich for such folk. Aw see they're makkin' a man on yo', an' dunnot yo' spoil o' by thinkin' yo' han earnt it, an' han a reet to it. We're unprofitable sarvants, th' best on us. An' dunnot yo' harbour anny malice agen th' chap as chopped at yo'. Them Yowmanry Calvary wur as drunk as fiddlers, an' as blind as bats. Thah tuk thi chance wi' the ruck, an' came off better than some folk. So thenk God it's no waur, an' bear no malice; an' thenk God, as sent yo' theer i' th' nick o' toime."

In little more than a fortnight Jabez was downstairs again, although his arm, not being thoroughly healed, yet needed support, and he was not hurried into the warehouse.

Neither was he again invited to join the family, Mrs. Ashton having objected to Mr. Ashton's proposition.

"It would lift the young man out of his sphere, William, and do him more harm than good. Only very strong heads can stand sudden elevation; and it is well to make no more haste than good speed."

But Mr. Ashton's "Just so" was less definite than ordinarily, and he took a second pinch of snuff unawares, with a prolonged emphasis, which supplied

the place of words. To the observant, Mr. Ashton's snuff-box contained as much eloquence as did Lord Burleigh's celebrated wig. He had taken a liking to the lad from the first, paid very little deference to Mrs. Grundy, and gave Jabez credit for a stronger head than did his more cautious and philosophic lady.

somewhat to isolate and lift him above them, albeit he took his meals in the kitchen with the rest. This separation was now confirmed by orders Kezia received to "serve Clegg's dinner in his own room"—orders which Kezia resented with asperity, and at least three days' ill-humour, and which James declined to execute.

(Drawn by C. GREEN.)

"DOWN HE WENT ON THE STONE PAVEMENT OF THE LOBBY" (*p.* 396).

Yet Jabez, to his surprise, found that his little room had undergone a transformation. It was no longer a bare office, fitted only with desk and stool. Desk and stool were there still, but a carpet, hanging shelves, a few useful books, and other furniture had been introduced, the result being a compact parlour.

His previous application to work in that room, when his fellow-apprentices in over-hours were cracking jokes on the kitchen settle, lounging about the yard, tormenting or being tormented by Kezia, had served He was "not goin' to disgrace his cloth by waitin' on 'prentice lads!" Ready-handed Cicily came to the rescue, and took the office on herself, amid the banter of the kitchen, which the quick-witted maid returned with right good will and right good temper.

Permission to receive his friends in his own room occasionally had been graciously accorded by Mrs. Ashton herself, with the characteristic observation—

"They are worthy people, Jabez Clegg, and you owe them a son's duty; besides, you need some re-

laxation—'The overstrained bow is apt to snap,' and 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

Altogether, he was more than satisfied. He was not demonstrative, but his heart swelled as he felt within himself that all these little things were stepping-stones upwards; and he mentally resolved to mount them fairly.

He recognised that he was rising, and ere the week was out he found that others recognised it also.

His blood-stained garments had been removed, whither he knew not, and he had had to fall back on his grey frieze Sunday suit. Be sure he began to calculate the chances of getting a fresh one.

As he was able to go out, he was employed on out-door business, until his arm should regain its full vitality, and one of his errands was with a note to Mr. Chadwick's tailor, in King Street.

At first he thought there was some mistake, when the fraction of a man proceeded without more ado to take his measure.

Saturday night proved there had been no mistake. On his bed, accompanied by a very kind note from Mr. Chadwick (written with his left hand), lay not only a well-cut, well-made suit of clothes, but a hat, white linen shirts, a neck-cloth, and hose.

Did ever young girl turn up her back hair, or young man assume his first coat, indifferently?

To Jabez—the foundling—the Blue-coat-apprentice, this was not merely a first coat, not merely a badge of approaching manhood. The whole outfit, provided as it was by his master's brother-in-law, seemed a recognition of the station he was henceforth to fill. No clerk in the counting-house was so well equipped as he, when he stood before his oval swing-glass (for the first time far too small), and endeavoured to survey himself therein, that fine September Sunday morning.

I will not presume to say that he looked the conventional gentleman in that suit of glossy brown broadcloth, and beaver hat; I will not say that he did not feel stiff in them. Only use gives ease; but this I will say, that a more manly figure never gave shape to garments, or a more noble head to a hat, albeit there was more of strength than beauty in the face it shaded.

His forehead was broad and well developed; the reflective as well as the perceptive faculties were there. There was just a slight defensive rise on the else straight nose; the eyebrows were full save where a scar broke the line of one. Firm but pleasant were mouth and dimpled chin, and the lower jaw was somewhat massive; but his full grey eyes, dark almost to blackness, and standing far apart, were clear and deep as wells where truth lay hid, though deep emotion had power to kindle them with the luminosity of stars.

I am afraid he was not the only one on whom Parson Gatliffe's eloquence was thrown away that Sabbath morning. If he looked up at the Blue-coat-boys in the Chetham Gallery, with their quaint blue robes and neat bands, to throw memory back and imagination forward, others were doing likewise, from old Simon in his free seat to his envious fellow-'prentices in the pew, whose mocking grimaces drew upon them the sharp censure of the beadle.

Party spirit was then at a white heat. Had Peterloo been written on his forehead, it could not have marked him out for curious eyes more surely than his sling.

Greetings not altogether congratulatory followed him through the churchyard. But old Simon caught his left hand in a tremulous grip, his eyes moist with proud emotion. Tom Hulme beamed upon him, and Mrs. Clowes, energetic as ever, overtook them a few yards from the chapter-house, just as Joshua Brookes emerged from the door.

"Well, my lad, I'm glad to see you at church again," she exclaimed, shaking him warmly by the left arm. "I hardly knew you in your fine clothes. They've made quite a gentleman of you; we shall have to call you Mr. Clegg now, I reckon."

"Now, Mother Clowes, don't you give Jabez *humbug* of that sort; it's sweet but not wholesome. 'Fine feathers make fine birds.' He's as proud as a peacock already! Mr. Clegg indeed! and him a 'prentice-lad not out of his time. Let him stick to the name we gave him at his baptism, it's worth all your fine Misters!" and Joshua turned off, muttering, "Mr. Clegg indeed!" as he went away.

Neither the old woman in her antiquated gown and kerchief-covered mutch, nor the old Parson in his cassock and square cap, modulated their loud voices. Jabez blushed painfully; both had touched sensitive chords.

But others had heard the "Mr. Clegg," and he heard it again from Kezia and the apprentices in every tone of mockery and derision. Thence it travelled into the warehouse. He bore it with set teeth through many a painful week, until the title stuck to him, and the taunt was forgotten in the force of habit.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

IN THE THEATRE ROYAL.

IT has been said that Madame Broadbent had various subtle ways of advertising her "academy" (as the directory has it), by which she generally contrived to "kill two birds with one stone."

One of these would scarcely have been practicable in any but a theatrical town like Manchester, where not even the fierceness of party politics could close the theatre doors.

She was particularly fond of a good play, and as particularly careful of her own pocket. So she watched for such occasions as a special benefit or "Bespeak" night to engage one of the dress-boxes, and take tickets for a select party of her pupils. The young ladies—apart from all natural love of amusement and display—were taught to regard their admission to Mrs. Broadbent's train as a high honour, a mark of exceeding distinction, and few were the parents so stern or so niggardly as to refuse the six shillings for a box-ticket when Madame invited and Miss pleaded.

The then Theatre Royal, in Fountain Street, which was opened in 1807, under Macready's management, and brought to the ground by fire in 1844, was in 1820

a building so capacious, so solidly built, it might not fear comparison with Drury Lane. Stage, scene-rooms, dressing-rooms, were all on an extensive scale. There were three tiers of boxes, a large pit, and an immense gallery breaking the line of the third tier. With the exception of the large side-boxes, which were partially on the stage, all these boxes were open to the view, having only a divisional barrier the height of the parapet, light iron pillars supporting the weight above. There were no chairs, only narrow, baize-covered benches, innocent of backs. And the theatre was lighted by sperm-oil lamps, those round the auditorium being suspended by cords over pulleys, so as to be lowered for lighting, trimming, &c. But the glory of that theatre, of which it was shorn at a later date, was its box-lobby, a lofty, open promenade, wide as a street, and long in proportion, for its one grand entrance was in Fountain Street, the other in Back Mosley Street. But for the step or two at either end, carriages might have driven through, or depositing their living loads within at the saloon doors, have turned easily and driven back.

This lobby was naturally a lounge, as well as a waiting-place for servants and others with wraps and pattens, neither carriages nor hackney-coaches being numerous, and the streets being—well, not quite so clean or well-paved as at present.

The ten days' trial of Henry Hunt and his compatriots at York had, as is well known, resulted in sentence of imprisonment for different terms, to the discomfiture of one party, the exultation of the other.

Close upon the promulgation of this sentence came Easter week, at the beginning of April, 1820, when Jabez had little more than a month to serve of his apprenticeship.

Edmund Kean was then playing at the Theatre Royal, supported by Sophia M'Gibbon—daughter of Woodfall, the memorable printer of "Junius"—a favourite on the Manchester "boards."

Either to mark their satisfaction at the result of the trial, or their admiration of the great tragedian, the officers of the Manchester Yeomanry Cavalry bespoke "Othello" for the Wednesday evening, and Mrs. Broadbent made the most of the glorious opportunity.

She engaged a box close to the centre of the dress-circle, on terms well understood, and as small people take less room than large ones, and her front row was very juvenile, she contrived to make it a profitable investment, even though she took a teacher with her (at a lower rate). The young ladies assembled at the school, and made quite a procession to the theatre, where Mrs. Broadbent's own maid took charge of hats and cloaks, and waited drearily in the saloon.

Then, duly marshalled by Madame Broadbent and Miss Nuttall, they filed into the box decorously, and took their seats, the youngest in the van—the whole programme having been rehearsed and re-rehearsed for a day or two beforehand.

A bouquet of white rosebuds they might have been called, white muslin was so general; but one young lady blushed in pink gauze, and Augusta Ashton's lovely head and shoulders were set off by delicate blue crape. There were round necklaces of coral or pearl, long loose gloves of cambric or kid, and every damsel in her teens had her fan.

But of fans, commend me to Madame Broadbent's. It was no light trifle of ivory or sandal-wood, but of strong green paper, spotted with gold, with ribs and frame of ebony, and it measured half-a-yard when closed.

Her well-saved, long-waisted, stiff brocaded robe and petticoat might have been her wedding-dress kept for state occasions; but that fan, slung by a ribbon from her wrist, was part of her individuality—the symbol of her authority inseparable from her waking self. A relic of her younger days, she employed it—citing Queen Charlotte as her exemplar—to arrest attention, to admonish, to chastise; and woe to the luckless little lady on whom it came in admonition!

The box was filled to the very door, where Miss Nuttall kept guard. Madame Broadbent displayed her own important person on the third row above the curly heads of the smaller fry, and to Augusta Ashton—being a profitable pupil, of whom she had reason to be proud—was allotted a seat next to herself.

The house was full and fashionable, both stage-boxes being occupied by members of the Manchester Yeomanry, resplendent in silver and blue. Laurence Aspinall, John Walmsley, and Ben Travis were of the party. In the pit were the critics, pressing closely as possible to the stage.

Nods and smiles from friends in different parts of the theatre greeted the component parts of Madame Broadbent's bevy of innocents, and smiles responded.

Then rose the green curtain upon Edmund Kean's Othello, and Mrs. M'Gibbon's Desdemona. The audience was enthralled. Act by act the players kept attention fixed, and all went well until the last scene.

But, as Othello pressed the murderous pillow down, one of Madame Broadbent's white-frocked misses in the front row, with whose relatives Desdemona lodged when she was not Desdemona, started up, and cried out piteously—

"He's killing Mrs. M'Gibbon! He's killing Mrs. M'Gibbon!"

The clear voice rang through the house, to the consternation of the actors, the amusement of some, and the annoyance of others of the audience.

Some of the officers laughed outright in the very face of the tragic Moor; but Madame Broadbent was furious, all the more that she was bound to suppress her passion then and there.

For the credit of her "academy," she, however, felt bound to resent so flagrant a breach of decorum. Tapping the tearful culprit on the shoulder with her ready fan, in a stern whisper, scarcely less audible than the child's impulsive tribute to the great tragedian, she asked, "How can you bemean yourself so far, miss, to the disgrace of the school?" and, beckoning the child forth, she was passed to Miss Nuttall at the very back of the box, sobbing more for Mrs. M'Gibbon than for Mrs. Broadbent.

This caused a change of places, which brought Miss Ashton more prominently into view. Laurence Aspinall, an ardent admirer of beauty, put his hand on the shoulder of the officer before him, and said—

"Good heavens, Walmsley! Do you see that lovely creature in Mother Broadbent's box?"

"Which?" was the obtuse answer.

"Which!" (contemptuously echoed). "The divine beauty in celestial blue. Who is she?" And his admiring gaze brought a conscious blush to the young lady's forehead, although the querist was beyond her hearing.

"In blue?" And Walmsley lazily scanned the group. "Oh! that's Charlotte's cousin, Augusta Ashton! Yes, she is rather pretty;" and the married man turned again to the stage.

"Rather pretty! She's an angel! You must introduce me!"

"Well, well!" answered the other testily, anxious to end a colloquy which distracted his attention from the tragedy, "I'll see. But she's only a school-girl—not yet sixteen!"

"Egad! but she looks seventeen, and she'll mend of that disqualification every day;" and still he kept his eyes on Augusta in a manner extremely disconcerting, though her romantic little heart fluttered, for in him she recognised the "Adonis" who had reared his horse so threateningly in front of her Uncle Chadwick's house.

The green curtain came down amid universal plaudits. Ladies rose to rest themselves, and chat, as was the custom then. Gentlemen quitted their seats to join friends elsewhere, to lounge in saloon or box-lobby, or to take a hasty glass at the "Garrick's Head," adjoining.

Amongst the latter were Walmsley and Aspinall; but they did not return when the prompter's bell rang the curtain up.

There was a *Pas de deux* of Tyrolean peasants by the chief dancers of the company. Then followed an interlude, and then a comic song, all before the last piece; but the comrades did not return; and Augusta found herself wondering whether the handsome officer, with the rich copper-coloured hair, would come back at all.

They did make their appearance during the progress of the drama (Monk Lewis's "Castle Spectre," in which Mrs. M'Gibbon gave ocular demonstration that she was not killed), both seemingly exhilarated, but they left again before the drama concluded.

Well drilled as were Madame Broadbent's pupils, they could not quit their box in the same order they entered it—big people so seldom recognise the right of little ones to precedence.

They straggled into the saloon, separated by the crowd.

There Madame Broadbent and Miss Nuttall collected her brood, and passing on to the box-lobby, looked around for their respective attendants.

There was one—a fine young man, in height some five feet ten—who sprang forward with shawl and calesh for Miss Ashton, at the same time bowing deferentially to the pompous dame with the big fan. He proceeded to adjust the shawl round the dimpled shoulders, so very precious to him, and said—

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening, Miss Augusta."

Then, bowing again to Mrs. Broadbent, he offered his hand respectfully to the young lady, to conduct her home.

On the instant they were intercepted by Aspinall and Walmsley, neither so sober as he might have been.

"Augusta, here's my friend Aspinall; deuced good fellow—quite struck with you," was Captain Walmsley's unceremonious introduction—at a time, too, when introductions were somewhat formal.

"Quite, Miss Ashton," he assented. "'Pon my soul, I am! Your charming face has quite captivated me, and those eyes pierce my heart like bullets. Permit me to escort you home."

There was an amusing consciousness of his own attractions in this free expression of his admiration. A woman of the world, with her weapons ready, might have dismissed him either with hauteur, badinage, or cool indifference; but to Augusta Ashton, almost a child in years, it was bewildering and disconcerting.

Her eyes fell—her colour rose. She stood silent, abashed, and confused. Native modesty took alarm.

Jabez came to her relief.

"Miss Ashton is under my protection, sir: she requires no other escort."

The words were cool as those of a man who, having his temper well under control, did not choose to quarrel, though his pulses were beating like drums.

With cool effrontery his old antagonist looked him full in the face.

"So it's you again, yellow-skirt! A nice fellow to protect a pretty girl: a fellow without skill to defend himself, or spirit to resent an insult;" and the speaker's red lips curled with derision.

The eyes of Jabez kindled and his teeth set. There was no lack of spirit, but not the spirit of which common brawls are made. He was anxious to get the trembling Augusta away from the gathering crowd.

Madame Broadbent, shorn of half her pretty train, came up aghast.

"Young lady! Miss Ashton! what is——"

A wave of the silver-braided sleeve set her aside, chafed and indignant at the freedom and impertinence.

"Keep out of the way, Mother Broadbent. Look after the rest of your lambkins. Miss Ashton's cousin and I propose to see your pupil home."

"All right, Augusta," said Walmsley thickly; "we'll see you home."

But she clung in dismay to the arm of Jabez; and not Hercules himself could have torn her from him.

Ignoring the coarse taunt of Lieutenant Aspinall, he endeavoured to lead her past them, simply saying to Captain Walmsley—

"Mr. Ashton committed his daughter to my care. I am answerable for her safety."

Aspinall, mistaking his calmness for pusillanimity,

again intercepted their passage, and would have taken Augusta's hand. But a will strong as his own—an arm strengthened by lifting and carrying heavy burdens—was opposed to him. Jabez struck no blow: he thrust out an arm with muscles like leather, swept the offensive lieutenant aside, and down he went on the stone pavement of the lobby.

"Bravo, Clegg!" exclaimed a voice from the rear; and the burly form of Ben Travis parted the curious crowd, as leviathan parts the waves, before the infuriated Aspinall could rise, or Walmsley interpose; "that's right; take the young lady away, and leave these gallant bucks to me. I'll guard the honour of our corps."

The terrified young lady and the inebriated young bully were alike in sure hands. But consequential Madame Broadbent, ignored, forgotten, had received a blow to her importance she was not likely to forget or overlook.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

FOOD FOR BONE AND BRAIN.

BY A PRACTICAL MAN.

MOST readers remember the celebrated definition in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary of the word *oats:* "The food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland;" to which Lord Elibank, a Scot to the backbone, made this happy rejoinder: "Yes, indeed, and where will you find such horses and such men?" Sydney Smith, too, must have his hit at Scottish dietary, as at everything else, so he proposed as a motto for the *Edinburgh Review:* "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," being a travestie of a line in Virgil—

"Tenui musam meditamur avena."

This prejudice against oatmeal as an article of human food may be said to be shared in by nearly every Englishman even at the present day, a very surprising fact as it appears to us. Just now, when the question of the food-supply of the people of these islands is being discussed as a really national one, when Englishmen especially are everywhere "protesting" against the present ruinous price of provisions, and the equally ruinous price of coals wherewith to cook them; when, in fact, living, as we are told, has become a luxury within the reach only of the rich, a few words about the much-despised Caledonian article of diet may be of some service.

No one requires to be told that on food depends in a very high degree the improvement or the deterioration of races. If men are ill fed, you are sure to have a sickly, valetudinarian state of society; if men are well fed, we must have from such, and such only, strong energy and endurance — great material and moral results. The truth is, "the stomach is the root of a man," and just as good soil is essential to good flower and generous fruit, so is suitable food to the development of the human plant in all its gifts and its graces.

Now let us look at the inexorable logic of facts. What do science and experience prove in regard to Dr. Johnson's oats? From a series of careful experiments with the dynamometer, the late Professor Forbes, of the Edinburgh University, ascertained that the average strength of the full-grown Scot exceeds that of the full-grown Englishman by about one-twentieth—a difference not very great, indeed, but probably quite sufficient, as has been said, to turn the scale in a hand-to-hand engagement, with an equal amount of skill and pluck on both sides. More, for nearly a quarter of a century Forbes measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength both of the arms and the loins of his students, a very numerous class, consisting of different nationalities, drawn together to Edinburgh by his fame as a philosopher. Well, these were the results. In respect of height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength both of arms and loins, the bottom of the scale was occupied by Belgians; above them, and but a little higher, stood the French; very much above them stood the English; while the top of the scale was occupied by the Scotch, and the Scoto-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years with at least one meal a day of good milk and good porridge.

Let us see wherein consists the great nutritive value of oatmeal. In a very interesting paper on Scottish dietary, by Dr. Thompson, the Medical Superintendent of the General Prison, Perth, we find the following table:—

FOOD IN ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

Supplying—	Flesh	Heat	Mineral	Water
Cheese	31	25	5	39
Peas, dry	23	60	3	14
Cooked Meat	22	14	1	63
Oatmeal	17	69	3	11
Barley Meal	17	59	2	25
Fish	14	7	1	78
Indian Meal	11	75	1	23
Bacon	8	63	1	28
Bread	7	49	2	42
Rice	7	92	1	0
Milk	5	8	1	8(
Sago, Tapioca, and Arrowroot	4	82	1	13
Potatoes	2	23	1	74
Beer	1	9	1	89
Sugar	0	100	0	0
Suet, Fat, and Butter	0	100	0	0

It will be seen that we have in 100 pounds of oatmeal—flesh-forming matter, 17 pounds; heat-giving, 69 pounds; mineral, 3 pounds; water, 11 pounds; oatmeal thus standing highest on the list of all cereals. The flesh-forming qualities stand next to cooked meat, while the mineral parts are three times greater. This latter quality no doubt explains the strong skeleton of the Scottish Celt, the mineral going chiefly to the formation of the bony structure, a distinguishing

characteristic of Scotchmen. According to the analysis of Liebig and Hassall, while wheat and barley contain but 14, oats contain within a very small fraction of 20 per cent. of the nutritious protean elements of life and muscle-giving qualities.

The Scottish agricultural labourer scarcely ever sees beef or flesh-meat. One pint of milk daily, and about seventeen pounds of oatmeal weekly, afford him a very sufficient dietary, superior in nutritive value to that of the same class in the best-conditioned districts of the South.

Such is the testimony of Dr. Thompson, no mean authority, and who does not hesitate to say that Sawney is better fed than John Bull, with his puddings, and his beer, and his beef into the bargain; and at a very much smaller cost, of course. At least two-thirds of the people of Scotland—and the same may be said of Ireland—live on less than sixpence a day.

In his inaugural address at St. Andrews, Mr. Froude remarks, "You Scots are a fine stock. If we except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history." The compliment is certainly not undeserved; and Scotchmen themselves trace to their simple, frugal, national dietary of meal and milk, their national characteristics of strength and endurance, physical and moral, which have enabled them to score their mark in the world's history.

If, then, "the healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," has done so much for the—

> ——"Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
> Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,"

are we not justified in characterising English prejudice against it as unreasonable and absurd? Englishmen may continue to boast, if they like, that they feed, not themselves, but their horses, on oats, while they throw away their milk to their pigs (as is done in many rural districts), but the boast is a foolish one, to say the very least.

We have called it the food for bone as well as brain, muscle as well as mind. To the labouring or artisan class it commends itself as an article of diet on account of its cheapness, the readiness and economy with which it can be cooked, and while it is easily digested, it contains, as we have seen, a larger proportion than wheaten bread of the elements that go to form bone and muscle. The best Scotch oatmeal costs twopence a pound, and this contains far more true nourishment, in the opinion of some medical men, than the same weight of Liebig's Extract. It commends itself to literary men, and all workers who earn their bread by the sweat of their brains. There are, as we happen to know, several well-known authors who, though born and bred this side the Tweed, nevertheless swear by oatmeal porridge as a brain-inspiring compound. Take one hard literary worker, Gerald Massey, who writes—

"There is a deal of phosphorus in oatmeal, and phosphorus is brain. There is also a large amount of phosphorus in fish, consequently I never miss having a fish dinner once a week, and take a plate of good, thick, coarse, well-boiled Scotch oatmeal every morning in my life."

There are many Scotch households in London where porridge and milk form the staple of the morning meal—a capital "basis of operation" to begin the day's work on. These families will tell you that old and young alike thrive famously on it, so that the objection sometimes made to oatmeal, that it is not suited to the English climate, being "too heating to the blood," as the phrase goes, does not hold good. Then, as to its palatableness, we ourselves have long held the belief that not only is porridge pre-eminently rich in nutritive matter, but when nicely cooked, and eaten with new milk, is simply delicious—a dainty dish fit, indeed, to set before any king.

Among our American brethren this question of the value of oatmeal for human food is beginning to receive the attention it merits. In the United States the chief supplies are drawn from the neighbouring Dominion of Canada, which for years has prided herself on the quality of the meal which she produces. Canada vies with the mother country for the palm of excellence, and in at least one international exhibition she carried off the badge of victory from the "Land o' Cakes." But in the States themselves they are now producing the article to some extent, and it is believed that in course of time it will become an important industry. In a recent article on the subject, an American journal thus expresses itself:—

"As a food, the merits of which have stood the test of centuries, and which is calculated to promote the sanitary interests of the nation, by laying the foundation for more hardy and vigorous constitutions for the coming generation, let us regard its general adoption as an article of diet as nothing short of a national good. Its phosphorescent qualities act as a gentle and healthy stimulant to the brain, and on no other food can one endure so great and so prolonged mental labour as on oatmeal porridge. Properly cooked, it is not only a most healthful and nutritious food, but it is decidedly palatable, as is fully attested by its wonderfully rapid adoption as a popular diet by the very fastidious palates of our American people."

In this country there are miles and miles of waste and uncultivated lands on which oats, and fruit-trees too, might be grown; and there are acres upon acres of sidings upon our lines of railway, now utterly disregarded, which might easily be utilised in the same way. The best Scotch oatmeal costs, as already stated, only twopence a pound; and what we say is that, with the necessaries of life at famine prices, it is surely high time to get rid of our prejudices in this matter. We want some modern Count Rumford to come forward and take up this question of oatmeal. The Scottish people, let it be repeated, have for ages prospered and improved on it. Our American cousins, having proved its value, are rapidly adopting it. Why do not Englishmen try the experiment?

It is painful, as Dr. T. L. Nichols remarks, to see how badly people live, and how extravagantly at the same time, when the best of food for health and strength is so cheap and so palatable.

LOST.

"NEVER fear, Emmy, love, never fear! The Indians—poor creatures—will not eat me; the snakes will not bite me; the mustang will not throw me! For shame, darling, to have been a planter's wife these sixteen years and more, and yet to be the timid girl you are! Only three weeks, remember, between us and dear old England!"

And with a wave of my hand, and a sportive flourish, in the Spanish style, of the broad-leaved sombrero which I wore, I spurred away my wiry bay horse from the porch, heavy with sweet-scented orchids and blossomed trailing roses, and rode laughingly off into the wild country that lay beyond our tiny demesne.

I had some reason for the joyous confidence with which, on that afternoon of early summer, I set off for my brisk ride to the cattle corral some four Spanish leagues away. My fortunes had never seemed so fair and smiling as when I rode that day from my own door. I was well off—not wealthy, certainly, but well-to-do—and there was a certain charm attaching to the fact that every dollar and doubloon amassed, since first I set my foot on the shores of sun-baked Central America, represented hard and honest work, wrought out bit by bit in spite of the languor of the climate, and the terrible temptations that beset European settlers in the tropics.

I had been very steady in the purpose with which I had left England, after Emmy and I had exchanged our last vows of love beside the tall hog-backed stile in the leafy Berkshire lane which lay so near to both our homes. With her tearful kisses on my cheek, I had hurried up to London, gone on board the merchantman that first bore me across the Atlantic, and sailed for Demerara; where, first as clerk, then as overseer, and lastly as manager of a thriving estate, I had learned something, and saved the wherewithal to buy a few hundred acres of good but untilled land in Guatemala. There was a stretch of woodland, held from the Government of the Republic at a long lease, a tract of prairie, and a small strip of deep black soil, whereon the sugar-cane, the indigo plant, the cassava, and the manioc flourished luxuriantly. I had bought, too, a pretty hacienda, the fine garden of which, when first I saw it, had become a wilderness of giant weeds, and the house, with its verandahs, a nursery for snake, scorpion, chego, and tarantula. But the walls were of sound masonry, and to repair the roof and the ruinous outbuildings cost but a trifle. The garden was soon glorious with tropical flowers, the fields crowned with the tall maize and the feathery cane; while my knowledge of botany enabled me to derive more profit from my forest tract, where the mora, the purpleheart, the sugar-maple, and the tulip-tree grew contiguous to the ilex, the ironwood, and the massive trunk of the dark-grained Honduras mahogany, than could have fallen to the lot of an ordinary European emigrant. In the course of three busy years, not unhappily passed, I had earned enough and saved enough to feel justified in marrying, and had taken a holiday that I might pay a flying visit to England, per West Indian Mail steamer, and returned to my home in the New World with my bride beside me.

I had married rather late in life; for ours had been one of those long engagements not uncommon in our English middle-class society, and I was Emmy's senior by some years; but time had not dealt unkindly with me, and I was still active and robust, although the eldest of our two bright boys was just fourteen; Marian, their little sister, being the third child, and about six years of age. As for my wife's personal appearance, I was proud of the fact that her sweet face had changed but very slightly since the day when first I met and loved her. She was one of those women who preserve their girlish freshness of complexion and slenderness of form through long years of married life, nor had even the hot summers of Guatemala caused one thread of silver to mingle with the glossy braids of her nut-brown hair. Our dwelling certainly stood in a more than commonly healthy situation, on high ground and exposed to the pure breezes that swept down through a gap in the blue mountain wall that frowned to the eastward; nor had there, in all the years of our stay, arisen a serious case of illness under my roof. Those terrible fevers, that are the bane of the fair regions of New Spain, were all but unknown at the elevation of the lofty table-land on which we lived. Nor had we experienced any of those other evils for which the Central American States have acquired a bad reputation. We had heard of civil wars, and of Indian forays; but all that we had seen of the first was that occasionally a few disbanded soldiers, shoeless and ragged, came to prowl about the district, asking alms whiningly enough, but ready, unless their looks belied them, to play the part of marauders if a tempting booty presented itself. As for the Red Men, there was not, as I believe, a genuine warrior to be found nearer than the Mosquito country or the woods of Costa Rica; while the few shocks of earthquake which annually occurred had

never caused any worse damage than a few casualties among the glass and china. Still, somehow, my wife had never ceased to long for home. Prosperous as we had been on the sunnier side of the Atlantic, she had never learned to love the strange land in which our tent was pitched; and it was very much in consequence of this feeling that we had determined to return to England, as soon as we had realised the means to give the children an advantageous start in life. At last, that happy time—long looked forward to—had come. My savings, amounting to a larger sum in dollars and gold ounces than I could reasonably have hoped to amass in eighteen years of patient industry, were already in safe keeping, while I had concluded a treaty for the sale of my farm, and was merely waiting till the deeds should be drawn, and the purchase-money paid, to quit the place. We had even fixed the day for our departure Europe-wards, and it had been arranged that the steamer which, on the 15th of the ensuing month, was to call at San Juan de Nicaragua on her way to the British West Indies, should number myself and my family among her passengers.

The children were wild with joy at the prospect of seeing that wonderful England of which they had heard and read so much, the island home across the waters to which, after years of self-exile, their parents were about to return; and the boys, in especial, were never weary of asking questions concerning London, its vast extent and swarming population, its sights, shows, and general splendours; and Emmy, too, anticipated with unfeigned delight the pleasant life in store for us in the old country. I, on the other hand, though not naturally of a melancholy disposition, felt unaccountably depressed and ill at ease, so that my sad looks and thoughtful aspect more than once had the involuntary effect of damping the innocent mirth of those whom I loved so well. I did my best, however, to struggle against the gloomy forebodings of some coming evil that beset me; but if by an effort of the will I succeeded in banishing these dark thoughts for a time, they were sure to return and haunt me as pertinaciously as before. And yet there was no rational cause for any alarm. The country was in a peaceful condition, and we heard no rumours of either war or pestilence to justify my formless fears.

Never had the fair, broad face of Nature seemed to smile more genially upon me than on the brilliant morning on which I set off to pay a long-projected visit to the cattle station which I had established on an outlying savannah, at some distance from the rest of the property, and which was in charge of a gaunt Texan, a character in his way, and in whom I could put more dependence than in the indolent natives of the country. I had taken myself soundly to task for my late unreasonable depression, and for awhile at least had shaken off the black load of care which had for some weeks oppressed me. Oddly enough, my wife, usually the cheeriest and blithest of us all, was on that day unusually timorous and low-spirited, and actually tried to dissuade me from riding across to the cattle corral, although the route was one quite as safe, at that season, as Regent Street itself. At last I elicited from her the fact that it was a dream, curious and vivid, but still only a dream, which was the cause of her agitation. It was not without some reluctance that she could be induced to narrate the subject of this dream, which I will set down in her own words.

"I thought, Willy, that I was at home again—the old home, I mean, down in Berkshire—and I saw the dear old place looking prettier even than I remember it, as though to welcome me back. The hedgerows were in leaf, and so were the tall elms in the parsonage garden; and there was the little lawn, as trim and smooth as velvet, and the ivy clustering over the porch, and the tiny wicket gate where I used to wait for you, and the dogs coming whimpering and bounding up to greet me. There were my sisters, too, and poor papa, and many another kind face gone for ever, and——"

Here she broke down, sobbing; and I put my arm round her, and let her nestle her dear head on my shoulder, and soothed her till the tears were dried.

"But that is not all, Wilfred," she said earnestly; "what made the strongest impression on me was that just as I crossed the lane, and stretched out my hand to lift the well-known latch of the little gate, the earth seemed to heave and surge beneath my feet, and the sun glared blood-red through a cloud of whirling sand, as it did in the dust-storm we saw in travelling here—you remember, Willy—at Las Roccas Vermejas, in Nicaragua. And then the solid ground split asunder, and a yawning chasm, widening every moment, barred the road between me and the house in which I was born, and the English hedgerows changed to palms and aloe-trees, and I was here, and sinking, sinking, as though into my grave; and I cried to you, husband, and you were not with me, and—and—I am very silly, but I wish, dear, I *do* wish that you would not ride out to-day to the corral. I feel as if some harm would happen, to you, Willy—not to me. I'm not a coward for myself, but for you or the children I am timid enough. Stay quietly at home to-day, to please Emmy?"

But I could not yield to my wife's wish on this occasion, and I laughed at her fears, and counterfeited a more buoyant spirit than that which actually possessed me. At the cattle station I was to meet with a rich Spanish grazier, one Don Ramon, who would be willing to take the whole herd off my hands, and I was somewhat eager to convert the live-stock into hard cash, and to pay off my Texan superintendent and the staff of Indian half-breeds that worked under his orders. I rode away, therefore; but as I passed through the open gateway that formed the only means of access to the garden, shut in by a towering hedge of thorny mezquite, I looked back and waved my hand. How well I remember that peaceful scene!—the snow-white walls of the pretty villa, the plash of the fountain beneath the palmetto-trees, the blaze of tropical flowers, the limes, bananas, and plantains, with their wealth of fruit; the children gathered on the lower of the two broad stone steps in front of the open door, while on the higher one stood my wife waving her handkerchief to me in token of adieu. My heart has ached many a time as memory has reproduced, only too faithfully, that picture.

Within sight of the hacienda was a rocky height of singular boldness, and of a conical form—an extinct volcano, at the foot of which had once, according to tradition, stood a populous Indian city, a sort of trans-Atlantic Pompeii as regarded its fate, since it had been overwhelmed by showers of burning scoriæ, centuries before the date of the Spanish conquest. The mountain, with its fringe of lava-beds, and its crater overgrown with thorny cacti and sumach-bushes, had long been cold and quiescent; but it was commonly known by the name once borne by the buried city, Tlatzlatepec, and was one of the most picturesque features of the landscape when viewed from Rio Seco, as my habitation was called. The Indians who still dwelt at the base of the hill were but a handful of miserable creatures, who earned a precarious livelihood by weaving baskets, or selling fish and faggots of dry sticks to the white settlers, and who were known to be inveterate beggars, and shrewdly suspected to be thieves. These squalid survivors of a once haughty tribe had little love for the pale-faces who had wrested from their race what had once been their maize-patches and hunting-grounds; but I was on tolerably amicable terms with them, having once chanced to render a service to an aged squaw named Mtasa, who was respected among her people as the descendant of a line of their former caciques, and whom we used jestingly to call their queen.

"A FAINT, CURLING WREATH OF WHITE VAPOUR" (*p.* 401).

The occurrence, such as it was, was briefly this. In one of my rides across the more wooded country to the eastward, I had come upon a camp of gold-diggers from California, whom some auriferous rumour had

tempted to try their luck among the gulches of Guatemala. Perhaps ill-success had soured the tempers of these rough fellows, for I found them in the very act of hanging up, to a forked branch of an evergreen oak, an Indian lad of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, the still writhing body of whose elder brother dangled from a similar tree at no great distance; while a tall squaw, whose white hair streamed over her shoulders like that of a Pythoness, was volubly but vainly imploring, in broken Spanish, mercy for the younger of her two grandsons.

"Guess it's all right, mister," was the gruff answer of the spokesman to my inquiries; "we caught the copper-coloured vermin prowling about, and trying to undo the heel-ropes of a horse. Judge Lynch's law is good enough, I expect, for such thieving scum; and ef the greasers of this hyar republic can't keep their redskins from stealing, p'raps a twelve-foot lariat of tough hide kin cure 'em of it."

And hanged the unlucky stripling would have been, but for the fortunate circumstance that my Texan cattle-manager, who was in my company, recognised a former associate among the party, and that at our joint entreaty the lad's life was spared.

To my great surprise, on passing the Indian village, I found the whole tawny population astir, and evidently making haste to quit their abodes; while conspicuous among them was the tall, weird-looking form of old Mtasa, wrapped in her dark blue blanket, and laden, as were the rest of the community, with portable property of a miscellaneous order—fish-spears, racoon-skins, and bundles of gay-coloured handkerchiefs, or worn-out fragments of European attire, being oddly mingled. In answer to my expressions of surprise at this hurried flitting, the old woman drew herself up to her full height, and stretched out her arm, not without a certain air of savage dignity, towards the mountain that loomed overhead.

"You pale men," she said, in her disjointed Castilian, "think us poor Indians fools because we cling to the habits of our forefathers, and believe in our own traditions. But it was a wise cacique of old who bade our people, when they should see the smoke on Tlatzlatepec, not to linger over-long within its shadow. See!"

And in effect, on looking up, I saw hovering above the crest of the extinct volcano a faint, curling wreath of white vapour, so slight as to have hitherto escaped my attention.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mtasa vehemently; "this is no trick; no accident from the dropping of a firebrand on dried grass. The fire from which yonder smoke rises was never kindled by human hands. It bodes no good, señor."

And, with a grim smile and a nod, the aged sibyl turned away, and joined the onward march of the remnant of her tribe. Somewhat perplexed, but disposed to attribute this mystic warning to some lingering superstition yet current among this degraded race, I rode on. I reached the cattle station in good time, and, before the sloping sun was low in the sky, remounted my horse to return home. My oxen were sold, my men paid off, and I had just received from the Texan a hearty handshake, which made my fingers tingle, and from the Spanish grazier a bow that would have graced a court, accompanied by an "A Dios, Caballero!" So far, all was well, and as I felt my mettled horse bound beneath me on his homeward route across the springy turf of the prairie, my spirits rose, and, cheering on the mustang, I took a boyish pleasure in the scamper across the boundless tract of flower-enamelled pasture. Suddenly my steed came to a halt, as though he had been thrown back upon his haunches by the pressure of a powerful bit. Trembling in every limb, with quivering flanks and drooping head, he seemed paralysed by the immediate presence of some danger, viewless to me. I tried the spur, but in vain, nor were caresses more efficacious, while the cause of this singular trepidation was beyond my power of guessing until, lifting my eyes towards the eastern sky, I beheld a dusky mass of smoke, hoisted, like the Black Flag of Death, over the soaring peak of the volcano. Then the remembrance of the half-heeded words of the old Indian woman rushed in upon me, just as a herd of black-skinned, half-wild buffaloes came galloping past, with every sign of bovine terror; and immediately afterwards I experienced a rocking sensation, while three or four frightened voices of half-breed herdsmen cried out, in shrill tones, "El tiemblo! Mercy! mercy for the souls of those who are about to die, blessed San Jago, and——" I heard no more, for there was a roar as though a thousand cannon had been discharged, and the dust rose in whirling clouds, and the solid earth seemed changed to surging water, so did it heave and roll.

How long the earthquake lasted, I cannot tell. I only know that when the last dread shock had ceased to make the ground vibrate beneath us, I found myself lying, unhurt, beside my moaning horse, which sobbed and cowered down like a terrified dog, and could with difficulty be induced to rise. The sinking sun threw a ruddy glare across the deserted plain, and over the mountain of Tlatzlatepec still floated the darkling cloud of smoke. Springing to my saddle, and urging on my horse with voice and hand, I rode swiftly on towards the hacienda, eager to see and reassure its beloved inmates; while, as I sped onwards, many a token such as uprooted trees, rocks overthrown, or springs that had newly gushed forth from the shaken earth-crust, proved over how wide a region the convulsion had run its course. And then for the first time there stole into my mind a terrible thought. During my stay in the country no such earthquake had been known as that from which I had so narrowly escaped. How if the hacienda of Rio Seco had itself lain in the track of the heaving earth-wave that had strewn the district with ruin! And as the very blood in my veins grew chill in presence of the formless fear thus conjured up, I forced on my reeking steed with whip and spur until his pace was a furious one. The swift gallop seemed to brace my nerves and to revive my drooping spirits. Once round yonder angle of rock, and I should be in sight of home. I rounded the jutting rock, and was now within the

boundary of my own small domain; but, to my horror, I could see no trace of the fair white walls of the hacienda, its lofty shade-trees, or the blooming garden and the busy farmyard that had flanked it. Half incredulously I looked around me. Yes, there were the familiar landmarks—the towering cliffs, the mountain pass, the lagoon, the groves, and the bold summit of the volcano in the distance; but house and garden and outbuildings were gone, as if they had been swept away by the spell of a magician. I set my teeth and spurred on; but, before I had ridden far, my road was barred by a ghastly fissure that seamed the solid earth, the depth of which my eyes could not fathom, while its utmost width might have been some six or seven yards. This yawning chasm ran to left and right, and I had to follow its course for nearly half a mile, until it narrowed so much that I could venture to force my frightened horse to take the leap. A few minutes more—they seemed ages to me—and I had dismounted in the midst of a few irregularly shaped mounds and broken tree-trunks, protruding from the ground, which marked the place where must have stood my house—the happy home which I had that morning left.

I stood for awhile bewildered, as by some hideous dream; and when I contrived to speak, my own voice sounded harsh and strange to my ear. I called aloud upon my wife's name; but there was no answer. Wife and children, home, and all that home held, living or inanimate, had been blotted from the face of the world at one fell swoop! The Destroyer had passed by, and the victims were hidden away for ever from the eyes of men. Slowly, very slowly, did I realise the full bitterness of the great calamity that had blighted all the promise of my remaining life. The wife I loved, the high-spirited, affectionate boys, of whom I was so fond and proud, the little daughter who had been so dear both to her mother and myself; it seemed hard and shocking, almost unnatural, that I should never see them more. They were gone for ever; and I, left alone in the world, stood above the grave that had swallowed them alive into its hungry depths, and could bring them no aid—was powerless to help—had help indeed been possible.

From one heap of ruin to another I wandered, calling aloud on the dear, dear names, but my voice died away in the dull stillness of the sultry air. The sun was sinking westwards, in the gorgeous flame of many-coloured glory that accompanies his setting in those tropical latitudes, and well I knew that soon the stars would twinkle overhead, and the glorious Southern night succeed to the fiery day.

Ha! what was that? Surely a faint cry, such as the plaintive bleat of some stray lamb borne away by a snow-swollen torrent; and, crushed beneath the flower-laden branches of an uptorn magnolia-bush, I caught a glimpse of something white, a fragment of tattered muslin, and rushing to the spot, I drew forth from beneath the fallen shrubs, more dead than alive, a tiny, childish creature, with her sweet little face blanched by terror, and her golden curls hanging dishevelled. But it was Marian—my one ewe lamb saved from the jaws of Death—my own darling child, and as I held the priceless treasure in my strong arms, and saw the blue eyes open with a glance of recognition, I knelt on the torn and upheaved ground, and gave thanks to God for having spared her to me.

It was but little that the innocent child could tell me of the horrible catastrophe in which all but herself had perished. Mamma, she said, had kissed her but a few minutes earlier than the first shock's coming, and had left her, bidding her play in the garden, and keep watch for the return of "dear papa." And then came the darkness, and the hurling down of trees, and the crash, and the shrieking, and nothing more could Marian remember, until the moment when she found herself in my arms, and was safe.

And I have little more to tell, save how I returned to England with the one child left to me, and who has never since that day of dread been absent from me for more than a few hours—the light of my old eyes, into which tears often rise unbidden, as some gesture, some glance, reminds me of her lost mother, the unforgotten love of my youth. How dear to me is Marian, none who have not gone through the anguish of a bereavement such as mine can tell; but I am not selfish, I hope, in my fondness, and shall doubtless ere long surrender my treasure to a husband worthy of her, even though there seems to remain nothing more for me to live for. J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

THE STONE AND THE ROSE.

SIGHED a Rose to the cold grey Stone
That covered a fair young head,
"Say, what dost thou do with the good and true
That lie hid in thy mossy bed?"

"Nay, Rose, so fresh and pure,
Grief scattered o'er her dead,
Tell, what didst thou do with the bitter tears
Sad love on thy blossoms shed?"

"Their bitter turned to sweet,
As each touched a scented leaf,
Then I gave them back in a perfume rare,
To soothe the mourner's grief."

"So did I hold the maid
Deep hidden in my breast,
Earth's cares and fears she knew no more,
Stilled was its wild unrest.

"Thus from my depths gone forth,
Sweet as thine incense flies,
Her lovely soul uprose to greet
God's angels in the skies." CLARISSE.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.

THE kitchen requisites are so numerous, that we shall run the chance of getting quite bewildered with the multiplicity of the various articles, unless we first of all make an attempt to classify them. This may be conveniently done by forming them into three divisions—namely, the ironmongery, the brushes, and the turnery.

As I have before hinted, the furnishing of the kitchen involves a considerable outlay, for which there seems but little to show in comparison. To stock the kitchen of a big house with all the diverse appliances for cooking, and the other etcetera which would be necessary for a large establishment, if this were our task, there is no exaggeration in saying that £100 would only just cover the expense of such a proceeding.

But this consideration does not concern us—at any rate, I do not intend speaking of these matters on so large a scale as that. I am going to advise on the necessary purchases to be made for ordinary households. Let us run over the list, therefore, without further preamble; and as we proceed, I can throw out hints by the way. As heretofore in mentioning prices, so now, I shall not attempt to give the exact estimate of the pans and pails, but the approximate value only.

First, as to the pans. These have to be of various sizes; a set of four iron pans will suit ordinary requirements. Such a set will cost about 10s. An oval boiling-pot is most useful; also a fish-kettle and a steamer. The latter must be fitted to a large pan. If it cannot be fixed in one you have already chosen, then another must be bought for its special use. On these three articles of ironmongery a sovereign at least will have to be spent.

Copper and brass are better metals than iron for some purposes. For instance, in the making of jelly a small brass pan would be required, and a large one for the business of preserving fruits. Copper and brass are very much more expensive metals than iron or tin, as perhaps you may know. My eyes were opened to the fact in this way. I was once staying with a young bride; and one morning when she had ordered a jelly to be made, her cook told her that it was impossible to use the tin moulds which had been provided for such purposes—that a copper one must be procured. My friend was rather reluctant to expend any more money upon kitchen requisites; but, as the cook persisted, we set forth in the quest. After due deliberation upon the various shapes, a small one was selected, and the novice housekeeper drew forth her purse; but she started back in dismay when the shopman said, "One pound three shillings and sixpence, please, ma'am." We left the mould and the shop with many apologies, and felt ourselves wiser women than when we entered it.

But to return to the subject of pans. Three or four small saucepans will be required. Now, there are iron and tin and copper saucepans. Each of these are useful in their way, so I should advise you to buy of each kind. Those made of tin are the least expensive, but then they do not last so long. There is one great advantage in copper and brass, that they are very durable; but they should be kept quite clean, otherwise it is dangerous to cook in vessels made of these metals.

The kettles are always a primary thought—iron or block tin for the kitchen use, copper for the dining-room service. A wrought-iron kettle will cost double the one made of block tin, but then a kettle is always on duty in the kitchen, and therefore should be one of substance and strength. The cost of a copper kettle will be at least 15s.

A tea-tray for kitchen use, with tea and coffee pots, accompanied by their respective canisters, will cost about half-a-guinea. The useful frying-pan, gridiron, colander, and tin moulds may be estimated at 1s. 6d. each; the necessary toasting-fork, bread-grater, tin funnel, flour-dredger, pepper-box, and salt-cellar may be reckoned at sixpence apiece.

Then there is the meat-saw and meat-chopper, each costing half-a-crown; the basting-ladle, gravy-strainer, fish-slice, egg-slice, paste-jagger, and mincing-knife, at a shilling apiece; and a dozen patty-pans, which will be the same sum.

The dust-pan and slop-pail must not be forgotten, a couple of tin candlesticks and candle-box, a coal-hammer, shovel, and hod. These items will add up to a sovereign at least. Then there is a strong kitchen fender needed, together with poker and small shovel, and a couple of flat-irons and stand.

It will be readily conceded that all the above-mentioned articles are decidedly essential for all households; now let me mention a few additions which might be made—articles which are certainly useful in every kitchen, but not absolutely needful there.

A coffee-mill; a pestle and mortar, for which 6s. will have to be given; a weighing-machine, 15s.; a spice-box, 3s.; a set of tin dish-covers, £1 4s.

There are several other items which a cook would deem necessary if she were expected to serve up a variety of dishes for what is termed a "grand" dinner. For instance, there are special pans for the cooking of omelettes and cutlets, special kettles for the boiling of turbot and mackerel; and there are copper brazing-pans and copper stock-pots, which average £3 and £4 apiece; and there are the copper jelly-moulds, to which I have already adverted, and which are no doubt very much superior to those made of tin, because the pattern is more sharply defined, and therefore the outlines of the jelly or cream are more decidedly marked.

We now come to the cutlery. The use and abuse of knives is the universal lament of, and a grievous worry to, all housewives. The dusters make themselves wings and fly away, the knives cut and run!

For kitchen purposes, half-a-dozen horn-handled knives and forks should be provided: these may be had for 10s. the dozen. For dining-room use, at least a dozen large and a dozen small knives will be required. The price of those with ivory handles ranges from 30s. upwards. The handles which have round ends look better than those with square ends. With respect to carvers, one large set, and one of smaller size adapted for carving game, should be selected. Buck handles for carvers are stronger than ivory, but I allow that the former do not look as well when on the table. The prices vary from 7s. upwards. Remember that you cannot make a greater mistake than that of buying cheap cutlery. A knife which makes much ado about cutting is an aggravating companion, and much money may be spent in having blunt knives ground and sharpened, a discipline which common knives continually need. I have in my possession a set of knives bought thirty years ago, and used constantly during that time; these knives are always sharp, and are a continual rebuke to many others which have been purchased during that interval.

We must try and prevent the cook from using the silver spoons by giving her some metal ones—two or three iron spoons, two or three metal ones, and half-a-dozen metal tea-spoons, all of which may be bought for a couple of shillings.

And now for the second division—*i.e.*, the brushes. Quite a regiment of brushes is indispensable to cleanliness. We *must* have a hair broom, and a carpet-brush, and a short-handled double stair-brush, and a set of stove-brushes, and a set of shoe-brushes, and a hearth-brush, and a scrubbing-brush, and a plate-brush. When these are paid for, you must not expect to receive any change out of a sovereign. If you try and economise by spending less, the bristles and hairs will leave their sockets, and you will have a number of useless backs and handles fit for nothing but firewood.

Our third and last division now remains, and that is what is termed the turnery—articles made of wood. A chopping-board, a paste-board and rolling-pin, and a flour-tub—no house can well do without these things: on the lowest computation, 10s. will have to be expended. A lemon-squeezer and a vegetable presser are often wanted: 2s. will buy the two articles. Hair sieves of various sizes are useful in most kitchens, and are not expensive items. A knife-board of course we must have, and a knife-box; a dish-tub, glass-tub, wooden pail, and clothes-horse—these will run away with a golden guinea; 16s. has to be expended on a butler's-tray and stand, if it is to be strong and useful; a plate-rack will cost half that sum.

A housemaid's-box tends to tidiness, and two or three wooden spoons and a soap-box come under the head of "requisites."

In this department a basket can be bought for the silver; one with three divisions, and properly lined with baize, will cost five or six shillings. There is also to be thought of the basket lined with tin, which is for the purpose of holding the plates when removed from table.

A couple of Windsor chairs and a table may be considered as indispensable, and also a clock. And now I think we have enumerated all in the lengthy list—no, we have forgotten the cork-screw. E. C.

LODGERS AND LODGINGS.

A SKETCH FROM EXPERIENCE.

HAVING lived in lodgings many years, some comfortable ones and some quite the reverse, and having during that time made the acquaintance of many, both lodgers and lodging-house keepers, I am perhaps better able than most people to express an opinion about them. Whilst my experience has taught me that lodging-house keepers are not necessarily rapacious and greedy, it has shown me also that neither are they as a rule benevolent beings, who let apartments with the sole object of making their fellow-creatures happy. The position of mistress in a house entirely or partially occupied by lodgers is almost always a trying one, and it is very certain that the comfort or discomfort to be enjoyed or endured by those whom circumstances oblige to live in apartments, may be added to or decreased quite as much by the temper and disposition of the lodger as by those of the mistress. But perhaps I had better narrate a little of my own experience.

The person with whom I first lived was named Mrs. Jorkins. She was a widow, and was mediocre in every respect; I fancy she had a good deal of difficulty in making both ends meet, and if she occasionally swelled the bills, she had a great many temptations to do so. Her house was let to three different sets of lodgers. I had the first floor—bed-room and sitting-room; the two rooms above were taken by an old gentleman, who in the house always went by the name of "the mysterious party;" and the two rooms underneath were occupied by an ever-varying succession of young gentlemen "engaged in the City," who were at once the life and the nuisance of the establishment.

The "mysterious party" used to consist of the "mysterious parties"—that is, of an old gentleman and his wife, who had lived in the rooms for some years, and led the quietest of lives. They had never had an acquaintance to visit them, nor received a letter or a message of any sort, since they came. They had their own furniture—very handsome furniture it was—kept their own rooms, cooked their own food, and carefully avoided the slightest acquaintance with any one in the house. They had every appearance of respectability; their rent was paid punctually, and often before it was due. It was folded in a piece of

paper, and put with the things left outside the door ready for the girl to carry down, for even the servant who waited on our friends very rarely entered their room. She used to leave whatever they required outside the door, and it was taken in after she had left. One day a carriage stopped at the house, and a doctor was ushered up-stairs. The old lady was ill. Gradually she grew worse, but her husband waited upon her exclusively, and seemed quite to resent any inquiries about her. After a few days she quietly died, then was as quietly buried, and everything went back to the old routine, excepting that the servant was now allowed to enter for half-an-hour each day to perform necessary duties. Mrs. Jorkins at one time became very uneasy, as she thought what should she do if the old gentleman too were to die, while she knew none of his friends or connections; but I comforted her by saying that she might be sure such a methodical, independent sort of person as he was would have made every arrangement that was right and proper, and would have left full directions as to what was to be done. Though at first we felt very curious about him, we gradually became accustomed to our quiet neighbour, and left him as unmolested as he seemed to desire. He is still going on in the same way, and looks as if he would live to be a hundred. I suppose some day the mystery about him will be cleared up. Perhaps he will turn out to be a nobleman in disguise, or an escaped convict, or—more likely than either—an old gentleman who has outlived his friends, grown tired of the world, and desires to spend the remainder of his days in peace.

With the different young gentlemen who occupied the ground floor I was generally on very good terms. They were mostly young men who had lived in the country, and having come up to London to make their fortunes, were engaged in the City. I should think most of them had had comfortable homes, with mothers and sisters to look after them, and they seemed to find it a little hard at first to dispense with this loving care. Mrs. Jorkins' rooms were clean and comfortable, and her terms suited the purses of those who had not a very large amount of money to spend. She would let a young man have the use of a sitting-room and bed-room moderately furnished, wait on him and mend his linen, for twelve shillings a week. Then she would procure for him whatever provisions he required, keep an account of them, and make out a little bill, which was presented for payment every Monday morning. If two companions or two brothers shared the rooms, having another bed put up in the sleeping apartment, they were charged sixteen shillings a week. The weekly bills, which included washing, breakfast, tea, and supper, used to average, for one person, fourteen shillings a week. The young men were supposed to dine out; if they were at home on Sunday (and they never were when they could help it), they had dinner with the family, and paid one shilling and threepence each for the meal.

The items of the weekly bill were a frequent subject of dispute, and though Mrs. Jorkins' lodgers were not unfairly treated, I am convinced, from the accounts I have heard, that numbers of young men in their position have a great deal to put up with. Everybody knows there are landladies and landladies, and lodgers and lodgers, and I suppose it is very much a question of luck whether or not a decent lodging is obtained on reasonable terms; but certainly if a young fellow inexperienced and open-hearted falls into the hands of an unprincipled and rapacious person, he has a very hard time of it. Becoming intimate as I did with my fellow-lodgers and their friends, I heard many an account of extortion and imposition which made me exceedingly indignant, and I always advised those who were subjected to these things not to put up with them. The best way is, as soon as there is the slightest suspicion of unfair dealing, first to be quite sure that there is a foundation for the suspicion, and then to speak about it at once; and if it is repeated, change apartments. There are hundreds of decent, respectable lodging-house keepers in a large town or city, who may be found with a little trouble, and it is no use putting up with discomfort and annoyance.

At the same time it is most important to remember that young men very frequently lay themselves open to small robberies, by leaving money and various articles of jewellery lying about their rooms, and so place temptation in the way of ignorant servants, who have perhaps never been taught to withstand it. I consider gentlemen have no right to do this. It is unfair to the poor girls who wait upon them, and if they lose anything in this way they deserve it.

The same thing may be said about wine and spirits. When they have been used, before the room is left, the bottles containing them ought to be locked up.

At one time Mrs. Jorkins had a young medical student lodging with her, who fancied that his whiskey went more quickly than his own consumption of it justified; and in order to discover the culprit, he mixed a little of it with a strong colourless emetic, and left the mixture on the table as he had been accustomed to leave the whiskey.

The next day the unfortunate servant was scarcely able to hold up her head, and the young man amused his friends with his account of the sympathetic kindness with which he recommended her to take a little whiskey as a restorative, and the abhorrence with which she rejected his advice.

I could not but feel that he was wrong, and that he ought not to have left such a temptation in the way of a girl who came up-stairs tired after a hard day's work, and therefore was peculiarly liable to fall into an error of this sort.

Several of my acquaintance who could not meet with comfortable lodgings, I sent to Smith's, and one young man in particular told me the other day that he had been there for six years, and would not again live in ordinary apartments on any account.

For the benefit of those who have not met with establishments like the one of which I speak, I may as well describe this one, especially as, if the demand for such lodgings were greater, the supply would increase.

In a large house, in a thoroughly respectable neighbourhood, off one of the well-known squares in London, accommodation is provided for twenty-five or thirty gentlemen. They are charged for lodging six, eight, or ten shillings per week, according as they occupy the first, second, or third floor.

Each floor consists of one large room only, with partitions about six feet in height, which divide it into a number of separate bed-rooms, one for each gentleman. These bed-rooms are plainly but comfortably furnished, and as the division does not reach to the top of the room, they are always airy and well ventilated. The living-rooms are spacious, comfortable, and handsome; and in winter they are well warmed and brilliantly lighted; and if one of the lodgers feels inclined at any time to spend the evening in-doors, he is almost sure to meet with respectable, gentlemanly companions; and he can smoke, play chess, read, or spend his time as he pleases.

The meals are taken at a large table, something like a sideboard, with a locker, and a private lock and key, for each gentleman, in which he can keep what provisions he chooses for his own use; or, if he prefer it, he can order what he wants.

These rooms are not liked by all, on account of the hours—the doors are closed at eleven. If a gentleman wishes occasionally to come in later, he can arrange with the hall-porter to sit up for him; but as a general thing, if a lodger does not conform to the rules of the house, he is politely requested to go somewhere else.

For steady, respectable gentlemen, who wish for comfort and a certain amount of elegance, combined with economy, and agreeable companionship, I do not know any private lodgings which are to be compared to these; and I certainly would recommend those young men who have been unable to meet with comfortable apartments, to try such an establishment.

There is one conclusion that I have come to with regard to young men who live in lodgings, which I must not omit to mention—namely, if they are not careful, they are just as likely to suffer from their friends as from their landladies. I have noticed this again and again. Young men come up from the country, make a few acquaintances, and hospitably invite them to their rooms, give them of their best, and press them to come again. In a little while the experienced friends, being sure of a welcome, and (shall I say it?) of a supper, get into the way of calling in at regular intervals without invitation, until the host is drawn into expenses which he had never calculated upon, and is often quite unable to afford. The only way in a case of this sort is to be determined to keep straight. A young man who has inadvertently allowed himself to be drawn into a difficulty like this ought to speak out boldly, as a friend of mine did on one occasion.

A number of young men, who belonged to the same cricket club that he did, got into the way of dropping in to see him three or four nights a week, and after sitting half-an-hour, they would say, "Give us a little supper, my boy;" and he would hospitably order the best he could for them, until he found that his weekly bills were increasing considerably.

One night, when four or five friends had come in, in the usual way, he said to them—

"Look here, old fellows, I am not rich; I have my way to make, and I cannot afford to find you in suppers, so you had better understand that when you come in here you shall have a hearty welcome, with bread, cheese, and cold water."

The visitors decreased in number, but I do not think the young man was any the less respected for the stand he had taken.

"Our young gentlemen," as Mrs. Jorkins always called them, did queer things sometimes. One of them used to open the door with his latch-key, and leave the key in the door, and we were roused three or four times in the dead of the night by the policeman coming in to tell us of it, and very thankful we were that it was no worse. The same young man, who shared his room with a friend, was such a sound sleeper that it was almost impossible to wake him.

One night he had gone to bed before his companion, and locked the door on the inside, and when his friend wanted to come in he could not rouse him. He knocked and shouted, and made such a noise, that at last all the people in the house collected on the spot, and it was decided to burst open the door, as it was feared that he must be ill. No; he was sleeping as comfortably as possible, and when he was touched, woke instantly. When told of the alarm he had caused, he calmly remarked, "Ah! I have not as much on my conscience as some people."

One lodger invited a dozen friends to dine with him one Christmas Day, and then forgetting all about it, went out to dinner himself. Soon the company began to arrive, evidently prepared to spend a happy day; but after waiting a considerable time, they were obliged to return home, as no preparations had been made for their reception, and they were evidently not expected.

In these days, when there are numbers of well-educated women placed in such circumstances that they must do something to earn their own livelihood, I cannot but think it would be well if, instead of taking situations as second-rate governesses, as so many of them do, these ladies would consider the advisability of themselves letting apartments, and taking lodgers, if such a course is practicable. I say this in the face of a fact which came to my notice the other day. A friend of mine advertised in one of the daily papers for apartments, and received in reply no fewer than ninety-two answers—all, of course, from the regular class of lodging-house keepers. What is wanted, in my opinion, is that lodgings should be let by a superior class of persons. If there were a little more refinement and education amongst lodging-house keepers, lodgings would not be so universally decried as they are, nor would lodgers be considered unfortunate and miserable persons. Both parties would benefit by the change, for were it understood that the nominal cost of apartments was the real cost, many would be willing to pay at a higher rate than they can possibly do now, when they are in too many instances obliged to calculate upon a certain degree of extortion.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

JUNE.

THE glory of June resides in its wild flowers. They are everywhere; among the bare rocks on the mountain-top, saxifrages and heaths form a crown of beauty for its might; on the upland pastures, sweet meadow-herbs flutter, while in the valleys below nestle numerous marsh-loving species of plants, all at this season in full blossom. The lanes which lead to it are white with virgin's-bower, and fragrant with honeysuckles; white and yellow flowers greet us on the commons, in the woods, by the margin of the streams. Mr. Matthew Arnold shall cull us a nosegay of them, than which no poet can offer a sweeter:—

> "Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
> Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
> Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
> Sweet William, with his homely cottage-smell,
> And stocks in fragrant blow;
> Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
> And open, jasmine-muffled lattices."

He who would fully enjoy the country, whether from a scientific or an artistic point of view, must know something of the flowers of his district, and of their classification and physiology. We shall at present suggest two or three lines of study on this subject.

What is the character of the British flora? The bulk of it is made up of species common to most of Central Europe. These are sometimes styled Germanic. In the West of England many plants of a French type (*Lobelia, Scilla autumnalis, Erica ciliaris*, &c.) are found. In the North of Scotland, and on the highest Scotch mountains, occurs the Alpine family of plants (*Primula Scotica*, &c.). Below this comes in a sub-Alpine type of plants, common to Norway, Scotland, and the Southern Alps (*Corallorhiza, Linnæa, Trientalis*, &c.). A few others may be called sporadic, some having come to us in ballast, others apparently been wafted by the gulf-stream to our shores, and the like. The indigenous plants of Great Britain amount to between 1,400 and 1,500 species, so that the distribution, development, and habits of so large a number require no little research if they are to be profitably studied.

What are the prevailing colours amongst these flowers? They have been divided into two groups: one having yellow for its type, which can pass into white and red and intermediate shades; the other with blue as a foundation, which also passes into red and white, but never into yellow. Green, which is made up of blue and yellow, is the centre whence the two off-shoots diverge—the neutral tint, as it were, which appears in the leaves. But the colour of flowers is so variable, so dependent upon soil and sunlight, to mention only two conditions, that botanists do not attach much importance to it in the discrimination of species. Every one must have found white-flowering fox-gloves, herb-Roberts, &c. The tints of the common dog-rose can be varied by the gardener into an infinite number of shades—into every tint, in fact, save blue; just as a pigeon-fancier can in two or three generations, by careful selection, breed almost any shape or colour which he desires. Our woodland flowers are noticeable more for delicate shadings of blue and yellow than for vivid colouring. For these the tropics must be sought, where brilliant sunshine paints birds, flowers, fish, and shells in hues which strongly contrast with our grey skies and the natural objects beneath them. How easily flowers are modified by bees, must be matter of every one's experience who has ever planted wild primroses near a few coloured ones. It is impossible to prevent the former being fertilised with pollen from the latter, when all manner of red and yellow tints result. We are far, however, from agreeing with the latest speculations on this subject as stated by Sir J. Lubbock:—

"If insects have been in many cases adapted and modified with a view to obtain honey and pollen from flowers, flowers in their turn owe their scent and colour, their honey, and even their distinctive forms, to the action of insects."

If our wild flowers in their normal state cannot claim attention and study, their exceptions and modifications are sometimes most curious, and well merit the notice of dwellers in the country. Variegation is a common feature amongst wild flowers, and we have known a large and interesting collection of such "sports" brought together in a garden; white and green thistles, briars, daisies, &c., being picked up here and there as occasion offered. We have seen a large elm-tree in Devon by a roadside, the leaves of which were beautifully variegated in white and green by one of Dame Nature's freaks. The different organs of wild flowers—stamens, pistils, &c., as well as the parts of inflorescence—are frequently modified into strange and uncouth forms by the influence of soil and climate, or by some accidental injury, it may be. Gilbert White long ago called attention to the different periods of the year which plants choose for blossoming. But the fields of study which wild flowers open are very many, and few of them have been carefully searched. We shall only mention one more, the habit of our common sundew (*Drosera*) to detain insects on its viscid leaves. A kindred plant, the *Dionœa*, manifests distinctly in a kindred process the same phenomena of digestion and contraction of muscle-fibre which animals exhibit. "The *Dionœa*," says Professor Huxley, "shuts its leaf in exactly the

same way that an infant closes its hand when the middle of the palm is touched." This is called in physiology reflex action, and he adds that "whoever solves the question as to how this impulse was communicated in *Drosera*, *Dionœa*, &c., would make one of the most wonderful discoveries in modern biology."

Together with abundance of flowers, June comes attended by the hum of innumerable insects. If the former present an extended province for study, what shall be said of British insects, their generation, metamorphoses, and hibernation? To begin with their numbers: in England alone they have been catalogued up to more than 12,000 species. If our observations be confined to the *Hymenoptera* (bees, wasps, &c.), there are 3,000 species of these. The marvels connected with the life-history and economy of insects transcend the wildest imaginations of the story-teller. The examples which they display of contrivance and goodness, so as to redound to the glory of the Creator, are perhaps more marked and uncommon than those which are found in any other department of natural history. Thus, ants, according to the younger Huber, hibernate at 27° Fahrenheit. When the temperature is above this point, they emerge from their dwellings and obtain the little food which they require in winter from their cows, the Aphides. By an admirable provision these insects become lethargic at precisely the same degree of cold as the ants, and awake at the same time with them. Kirby and Spence point out that the very magnitude of the province which entomology opens to the student of itself lends an interest to the study. "Though you may have searched every spot in your neighbourhood this year, turned over every stone, shaken every bush or tree, and fished every pool, you will not have exhausted its insect productions. Do the same another year, and another, and new treasures will still continue to enrich your cabinet. Even if confined in bad weather to your inn, the windows of your apartment, as I have often experienced, will add to your stock."

When to this prodigality of floral and insect life is added the charm of sunny weather—when the hay-making machine is merrily whirring over the meadows, and the corn-crake still utters her hoarse and monotonous cries in the uncut grass, a ramble in the country by a flashing stream during June is a source of exquisite enjoyment to a lover of Nature. Of all those who delight in the country, perhaps the fly-fisher may lay claim to the perfection of that pleasure which arises from intimate communion with birds, beasts, fishes, insects, and flowers. Yet is there ever, during this month, a bitter herb floating in his cup of joy. Let him watch his water as he will, and fence it in with keepers and threats of prosecution, his trout will be poached. If they are not tickled by stealth in that very hour when the keepers are snatching a hasty breakfast, they are netted wholesale by night, it may be with the collusion of the keepers. At early morn, or during service on Sunday, sundry quiet-looking mechanics may be observed enjoying the beauties of the morn by a ramble down the stream. Watch closely and you will see one, as he gains a corner, quickly slip off his boots, wade in, and grope under the banks. Soon he emerges with his pockets rather more bulky, puts on his boots again, and saunters onward, once more to all appearance an honest man. Should any one disturb him, he will say that "watercreases be a great treat to a poor man with a family."

A case fell under our notice when a farmer saw such a fellow one morning leave his water-meadows rather hastily, and on asking his servant (with whom the man had been talking) about him, he was told—

"Oh, yes, he was tickling; he had a large bag under his waistcoat, and as he tickled, he thrust the fish he took into this at the opening of his waistcoat. He had thirty trout there, most of them ten or twelve inches long."

Watering and weeds are the two points to be remembered this month in the garden; plenty of the first, none of the second. The rosarian must be busy about his treasures; no decayed leaves, no dead wood, above all no caterpillars must be suffered to remain. He should pay a visit to some eminent rose-grower or to a good flower-show this month, and note the names of the varieties which please him most, for future orders. Few things are more perplexing to an amateur who has not seen the roses themselves, than to read their description in the nurseryman's catalogue, each one being equally beautiful with the last-mentioned, and yet the next he comes to seems to surpass all that went before. It is like buying port wine from a wine list without tasting; our head turns, even before tasting, at the catalogue of "fine crusted ditto," "ditto tawney with body," &c. &c. Exhibition flowers must be shaded with paper or zinc caps, else two or three sultry noontide hours may injure them. After roses, who could name any other flower? Tall-growing peas and long-pod beans must be sown for a last crop of these vegetables. Celery must be planted out, and carefully attended to; bad earthing up is ruinous to this plant. We saw a fine crop last summer roughly heaped up with earth by a raw hand, an agricultural labourer on strike, and the consequences were most disastrous. The utmost caution must be used in its manipulation; indeed, to earth it up properly, two men are required—one to keep the plant close together while the other surrounds it gently with soil. Needless to say, in this labourer's case, "locking out" will for the future extend to the garden.

Young birds are now seen everywhere, and the garden songsters are becoming silent. There are few prettier sights than a brood of young partridges running and fluttering after their parents, themselves most solicitous to draw off attention from the little ones. Plovers, and some other birds which build on the ground, are clothed when young in colours which admirably match the earth, in order to escape their numerous enemies. All such adaptations of Nature are dwelt upon with peculiar fondness by the real lover of rustic life, and it is a keen pleasure to him to discover new instances of Nature's kindly care.

M. G. WATKINS.

IN THE WOODS.

ROAMING through the forest green,
Arm in arm with Madeline,
On a joyous laughing morn—
One of Summer's youngest-born—
We two wanderers onward strayed,
Lost amid the leafy glade.

In the woods the trees are bare;
Autumn, with her russet hair
Twined with many a leafy band,
Passes swiftly through the land.
'Neath the same old gnarlèd oak
Where before my love I spoke,

Heedless we of all around,
Beauty both of sight and sound;
And our voices both were still—
Thoughts alone were busy—till,
Moved by some resistless power,
And the sweetness of the hour,
Halting 'neath a giant oak,
Burning words of love I spoke.
But she shyly hung her head—
"No," the only word she said.
Ah! the flirt that you have been,
Bright-eyed laughing Madeline!

Muffled 'gainst the wind-blast keen,
Stands my darling Madeline.
In her eyes a wistful light,
Changed their merry laughter bright,
Since the day that we two stood
Here together in the wood.
Something in her look I trace
Bids me fate again to face.
Sad eyes with a glad light shine,
Little hands are placed in mine;
"Ah! how faithless I have been!"
Softly whispers Madeline.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

JUNE is the season when, as far as London is concerned, all the preparations made in the matter of dress for months past have an opportunity of being fully displayed, when what some people are pleased to call "everybody" is in town, joining in all the gaiety—entertainments, parties, theatres, operas, and such-like—which becomes a mere hurried rush from one scene of pleasure-seeking to another. And very wonderful are some of the toilettes now to be seen.

We have gone verily mad on the subject of checks, which appear alike on dresses, bonnets, and parasols. It is true that only neutral tints are worn, but the addition of large-patterned checks by way of trimming makes even these very striking, not to say often "loud."

The best dresses this season seem all to be a mixture of gros-grain and soft silk, such as Surah and Teheran. The checks are either black and white, or a groundwork of cream-colour, with green, brown, or red lines upon them, and the variety in these seems endless. Natté, and some other new silks of the class, have a large interwoven check on the surface, a sort of basket-work weaving, which makes them very strong and rich-looking. But the Teheran and Surah silks, with broché designs, carry off the palm for grace, beauty, and richness. The fine full crimson shades they take give a very Oriental tone to them, aided often by Oriental patterns.

These peculiarly soft silks are largely used as tunics and trimmings, draping well, and being particularly adapted to the present style of arranging the bodices, with a sort of half-handkerchief tied loosely in front.

There is but little doubt that those who lead the fashions find no small difficulty in devising novelties, and this difficulty accounts for many of the vagaries which from time to time hold good among us. The latest introduction in the make of bodices is that the backs, instead of having side pieces, are cut in four divisions from the neck. This gives a very patchy appearance, especially in check silks, where the pattern does not match exactly, and it has apparently no particular object in view. Basqued bodices and nothing else are worn, but there is much variety in these. On some, folds of the softer silk are laid along the edge, attaching it to the skirt, and so giving the appearance of the cuirass, while others are cut up into many tabs and pieces, often much longer in the front than the back, and *vice versâ*. They invariably have pockets somewhere, either at the back or, with more reason and better effect, one square one, below the right basque, finished off with bows.

Fringe is the trimming of the season, and there are many kinds, a preference being given to the knotted class, and to a new introduction, or rather adaptation—namely, the crimped braid fringe, now to be had in all colours, and of the same class as the mourning fringes which have been worn for some time.

In nothing is there such a marked difference between London and Paris as in the matter of trimmings. In the gay Parisian capital there is no end to the variety of garnitures which have been introduced this season, but few are patronised in England; maybe they are too costly. We English accepted jet with great avidity, and plenty of it is now worn; but we do not come across any of the new *dispositions*, as the French call them, on which they have lavished so much skill and taste. They consist of silk gimps richly beaded, heavy knotted and twisted fringes with many beads introduced, and several kinds of trimming with a net foundation, on which the beads are thickly studded; and as a novelty there are many black jet spangles attached with beads, and having a most rich effect. The newest feature, however, in these trimmings is the introduction of mother-of-pearl and gold and silver. It is very difficult to realise what this mother-of-pearl trimming is without seeing it. One of the most beautiful specimens I have come across had a net foundation, and thin lozenge-shaped veneers of the mother-of-pearl laid on, one in the centre of each diamond lattice-work formed by green chenille; below this was a deep pendent fringe, that matched exactly one of the many varying hues of the pearl; it consisted of tufted silk and crystal beads. The gold and silver trimmings are of a broad, thick galloon make, with gold and silver threads introduced, and will be much used on some of the many beautiful dresses now preparing for Ascot.

On the Heath, in the long range of private boxes, and in the royal stand, the vagaries of fashion are to be seen better than anywhere else; and some of the dresses now preparing are *bizarre* in the extreme. There will however, no doubt, be a preponderance of cream-colour, used as trimmings on other silks, but very often with no mixture at all, save the introduction of a delicate blush-rose in the head-gear, which will be more a hat than a bonnet, though possibly rejoicing in the name of the latter. By way of trimming, these thick bands of cream galloon, with the gold or silver thread, will be the acme of fashion. For morning wear, these

cream dresses will be of the soft make of silk, but the shade—which is exactly that of thick, rich cream—is equally fashionable, in the best make of silks and satins, for evening wear; and nothing we have had of late shows off fine old lace to such perfection.

The eccentricities which prevailed in the matter of dress in the days of the Empire have always been a topic for surprise, but the fickle deity does not seem to have mended her ways much of late; and though the Parisians never appear themselves to adopt what is *outré* or *bizarre*, the fashions they start are reproduced elsewhere with very striking results.

The present mania for what is called "Madras mixture" comes under this head; and most of the checks in silks and cotton display the curious combination of red, yellow, and brown, which is supposed to have derived its name from the Madras handkerchiefs to be seen wound about an ayah's head.

The English manufacturers do a very good trade with France in cotton fabrics; and the Parisians have bought up with much alacrity the new style of cotton dresses, sold for the first time this year in any quantities—viz., those with white and buff grounds, on what is an interwoven—not printed—check. They will wash for ever, and, until they become common, have a *distingué* style about them. They are made up with pointed tunics in the front, and basque bodices, plissés or flounces going round the skirt; but, in good truth, no new mode of making has been introduced, and the tabliers worn in Paris last year, which are simply tied at the back when on, have not been surpassed for either comfort or appearance.

Bonnets—*bonâ fide* bonnets—are of the past. You never see such a thing now. What are worn are round hats perched quite at the back of the head, and loaded with flowers—utterly useless, as far as any head-covering goes. It was reported in the spring that strings were coming in once more, and hopes were entertained that all the neuralgia and ill-health which the fashions of the few past years are said to have brought about were to come to an end; but the present style of strings will certainly bring no such reformation, though they possibly will much diminish the amount in our purses; for what can be more costly than some two yards of tulle or crêpe lisse, only wearable twice or thrice—in London, at all events—just fastened to the back hair or bonnet, and loosely tied in a bow under the chin?

With regard to parasols, we are becoming more sensible; and the new ones this season are all larger, and look as if they really were intended to ward off the sun's rays. Dainty lace-covered trifles, which would scarcely shade a fly, are still seen in carriages, where the larger kinds do on occasions get in our companion's way; but at the various resorts of fashion, where walking or sitting in the open air is practised, the *élégantes* patronise large embroidered parasols, and for dressy occasions black silk ones bordered with ostrich feathers. There is creeping in among us a decided tendency to adopt Oriental designs, in which we show, by-the by, a wise discretion, for the natives of the East have ever distinguished themselves in decorative art. Many of this year's fabrics are interwoven with Oriental designs; and in parasols especially the East asserts itself. Most of the new handles come, or affect to come, from Japan; and the embroideries introduced upon the accompanying materials affect to be Oriental handiwork, in self or chintz colours also.

The higher rate of living which now seems imperative with regard to people of a certain position in life, shows itself more in dress than in any other way, and the prices asked and obtained for those articles that form a necessary part of a lady's wardrobe are fabulous.

Less under-clothing is worn this season than of yore, for the dresses, tied back as they are, cannot be too plain in front; and, in lieu of the multiplicity of petticoats in which we used to indulge, an excellent plan is beginning to hold good, of attaching a deep flounce to the inside of the dress, with frillings and lace. This has the advantage of hanging perfectly, and I have seen a piece of muslin attached to the entire back of the dress, and so sewn that it keeps the fulness in its place, with the addition of only a few strings instead of a multiplicity.

The mantlets are certainly graceful this summer, and many are made of the same material as the dress; the most fashionable shape appears to be a scarf rounded at the back, and tying loosely in front. For matrons who would scarcely consider these sufficient, there are many good shapes, differing from, and yet not unlike, the Dolman. In France they are made of Sicilienne, a rich material, which English people seem to find too costly, so they give the preference to cashmere; and the new silk trimming, in imitation of feather bordering, is a very favourite addition; but lace and beads are, if we may judge by surroundings, just as much in favour as they were last year, though the shops tell you differently.

One fact is undeniable, dress is quite as much a study this season as during any previous years, and the present styles certainly admit of much artistic taste and skill. Moreover, they are peculiarly becoming, and I think that any one who has put in an appearance at some of the many fancy balls which have been going on during the spring and winter, will agree that few of the fashions which prevailed in days gone by were calculated to display feminine charms to greater advantage than do the modes of to-day.

The Three Sisters.

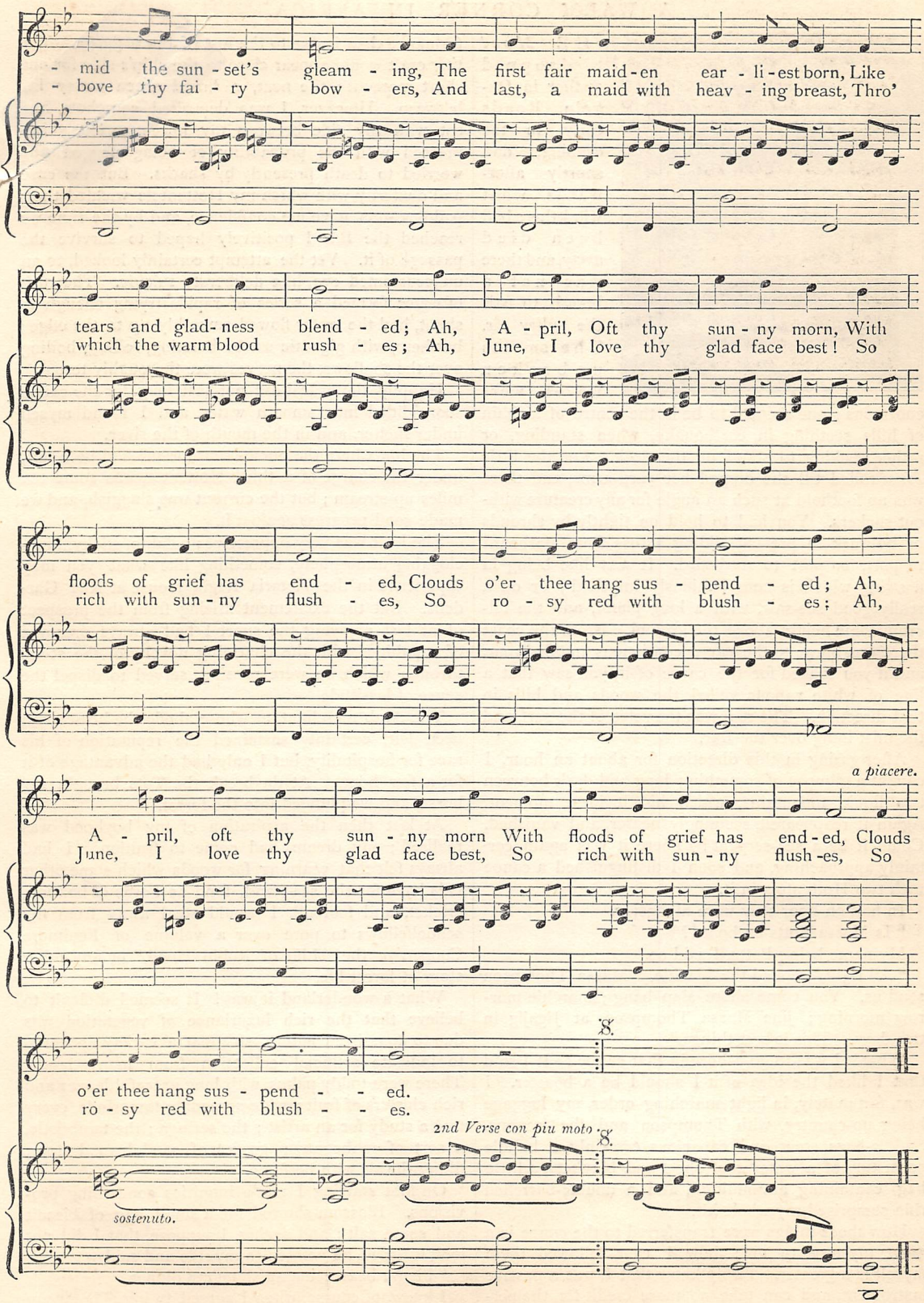
Words by G. WEATHERLY. *Music by* GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. B.

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Re - clin - ing 'neath a
2. The next with laugh - ter

sha - dy tree, In pen - sive spi - rit dream - ing, Three
rip - pling o'er, En - twin'd with chains of flow - ers; If

vi - sions in sweet har - mo - ny a - long the dell come stream - ing, A -
grief for thee, O May, come more, 'Twill be but fresh-'ning show - ers A -


- mid the sun - set's gleam - ing, The first fair maid - en ear - li - est born, Like
- bove thy fai - ry bow - ers, And last, a maid with heav - ing breast, Thro'
tears and glad - ness blend - ed; Ah, A - pril, Oft thy sun - ny morn, With
which the warm blood rush - es; Ah, June, I love thy glad face best! So
floods of grief has end - ed, Clouds o'er thee hang sus - pend - ed; Ah,
rich with sun - ny flush - es, So ro - sy red with blush - es; Ah,
a piacere.
A - pril, oft thy sun - ny morn With floods of grief has end - ed, Clouds
June, I love thy glad face best, So rich with sun - ny flush - es, So
8.
o'er thee hang sus - pend - - ed.
ro - sy red with blush - - es.
2nd Verse con piu moto
8.
sostenuto.

A WARM CORNER IN AFRICA.

THE *Mooi* dropped anchor in Dugele Roads early in the evening, and shortly afterwards what wind there had been died away, and there was not a breath to stir the sultry air. The smooth unbroken waves were enormous; one seemed to be in the centre of a chain of hills seething in earthquake, when standing, or rather seeking to stand, on the deck. For the little *Mooi* rolled till she dipped her yard-arms, and there was no foothold at such an angle for any creature without suckers. You had to hold on tightly by shrouds or bulwark to prevent sliding across from starboard to port, or port to starboard. It was like being in a swing which is conscientiously impelled; or on a really good see-saw, with a long plank, and the fulcrum some height above the ground. From the coast there was borne to the ear a continuous muffled roar, and if you looked for the cause of it, you saw that a line of white vapour veiled the woods and hills in that direction. The roar was the voice of the surf, and the mist hung over the Bar.

After gazing in this direction for about an hour, I caught a glimpse of something long and dark between two liquid mountains, which hid it in a moment. Again it reappeared, seemingly nearer, and vanished. Could it be a sea-serpent? There it was again, certainly approaching, and soon I distinguished a canoe with two Hottentots in it.

In half an hour they were alongside.

"Is Massa Potts on board?"

My name being Potts, I said so.

"All right," replied the blackie, "Massa Thompson send us. You come shore slap bang; marchie morrow morning; jine Massa Thompson at Jigajig in two days. This is best things."

What! I was to go ashore in that canoe? If I said that I liked the idea of it I should be a boaster. I was, fortunately, in light marching order, my luggage being up-country, with Thompson and the wagons. Saddle-bags, stout and capacious certainly, a bundle consisting of a waterproof sheet and blankets, a little bag containing ammunition, and a double-barrelled rifle comprised my whole kit.

How these things were transferred to the canoe is a great mystery to me; how I ever followed them myself is a greater. I only know that I was a passive instrument, and can take no more credit for the performance than is due to the rest of the baggage. The tiny craft would appear close to the ship's side for one short moment; the next, a broad green valley lay between. However, I was deposited somehow, and sat with my rifle between my knees, seriously impressed with the probability of being pegged and worried to death presently by sharks. But the ease and dexterity with which my Hottentots wielded their paddles soon gave me confidence, and by the time we reached the Bar I positively hoped to survive the passage of it. Yet the attempt certainly looked, to an unaccustomed eye, like deliberate suicide. The rush of water formed a series of rapids trying enough to shoot, had the water flowed smoothly up to the edge; but here, with gigantic waves bursting, rolling, boiling over the shallows, the nerves were thoroughly tested.

Happily the ordeal did not last long, for the canoe soon glided into smooth water, and I found myself under shelter, and in the mouth of the river.

The hut where the horses sent for me had been left, under the charge of a third Hottentot, was some ten miles up-stream; but the current was sluggish, and we made good progress against it.

The heat was very oppressive: a damp, sticky, lung-clogging atmosphere, something like what you may experience in the Victoria Regia House at Kew Gardens. But the excitement arising from the prospect of at last enjoying the sport I had always dreamed of, combined with the charming novelty of the scene through which we were passing, served to dispel the sense of lassitude.

The Arab merchant, at whose abode the horses had been left, certainly sustained the reputation of his race for hospitality, but I only had the advantage of it for a few hours. At daybreak the Tots brought my horse, and we plunged into the forest.

At last then the aspiration of my boyhood was realised; my dream had come to fruition. I had always felt that yearning for woods which some other lads have for the sea; and, fond as I was of boating, cricket, and football, I would steal away from my schoolfellows to pore over a volume of Fenimore Cooper, or the "Life of Robin Hood," or any other story of forest life.

What a wonderland it was! It seemed difficult to believe that the rich luxuriance of vegetation was due to unassisted nature, so great a variety appeared to indicate artificial collection from many lands. There were toddy palms, with long graceful leaves and rich clusters of fruit; wide-spreading tamarinds, every tree a study for an artist; the seringa; the tambootie, a sort of mahogany; groves of sandal-wood trees, filling the air with perfume.

On first starting I made inquiries concerning provisions. Blossom showed me a small bag of biscuit and some salt; and seeing, I suppose, that I did not look satisfied, he pointed to my rifle and said—

"Plenty beast; massa shoot'um dinner."

I knew, of course, when I agreed to join Thompson

in his expedition, that we should depend upon the game we shot; yet when the fact came before me in this very practical manner, I certainly felt a trifle nervous. For the sustenance of three men besides my own to depend upon my woodcraft and accuracy of aim, seemed a serious test for a comparative tyro. But several small antelopes flitted across our path, or brushed through the bushes to right and left, in the course of the first hour's march, and gave me confidence; for though they afforded me no fair shot as I rode along, I did not doubt that, if I dismounted and went stealthily to work, I should be easily able to stalk one. At all events, when we came to our first day's halting-place, I lost no time about trying. My third Tot, Millyflor (probably a corruption of Mille-fleurs, a name given him on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle), was left to light a fire, take charge of the horses, gather vegetables and fruit, and make any other arrangements conducive to comfort which might occur to him, while Jeremiah and Blossom plunged with me into the bush.

At the end of about an hour matters assumed a serious aspect, for dinner depended on my getting a shot at something. So I halted, and turned to consult with my companions.

"Something drive away the buck. S'pose we wait a little here and see; this good place," said Blossom in an undertone.

We were stationed at the edge of a little open space; in front there was a group of large timber-trees, beneath which stretched a glade where any object could have been distinguished for forty or fifty yards, an unusually advantageous range for observation. To the right and left the underwood was thicker than the average. For at least ten minutes I watched this glade, with both hammers cocked, and my forefinger along the trigger-guard. Not a leaf stirred; all was dead silence, save for the occasional cry of a bird or chatter of a monkey. At least that was all my duller senses could catch, but the Hottentots perceived something, for with a low "Hist!" they crouched down so as to conceal themselves amongst the brushwood, and motioned me to do the same.

Presently the sounds which had caught their ears reached mine also: first a slight distant crackling and tearing on my left front, as of some creature forcing its way through the brushwood; then these sounds approached, extended, till it seemed as if whole herds must be rushing towards me. Then I saw the bushes wave, and something brown dash across the glade thirty or forty yards in front, and disappear. Again and again this was repeated; here—there—before—behind, the game tore past, but without affording me a fair mark; and as for taking a snap-shot at an animal going at racing pace, and only partially visible for a fraction of a second amongst the trees, that is all very well in woodcock shooting, where a single corn brings down the quarry; but when your weapon is a rifle, and your game must be struck in a vital part—when an ineffective shot will spoil your chances, and four men's dinners depend upon your success—it is obviously such very bad policy that even I, excited greenhorn as I was, held my hand.

At that moment I perceived something else coming out from the left into the glade, and I was about to empty my second barrel at a venture, when Blossom called out—

"No fire; let'um go!"

I lowered my rifle, and looked; the animal came more into the open, affording an excellent shot. It was a lion!

I understood the meaning of Blossom's caution; with only one barrel loaded, and on foot in the bush, to draw the attack of a lion by a shot which, even if mortal eventually, might probably not disable him, would be rash. Yet how I had longed for such a moment as this, when I should have the monarch of beasts within range of my rifle! The temptation was wellnigh irresistible, and the butt stole again to my shoulder. But fortunately, before I fired, I perceived that he was not alone; a second lion, then a third, followed close on his traces.

Blossom and Jeremiah disembowelled an antelope, slung him on a pole, and carried him to the spot where we had left Millyflor and the horses; I following in the rear, with a wary eye to the left and right, expecting to see savage yellow eyes glaring through the bush.

But we reached our bivouac fire unmolested, and Millyflor cooked a venison steak, which I thought delicious. Then a sup from my flask, and a pipe, and I lay down to rest, thoroughly tired, and thankful for a merciful deliverance.

A HAPPY MOOD.

ALL that we learn in life is ours—
Beauties of poetry, forms of art,
Methods of science, all the powers
Of knowledge blent with head and heart:
Each carries in a single soul
A reflex of the wondrous whole;
All that is, and our race have known,
More than our transient shape, we own;
The past of substance, life, and mind
For e'er within our own enshrined;
The laws that regulate, near and far,
The flower of the field and furthest star;
All of the sun that spirit and eye
Have seen and proved, to the dimmest shore
Visible in Infinity,
Belongs to us for evermore.
Up and away! we'll bear to-day
In our sunny brains, for rambles lone
By woods and shores, this latest blown,
Longest and loveliest summer poem;
And, as we hover round the hay,
Airy throngs of sweetest songs,
Fragrant as roses, light as foam.

T. C. Irwin.

(Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.)

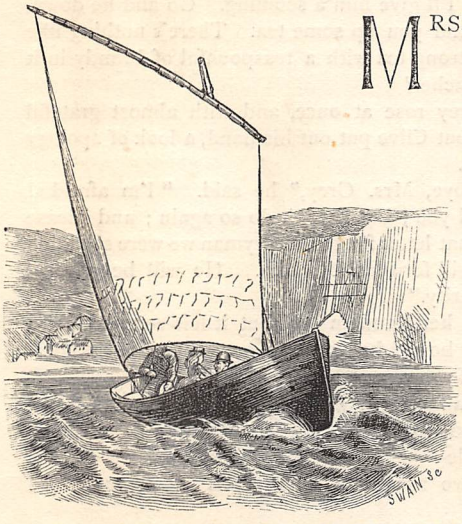
"AS WE HOVER ROUND THE HAY" (*p.* 415).

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

LADY VANBOROUGH STARTS A NEW IDEA.



MRS. GREY'S face had certainly changed from white alarm to an expression of relief when Clive gave the answer recorded; and he noticed it. It was with a sort of smile, though a very weary and worried one, that she said, "You don't mean to say that your brother is still foolish enough to——"

"To go on loving you, and hunting for you everywhere in the hope of inducing you to reconsider your decision. Yes; I am sorry for his folly, but that is just what he is doing."

Mrs. Grey shrugged her shoulders. It was plain that she did not love Philip, else she had felt more sympathy for him.

"I am sorry for it," she said, "but I cannot help it. It is worse than folly, Bernard; it is something like madness. Nobody ever heard of a woman being persecuted in this way—and for simply saying 'No'!"

"Perhaps if you were to see him, and hear what he has to urge——"

"To what end? Did I not hear it all, not once but a dozen times, before I left Woodleigh? I verily believe that had I stayed there, he would have shot himself, or me, one morning. He did threaten it. Am I the only woman in the world?"

"You are the only woman for him, it seems."

"*Not* for him, you mean! At least, that is what I have striven to impress on him. Why will he not believe me?"

"Because you gave him no reason."

"But I did. I told him I did not love him. Is not that reason enough?"

"No, for he urges that if you would only give him the opportunity, he would win your love."

"He is self-confident," she said with a smile.

"He is a man in love, and in earnest," Clive answered gravely.

"A man! Say rather a boy compared to me, and a boy too obstinate to take a plain answer. Bernard, cannot you persuade him of the utter hopelessness of his pursuit? Tell him that every day diminishes the liking and pity I have hitherto felt for him. Tell him——"

"My dear Mrs. Grey, I can tell him nothing from you without acknowledging that I know where you are."

"Well?"

"Well, simply this. Philip is my only brother, and I am weak enough to care about his trust and friendship. Were he to find out that I had been a party to keeping this secret from him, he would never speak to me or touch my hand again. That is all."

Mrs. Grey's eyes filled. She put out her hand and touched Bernard's kindly.

"All!" she repeated. "You must think me a selfish woman indeed, if you could credit me for being willing to purchase my present peace at the expense of a tithe of such an 'all.' Do you think that I do you as little justice? that I do not see what an utterly unselfish life yours has been, and what a good, warm heart you try to hide under all your short answers and cold speeches? I am a very unfortunate woman, Bernard, but I should be more unfortunate still if I thought I was ever the means of inducing even the most transient coolness between two brothers like you and Philip."

"Thank you," Bernard said quietly. He did not tell her that that was just what she had done. He said laughingly, "It is a pity that you could not tell him you loved some one else, and so settle it."

"Would that have the desired effect?" she asked, so quickly as to startle him.

"I think so. In my case it would. I *might* be unfortunate enough to love a woman whose love was given to another, but I could never wish to make her my wife."

"Then I will write at once and tell him that," Mrs. Grey answered with a quiet decision of tone and manner which showed she was in earnest—"that I love some one else better, a million times better than I could ever have loved him, had there been no such obstacle in the way."

"Add, if you can," said Clive gently, "that the person so honoured by your interest is no shadow of the past, no memory of the unknowing dead, no grave of a dead husband, but the tangible reality of a living and happy rival."

He spoke slowly and gravely, seeking at the risk of probing her wounds to answer a question important to his own mind; and as he did so, the colour came into her face in a deep rich glow, making her look indescribably lovely; but he had put up her spirit, and she answered firmly—

"Neither a shadow of the grave nor a memory of the dead, but a man as strong in life as himself, and happy—Well, I suppose—I hope so." She said the last words with her eyes turned from him, and in a

tone of mingled pain and bitterness which Clive fancied he understood.

"So the man is not dead, after all, but alive," he thought. "Is she as good as she looks, I wonder? Could it have been a case of desertion? No, it is not likely that any one would have tired of her. I wish I knew, for the sake of my own opinion of her. She has acted her widowhood so beautifully that I have faith in her ability to act anything."

"Are you satisfied now?" said Mrs. Grey, turning to him with even more dignity than usual in her beautiful face—a dignity which almost rebuked the idea of ever so faint a reproach in connection with her. "*You* don't wish me to marry your brother, Bernard?"

"I don't wish you to do anything you would think wrong or unwise," he said evasively; and then he added with a smile, "Forgive me for pressing you to this confession. It is like yourself, kind and generous, to make it; but I do not think you will be sorry later, for just now poor Philip is labouring under a very different delusion."

"And that?"

"I am afraid I ought not to tell you," said Clive laughing; but his eyes never left her face. "He picked it up down at Southampton a few days ago. You remember the lodgings you were at with Miss Clewer and your French maid when you first came to England?"

He paused, not so much for an answer, as at the deadly pallor which overspread her face—a pallor so intense that it reminded him of nothing else in life—that was grey rather than white, and that turned her very finger-nails livid in the cheery sunshine. Had a ghost risen before her, sheeted and clammy from the grave, she might have looked so, Clive thought; and up before his mind rose a picture he had once seen of the mother of mankind, Eve, lithe-limbed, grand, and golden-haired, in the peaceful days of her exile, bending to lay the infant Abel on his leafy couch, and starting back, as from the vision of a past horror, at the sight of a serpent coiled upon the infant's pillow.

"Dear me! Mrs. Grey—are you ill?" he asked, startled at the effect his own words had produced. "For Heaven's sake, don't look like——"

What, was left unsaid; for in the same moment the door opened, and Lady Vanborough entered, laughing heartily, and followed by her fluting martyr.

"Allow you to give it up! No, certainly not, Mr. Whistleboy. I never allow anybody to give up what they undertake in connection with me. Hard on you! Of course I am hard on you. Some one must be, if you keep such atrocious time. Do you think I would let you practise with me if I couldn't be hard on you? And you are to come again on Thursday, and on Friday too; and we'll have a try at it before Boli comes.——Well, Mr. Clive—has Mrs. Grey been amusing you properly? or have you been pining wearily for my presence? Please say the latter. I like people to be polite to me."

"How could I say anything else?" said Clive.

He spoke laughingly, and standing in front of Mrs. Grey, so as to shield her from observation. But Lady Bee's eyes were as sharp as her ears and tongue; and they had already caught sight of the dead-white face bent so nervously over its owner's work.

"Mrs. Grey, my dear," she said abruptly, "you've got a headache. Mr. Clive has been boring you. He always does bore every one but me; so just leave him to me, and I'll give him a scolding. Go and lie down, and I'll send you up some tea. There's nothing like a cup of strong tea with a teaspoonful of brandy in it for a headache."

Mrs. Grey rose at once, and with almost grateful alacrity; but Clive put out his hand, a look of apology in his eyes.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Grey," he said. "I'm afraid I have bored you; but I won't do so again; and please send me that letter for the clergyman we were speaking of, and I will forward it to him. He will be grateful for the charity."

He took her hand in his, but it felt very cold, and she merely bowed her head in answer before taking it and herself away.

Lady Vanborough rang for tea; and, during the clatter made by its appearance, said to Clive in an abrupt aside—

"You two are not making fools of yourselves, I hope."

"Making——I don't understand you, Lady Vanborough," said Clive haughtily, and staring.

"Have you quarrelled?" she asked, paying no manner of heed to his tone.

"I hope not."

"You would be a fool if you did; though, mind you, I've no patience with her; for I think she's behaving like the mother of all geese."

Clive raised his shoulders somewhat impatiently. It was not a polite gesture; but then Lady Vanborough was not given to politeness herself.

"Are we playing at conundrums?" he asked. "If so, please let me run away. I never could guess the simplest riddle to save my life."

"That is probably why you think other people can't either," retorted Lady Vanborough; "but you must be dense indeed if you can't see that she cares for you."

And then she turned round to Mr. Whistleboy, and began teazing him, until another visitor dropped in; and Clive, knowing it was useless to wait for an explanation, took his leave.

"By George!" he muttered when he found himself in the street again. "My brain seems to be turning. Averil Grey care for——Bah! the woman's mad—always was. Doesn't every one know her vagaries? That would be an awkward solution, indeed, if I were vain enough to give it credence; but no, that pale face of hers was proof too positive of the truth of my own suspicion. Good gracious! though——"

And Clive almost came to a full stop as there flashed across his mind the thought that Lady Bee's theory and his own were by no means inconsistent—that it was possible Mrs. Grey might be indeed the

unfortunate woman he deemed her, and yet be doubly unfortunate in having given her affections to himself. It might be so; but Clive made a wry face over it. Strangely enough (for young men are not given to resenting the idea of a conquest) he felt a distaste for the mere suggestion of this, which almost amounted to repugnance. He had plenty of faults, but vanity was not one of them; and the suspicion that Mrs. Grey cared for him diminished her worth in his eyes, in place of increasing his own. He had chosen to think of her as a queen among women—a queen widowed and exiled from her rightful sphere, but none the less queenly, or deserving of homage and reverence. He *had* reverenced her, loved her almost, with that sort of loyal brotherly love which some men can feel for women of whom they never think as in any closer relationship to themselves than that of friends; and when Philip's researches opened a new field for imagination regarding her, and suggested a darker and sadder reason for her exile than limited means, or consecration to a husband's memory, the loyalty of his friendship had found strength to hold closer to its shrine through all the pain of its defacement, and to construct a theory of trust abused, of innocence wronged, and of a soul which had left its all on earth for conscience' sake, and yet had enshrined that "all" within its heart, and suffered no other tenant to enter therein. Such a theory, painful as it was to contemplate for her sake, yet left Averil Grey high and stainless on the pedestal where he had placed her—a pedestal where indeed it might be right she should stand alone and unsupported through her earthly days, but whence none had right or title to cast her down. But to think of her as a woman light and unstable as others, weak enough to forget the past, and throw away her love anew on a man who had never even sought it—who did not return it—on *him* of all men—that was quite a different order of things; and with all his strength Clive strove to drive it out of his mind, hating Lady Bee the while for having planted it there.

"It is an absurd figment of her own over-heated brain. Better not to pay it the compliment of thinking of it at all," he said to himself.

In his heart he did think of it, and carried his thought into action. He kept away from Lady Vanborough's for the next week.

Philip wrote to him in a few days. He kept up his resentment as long as he could; but finding Harriet even more unsympathising than Bernard (his sister had taken for her text—"If there were not something wrong about Mrs. Grey, she would never have gone off in that mysterious way, after pretending to care for Minnie too; and making the servants talk, and all!") he was driven to magnanimous forgiveness of the brother who had always been his best friend, and made him the confidant of his passion as heretofore.

"I have found the lady's maid," he wrote, "after a great deal of trouble; for she had moved from her first address, and keeps a very poky little milliner's shop in Lamb's Conduit Street; and I have found out one or two more things; though with even more difficulty, and at the expense of a good deal more bamfoozling than I like. The woman is as staunch as steel to her mistress, and will not let out one word as to her whereabouts and antecedents. When I tell you, however, that I am to have the very trunk I told you of sent down to me at Woodleigh to-morrow, you may guess I have done something, though it is not with the mistress of the establishment."

"Gone down from lodging-house keepers to servant-girls," said Philip, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "And this is love! It is not an elevating element, of a certainty."

Apparently some mysterious intuition—what the fair and fast lady spiritualists of the day elect to call "superior psychic force"—had led Philip to foresee what would be his brother's sentiments; for he broke off here, and added abruptly—

"I had meant to tell you all about it, but I think I will wait; for until you see the result you will be pulling long faces, and cavilling at the necessary steps leading to the end. I give you credit for sufficient family affection to wish me joy when that end is won, and Averil my wife."

He said not a word of having received any letter from Mrs. Grey; and looking back at the hopeful, expectant ring of Philip's own, Bernard could not think that Mrs. Grey had been true to her intention.

"And yet, if she could look *me* in the face and say it, surely she could say it to him," he thought, with some irritation, and an emphasis on the "me," which might undoubtedly have been traced to that communication from Lady Vanborough, of which he had determined not to think. "Perhaps the hint I gave her, and which alarmed her so much, made her change her mind about writing to him. Perhaps she thought Lady Vanborough's entrance prevented my saying more, and has been expecting me to renew the subject. Poor thing! if that is the case, I ought to call, and put her out of her suspense; for I really did not intend to say any more, and was rather thankful for the interruption. I must put this nonsense out of my head, and call."

But unfortunately it is sometimes harder to drive nonsense out of a head than to drive sense into it; and Mr. Clive delayed paying his call till, as I have said, more than a week had passed away; and then, one afternoon when he had nothing better to do, turned up at Lady Vanborough's door, and inquired if that individual was at home.

"No; her ladyship is out of town," the footman said.

"Was Mrs. Grey gone with her?"

"Yes; Mrs. Grey was gone too."

He did not say, "with her;" but to hear that she was gone was enough for Clive, who departed with a decided sense of relief. Strong, hard man as he was, he felt as nervous and bashful as a girl at meeting the woman who had flushed under his gaze in such beautiful, womanly embarrassment, as she owned that his brother's rival in her affections was no memory of a dead husband, but a living and happy man. He was glad not to see her again; and yet when he went home

he felt irritated with himself for not having called sooner. If he could have seen Lady Vanborough, at least, and forced her to explain and give a reason for what she had said! If he could but have convinced her of the absurdity of her own eccentric fancy! But he had delayed too long; and now Lady Vanborough and Mrs. Grey were both gone, and only the eccentric idea remained behind, to irritate him by its absurdity till their return.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WELCOME AND UNWELCOME VISITORS.

"DID we startle you very much, Miss Bellew?" said Dallas, as he took her hand, while George, having espied Dottie deep in a primrosy nook, crept off on hands and knees, to treat her to a similar awakening. "I don't know how strong your nerves may be; but your brother was so imperious on the subject, that to keep the peace I was obliged to let him have his own way."

"I think that Dick and Eve are the only two of us who indulge in such a luxury as nerves," said Kate laughing, and certainly showing no displeasure at the rencontre; "you did make me jump, however; I could hardly believe it was George; and what can have brought you down here?"

"Brought me? Well, my young guest. You should have kept an eye on your little sister's correspondence, Miss Bellew, if you did not wish to see me; for George got such a heart-rending epistle from Miss Madge, the day before yesterday, describing fish which might have jumped into his hand if he were only there to catch them, and '*heavenly*' ovens which baked all the delicacies he could possibly have concocted, had he been on the spot to concoct them, that the young scamp became utterly miserable and broken-hearted at the thought of all you were enjoying without him, and moped so piteously, that I had no resource but to bring him down for a day or two, to try whether the reality were as delightful as the description."

"And you came all this journey to satisfy Georgie's fancies; but, Mr. M'Kenzie, you should not," cried Kate, quite ashamed and contrite; "you are a great deal too good, and it is spoiling him."

Mr. M'Kenzie laughed as if amused.

"Is it? I don't know much about children unfortunately, or how far you may gratify without spoiling them; but it is not too good of me, Miss Bellew, or good at all; for I think I considered my own pleasure quite as much as his."

Kate did not believe this, and said out her thoughts.

"I am afraid you are making him a great trouble to you. Mama would be vexed if she knew."

"Indeed I am not. It is a pleasant change in my lonely life to have so lively a young companion; and I am not at all sorry to get a breath of country air and a look at the sea upon so decent an excuse. George and I are 'located' at the inn; so when we become too much for you, just send us away; for I am afraid we are both rather self-indulgent people, and not inclined to think of others' comfort when we are gratifying our own. How is your elder brother?"

Kate answered him gratefully. Knowing how delightful the beginning of the season was to herself, and forgetting that Mr. M'Kenzie's greater age and experience might have rather damped his taste for pleasure, she thought it wonderfully unselfish of him to have even torn himself away from it for a couple of days.

"I don't believe one of the men who take one down to dinner, and are always wanting to do things for one, would dream of taking such a journey to please a little boy," thought Kate, who had apparently forgotten that "comparisons are odious," and was not yet sufficiently conceited to fancy that Mr. M'Kenzie could have taken such a journey for the sole purpose of seeing *her*.

They all walked back to the house together, George and Dottie laden with wild flowers, and the former in a state of rampant excitement over a great plan for surprising Madge on her return. Dottie said little, being conscious that her part in life at present was to listen and obey; and being further divided between the difficulty of holding a stack of flowers almost as big as herself, and not tumbling head over heels over all and each of the stones and twigs which would come in the way of her baby feet; but George held forth volubly, scraps of his monologue floating backwards to Kate and M'Kenzie walking more quietly behind.

"And then I shall be under the sofa, and you are to say"——"As loud a yell as I can"——"but mind, Dottie, you don't even *look* as if——"

Mr. M'Kenzie smiled.

"The happiest age!" he said a little enviously. "Everything before it, disappointment a word unknown, and every pebble in its path a jewel. I wish one could go back to it."

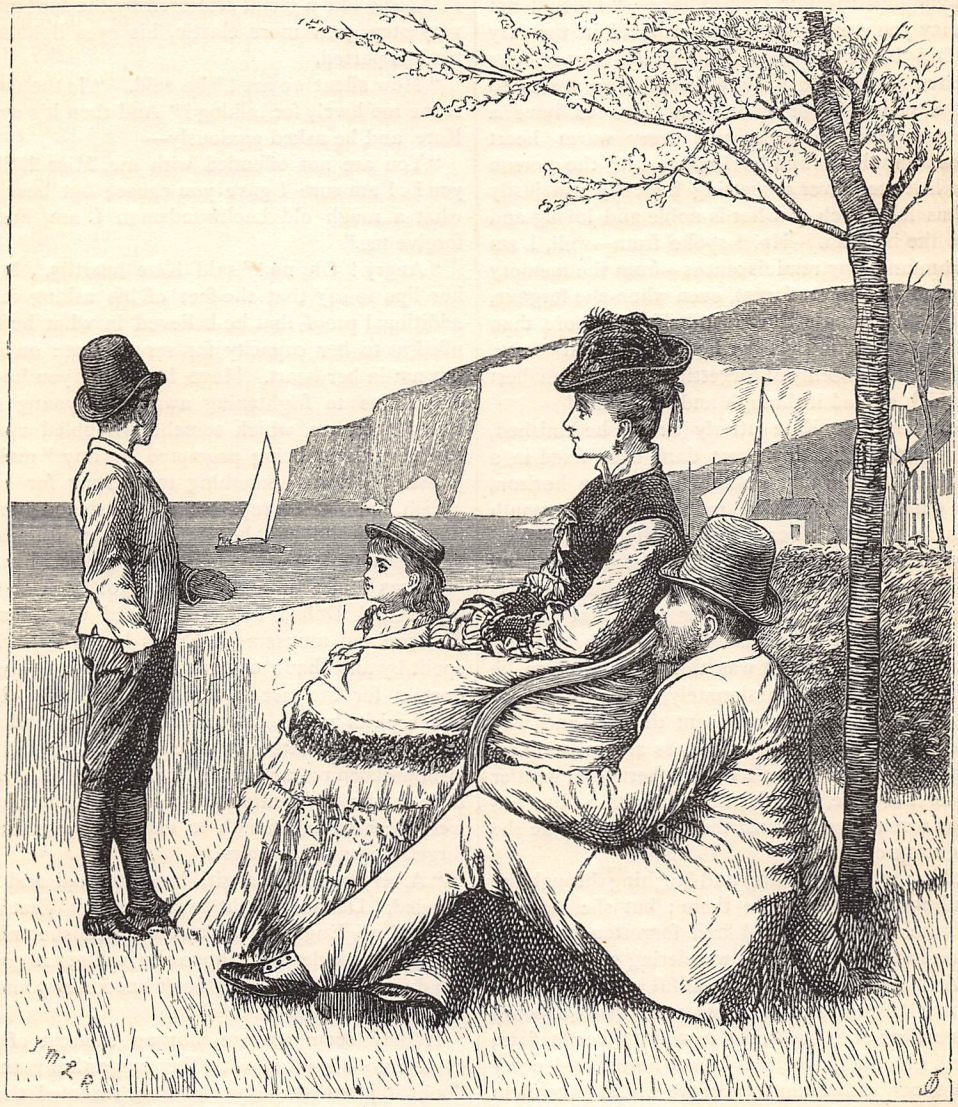
"I don't," said Kate, who was not of a looking-back temperament, "and I think childish disappointments are keener than all others. I can remember some of mine now, particularly one when Uncle Theo had promised to take me to a pantomime on my birthday. It was quite an unheard-of thing for him to do, but I was only five years old, and I believe he had taken a fancy to me for something I said or did. Anyhow, he promised to come for me on that evening; and I was wild with excitement for two days beforehand, and wilder still when the evening came, and no uncle! Papa and mama had to go out to dinner, so I sat dressed up in all my finery, and waiting in the drawing-room—for I thought I could hear the first sound of the carriage-wheels better there than in the nursery—and in the end he never came! He had forgotten all about his promise almost as soon as it was given. Do you know, I can recall now the misery of disappointment I suffered until at last I cried myself to sleep. Papa took me on the following night, and I dare say—in fact, I know—I enjoyed it very much;

but no after-pleasure could blot out the past pain, and, you see, I remember it still."

"Poor child!" said Mr. M'Kenzie, smiling on her very kindly. "Poor little child! But it is difficult to imagine you in tears now. I should hardly have thought you had ever known what crying meant; and you surprise me in another point."

a few hot words; but I did not think it was in your nature to remember the wrong done for years afterwards."

He spoke half in jest, half dreamily; but Kate took it quite *au sérieux*. Indeed, considering that she was rather fond of boasting her indifference to other people's ill opinion, and of asserting that a conscious-



(Drawn by J. M'L. RALSTON.)

"TALKING AND LOOKING OVER THE SEA" (*p.* 422).

"What is that?" said Kate, as he paused. "But I can cry, I assure you, even now. Sometimes I cry over books—Dickens and——but what is the other thing?"

"I'm afraid you would not like me to tell you."

"Indeed I shall. What is it?"

"Well, I did not think you were a girl—I beg your pardon: a young lady—to nurse an injury, however cruel, in your mind. I could fancy you getting very angry at a pinch"—and he smiled—"and perhaps stamping your foot, and withering up an offender with

ness of one's own rectitude ought to be sufficient for any reasonable person, the young lady betrayed a somewhat suspicious soreness and mortification under this suggestion of blame from her new friend.

"I do not remember it in the way you mean," she said, reddening like a rose, and showing a great disposition to pout. "I was not even angry with Uncle Theo then—I was too unhappy. It is only the disappointment I remember. Mr. M'Kenzie, please do not think I am so unforgiving and revengeful as all that. I am not: indeed I am not. I may have a quick

temper"—and Kate reddened deeper still—"I dare say I have, and that you may have even seen me show it; but I am always very sorry afterwards. Dick knows I am, and—and nobody ever minds me: not even the children. If you knew——"

"But I think I do know," Mr. M'Kenzie broke in, looking down with a gentle mingling of liking and amusement into the fair flushed face. "I could not even fancy you unforgiving or revengeful in the very least. Did I not say so? And as to temper, you must have strangely misunderstood my awkward speech, if you thought I believed you to have a quicker temper than goes with every warm heart and fresh impulsive mind. Believe me, the person who has lost the power of getting honestly and justly angry, has lost much of what is noble and loving and true into the bargain. No, I spoke from—well, I am afraid from unhappy reminiscences—from the memory of a woman who never forgot, even when she forgave, and whose forgiveness thus lost half, and more than half, of its value; and yet her heart *was* warm—once. Was it that impossibility of forgetting even the smallest wrong which chilled it through and through?"

He had forgotten Kate utterly before he finished, and was talking with his great dark eyes fixed in a sort of feverish yearning on the misty blue horizon, with a quiver of repressed pain about his mouth which made the girl's heart thrill with quick responsive sympathy. She saw plainly that she and all about her had passed out of his mind; but she was not offended. It was only another proof that he was not like other men; and with all her girlish curiosity she wondered who or what was this woman whom he must have loved so passionately, since the mere thought of her blotted out present things; and who had given him nothing but coldness and pain in return—ay, and hard thoughts of other and gentler women for her sake, the girl thought with a faint unconscious resentment against the unknown shade she was conjuring up.

The children were running and laughing through the ferns and underwood before them; but she had forgotten them as he (Dallas) had forgotten her, and walked on in a sort of painful, wondering silence at his side. And yet it was so beautiful around them! The young trees almost leafless yet in this exposed part; or rather only budded over with tender leaflets; but green, green all over, trunk and limbs, and every twig and shoot, with a mossy verdure which gave them the appearance of being covered with some delicate, emerald-hued lichen, and made it difficult to tell where the leaves were out or the branches bare: trees which looked as if they had been lightly sketched in with a brush full of wet green paint on a background of pale pure cobalt; springing from a bed of bracken, brown and dry, and making a pleasant contrast to the vivid emerald of meadows beyond. There was nothing to impede the view as in full-leafed summer. You could see from end to end of the copse through this exquisite moss-tinted tracery; could catch the diamond-like leap and flash of the little brook rippling through a bed of reeds on its way to the sea; and beyond the trees the dusky brown, dashed with gold, of the gorse-clad common; and, further still, the broad patches of rich umber-coloured ploughed land on the hills. A few more steps, and they came out into the full breeze and sunshine of the unsheltered moor, so bright and wind-swept, that all the depression vanished from M'Kenzie like a cloud scattered by the sunbeams; his very step grew more elastic, his eyes lightened, and his lips parted.

"How silent we are!" he said. "Is the day or the scene too lovely for talking?" And then his eye fell on Kate, and he asked anxiously—

"You are not offended with me, Miss Bellew, are you? I am sure I gave you cause; but bear in mind what a rough old backwoodsman I am, and please forgive me."

"Angry! Oh, no!" said Kate heartily. It was on her lips to say that the fact of his asking it was an additional proof that he believed in what he had implied as to her capacity for resentment: on her lips, but not in her heart. Have I not told you how prone Katie was to frightening away the young men by sharp speeches, which somehow bubbled up to her tongue without being prompted by any "malice prepense?" It was something too strong for even the girlish impulse to repartee which stayed her speech now; and she had her reward in a grateful smile, and a "Thank you" as heartily spoken as her answer.

It was lunch time when they got back to the cottage; and Dallas M'Kenzie noted with a sense of pleasure and amusement Kate's happy flutter, all unspoilt by any shade of embarrassment, at playing sole hostess for the occasion, and the almost childishly high spirits which danced in her eyes, and rang in every word she uttered. She was like a child playing at housekeeping, and the girlish fun mingling with the little solemn affectations of matronhood and sobriety were bewitching enough to charm an anchorite into forgetfulness of his vows.

"A very sweet little girl, large-hearted and simple-minded," Dallas thought to himself. "What a bonny type of an English wife and mother she will make some of these days! I hope she will get a good husband; for upon my life I don't know any young fellow worthy of her."

It may seem strange, but no thought of himself came into his mind with the suggestion; and yet I doubt if, just then, he would have resented the idea if propounded, or offered other objection than—"Bah, I am too old by a dozen years for her," or "My day for that sort of thing has passed." They all went into the garden after lunch, and sat under the almond-tree, talking and looking over the sea, till, on the boat with Dick and Madge in it coming into sight, George insisted that Mr. M'Kenzie should retire out of view, and Kate lend her aid in his "surprise." He had planned it all beforehand; but, when it came to the point, was not contented with any of the hiding-places suggested; and was still standing in the middle of the floor, wavering between the choice of a cupboard or a window-curtain, when the door opened—there was a

loud shriek, "George ! !"—and Madge flung herself upon him, and nearly knocked him down with the vehemence of her greeting.

The boat had come to land sooner than was expected, and it was George who was surprised after all.

Dick joined the party in a few minutes; and, to Kate's great relief, forgave his younger brother's arrival in pleasure at having a fellow-man to talk to. He had seen very little of Dallas M'Kenzie, and the two, being neither of an age nor a temperament to assimilate, had not cared much for one another; but Dallas liked Kate sufficiently to pardon a great deal in her relations; and Dick was so glad to see some one with the latest news from London, that he put on his best colours, and made the guest so heartily welcome that Dallas thought the young man had his good points in him after all. Kate felt highly delighted, for her brother had been growling ominously the last two or three days about not having a soul, man or woman, to speak to besides his own family; and she *had* found a friend, a very interesting one of her own sex, of whom more must be said hereafter, but of whom she had said nothing to any one: albeit her conscience reproached her for keeping any pleasure, however small, a secret from the brother she would have liked to have shared it with. Mr. M'Kenzie's arrival was therefore doubly pleasant to her when she saw that it pleased Dick; and she sat between them radiant with smiles, and managing with pretty womanly tact to draw out just the good points in each which could be best appreciated by the other.

There would be greater peace and goodwill in the world did women always employ their tact in a similar manner.

Mr. M'Kenzie stayed two or three days, very pleasant days, during which Kate came to know and like him better than she had ever done before; and Dick did not lose his temper once! At the beginning of their stay he had received one or two unpleasant letters (one from Clive), over which he had sworn viciously, and which had left him moody and irritable for the whole day afterwards; but apparently their remembrance had passed out of his mind by now; and Kate, somewhat unjustly, attributed the favourable alteration to the change of friends.

"There is something about Mr. Clive which *makes* people cross and disagreeable; I am glad he is not here," the young lady thought, with uncharitable fervour. "Mr. M'Kenzie never blames Dick, or roughs him up. How different the dear boy is with him!"

If that thought was wrong, it was most decidedly punished, and with no lack of speed. On the third morning of Mr. M'Kenzie's stay, Dick laid down a letter, over which he had been growling through the chief part of breakfast, with the remark—

"See that there is something decent for dinner to-day, Kate. Clive's coming."

"Coming—coming *here!*" cried Kate, with a ludicrous face of dismay. "What for? Has anything happened?"

"Happened? Nonsense! Don't look as if you had swallowed a donkey, hoofs and all" (certainly Clive's letters had not a soothing effect on Dick's mind or manners). "What should have happened? I asked him long ago to run down and see me if he possibly could; and he says he is coming from Saturday (that is to-day) till Monday.—I suppose there are plenty of rooms to be got at the inn, M'Kenzie?"

Dallas said he believed that there were. He was breakfasting with them, and looked with some surprise at the unwonted disturbance on his young hostess' brow. Perhaps the idea crossed his mind that it might be occasioned by the prospective trouble of having two guests to entertain—"poor child!"—and accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, and Dick had gone up to the inn, to engage a room for Clive, he said—

"I hope George won't think me very barbarous if I carry him off to town again to-day. I really think I ought not to stay away any longer."

Kate was folding up the newspaper which Dick had left upon the floor. She dropped it again when he spoke, facing round upon him with a most genuine expression of concern.

"To-day! Oh, Mr. M'Kenzie, do not. What can you want in town before Monday, at any rate? Yes, we should all think you very barbarous to go, just as Mr. Clive is coming too, and you are really wanted."

"But, my dear Miss Bellew, it is just because Mr. Clive is coming that I should think I could not be wanted. It is very good and sweet of you to make me so welcome; but still, to have two gentlemen on your hands at once——"

"But *you* are not on my hands," cried Kate, quite laughing at the idea, "and Mr. Clive is so—well, I ought not to abuse him, and I dare say he means well, and is very good, and all that (Dick likes him, you know, so there must be some good in him), but if you would stop just while he is here, I should be—it would make it so much more pleasant," and Kate looked up in almost childish pleading. M'Kenzie smiled at the pretty, confused, coaxing jumble, and felt glad he was not Bernard Clive, to be the subject of such barely veiled dislike.

"Of course I will stay if you wish it," he said. "Do you think it is so unpleasant to me? I don't care very much about improving Mr. Clive's acquaintance; but not from any dislike to him, for I have always heard of him as a very clever, honourable young man, and——"

"Perfect in every way!" put in Kate spitefully. "There!" (recollecting herself), "see how petty even talking of him makes me! but I can't help it—indeed I can't; and he can't bear me, so that I am not wholly to blame. By the way, did you not meet him abroad?"

"Yes," said M'Kenzie (a very simple answer, which stopped the utterance of sundry more questions on Kate's lips, and set her pondering, without knowing why. Five minutes later she came out with the result of her meditations.

"I wish I could hold my tongue."

"Do you?" said M'Kenzie, laughing outright at the

abruptness of the speech, and the comically penitent look which accompanied it; "I am sure I don't."

"Then you ought to do so," cried Kate, too remorseful to heed his mirth. "If I had no tongue, I should be quite good—really good—and now I am not. Of course it is wrong to go on sneering at Mr. Clive, when he is one of Dick's friends too. It is not even dignified or becoming, and you must know it is not; but it is only a way of talking, Mr. M'Kenzie. We never have liked each other, but——"

"But you would hardly rejoice if a railway accident smashed him up into infinitesimal atoms coming down here," Dallas suggested. "No, Miss Bellew, don't be afraid. I lay very little stress on enmities so frankly avowed; and as to Mr. Clive disliking you——"

"But he does," cried Kate, clasping her hands together to give emphasis to the sentence. "You've no idea how he does. Why" (with a look which, added to the *naïveté* of the conclusion, made M'Kenzie's eyes dance), "that is just why I don't like him."

"A very natural and proper reason," Dallas said gravely. "And so you want me to help in keeping the peace, and reminding you that 'your little hands were never meant to tear each other's eyes.' Is not that quoted correctly? Very well. I had reasons for not caring to grow more intimate with Mr. Clive than was necessary; but in such a cause of course they vanish. Let me make one request, however. If you don't want me to dislike your friend even more than you do, please put off that very grave little face. You have been looking so bright till now, that we could not easily feel in charity with any one who spoilt our house sunshine."

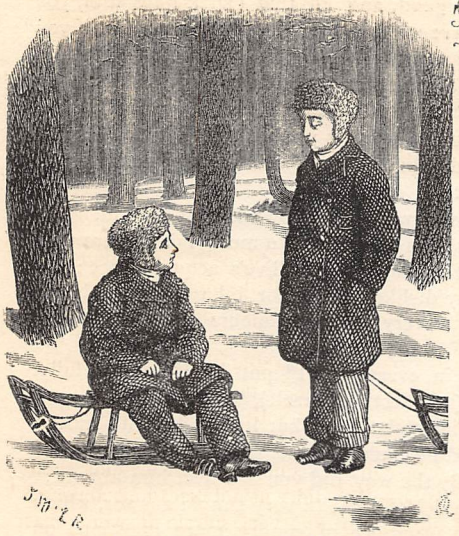
Kate laughed and promised. She was indeed feeling too happy to care much for the mere prospect of Clive's grave looks and strictures. True, the brightness faded a little when she found that M'Kenzie was not going to dine with them that day; but she said hardly a word to press him; for had not Dick spoken something about business to discuss with Clive, and was it not therefore most delicate and thoughtful in the other guest to discover that an old school acquaintance of his had a living some eight miles off, and must be visited on this special evening? The brightness came back in a minute, and M'Kenzie's good-byes were sweetened by a smile which made even the sunshine look dull and cheerless by comparison during the first part of his ride. For the first time an idea came into his mind, so strange as to startle him. At first he rejected it with prompt decision; but it came back again, and knocked persistently for admittance.

"She likes me already, likes and trusts me as though I were an old friend, instead of a comparative stranger. Would it be hard to turn such liking into love, and keep that living sunshine for my own?"

Verily and indeed a strange idea, and one not to be lightly entertained by Dallas M'Kenzie. Did not the shadow of another woman stand between him and the possession of any such sunshine as he coveted? He put the idea away from him with a shivering frown, and rode on gloomily.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

EMIGRANT BABIES.



THOSE little waifs and strays of humanity, the street Arabs, as we are accustomed to call them, present one of the most perplexing problems philanthropists have ever attempted to deal with. All poor neighbourhoods of large towns have the appearance of being amazingly prolific of them. Wherever narrow lanes and dirty courts are to be found, unkempt, barefooted little bipeds pop about like sandhoppers, and in fine weather one may sometimes almost be tempted to think that their life is not altogether unenviable. Give them just food enough to keep their queer little bodies and souls together, and while the sun shines they have not a care in the world. A shoal of them will often display an exuberance of animal spirits which is thoroughly contagious, and which, in spite of their grimy skins, their rags and tatters, and their squalid surroundings, may well conceal from the casual observer the utter wretchedness and pollution characteristic of the lives of most of them. There are in London tens of thousands of these children—many of them bright, keen-witted, clever little mortals—whose everyday life it may well make one's heart ache to think of. Bred in "homes" which physically and morally are simply poisonous, subject to every form of want and destitution, and shut in from all the gladdening influences of the natural world, even when in the care of parents and others who are not absolutely vicious, they are to be profoundly commiserated.

With the great mass of them, however, with all those who have any sort of guardianship in a general way, nothing can be done by any direct action. But within this deep stratum of poverty and squalor which underlies the working population of all our large towns, there are innumerable cases in which, from various causes, these unhappy little creatures are turned out

upon the world in an absolutely friendless condition, or are discovered by some City Missionary under circumstances even worse than this.

One little fellow rescued a short time ago, for instance, had been left with a person who failed in business, and turned him adrift upon the world.

"I went about with a few fings for a coster," says this little unfortunate, "and he used to give me fripence and a bit o' grub. When I had no money to get lodgings I used to sleep in a cupboard."

Another was brutally ill-treated by a drunken father, who has been known to strip him, hold him up by his feet, and flog him with a rope's-end. Finally he was turned into the streets in bitterly cold weather, and for three weeks slept in a dog-kennel.

Again, there was the child of a wretched fellow, who at one time of day entered upon a course of training for the ministry, but who abandoned that, and rapidly went down from one stage of degradation to another, till he became a street fiddler, or something of the kind, leaving his family to shift for themselves. This girl was found among gipsies in Epping Forest, where for two years she had distinguished herself by her agility in turning somersaults, among other accomplishments.

Here are a few items from a recent report of a charitable institution:—"M. S., aged eleven. Mother dead; father more or less always in prison; treated the children most cruelly when out."

Three sisters, aged respectively eleven, nine, and five years. "Mother dead; father a tramp; all three children begging in the streets; had varicose veins in legs, and sores in feet, from long standing and exposure; the little child five years old in the habit of swearing very fearfully."

"C. S., aged four. An orphan, found in great poverty and half-starved; a pitiable little object."

"H. C., aged eight. Parents both bad people; child found in a state of intoxication."

"E. B., aged ten. Covered with bruises inflicted by a drunken mother. Had slept on Clapham Common several nights, because afraid to go home."

THE CHILDREN'S HOME IN CANADA.

"M. W. and J. W. Deserted, with four other children, by both father and mother; found on a heap of shavings in an empty room, in the winter, nearly dead, and covered with vermin; had lived by begging and stealing bread; had considerable difficulty in keeping them alive when first found."

Everybody at all familiar with the courts and alleys of any large town, knows that such a list might be extended quite indefinitely. Poor neighbourhoods teem with such hapless little outcasts, born to be buffeted and beaten about, the sport of every ill wind that blows, and subject to every influence that can possibly tend to deprave and brutalise them. In spite of it all some of them struggle through into decency and respectability of life, but of course the chances are terribly against it. As a rule, unless some friendly hand is stretched out to them, they develop into criminals and

"pariahs," and in their maturer years often signally revenge themselves upon society for the neglect and suffering of their early life.

Friendly hands have never been wanting. There are at all times plenty of warm hearts ready enough to sympathise with known miseries, and especially the miseries of childhood, and plenty of willing hands are ready to do all that may be done to help them; but only those who have made the attempt know what a task it is to take children from the gutter, and in spite of precocious familiarity with vice, in spite of early associations and surroundings, in spite very often of the opposition of dissolute and abandoned connections, to protect and train and teach, until strong enough to turn out and make an honest living in the midst of the very scenes and surroundings from which they have been temporarily withdrawn.

In such a work could anything possibly be more disheartening than the knowledge that when all has been done, and the waif has become a worker, work may yet be wanting, and in spite of good intentions, and a gallant struggle, the sheer inability to live honestly may crush out heart and hope, and the gaol and the gin-palace may after all close a career which it would have been better that hunger, cold, exposure, and brutality should have cut short at the outset?

It is obvious that what is really wanted is the power to take these miserable children right out of all the surroundings and associations of their early life, and to put them in an atmosphere physically and morally purer, and where, as they grow up, they may find scope for honest effort.

It was just this solution of the problem that Miss Rye, some five or six years ago, saw practically illustrated when, wandering in some of the Western States of America, she came upon the track of Mr. Van Meter, a philanthropic American who, at the close of the great war, gathered together from the slums of New York some 2,000 children, mainly those whom that frightful struggle had thrown friendless upon the world. From time to time he had taken out small parties of them to the settlers in the back States, and there found homes for them, thus, as he said, giving them "a fair start in life in the mighty West."

"I have seen the working of all this," says Miss Rye, on her return to England the following year, "I know its dangers, its difficulties, its successes. Is it very wonderful that the idea has crossed my mind a thousand times—why not attempt the same thing for 'the gutter children' of London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool?"

With the enthusiasm of a generous and benevolent nature all aglow with a new impulse, Miss Rye goes on to tell of a land where even to this day a "full quiver" is held to be a blessing, where corn has been burnt for fuel, and where a million men occupy territories larger than the whole of Great Britain. Her work, she says, stands out boldly and brightly before her, and already she is in treaty for a little property near Niagara, on the Canadian side of the Falls; and here, before very long, she establishes the "Western Home." This "little property," which still continues to be the headquarters of this lady's operations in Canada, was originally a gaol with a piece of land attached. It was speedily transformed into a convenient and comfortable "Home," and thither, in the autumn of 1869, Miss Rye took over from London seventy little girls—"waifs and strays," in one very important sense at least, though in this case they were all taken from workhouse wards, as she had at that time no means of subjecting her intended emigrants to the preliminary training which, in the case of children taken directly from the streets, was felt to be indispensable.

Subsequently this active benefactress of the poor was enabled to secure a large house in the neighbourhood of Peckham, and here, for a long time past, the homeless and friendless little ones of our highways and byways have found food and shelter, and loving words, and Christian training, eventually (if those who may have a legal claim upon them give consent—not otherwise) being sent on to Niagara, there to await arrangements for their permanent settlement in a new and more promising country. This is the charitable institution to which reference has already been made, and some idea of the class of children dealt with here may be gathered from the quotations made from one of its reports. In the well-clad, scrupulously-clean, happy-looking children to be found within the shelter of this old house, it is difficult indeed to recognise the "pitiable little objects" of the report.

After a training of a few weeks or a few months, as circumstances may determine, they are taken to Canada in parties of from 60 to 150, or sometimes more, and in the first instance are lodged in the central "Homes" established for the purpose. Miss Rye has but the one at Niagara; Miss McPherson—who, with her characteristic energy, promptly followed the lead of Miss Rye, and up to the present time has taken out no less than 2,000 children from her "Home of Industry"—has three: one at Knawlton, in the province of Quebec, and two in Ontario, one of them at Belleville and the other at Galt. Applications for these children are usually made some time before their arrival, and are always, or nearly so, in excess of the number to be distributed. The great majority of the applicants are farmers, to whom, as they say, it is as easy to feed a child as a chicken, and who, in this land of isolated homesteads, scattered population, and scarce labour, look upon almost any addition to their family as an acquisition to be rejoiced over. If the young strangers are old enough to be put to any kind of work, it is usually what the Canadians call doing the "chores"—little odds and ends of work—"filling the wood-boxes, lighting the fires, collecting eggs, feeding the poultry, watering the horses, foddering the cattle, fetching water from the well," and so on. The emigrants do not all, however, find their way to farms. Of 513 children taken out by Miss Rye during 1870 and 1871, farmers had 207, upwards of 100 found homes with merchants or tradesmen, 29 with clergymen, 32 with manufacturers and mill-owners, 19 with medical men, and the rest were distributed among widows and maiden ladies, mechanics, lawyers, schoolmasters, hotel-keepers, and others. A few of the

luckier ones are adopted, and become to all intents and purposes members of happy and thriving families. Others are apprenticed, or are placed out in various kinds of service, on terms which these experienced ladies consider fair and reasonable. At the commencement of this paper we present two of MissMcPherson's rescues from a drunkard's home in London.

These are the general features of the system inaugurated by Miss Rye in 1869, and which, in addition to the vigorous following of Miss McPherson, has already called forth one or two less important movements—one, it is understood, in connection with the Wesleyans, and another with the Roman Catholics of London.

The work has also been taken up most energetically in several provincial towns. Liverpool, among others, has its "Sheltering Home for Destitute Children," nearly 400 of whom have in that port been gathered in within the past two years. "They came with the old story of widows' children left to their own devices, while the mother goes forth to toil over the wash-tub or the needle for their daily bread; poor step-children, who are felt to be burdens, and are knocked about and ill-used accordingly, as though to make them run away; drunkards' children, going through the education which will fit them for the reformatory, prison, or penitentiary, as the case may be; all these were in the ranks of those whom we have learned to call little Arabs, waifs and strays: names lightly and smilingly spoken, yet overlying thoughts too deep for tears." Under the affectionate guardianship of Mrs. Birt, the sister of the lady whose labours in connection with the Spitalfields Home of Industry have been referred to, some 300 children, many of them under eight years of age, have been taken from this Liverpool shelter to Nova Scotia, and there handed over to Colonel Laurie, who is a resident in Halifax, and who, with several benevolent co-operators in various parts of Nova Scotia, carefully distributes them throughout the province.

By various institutions, it is estimated that about 6,000 children have been thus rescued from lives of want and misery, and placed in homes where there is every reason to believe they may be happy and prosperous. They go forth the outcasts of over-crowded cities—familiar, many of them, with the cruellest forms of destitution and suffering—and in a short time they send back letters—volumes of them might be collected—full of prattle about horses, and cows, and hay-fields, and rosy apples, sleigh-rides, and bountiful living, and boasting of their achievements at school, their skill in milking cows and driving teams.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

SPRING.

IT COMES not as of old it came:
It brings its buds and flowers;
Its greening of the bough's the same,
Its tender gleams and showers;
Yet where's the young bright thought,
Gleams to the heart it brought?
Sun to the eye it still can bring,
Hues to my dulled sight still,
But where's the light with which, O Spring,
You used my life to fill?

From meadow-bank, in winding lane,
Palely the primrose peers.
O primroses of Youth, again
Come as in far-off years!
The pallid stars I see
Were then glad songs to me;
But now I see each sight I sung
With heart unmoved and cold.
O vanished years when I was young!
O dear, dear days of old!

Yet is it years that age the heart?
Ah! if that I were true
To Song, the years would fail to part
My heart, sweet Youth, from you.
O Fancy, still my thoughts beguile
To dream me young a pleasant while!
O fabled fount of endless Youth,
Thy life, O Song, I drain,
And cheating Age, in very truth,
I'm young—I'm young again!

W. C. BENNETT.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

VI.—KNOWN TO THE POLICE.

THAT "criminal class," which is alike the problem and the terror of our present social condition, is, to some extent, the result of the poverty and misery of that part of the population, some phases of whose lives I have lately tried to depict in these pages. Chronic pauperism has been appreciably diminished, if we are to take the poor-law returns as trustworthy indications of a decrease in the number of persons receiving parochial relief or taking up a temporary abode in workhouses; but our prison statistics offer few such encouraging suggestions. One reason for this lamentable state of things is not far to seek. We may discover it any day in our streets, any night in our great thoroughfares, or in the approaches to theatres, railway stations, and places of public resort, in casual wards of workhouses, in the bare rooms of common lodging-houses, at the outskirts of markets, and about steamboat piers, cab-stands, and every place to which boys and girls are sent out to beg or to "pick up" the price of a meal.

Is it not worth while, when we think of the tremendous machinery provided to punish the juvenile thief, whose existence as a starving, ignorant, and abandoned child is ignored until he awakens justice by committing a crime, to remember also what a robust virtue we demand of him, when we expect him to remain honest in spite of his constant needs, and of the frequent companionship of those who have learnt how the State places a premium on stealing?

He becomes of greater importance directly he is brought before a magistrate, on some comparatively insignificant charge, and the active and intelligent constable declares him to be "known as an associate of thieves and bad characters, your worship." Something may be done for him *then*, even though as a desolate and starving child he may previously have been beneath public notice. Perhaps he will be sent to a reformatory school, if there should happen to be a vacancy in one of the two or three Government establishments of that kind. Whether he be sent to this kind of imprisonment or to gaol, however, he will be a recognised unit amidst a whole row of unconsidered fractions not yet raised to any other dignity than that of a common denominator. The chances are he will be sent to prison, and there his education will begin. I have seen mere infants in the House of Correction, boys too young even to be set to work to scrub the forms and floors of the prison ward; and as I have noted the round chubby faces and clear open eyes of some, the pinched looks and artful glances of others, neither of whom could be supposed to estimate the consequences of the offences for which they were being punished, I have thought of the thousands of children, in English homes, where the penalty for a no slighter fault would be deprivation from some luxury which those poor little ones had never possessed in all their lives; have thought too of the gaol-brand placed thus early upon a child's character, of the career to which it points, where "respectability," aided by the law, erects barriers against the complete reclamation even of the child who has "been in prison."

Ah, but it is said that the School Board is to alter all this, to reclaim these deserted children of the streets, to consign them to the great new costly buildings, where they will be instructed in all the elements of useful knowledge and——well, the arrangements are not exactly complete just at present, but, some of these days, let us hope that the provisions of the Act may be extended even to those who are now without care or guardianship. There is sore need of this extension, and of a care for the bodily wants of the poor children; for, as I have said already,

INNOCENCE.

what permanent advantage can be expected from collecting, in a big room, a number of children, some of them moderately well fed and decently clad, and others literally starving, cold, and naked, and going through

certain routine instructions which all are expected to profit by alike?

The numbers of really destitute children—of boys and girls committed to the evil lessons of the streets—already dealt with are comparatively few, but taking as an example those for whom parents have been compelled to pay a trifle weekly, we shall find that in more than one of the newest buildings provided for the education of such children, the physical necessities of the pupils are so pressing, that till some method is discovered for relieving their bodies, there will be little hope of effectually cultivating their minds.

As a matter of fact, however, the London Arab mnst still run wild. There is no Act of Parliament for him, except the Penal Code. At present the complaint against School Board inspectors is not that they take in those who most need the provisions of the Education Act, but that they use their efforts to fill the schools with children from a class for which it is doubtful whether those provisions were ever intended.

At present many of our schools exhibit two evils—they necessarily exclude the destitute, but they by no means exclude the vicious, and in this the great defect of our whole system is perpetuated even in the matter of education. Just as the poor little vagabond of the streets is disregarded until he commits a crime, when he at once becomes of importance, because he has acquired the right to be considered amenable to State interposition—so the boy or girl who is friendless as well as ignorant has no claim to that national education of which we hear so much, while children who are already corrupted may be admitted, if their parents can be forced to pay for them. To speak broadly, property qualification is regarded as the real claim to State recognition, and Board as well as magistrate can only assist those who have somehow been so qualified, even though in the latter case the claim may have been secured by crime.

For it is an enormous error to suppose that juvenile crime is always, or even chiefly, associated with utter ignorance of the elements of merely "secular" education. The frequent disclosures at police courts of the influence of cheap criminal literature on the young desperadoes who "take in" and read the histories of boy-highwaymen, and the adventures of juvenile pirates and smuggler-kings, are sufficient to disprove such a notion.

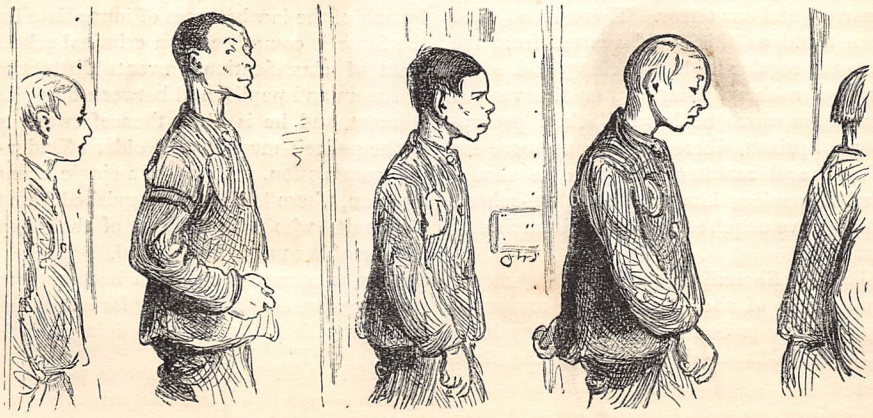
Only the other day a very determined and artful burglary was effected by a gang of boys, one of whom at least had received a tolerable education; and from time to time we hear of organised gangs of young thieves and desperadoes, who set the police at defiance and live a life of brigandage in the very midst of civilisation, and the most enlightened city in the world.

TAWDRY FINERY.

It is not very long since such a band of juvenile ruffians, known as the "Kent Street Gang," committed constant depredations in the neighbourhood of the Borough, under the direction of a leader who was only sixteen years old. The police were for a considerable time baffled, and it was only with great difficulty that they at last succeeded in capturing this redoubtable ruffian.

What lesson could be taught to the thousands of ignorant and destitute lads who are to be found in London streets, that would be half so potent to induce them to set the law at defiance?

"Send me to a reformatory," said this wretched lad to the magistrate before whom he was tried. Perhaps the poor boy had heard what would be the probable result of his being committed to prison, where he would be with evil-doers more advanced in crime than himself. It is possible that the evil knowledge which he had gained included the conviction that to send him to prison would be to stamp him with crime, and that, in a burst of emotional desire to begin a new life, he may have pleaded for a better chance. But he was too old for either of the Government reformatories; though they deal only with boys convicted of crime,



OLD OFFENDERS.

the hardened wretch of sixteen could not be admitted within their walls.

The Ordinary of Newgate, in his last report, says on this subject:—

"To reform juveniles, or, better still, to prevent those who show a disposition for waywardness, wilfulness, and vice, I have always considered a most important part of my work; and I have endeavoured to utilise to this purpose and end various opportunities which have occurred. The powers given to the School Board I have always regarded as the most available to reach and control unruly boys who set home authority at defiance, and also to deal with those unnatural, selfish parents who refuse or neglect to do their duty to their children, by taking the matter out of their hands, giving the children proper instruction, and compelling the parents to pay the cost. The weakness or indifference of parents towards their children has been a most prolific cause of juvenile depravity. It is true that numbers of boys leave their homes because they dislike the wholesome restraints which are put upon them there, but many more are thrust out by some brutal parent because the child's earnings are small."

What chance has any boy or girl who once becomes "known to the police" as the companion of thieves? With a legislature practically proceeding on the principle that every destitute and homeless juvenile is to be suspected of guilt till he can prove his innocence, what probability of reclamation is there for the abandoned child, deserted by its natural protectors, used by infamous cadgers as a medium for obtaining an easy income as a member of a band of infantine beggars, hunted from post to pillar, taught defiance and hypocrisy as the only means of opposing public injustice, driven to share the very offal of the streets with hungry dogs, who go about masterless—what chance has the young Arab "known to the police," except the one that converts him into the "well-known juvenile thief, on whom the constable has had his eye for some time past?"

When he grows a little older, the threepence that he spends for a bed in a common lodging-house may introduce him to an instructor who will "make a man of him"—such a man as those who fill our prisons, and help to tax us beyond what we can bear, and are at once our sorrow and our terror. There is no need to follow such a lad as this in his career from the trifling theft to the regular trade of filching, and so on to petty larceny, robbery, burglary, or the various degrees of crime, in which he has no lack of preceptors, in and out of prison, where he costs us more for his "discipline" and maintenance than we should have expended in sending him to a boarding-school, where he would have acquired the usual branches of English education.

Take a walk along Shoreditch on any Sunday morning, or attend either of the police-courts, and note the lookers-on, as the prison-van—which they have nick-named Black Maria—draws up to the door leading to the cells; enter the gallery of some East End music-hall; loiter about the whelk-stalls of Clerkenwell and Lambeth; get an introduction to the labour market in Spitalfields, where, under a railway arch, poor and ignorant but honest boys and girls stand to be hired for assistants in some of the wretchedly paid trades which are carried on in the district. At the outskirts of poor, honest effort, as well as in the broad thoroughfares and in the London slums, there is a boy and girl population constantly, as it were, on the borders of crime, and unable so to separate themselves from its influences that they will not be in danger of becoming "known to the police."

Is it any wonder that many of them should be drawn into the criminal class? that the girls should grow evil-tongued and bold-eyed, and should flaunt themselves in cheap gaudy clothes, such times as they are not in rags and misery? that the boys, with old, pinched, artful faces, furtive looks, and a half-impudent, half-slinking manner, should haunt street-corners, toss for halfpence, hang on the outskirts of crowds, walk with an affectation of preoccupation and indifference, which is belied by the covert glances they bestow on every passer-by, and the anxious, shifty expression that flits over their faces when they reach a turning where a policeman may appear?

These are the youths who are already "known to the police"—these, and the more truculent fellows who, still alternating between casual labour and dishonesty, form so terrible an element of ruffianism in a London crowd; and their education is going on. They are likely to develop into "old offenders," against whom previous convictions are proved; and so, step by step, to "habitual criminals."

But they are so known at a very early age, some of these unfortunate wretches, and are committed to prison, where the evil influences are continued. What is worse still, even the infant offenders, who—because the magistrate despairs of being able to deal with them otherwise, and knows of no means for taking them from the utter abandonment of the streets, except by a criminal conviction—are sentenced for "unlawful wandering," or for begging, are consigned either to gaol or to an industrial school, where they are still liable to the companionship of more advanced criminals. The child who by almost involuntary or enforced breach of the law becomes of immediate importance to the State, is committed to a criminal school, where the want of classification prevents distinctions between prisoners and pupils, and between discipline and punishment, and he is likely thenceforward to be known to the police: much as the older offender—who, after the commission, perhaps, of a single crime, is sent to a prison, where he is undistinguished from the habitual criminals, who talk to him of their exploits—is in danger of becoming a gaol-bird.

This is a matter which is becoming more serious year by year, and calls loudly for our earnest attention and sympathy. Are we not doing a little too much "by deputy?"

EDUCATION AT KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

BY A STUDENT.

THE origin of that important seminary of learning, King's College, London, is very soon told. When University College, London—the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1827—was talked of, a strong opposition arose on the ground of theology being altogether excluded from the curriculum of study. The friends of the Church felt that they must bestir themselves, and they were not long in deciding to found a rival institution. The meeting at which the final resolutions were passed to that effect was held on the 21st of June, 1828, the Duke of Wellington being in the chair. A royal charter was obtained, and the College was called King's College, in honour of the then reigning monarch, George IV. The project was supported with zeal by the principal ecclesiastical dignitaries, and by all who held that an essential part of public education was instruction in the evidences of the Christian faith. Subscriptions flowed in, shares were readily taken up, and, under high auspices, King's College was launched on the world.

The College is situated between the thoroughfares of the Strand and the Thames Embankment. It occupies the east wing of Somerset House, which was built up to receive it. The wing had been left unfinished, and its completion by the College was one of the conditions on which the site was granted. With the architectural features of the structure we have really nothing at present to do, but we cannot help giving a glance at the College façade—shown in our illustration—which was designed by Sir Robert Smirke, and is 304 feet long.

Within the College building are included a house for the principal, rooms for a limited number (about twenty-five in all) of matriculated students, a chapel, the general class-rooms, museums, libraries, anatomical rooms, and workshops.

The ideas of the founders of King's College being as we have seen, the following fundamental principle was adopted by them at the commencement of their labours :—

"That every system of general education for the youth of a Christian community ought to comprise instruction in the Christian religion as an indispensable part, without which the acquisition of other branches of knowledge will be conducive neither to the happiness of the individual nor the welfare of the State."

And it was laid down in the royal charter under which the College was established, that the various branches taught of literature and science were to be united with "the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as the same are inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland." Instruction in the doctrines of the Church of England is, then, an essential part of the course of education. Matriculated students are expected to attend daily service in the College Chapel, unless they are expressly exempted by the principal. What would those old English malcontents have said to this union of scholarship with piety, who held that "learning has always been an enemy to the Gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no Universities, and that all books were burned but the Bible?"

In settling the government of the College, due care was naturally taken to secure it to the Established Church. The governors, council, and officers were all to be members of the Church of England. The government is vested in a council which consists of the Visitor, who is the Archbishop of Canterbury; the perpetual governors by virtue of their offices, such as the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London; the governors for life; and those who are simply councillors.

Good fortune has attended King's College in the way of legacies and benefactions. Three legacies have been left it of £1,000 each, one of £3,000, and one of £10,000; these are devoted to scholarships, prizes, &c. Among the benefactions we may mention £2,000 from Lieut.-General Sir Henry Worsley, as an endowment for the education of missionaries for the British Possessions in India; £659 7s. from the friends of Professor Daniell, for endowing a scholarship in his memory; £5,000 from the Rev. Dr. Warneford, for endowing scholarships in the Medical Department; and between £3,000 and £4,000 from the friends of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, for endowing scholarships in Modern History and English Literature in his memory.

The College embraces a liberal course of education, and not only is general knowledge imparted, but specific training is afforded for particular professions. The educational work is carried on under six distinct but mutually-related departments: first, the Theological Department; second, the Department of General Literature and Science, subdivided into the Classical and Modern Sections; third, the Department of Engineering and Applied Sciences; fourth, the Medical Department; fifth, the Evening Classes; and, sixth, the School. This classification is intended as a guide to those attending the College, but it is worth taking note that "occasional students" are admitted, at fees which may be learned from the College Calendar, to any one or more classes, without any restriction whatever.

We shall speak of the six divisions separately, and shall mention the total fees payable for each, so that the reader may see—what in these hard times cannot fail to be interesting—the expense of a metropolitan College education. And that the explanation may be the clearer, we shall begin by mentioning that the year at King's College is divided into three terms—Michaelmas Term, Lent Term, and Easter Term—in all but the Medical Department and the Evening

Classes, which are divided into Summer and Winter Sessions.

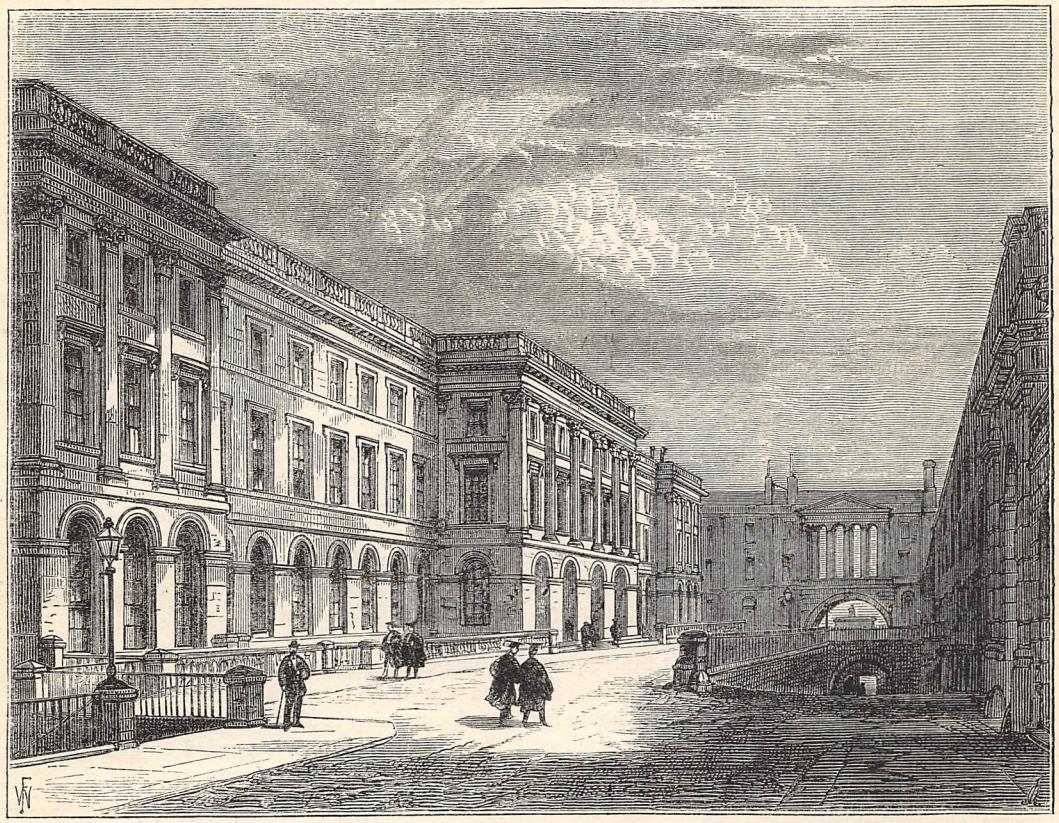
The object of the Theological Department is to provide suitable teaching for young men who propose to offer themselves as candidates for Holy Orders. Students in this department must be at least twenty-one years of age, and the regular course of instruction requires an attendance of six terms—that is to say, two years. The fees for ordinary students amount to £12 12s. per term; and to this must be added £4 5s. 6d. of entrance fees.

As we have already said, the department of General Literature and Science is in two divisions. The first, or Classical, is intended to prepare students for the Universities, for Holy Orders, for professional life, and for appointments in the Civil Service. The second, or Modern Division, aims at providing "a modern system of liberal education (including English, Latin, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Freehand Drawing), and at preparing students for the military examinations, for admission to Woolwich and Sandhurst, for direct commissions, and for the Indian Civil Engineering College." Matriculated students in either division pay in fees £12 12s. per term, and £4 5s. 6d. of entrance fees.

The third department is that of Engineering and Applied Sciences. In it a complete system of general and practical education is provided for those who are to take part in commercial or agricultural pursuits, or in civil engineering, telegraphy, surveying, architecture, &c. The whole course of study is spread over three years, and the fees for matriculated students amount to £14 per term for the first six terms, and £15 after the sixth term, to which must be added entrance fees as usual, amounting to £4 5s. 6d.

The Medical Department is the next in order, and by way of preface it must be mentioned that every medical student is required to register the commencement of his professional studies at the office of the General Medical Council, and at one or more of the several Medical Examining Boards, but no student is allowed to register unless he can produce a certificate of having passed a preliminary examination in arts. The medical education imparted at King's College is of a very thorough description, and the students have all the advantages of the connection with the department of King's College Hospital, which was founded in 1839. The College and Hospital fees for the three years' course of study required by the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, amount to £105. The payment may either be made in one sum of £100 on entering, or in three instalments—£52 10s. on entering, £42 at the commencement of the second winter session, and £10 10s. at the beginning of the third winter session.

The Evening Classes of King's College, which form



KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

the fifth department, may be considered as among the most important features of the institution. They are held from October to March inclusive, and during April, May, and June—the former constituting the winter, and the latter the summer session. The instruction imparted in these classes corresponds with that of the preceding departments, but is necessarily less thorough and systematic. The subjects taught are thirty-one in number, and of the most varied description, from Divinity to Shorthand. For the winter session the fee for any single course is £1 11s. 6d., those of Divinity and Practical Chemistry being excepted. The Divinity course is free to all students who choose to avail themselves of it; the charge for the Practical Chemistry class is £2 2s. for the course. Four classes may be attended by the student for £5 5s., five classes for £6 11s. 3d. After Christmas, the fees for the winter session are reduced to £1 1s. for one class, and £3 10s. for four classes. The fees for the summer session are the same as for the second half of the winter session.

In the School Department of King's College a sound preliminary education is provided for the young, with a view to fitting them for the business of life, whether they are designed for the learned or military professions, or for general or mercantile pursuits. It consists of three divisions—the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower School—and the general age at which pupils are admitted ranges from eight to sixteen years. The fees for the whole regular course of instruction in any division amount to £8 per term for those entering under sixteen years of age, and £10 per term for those entering over sixteen. The entrance fees are in all £2 13s. 6d.

Considering that it is a comparatively new institution, not yet having been established half a century, King's College is well off—as might have been concluded from what we said on the subject of the legacies and benefactions with which it has been favoured—in the matter of scholarships, exhibitions, and prizes. To enumerate all of these would be tedious, to mention only a few would be unsatisfactory, so we shall pass them over for the present.

The numbers attending the various classes in the Lent Term of 1874 were as follow:—Of matriculated students there were 383; occasional students, 458; those attending the school, 558. This gave a total of 1,399. The greatest number of matriculated students was in the Medical Department—namely, 161. The occasional students in the Evening Class Department numbered 408.

With these figures we shall leave the College. It has already achieved an important work, and one may safely predict that there lies before it a long career of increasing usefulness.

HOUSE-CLEANING:

AND THE BEST WAY TO SET ABOUT IT.

THE spring is now far on its way, and truly it has been delightful to feel the warm breezes taking the place of cold easterly winds, to watch the evenings lengthen, and to welcome the approach of summer with its wealth of flowers.

Not quite so delightful has it been, however, to notice the bright sun piercing into each part of our winter-decked rooms, which until now looked so comfortable and cosy, disclosing the corners where the black dust from the fires has settled on walls, paint, and curtains, seeming to call with an almost audible voice upon every careful housewife to bestir herself, to summon her handmaidens, to collect her brooms and her pails, to lay in a good store of soft soap, soda, energy, and good temper, and to commence her attack upon what has been termed by one of our latter-day philosophers "matter in the wrong place"—namely, dirt.

I suppose there are not many houses into which this Magazine penetrates which do not undergo once a year, if not twice, what is termed a "thorough clean," and though there is no doubt that, whilst people are in the midst of the agony, it is by no means a delightful time, still when the operation is over the disagreeableness is forgotten in the pleasure of feeling that the house is clean from top to bottom—*is* clean, *smells* clean, *feels* clean—that not a corner has been left untouched, and that each remote and unseen part is as sweet and fresh as the most prominent and visible. For my own part, I think there are few feelings of satisfaction so refreshing as that which arises from the knowledge that the battle against dirt has been once more waged, and the victory won; and as it is a pleasure which I have experienced again and again, I shall be very glad if I can put down a few hints which will help some of my sisters who have not the weight of so many winters on their shoulders as I have, to attain the same comfortable experience.

The first thing to aim at in beginning the "thorough clean," is that it should be attended with as little discomfort as possible to those members of the household who do not actually take part in it. I think the wife and mother ought to determine that no forethought or contrivance that she can possibly exert shall be spared by which her husband and her sons may be shielded from discomfort. Of course everybody knows that whitewashers, painters, and paperhangers are members of society who entirely refuse to be smuggled quietly into a house, and pushed gently out of it. Wherever they have sway they make their presence felt; and when they appear, the very best thing the gentleman of the house can do is to start on that business journey he has been talking about so long, and let the women and the whitewashers have it to themselves. It is not

very often, however, that all the rooms of the house are painted, and the ceiling whitewashed, in one season; and with a little arrangement the cleaning of a large portion of the house may be got over without the gentlemen suspecting that it is going on. I think it is a good plan to take two or three of the bedrooms that are of the least importance, and have them cleaned gradually quite early in the year, before the regular cleaning comes on; so that when the work is really begun, it will not feel to be quite so overpowering. It is very disheartening for servants to have to set to work, and clean a house of even moderate size right through, one room after another; and if part of the house can be done easily like this, it feels to be a great help.

In cleaning my house I always adopt the old-fashioned plan of beginning at the top and coming down to the bottom, by which means the dirt is not trodden backwards and forwards. I think it is a good plan where two servants are kept to let one do the cleaning, and the other attend to the ordinary work of the house, so as to keep things comfortable. These minor details, however, must be arranged by every mistress to suit her own convenience.

And now let us see what has to be done before a room can be said to be thoroughly cleaned. The carpet must be taken up; all the articles of furniture must be removed out of their places, and either taken entirely out of the room, or covered with dust-sheets; the pictures, curtains, and blinds must be taken down, and nothing ought to be put back again until it has been properly cleaned. Then the chimney must be swept, and when the soot has been removed, the room also. If it has been decided that the white-washers and paper-hangers are not to be called in, the ceiling and walls must be rubbed with a soft cloth, which has been securely fastened upon the end of a broom. The paper must be cleaned, and if the room is a bed-room, the bed must be taken to pieces, carefully examined, and the joints purified. The grate and fire-irons must be black-leaded and brightened, the paint washed—including the wood-work about the windows—the windows cleaned—the floor scrubbed—the carpet beaten, and the furniture and pictures polished. Then, when everything is quite clean, the carpets can be laid down, and the furniture restored to its original position.

Perhaps the best thing I can do is to take each of these items separately, and give my idea of the best way of doing them.

To Clean Wall Paper.—Take off the dust with a soft cloth. Make a lump of very stiff dough with a little flour and water, and rub the wall gently downwards, taking the length of the arm at each stroke, and in this way go round the room. As the dough becomes dirty, cut the soiled part off. In the second round, commence the stroke a little above where the last one ended, and be very careful not to cross the paper, or to go up again. Ordinary papers cleaned in this way will look fresh and bright, and almost as good as new. Some papers, however—and these the most expensive ones—will not clean nicely; and in order to ascertain whether or not a paper can be cleaned, it is best to try it first in some obscure corner, which will not be noticed if the result is unsatisfactory. If there are any broken places in the wall, fill them up with a mixture of equal parts of plaster of Paris and silver sand, made into a paste with a little water. Then cover the place with a little piece of paper, like the rest, if it can be had. When a room is newly papered, a few yards of the paper should be preserved for repairs. If there are any spots of grease on the walls, mix some fuller's-earth with ox-gall and cold water, and spread this on the spot. Pin a little blotting-paper over the mixture, and leave it for three or four hours; then brush it off carefully, when in all probability the grease will be removed. If not, renew the operation—which, however, is not likely to be successful if the paper is one which will not clean nicely.

Grates, &c.—Black-lead black grates and fenders, and polish them in every part. If a grate has been neglected some time, it may be varnished with Brunswick black, which is made as follows:—Melt half a pound of asphaltum, and mix with it very gradually a quarter of a pint of linseed oil, and one pint of oil of turpentine. If too thick, add a little more turpentine. The asphaltum should cost sixpence, the linseed oil three-halfpence, and the oil of turpentine eightpence. The range may be brushed with this mixture, and left to dry. When fires are used it will need to be black-leaded in the ordinary way. Polished grates and irons should be rubbed every day thoroughly with a dry leather, and in damp weather two or three times a day. If this were done regularly, no polishing would be required. When once they have been rusted or dulled, they should be rubbed with emery-paper, or with a polish made as follows:—Mix equal parts of turpentine and sweet-oil, and stir in as much emery-powder as will make a thin paste. Rub this on the steel with a piece of old flannel, rub it off with another piece, and brighten with leather and emery.

Carpets must be taken up and beaten on the wrong side first, and afterwards very gently on the right side; and care should be taken not to use sticks with points, or the carpets may be injured. After a carpet has been beaten, it should not be laid down until the floor is quite dry, or the nails may rust and spoil it. If after being beaten the carpet still looks dirty, it may be washed and made to look fresh and bright in the following manner:—Procure a quart of bullock's gall from the butcher's, and mix with it three quarts of soft cold water. Rub this into the carpet, either with a clean flannel or a soft brush; rinse the lather off with cold water, and rub the carpet dry with a soft cloth. If there are any very dirty places, wash them with gall only. It will be best to speak for the gall a day or two before it is wanted, and it ought not to cost more than a few pence.

Paint.—Soda should never be used in washing paint. The best way to do it is to put a handful of finely-powdered whitening into a bowl, having ready a piece of soft flannel and some clean warm water. Wet the flannel, squeeze it dry, dip it into the whitening, and rub the paint up and down until it is clean.

Wash off with cold water; and when it is nearly dry, finish it with a soft leather. If the paint be very dirty, mix a little bullock's gall with the whitening. In washing the wainscot, care must be taken not to touch the edge of the paper with the wet flannel, as this would give the room a shabby appearance.

The Beds.—Pull down the beds, and carefully examine and purify every crevice and joint, together with the mattresses and bindings, so that if there are any unwelcome visitors, their presence may be discovered. If anything disagreeable is already in the bed, leave it without curtains or furniture for a few weeks, and brush every part of the bedstead with spirit of naphtha. When the bedsteads are made of wood, the joints may be smeared with a mixture of soft-soap and strong pepper. All bedsteads should be taken to pieces twice a year, in the spring and in the autumn, and the mattresses, palliasses, and feather beds beaten. Once a year the blankets and covers should be washed, and the furniture thoroughly cleansed.

Floors.—When floors are washed regularly, it is best to scour them with sand and cold water only, laid on with plenty of elbow-grease, as it is called, as soap and soda have a tendency to darken the boards. If they are only washed occasionally, some fuller's-earth should be dried, and made into a paste with a little boiling water, then mixed with rather less than half the quantity of silver sand. This mixture should be sprinkled on the boards, and they should be then well scrubbed in the direction of the grain of the wood, and afterwards washed with cold water. If the floor be spotted with grease, mix a quarter of a pound of pearl-ash with one pint of hot water, and scrub the floor with this and a little fine sand.

Marble Mantel-pieces.—The mantel-pieces must be washed with soap and warm water. If there are any stains, mix two ounces of powdered pumice-stone with two ounces of powdered chalk and a quarter of a pound of soda. Sift these, then make them into a paste with cold water. Rub the marble with the paste, and afterwards wash it with soap and water.

Pictures.—Brush the frames with a soft brush, and blow the dust out of any crevices which cannot otherwise be reached. Clean the glass with a wet leather and a soft cloth, and be careful not to touch the gilt frames with the damp cloth. If the frames require restoration, dissolve as much flour of sulphur as will give the required yellow tinge in about a quart of water, and boil half-a-dozen bruised onions in the liquid until they are tender. Strain the decoction, and when it is cold wash the frames with it, and let them dry in the air.

Lacquered Gas Chandeliers.—Clean them by rubbing them with a soft flannel dipped in a mixture made of equal parts of vinegar and stale beer. Wash the globes with whitening and water.

Chimney Glasses.—Rub these over lightly, either with wet whitening or with a rag dipped in spirits of wine, and polish them with a soft leather.

Venetian Blinds.—Unfasten the tape at the bottom of the blind, and draw out all the lathes. Wash them with lukewarm water and soap, dry them thoroughly, and put them up again, being careful that the cords which come down in the middle of the tapes are put in properly, as if this is not done the narrow tapes will fray.

After the furniture has been restored to its place, it should be cleaned and polished. Great care should be taken that all the dirt is rubbed off before the polish is put on, and in polishing it use a small quantity only of the paste. The principal thing required is good rubbing. The following will be found a good furniture polish:—Mix thoroughly a quarter of a pint of turpentine, ditto spirits of wine, ditto vinegar, and ditto linseed oil. Put the mixture into a bottle and shake it well, then rub it briskly on the furniture, and afterwards polish with a soft duster.

Winter curtains which are to be laid aside during the summer should be shaken, brushed, and folded neatly, and put away with dry bran spread between the folds. This will make them look bright and fresh when are taken out. All flannel and woollen goods should have lumps of camphor or, better still, strips of Russian leather put into the box with them, and they should be taken out and examined at least once in two months.

When every room in the house has been cleaned, the passages and stairs should be done, and the same directions followed with them. Then the fresh white curtains, the clean antimacassars, the pretty fire ornaments may be brought out, with whatever adornments taste or fancy may dictate; and if, when all is finished, both mistress and servant do not think their labour well repaid by the improved appearance and increased comfort of the house, all I can say is that they are very unlike the people with whom I am acquainted.

One word in conclusion. There is an old proverb which says, "If you want your work well done, do it yourself." I can scarcely recommend a lady to clean her house entirely by herself, but I am quite sure of one thing, she would find it to her advantage to personally superintend the cleaning of it. The way to obtain expedition, thoroughness, and cheerful work from the servants, is to join partially in it; and any lady who will spend part of her time in the room where the cleaning is going on, busying herself if she likes in a little of the lighter work, such as washing the ornaments or polishing the pictures, will find the truth of the saying, "The eye of a mistress is worth two pairs of hands."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

SUMMER ROSES.

WHERE a rose-bush twining clambers
Up the old home's crannied wall,
Where red rose-buds clustering gather
Round a window of the hall—
There, from out the casement leaning,
Is the sweetest rose of all.

Naught but sunshine fills the air;
O that, till the gloaming cometh,
No dark clouds may gather there!

Not but that, from out the roses,
Little thorns must sometimes peer;
Not that all the sunny heaven

Sunny-bright and joyous maiden,
Full of life as early morn,
Have a care lest, plucking roses,
Little hands perchance be torn!
Lest those little lily fingers
'Midst the roses find a thorn!

What reck you of thorns 'mid roses
While around all's bright and fair?
In the dawn of early morning,
Can be ever bright and clear—
To no mortal is it given
Ne'er to know a single tear

Yet, O gladsome bright-eyed maiden,
May thy tears of grief be few—
Few the misty clouds of sorrow
Dimming thy life's orient blue;
But enough to keep thee spotless—
Ever pure in heart, and true.

G. W.

MISS HONOR'S PATIENTS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A FEW miles to the north-west of Dublin, reside a set of people as primitive as any to be met with in the wilds of Connemara. Any one who has not lived amongst them can hardly realise the extraordinary distinctness of the idiosyncrasies characterising the inhabitants of the different hamlets. These are indeed so strongly marked, that even the phrases used in one place are seldom heard in the next village. The hamlet of Duntobber is no exception to this rule. In constant intercourse with Ireland's chief city, working in the houses and upon the land of the surrounding gentry, yet the aborigines of Duntobber obstinately refuse to accept civilisation and to become as other people are. They have their own peculiar old-world ways of doing things; they hold their own traditions upon certain subjects; and if any one of an innovating turn of mind tries to reason them out of their prejudices, they invariably quote the untimely fate, or the entire frustration of the hopes, of some weak-minded neighbour, who allowed himself or herself to be seduced into trying "these new-fangled ways."

From the foregoing remarks, it must not be inferred that the people in question are by any means stupid. Far from it. They each and all possess in a remarkable degree that species of shrewdness which seems peculiar to the Irish peasant. Their odd witty sayings and quaint remarks can hardly be excelled for point and originality. A chief peculiarity of theirs is that they commonly settle amongst themselves the affairs of their upper-class neighbours, and bitterly resent any deviation from the line of conduct they may think fit to point out.

The news of the probable resignation of the dispensary doctor was received with marked disapprobation by the gossips of Duntobber. For thirty-five years had Doctor Boyce faithfully laboured amongst them. A jovial kind-hearted little man, he understood their peculiarities, and humoured them. Every man, woman, and child in the parish was on speaking terms with him. He knew all their affairs: alternately scolded or sympathised with them. But the hand of age was beginning to lie heavily upon him, and at length the old doctor was obliged to resign. The dispensary tickets for Duntobber district are issued by a Mr. Kirwan, the owner of the hamlet and the land surrounding it. At least, said gentleman is commonly supposed to dispense them; but finding the recitals of the various symptoms of the applicants rather more than he has the patience to listen to, he usually contents himself by signing the books of tickets, and giving them into the care of his daughter Honor. She is a merry good-looking girl of about one-and-twenty, and an especial favourite of Doctor Boyce's. He has known Honor from her birth; and she, knowing she is a privileged person, often wickedly tries his patience by giving verbatim, upon the tickets, the words of the patients.

It is a "dispensary morning" in early March, and Honor sits in the breakfast-room in Duntobber House, whilst the applicants for tickets are one by one ushered in.

"Well, Molly—how are you to-day?"

"Throth, only middlin', Miss Honor. I kem for another ticket, miss."

"Why, Molly, you don't want a second one. You had a ticket on Tuesday. What did the doctor say to you?"

"Faith, I dunno, miss. Shure he didn't know what was the matther wid me at all; so I jist want yeh t' write it down more perticklar this time."

"I cannot possibly do so, Molly," says Miss Honor, too well accustomed to such requests to feel even amused by them. "Did Doctor Boyce give you any physic?"

"Yis, honey—yis; but the sorra taste o' good it did me."

"You don't know. You might have been worse if you hadn't taken it."

"The nerra fear o' me, miss; shure, here it is." And from beneath her apron Molly produces a pint bottle of some whitish fluid. "I knewn it wouldn't do me no good, Miss Honor, so where was the use in dhrinkin' it?"

Miss Honor sits with a perfectly imperturbable countenance, and says severely—

"Well, really, Molly, you ought to have had more sense. Do you fancy you know better than the doctor?"

"There now, Miss Honor, jewil! Yer gettin' crass, an' all for nothin' at all—only a bottle av dirty physic! Ye'll give us another ticket, honey," she continues insinuatingly, "an' yeh'll put in it that the docthor didn't know what was the matter wid me the last time, an' that me ailment is the same as Peggy Cluskey's, an' that I want a good rattlin' bottle av black-lookin' physic like hers? It was grand stuff, miss. Peggy went t' bed, an' tuk it; and in less nor no time there was a dhrop o' sweat an the ind av iviry hair an her head."

"Don't be ridiculous, Molly! Go and tell that to the doctor yourself. Go now; there are others waiting to be attended to."

"I'm goin', Miss Honor, darlint—I'm goin', agra! But shure yer goin' t' give me the laist taste o' writin' for the docthor?"

Knowing from experience that she may as well yield, Miss Honor writes a few lines in which she strictly adheres to Molly's statement. The latter goes on her

way rejoicing, and the next applicant for relief is ushered in. She is a tall, untidy, elderly woman, with a swarthy skin, piercing blue-black eyes, and grizzled hair, almost concealed beneath a large white cap with deep muslin borders. It is the kind of cap invariably worn by the real Irish country-women; the only head-gear which bears the least resemblance to it being the high cap worn by the Norman peasantry. Bridget Morris's cap consists of thick white muslin, the head-piece cut in such a way that it extends back and is joined at the nape of the neck. In the circle thus formed there is inserted a very full muslin crown or "caul;" muslin frills elaborately got up with the "tally," and muslin strings, constitute the washing materials of which it is composed. But one important item must not be overlooked. This is the ribbon which usually decorates such a cap. It is invariably of the most hideous plaid pattern. The bearers must have some way of procuring the adornment "for love," for we can confidently affirm we have never seen its like offered for money. This ribbon is usually about two inches broad, and is, without exception, put on in the following manner:—First it is carefully pinned exactly upon the seam where the head-piece is joined behind, then brought right round the top of the head until the seam is again reached: here the ribbon receives a fold exactly like that in a surgical bandage—again it is brought round the head, and pinned securely over the opposite ear. In justice to Irish women of this class, it must be admitted that the mutations of fashion seldom affect them. An Irish peasant woman looks with awe and admiration upon the tasteful, fashionable dress of *a lady*, but it seldom enters her head that such attire would be suited to *her:* indeed, we could name one woman of this class in Duntobber, who ran the risk of losing her reputation merely because she was the possessor of a green silk gown! When an Irish farmer gets on in the world, his wife does not ape the newest London or Paris fashions; her clothing may be of finer materials than heretofore, but they are the same time-honoured kind of materials, and always made in the same fashion.

But this is a digression from Bridget Morris, the wife of Con Morris the bellows-maker. Bridget is a power in Duntobber; unlike the generality of women of her class in Ireland, she has no respect for her superiors; and the priest, the doctor, and even Miss Honor herself not unfrequently receive from her what she graphically calls "the linth an' breth av her tongue." Her audacity is proverbial, and her powers of rhetoric would fill a Billingsgate fish-wife with envy. Secretly, Miss Honor is rather afraid of Bridget, and in an abject and cowardly manner writes down whatever symptoms the virago may think fit to detail. Other patients may be managed: Bridget Morris is unmanageable.

"It's not for meself I want the ticket, Miss Honor," she says, in reply to that young lady's interrogations; "it's for Con, the omadhawn!"

"I'm sorry to hear that," returns Miss Honor, with whom simple, good-natured, credulous Con is a favourite.

"Keep yer pity for them that wants it," retorts the virago irascibly; "Con catched cowld be his own gallivantin'! Will yeh write the ticket, Miss Honor?"

"Certainly, Bridget; what am I to say?" asks Miss Honor in a cowardly tone; "how old is Con?"

"Fifty, or thereabouts," responds Bridget in an off-hand manner.

"Fifty," repeats Miss Honor as she writes.

"*Or thereabouts*," amends Bridget emphatically, and adding warningly, "Mind, Miss Honor, Tom Blake can read writin', an' av yeh don't put down exact what yer towld, I'll tell the docthor an yeh—so put down the 'thereabouts,' for Con might be sixty for all I know!"

With a mirthful twinkle in her eye, Miss Honor obeys.

"Now read it, miss," demands Bridget.

"Age—fifty, or thereabouts; might be sixty for all his wife knows," gravely reads Miss Honor.

"Och! shure, that's splindid! the docthor can't make no mistake now."

"But what is the matter with Con, Bridget?"

"I'm comin' t' that, Miss Honor, I'm comin' t' that. First an' foremost he has a quareness in his head, an' a rumblin' an' rowlin' in his inside; an' his brathin's short, miss, for all the wurruld like an ould bellis athout a snout. Put that all down, miss, for Con said himself that's exact how he felt, an' sure he ought t' know, miss, bein' a bellis-maker."

Afraid to trust herself to make an answer, Miss Honor writes in silence; as she pauses, Bridget asks—

"Is that all down, miss?"

"Yes; don't you think it is enough to say?"

"Arrah, Miss Honor, that's not the half av it! Say his skin's as hot as a biled piatee."

"Skin burning," writes Miss Honor.

"Is that done, miss?"

"Yes—skin burning."

"Put like a hot piatee!" says Bridget peremptorily; "shure how's the docthor t' know av yeh don't tell him?"

"There's no more room on the ticket, Bridget."

"Thim that med thim ought t' make thim bigger thin!" retorts Bridget, adding, "Yeh'll come up an' see Con, Miss Honor?"

"Certainly, after you come and tell me if the doctor says I may."

"He may tell us t' put an a blisther, or a poultice, an' av coorse yeh'll come an' do it, Miss Honor?"

"To be sure," replies the young lady unconcernedly. Miss Honor is looked upon as being the doctor's assistant and the common property of the hamlet.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Two hours have passed away. Miss Honor looks towards the gate, and seeing Bridget advancing in an excited manner, she naturally concludes Con must be worse. On benevolent thoughts intent, the young lady advances towards her, and is unfeignedly astonished to hear Bridget exclaim—

"Throth an' faith, Miss Honor, it's Docthor Boyce ought t' be ashamed av himself!"

"Why?—what's the matter now?" asks Miss Honor, as she quietly divests herself of her gardening gloves.

"Matther enough!" cries the virago. "Why, afther Docthor Boyce makin' his livin' out av us for thirty odd years, he pays us the disrispect av puttin' a young chap into the dispinsary."

"What!" exclaims Miss Honor in dismay, as she thinks of some half-dozen verbatim tickets which she has written that morning; "surely the new doctor has not come. We heard nothing about it from Doctor Boyce, and he was here the other day. We knew there was a new doctor to be appointed soon, but did not know he had come yet."

"'Deed an' he's there, Miss Honor—a sawney-lookin' chap, not a bit bigger nor me own Mick."

"Doctor Boyce is not very big either," remarks Miss Honor apologetically.

"But av he's little, he's ould, an' he has the larnin'," is the sententious reply.

"Oh! well, you musn't take a dislike to the new doctor because he's not very tall. You know I'm not very big myself, Bridget."

"No, indeed, miss," says Bridget, with a keen glance at the young lady; "an' whin ye wor a weeshy, dawney little thing, I thought yeh'd be a fine girl, but throth, Miss Honor, yeh grew up mighty brief afther all."

"Yes, indeed," says Miss Honor, too well accustomed to these personal remarks to take umbrage at them. "Is the doctor—the new doctor, I mean—coming to see Con?"

"Yis, he's comin'," replies Bridget, with an aggrieved air, "but I'm thinkin' the nerra much use he'll be."

After-events prove that Doctor Walker is inclined to consider himself an exquisite, and to look with a certain amount of disgust upon his decidedly eccentric patients: a state of affairs they are not by any means slow to discover. Naturally, he wants to mould them to his way of thinking and managing matters; whilst, on the other hand, they have not the slightest intention of being shunted out of their customary groove.

Miss Honor, too, is beginning to act strangely; she actually refuses to write the verbatim dispensary tickets, the result being that they all look askance at her, and decide she has become a traitor, has gone over to the enemy, and panders to the depraved taste and "new-fangled ways" of the new doctor.

"Well, Miss Honor, the short an' the long av it is that we don't think the new docthor'll shoot us by no manner o' manes. We do be all talkin' a power about it; an' yeh see, Miss Honor, he doesn't undherstand our ailments."

"That's nonsense, Con."

"Not a bit av it, Miss Honor. Shure, he doesn't give us no medicine at all hardly."

"Well, perhaps that is Doctor Walker's way of curing people. Perhaps he does not approve of much medicine."

"It won't do, Miss Honor—it won't do," says Con, shaking his head gravely; "but listen t' me, agra. The docthor doesn't undherstand our ailments, an' you do, miss. An' shure, miss, Bridget an' a lot of the wimmin wint up t' the dispinsary this mornin', an' towld the docthor that the only thing for him t' do is for you an' him t' put up yer horses t'gether."

Miss Honor looks aghast. She knows that to put up their horses together is the vernacular for being married. Incapable of giving a coherent answer, she stares wrathfully at Con, who continues deliberately—

"They towld him, Miss Honor, that it 'ud be a good thing for him, for you knewn a power about our ailments, an' cud put him in an thim; an' that we'd spake t' yeh, miss, an' that av yeh wor agreeable, we'd be willin' t' give him another thrial."

No remark from Miss Honor.

"An', 'pon me conscience," continues Con charitably and insinuatingly, "he's not bad t' look at, an' he has a dacent little place an' a nice bit o' land; av coorse, the masther'll give yeh a bit o' money, Miss Honor, so that, faith, we think yeh cud be very comfortable."

Not daring to trust herself to make any reply, Miss Honor decamps precipitately, and walks quickly in the direction of home. Her cheeks are flaming with indignation, the more so because she knows that remonstrance of any kind would be useless. The inhabitants of Duntobber simply could not be made to understand what grounds she could possibly have for resenting their interest in her settlement in life. At this stage of her reflections a turn in the road brings her face to face with Doctor Boyce.

"Well, my pet," says the old man in his customary cheery voice; "and where are you coming from?"

"I have just been to see Con Morris," is the reply, whilst the colour mounts to her forehead. There is a mischievous twinkle in the old man's eye as he says interrogatively—

"Then I presume you have heard of the deputation to the dispensary. Poor Walker," continues the old man, with a chuckle of intense enjoyment, "is nearly at his wits' end amongst all the women."

"It's horrible!" exclaims Miss Honor with quivering lips. "Of course Doctor Walker doesn't understand what an extraordinary set of people they are in Duntobber. What *will* he think of me?"

"Make your mind perfectly easy, my child," says the old man, looking very knowing. "Time will tell what his opinion is. Judging by my own feelings, I'd rather marry a female gorilla than incur the wrath of Bridget Morris."

We have the information from the most authentic source, that two months ago Doctor Walker formally and legally took Miss Honor as a partner, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of Duntobber, who freely expressed their opinion to him, that—

"He wasn't half good enough for Miss Honor; but she was borned an' rared among thim, an' knewn their ways an' their ailments; an' it 'ud go hard on her but she'd make a man av him yit."

E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

COOLING DRINKS.

WHAT subject so suitable for early summer? Who has not at times experienced that strange and almost painful feeling that must exist in the throat, in order that the sensation may be worthy of the name of "thirst?" I recollect many years ago either hearing or reading a horrible story of the refinement of cruelty. A prisoner is supposed to have been lowered into a deep dungeon, and to have been left for a whole day without food. Ravenous with hunger, what are his feelings on seeing the dungeon-top unclosed, and slowly lowered a silver dish containing probably food! The dish is at length grasped and uncovered, and is found to contain some bread and nicely cooked salt fish, both of which are eagerly devoured. The dish is slowly drawn up, and the prisoner left alone. What, however, were the pangs of hunger that he felt compared to the raging thirst he now experiences, a thirst greatly increased by the nature of the food he has eaten—viz., salt fish! Another twenty-four hours of agony, tenfold greater than he experienced before, pass heavily away, and again the dungeon opens, and a large and beautiful silver goblet is seen slowly to descend, and sends a quiver of hope through the frame of the poor agonised wretch, almost raving. The goblet is at length clutched somewhat like a drowning man would clutch a straw. Alas! it is found to be empty, and he is left to Death, more merciful than his gaolers.

Horrible stories, too, have been told of travellers in the desert who, in their death-agony, have ripped open and ladled out a spoonful or two of water from their camel's stomach.

However, we English live in a happier clime; certain is it that should any one experience thirst in this country, it could not be from want of opportunities to drink.

Before, however, we proceed to discuss the various methods and recipes for cooling drinks such as claret-cup, champagne-cup, as well as home-made lemonade, lemon-smash, &c., it will not be out of place to compare (as we have already done in cooking) France and England, in regard to drinking. If it is urged there is a good old saying that "comparisons are odious," we would add, so also is drunkenness. That this latter vice is the curse of the country, and has been for many years, no one will deny. That of late private tippling in families far above the lower orders is also on the increase, is a fact so patent that it deserves more notice than that it has hitherto met with in purely medical journals.

Perhaps one of the simplest and most effective cures for the dangerous habit we speak of is the substitution of some agreeable but, at the same time, harmless drink, for the usual stimulant.

We believe that this point has not met with the attention it deserves. The public-houses of London are essentially drinking-houses. A poor man, to whom every penny is an object, is almost driven when thirsty to take beer—too often, unfortunately, the beer in question being so adulterated that it helps in the end to increase rather than alleviate thirst. On the other hand, a Paris café contains a choice of drinks almost unknown in London, many of which combine a delicious flavour with the advantage of being non-intoxicating. I have known several cases of English lads who, when in England, invariably took beer, who looked forward with pleasure to the equally cheap glass of groseille and water when abroad. These to whom I refer were in charge of some race-horses, had been educated at Newmarket, and were constantly in the habit of travelling between that place and Paris.

Young lads at the dangerous and susceptible age of seventeen too often take to drinking more beer than is good for them, just in the same way that they take to smoking—viz., because they think it will look manly, and not because they really like it. The habit once formed, in nine cases out of ten, probably lasts a lifetime; but the good old saying that prevention is better than cure," was never more applicable than in the case in point.

We could recommend some enterprising grocers during the present summer to offer for sale glasses of syrup and water—say groseille—with a small piece of ice in each glass, for a penny; the profit would be considerable. Were every grocer's shop in London to adopt this suggestion, I believe more would be done towards checking intemperance than all that the efforts of the teetotal societies have done for years.

There are several ways of making claret-cup, and many persons have their own private recipe. It will also invariably be found that each person thinks his own recipe the best. In this respect claret-cup may be said to have taken the place of punch, disputes about the best method of brewing a bowl of which are said in days of old to have even led to duels being fought between two rival brewers.

I will give two recipes for making claret-cup—one which may be called strong cup, suitable for dinner, and another weaker cup, more adapted to be drunk after cricket or rowing. There are, perhaps, few occasions when a deep draught of a cool fluid is more grateful than after a long pull on the river on a hot day.

Of course the basis of claret-cup is claret, but one word of warning somewhat similar to that we gave in connection with turtle soup. It is impossible to make a good cup out of really bad claret. I do not mean cheap claret, but sour. It is quite possible to get a good sound wine for twenty-four shillings a dozen, or even less; but at the same time it is quite possible to pay more, and get a sour compound that would be unfit for cup or any other purpose. On the other

hand, to use really good claret, such as Château Margaux or Château Latour, for making cup, would be as bad as using 1834 port to make negus.

Perhaps the most difficult point to determine in making claret-cup is its sweetness. Now, as this is purely a matter of taste, I would recommend persons to err on the side of too little sugar rather than too much, as it is always easy to add, but impossible to take away.

Take therefore about an ounce and a half of white sugar and dissolve it, by pouring a table-spoonful of hot water on it, and afterwards adding a little claret. I have always found this plan best, as otherwise the sugar is apt to settle at the bottom of the cup or jug, thereby often making the compound not quite sweet enough at starting, and a great deal too sweet at the finish.

"AFTER A LONG PULL" (*p.* 442).

We will suppose, therefore, that the sugar is completely dissolved, and added to a whole bottle of claret in the jug or cup selected for the purpose. Add two thin slices of lemon cut across the lemon, care being taken to avoid any pips, and one thin slice of cucumber-peeling, about as long and as broad as the first finger, and the thickness of the blade of a dinner-knife. Next add one sherry-glassful of sherry, one table-spoonful of *good* brandy—not some of that dreadful cheap brandy that smells like naphtha — and one table-spoonful of noyau or Maraschino. Rub a nutmeg about half-a-dozen times across the grater over the cup.

Let the cup stand for about a quarter of an hour, and then taste it. Should the flavour of cucumber be very decided, take out the piece of cucumber; and the same as regards the lemon. Should the flavour of the peel of the lemon be detected, take out the two slices of lemon, for lemons vary immensely in strength.

Now add a large lump of ice and a bottle of soda-water, taking care to pour the latter in carefully—*i.e.*, to put the soda-water bottle almost into the cup. I have seen persons pour the soda-water from a height, thereby losing half the carbonic acid gas, which ought to go into the cup to freshen it up, so to speak.

All that the cup now requires is drinking. It is by no means a very cheap affair, as the sherry, brandy, and noyau probably cost more than the claret.

A cheaper form of cup, and one more suitable for use, as we have said, after cricket or rowing, is a bottle of claret with the same quantity of lemon, cucumber-peel, and sugar, two or three drops of essence of almonds, a large lump of ice, and two bottles of soda-water.

The delight of a cup like this, on a hot June or July afternoon, after a long pull on the river, is a sensation not to be expressed, but to be dwelt on as a sweet thing in one's memory, especially if joined to a vision of a fair face, and fair hands proffering the cup of refreshment.

One word, however, in reference to the lemon proper not only for claret-cup, but for any other kind of cup. The lemon must be fresh—*i.e.*, when it is cut it must have a firm rim round it, yellow outside and white inside. An old lemon, that is soft and pulpy, with a hard, dry skin, and that smells sweet, is no good for claret-cup. In making champagne-cup it is still more important to have a good lemon.

The method of making champagne-cup that I think best is so simple that it barely deserves the name of a recipe. It is as follows:—A bottle of champagne, one or two thin slices of lemon, a large lump of ice, and a bottle of soda-water.

Francatelli is, however, so great an authority in cooking, and all his recipes, so far as cooking is concerned, so invariably correct, that I will give his recipe for making both champagne and claret-cup, merely remarking that I have not tried either. Francatelli recommends—"One bottle of champagne, one quart bottle of German seltzer-water, two oranges sliced, a bunch of balm, ditto of burrage, one ounce of bruised sugar-candy. Place the ingredients in a covered jug embedded in rough ice for an hour and a quarter previously to its being required for use, and then decanter it free from the herbs, &c." I should think the fault in this cup would be that it would taste too sweet.

For claret-cup Francatelli recommends—"One bottle of claret, one pint bottle of German seltzer-water, a small bunch of balm and burrage, one orange cut in slices, half a cucumber sliced thick, a liqueur-glass of cognac, and one ounce of bruised sugar-candy. Place these ingredients in a covered jug well immersed in rough ice. Stir all together with a silver spoon, and when the cup has been iced for about an hour, strain or decanter it off free from the herbs, &c." In this recipe I should think there would be far too strong a flavour of cucumber.

One of the most refreshing drinks in very hot weather is lemonade, but how rare is it that we meet with lemonade that is really nice! Of course tastes differ, but I cannot understand how some people can drink the ordinary bottled lemonade. It is, as a rule, so very sweet that it is absolutely sickly, and at the same time in such a state of effervescence that only peculiarly constituted throats can drink it at a draught. Plain home-made lemonade can be made very cheaply, when lemons are not too dear. The great secret is to use boiling water, and pour it on the pulp of, say, three lemons, with a small piece of peel, but not too much, as it will render the lemonade bitter. Add white sugar to taste—of course children like it sweeter than others. Let it get cold, and then strain it. Care should be taken that all the pips are removed from the pulp before the boiling water is added. A great improvement to this kind of lemonade is the addition of a little *dilute sulphuric acid*, about thirty drops to a quart. Thirty drops of dilute sulphuric acid when freely diluted can be taken at one dose without any fear, though of course such a quantity must not be taken without a doctor's order; but the addition of it to a whole quart of lemonade has the effect of rendering it much more palatable; and were a person to drink the whole quart, which is improbable, it would not do them the slightest possible harm. Dilute sulphuric acid is a simple but valuable medicine, particularly useful in summer.

Those who prefer sparkling lemonade had better try the following method, and then let them judge for themselves whether it is not infinitely superior to the ordinary bottled lemonade:—Squeeze a lemon through a little piece of muslin into a tumbler, and have the patience to wait while a couple of lumps of sugar dissolve in it. Then add some iced soda-water and stir it up, taking care it is not half lost by frothing over the tumbler.

Soda-water can be bought now very good at one shilling and ninepence a dozen. Mixed with a little fruit essence or French syrup, or raspberry vinegar, it makes most delicious drinks, especially if iced. Let me, therefore, entreat ladies who, during this hot weather, when they feel at times exhausted, have been in the habit of taking either weak brandy and water or sherry and water, to try one of these kinds of syrup instead. The effect of a stimulant is but short, and too often is followed by a reaction far worse than the original feeling of lassitude.

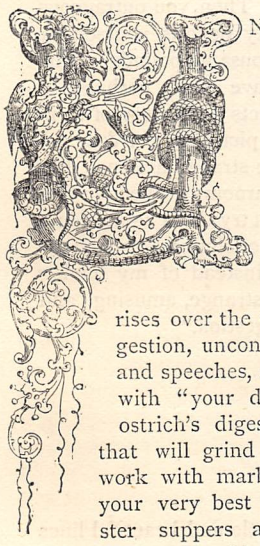
There is one subject in connection with cooling drinks that I wish to mention, and which will not perhaps be deemed out of place in an article like the present; and indeed its importance is so great that I feel constrained to introduce it. When you use water for drinking, or for mixing cooling drinks, take care that it is pure.

No house ought to be without a filter. Were the custom of first boiling and then filtering water

universal, thousands of lives would be annually saved throughout the country. Children are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of impure water, and during hot weather especially drink a great deal. The cost of a filter is small, and the trouble of boiling the water also small.

Let me strongly advise mothers in small households, where no trustworthy housekeeper is kept, to superintend the management of the filter themselves. If my advice be the means of saving the life of even one little one, it will not have been given in vain. Should any person say or think this is all rubbish, let that person ask any respectable medical man for his opinion, and then act on it. A. G. PAYNE.

YOUR DIGESTION.



UNDERLYING a hundred aspects of a man's every-day life is his digestion. The mumps and the grumps, in a human sense—that is, ugly, awkward dispositions—spring from indigestion. The miasma that rises from the Pontine marshes around Rome affects the traveller all unconsciously to himself, and the miasma that rises over the whole temperament, from indigestion, unconsciously affects a man's letters, and speeches, and looks. We have now to do with "your digestion." And it is not an ostrich's digestion, remember that! A mill that will grind corn well, would make sorry work with marbles. Perhaps you have done your very best to ruin your digestion with lobster suppers and counter-luncheons. Only look at men in cities, rushing in for their brief morning "feed," and see how they pack it in: it is just like a man cramming his carpet-bag, in a hurry, for a journey. What a squeeze-all pressure he puts on the poor little patent lock! linen and literature, slippers and shaving tackle, all diving into each other's ribs in the most uncongenial companionship possible. So a counter-lunch is often a shooting in of provisions straight into the physical carpet-bag, without any of the preparatory tooth-exercise so necessary to digestion. Any way, you and not your digestion must be considered responsible for the beginnings of the evil. Any way, you've got a digestion of some sort left; but it's rather a bad one, and it seems scarcely fair that the other members of the limited liability company of your constitution should get blamed for the faults of one member. Your temper out! No—it's your digestion. Your spirits low! No—it's your digestion. Be pleased also to remember that a great multitude of people in England eat as well as drink too much. If some people, for instance, could see all weighed out in lots that they "take in" at an ordinary dinner-party, they would stand aghast. And, of course, people drink too much. I do not mean that they imbibe too much of what is called intoxicating drinks—that is as clear to every one's vision as ruins by moonlight. But people take too much liquid—and they forget that liquids are more difficult of digestion than solids. Soups, for instance, are very hard of digestion.

People go to doctors, and get put a little straight, and then load the poor digestive machine as before. When two Frenchmen hired a trap for Brighton, the proprietor of the mews said, "Brighton! "Why, it's fifty miles—you can't do it!" "Vy not?" said one of them —"ve've both got vips." Exactly, and when the poor digestion tires, then the Englishman touches it up with bitters or sherries, or some other stimulant, and says, "We've got whips." Your digestion is simply saying to you, "I've done the work of two digestions ever since I've been in your service. I ought to have had only one dinner to attend to, and I have had luncheon and dinner also, which are but two names for the same thing. I ought to go to rest after tea-time, but I often have to sit up till twelve or one to attend to a heavy supper, and I scarcely get one good night's rest in the week. I'm not a bad digestion, but I'm really tired, knocked-up, worn-out for the time, and weary." And yet you will not believe all this testimony from within. Now then, poor digestion, prepare for temporary ruin. If you have suffered with whips before, you shall try scorpions now. You prescribe for yourself. Down go the bitter bitter-aloes. My word! How wonderful. You are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs now. You are saying to the digestive juices, "Good-bye, good-bye. We are going to make some juices for ourselves. We are going to swallow solvents—instead of letting Nature prepare them. What do we care though hers are harmless to the bodily tissues, and ours are hurtful? Hurrah for speedy results! We feel better. We are cheerful—we are wonderful."

But how about the digestion now? Why, you know your own properly-educated doctor, when called in to consider your case, had no end of trouble to restore your digestion to any measure of healthy activity! We have said that digestion affects temper—we ought also to have said there is reflex action, and temper affects digestion. Most manifestly so. The monarchs of old had jesters at their dinner-tables to make them merry whilst eating—certainly a very expensive precedent, to be followed only by few; and not only expensive, but foolish: jesters cannot give merry, thankful hearts. But there is a lesson in this. We should be thankful and cheerful at meals; if we sit down in sulks or sombreness, then the mill-wheels don't move merrily. Your digestion is an improvable affair, remark that; there is bodily wear-and-tear, and there is bodily repair. Yes, there is a *vis medicatrix*. You and I are not Scotchmen, but, *inter nos*, oatmeal is excellent, and brown bread is nutritious!

I shall have, however, to charge you the professional guinea if I write any more, so let me only add, in a friendly way, that nearly every soul I have known between eighteen and twenty-five has fancied he or she had heart complaint, and other vital evils, and has discovered that it was indigestion. When I am writing about your digestion, I cannot tell who *you* are; but seeing that multitudes of newspapers have entire columns devoted to cures for indigestion, I suppose "you" is indeed a pronoun of "multitude." Poor digestion! Perhaps, however, I ought to have approached you not from the physical side. You may be highly imaginative—a sort of trouble-inventor—one of those mental landscape-painters, like the masters who paint dark foregrounds and stormy skies. Perhaps your song, or rather your dirge, is "There's a bad time coming, boys, a bad time coming." If so, your fancy will affect your digestion, and you will suffer on, because you are of the anticipative school, who not only meet trouble half-way, but suffer from "apparitions" that never really appear. The relation of the digestion to the entire economy of our nature is such as to demand from parents, especially, great care as to the simplicities of youthful diet, and the denial of mustards, and condiments, and wines, and stimulants to children! Let me hope that your digestion is not such as to make this paper indigestible to you by reason of its candour. We speak of digestion figuratively sometimes, and how people can properly digest the prospectuses of some of the bubble loan offices, and the bubble oil companies, and the bubble gaming prospectuses, beats me hollow. Why on earth the projectors don't go in and win all the thousands for fives themselves, puzzles me. Certain investments—ahem! A hundred pounds for every sovereign—ahem! A thousand pounds for every five! Then, you outrageous sharper, you can't be worth fifty pounds yourself, or you would go and make ten thousand pounds in the twinkling of a jiffy. You have had, perhaps, a strange digestion, in some respects; for most of us in life, so far as prospectuses of pictures, &c. &c., are concerned, have swallowed some strange fictions. But exaggerations are not like mushrooms; when we find the latter hard to digest, we don't try them again; but, alas! we do the former. In conclusion, I have no doubt that if you had my ear instead of my having yours, you could tell me some strange, amusing, and interesting facts about "your digestion."

H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

WE have accustomed ourselves always to think of Her Majesty's youngest daughter as the baby of the Royal Family of England, and the baby of the nation; so it is with a sensation of surprise that many of us will realise, from the frontispiece this month presented to our readers, the rapid flight of the years which have been transforming our once "baby-princess" into all the matured grace and dignity of womanhood.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, Duchess of Saxony, was born April 14, 1857, and is now consequently in her nineteenth year. Appropriate alike to the subject and the season, Longfellow's subtle and beautiful lines here recur to us—

> "Like the swell of some sweet tune,
> Morning rises into noon,
> May glides onward into June."

At the early age of four years Her Royal Highness was orphaned by the death of her illustrious father, the Prince Consort; and at that sorrowful time, the sympathy of the nation, next of course to the Royal Widow, went out to the little child, the baby of the family, who was scarcely old enough to realise her loss. Since that year (1861), Her Majesty's life has been a secluded one, and the seclusion has necessarily been shared by the young Princess, who has been the almost constant companion of the Queen. Of the public life of the Princess, therefore, there is little or nothing to record. We may presume that in the natural course of things Her Royal Highness will soon appear more prominently and independently before the nation's eye, which will follow her with that peculiar fondness and attachment which "our youngest" always commands.

The career of a member of the Royal Family as a rule is no lazy one, as too many are ready to suppose. Our Princes and Princesses are really and truly a hard-worked race, what with laying foundation-stones, visiting hospitals, attending charity dinners, and other like business. And, before long, the Royal lady, whose portrait we give, will, we anticipate, be busy enough for the benefit of the Queen's subjects.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

(*See page* 444.)

THE GATHERER.

Cheap Gas.

Since the discovery of petroleum, the improvements in all sorts of machines, and the discoveries in chemistry, we have often wondered why some man had not solved the problem of applying cheap gas to country houses, or to buildings situated at a distance from the cities. This, it seems, has now been accomplished. A patent has just been obtained in France and in the United States for a new apparatus for making gas at home, even in the ordinary apartments of cities, and so far as we can see it is a complete success. The gas is inexplosible, its price is very low, and the whole machinery employed occupies but small space. In fact the apparatus occupies a space of only 40 inches in length and 20 inches in breadth and height, and can be placed in an ordinary cupboard. The advantages are—1st. The absence of all danger of explosion, no fire being employed in the fabrication. 2nd. Economy. 3rd. The instantaneous production of a brilliant light. The new system is said to offer a great economy upon all other modes of lighting, but this remains to be investigated. Nevertheless, if the cost be a trifle more, the gain in convenience will amply compensate for it.

A Costly Scent.

The "otto of roses" is manufactured largely in the Valley of Kesanlik, Roumelia, from which an annual quantity of 44,000 pounds is exported. To make a single ounce of the oil, fifty-seven pounds of roses—numbering to that quantity 130,000 flowers—are required. The roses are plucked in the middle of May, and the entire rose-harvest lasts about three weeks. The blossoms gathered in each day are at once distilled, and after distillation, the valued oil is gathered from off the surface of the water. The labour of gathering the flowers is performed by women and children, the average daily wage being about ten cents. The otto is liable to regular adulteration with an oil, which is added chiefly with the view of increasing its weight.

A Hint to Brewers.

The vexatious problem of "spoiled beer" seems likely to receive a thoroughly successful solution at last. Pasteur—whose researches on atmospheric germs, and whose fame as a staunch supporter of the "germ theory," are well known to all—has recently given forth his opinion that the chief cause of the "turning" of beer in hot weather, lies in a faulty or abnormal fermentation produced in the process of brewing. With pure yeast, and attention to surrounding conditions, Pasteur informs us that a normal fermentation can be induced, and one which remains unchanged by the summer's heat; and we are certain that the brewers will await with anxiety the fuller knowledge of the process which is to enable them to defy their natural enemy, the sultry heat of summer.

Loss of Meat in Cooking.

The exact loss of different meats in cooking may not be generally known to housekeepers.

Beef in boiling loses twenty-six pounds in one hundred pounds, or rather more than a quarter; in roasting it loses one-third; and in baking very nearly the same. Legs of mutton lose one-fifth in boiling, and one-third in roasting; and a loin of mutton in roasting loses rather more than one-third.

Cheap Coffees.

It is right to suppose that the green colour of the coffee-berry is a sign of its goodness. This, however, has lost much of its value in consequence of the practice of dyeing the berry with a copper dye. A great dietist has recommended that, before roasting, the berries should be washed in hot water and dried in a clean cloth. Should this be omitted, the copper would be absorbed by the coffee in the process of roasting. To test the presence of copper, pour a little acid into the water with which you washed the berries, and place a polished blade of a knife into it. If copper be present, the knife will come out with a thin red coating on it. To detect the mixture of chicory with coffee, the smell is sufficient; but for an easy test, pour some *cold* water over ground coffee. Should the liquid become brown, there is chicory in it: genuine coffee would not colour it.

Some coffee is largely mixed with burnt rye-bread, and is neither safe nor nourishing. On the Continent the poor use a very cheap coffee made of burnt acorns. These are bitter, and in roasting give out a hot, pungent oil. Coffee so made is not pleasant, and the tannin it contains is injurious to the stomach, and arrests digestion. Articles at low prices are so sought for by the poor that adulterations are legion. Adulteration of coffee has been carried so far that carrots, swedes, a sort of earth called bolus, sand, and even brick-dust have been used in its manufacture. The application of the Act of Parliament to adulteration has protected the mass of consumers; but for the poor there is still need of simple methods for detecting wholesome and nutritious from unwholesome and spurious food.

A Substitute for Diamond Dust.

Amongst the most important of recent inventions is one which will command a large amount of attention, as it converts what is at present a very high cost into a comparatively insignificant one. It is a method of hardening glass to such an extent as to render it an efficient substitute for diamond dust. This important result is obtained by cooling the glass in refrigerating moulds. It is matter for speculation whether the ornamental properties of the diamond are also obtained by this simple process.

A Use for Old Corks.

What becomes of all the old corks? There are collectors of rags and bones, and hare-skins and rabbit-skins, but we never heard that any one thought it worth his while to gather old corks together. The numbers of them thrown away daily must be enormous. Not long since, a proposal was made that they should be preserved and sent to a central depôt, to be used for filling life-buoys, belts, &c., which might be sold at a low rate to mariners. This is a sensible hint, and in some modified form, perhaps, might be turned to account.

The originator of this idea adds that "the clearing officer at every port should see that no merchant ship sails without its due complement of life-buoys, and a cork-jacket for every one of the crew." So he should, and it is to be hoped that it will not take many more dreadful disasters to rouse us to energetic legislation on this and other maritime subjects.

How to Remove Mildew.

Make a very weak solution of choride of lime in water (about a heaped-up tea-spoonful to a quart of water), strain it carefully, and dip the spot on the garment into it; and if the mildew does not disappear immediately, lay it in the sun for a few minutes, or dip it again into the lime-water. The work is effectually and speedily done, and the chloride of lime neither rots the cloth nor removes delicate colours when sufficiently diluted, and the articles well rinsed afterwards in clear water.

Warmth and Ventilation.

A recent invention by Dr. Ancell Ball, J.P., of Spalding, combining the simultaneous advantages of warmth and ventilation, together with economy, has just been brought under our notice. This invention consists of several parts, all of which, however, work together to a greater or less extent, forming one complete system for the better construction, warming, and ventilation of our dwellings.

First we have what Dr. Ball very appropriately calls the Janus Grate, seeing that it has two faces, each of which opens into and heats a different room. This grate is intended to be placed in the partition-wall between the two rooms, which may be kitchen and sitting or both sitting-rooms, the grate in the latter case being of course of a simpler construction.

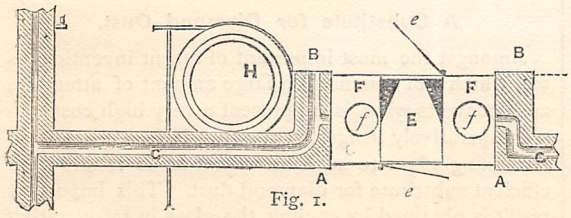


Fig. I.

Fig. I. gives a horizontal section or ground plan of such a grate situated between a kitchen B, and a sitting-room A. E is that portion of the Janus Grate which contains the fire; *e e* are doors opening towards A and B, shutting off the fire completely from either room when desired. F F are hot-air chambers, over which are the two apertures, *f f*, for pots, pans, &c. H is a copper heated by F, and by G, which is a flue conveying hot moist air to the lobbies of the house, where it is utilised for warming and ventilating purposes. Beneath E (the fire) there is an oven directly heated by the hot-air apparatus.

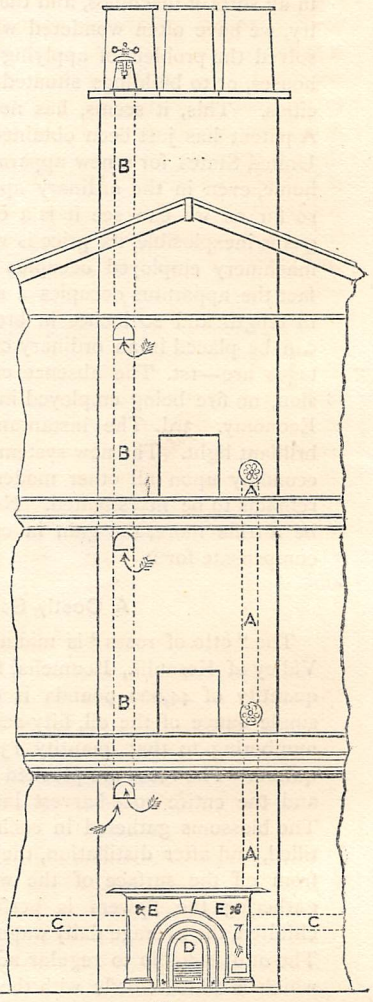


Fig. II.

Fig. II. is a sectional elevation of house, giving sitting-room view of grate, showing warming and ventilating apparatus. Here D is the Janus Grate, containing an upper layer of coke, with sliding pan of small coal beneath. E E are hot-air chambers, with apertures for the admittance of cold and the exit of warm air from the room. A is a flue conveying hot air to the upper floors, when desired. B is another flue, with entrances just beneath the ceiling of each room, and intended to carry off impure air. This flue may be fitted at the top with a horizontal wheel, which has the effect of increasing the outward current of impure air. C is a horizontal flue passing along the walls of the house, carrying hot moist air to the lobbies, warming them, and expediting the ingress of fresh cold air, which by another very ingenious arrangement may be admitted even in winter without any draught or other unpleasant effect.

Such is a bare outline of Dr. Ball's invention; even now we have omitted all description of much other ventilating and disinfecting apparatus forming part of the same design, into which it is impossible for us in our limited space to enter.

This modern Janus has at any rate a promising appearance; it only remains to be seen whether his two faces of utility and economy will prove as fair in every-day practice as they are in design.

Eating Camel.

Colonel Warburton, the latest explorer of Western Australia, experienced sad trials with his camels. They were almost unmanageable when alive, and almost uneatable when "turned into meat." Says Colonel Warburton in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society: "Unfortunately, we had to eat seven of them. I dare say, when the animal is fat and well fed on oil-cake and other things, it cannot be very bad; but when he has been worked to that extent that he is unable to stand, and is shot only because it would be a pity to leave him to rot, his meat is not very good, and it is interlaced with large sheets of parchment. He looks a very large animal, but there is very little meat on him. He is more bone than anything else; and I can assure you that of all the buckets of meat—for the bucket was our cooking-vessel—that we cooked when a camel was killed, never, in any single instance that I can remember, was there one single bubble of grease on the surface. The head is somewhat of a delicacy, and the feet are really very good; for his condition does not affect his feet very much. In our distress, however, we were obliged to eat him, inside and outside too. And his hide is pretty good when you cannot get anything else; but if anybody here has had the boldness to taste the contents of a carpenter's glue-pot, it comes to very much the same thing. We were compelled, by absolute starvation, to eat our camel—all but the hair—clean through from end to end; and after the bones had been lying in the sand some days, they were broken up to make broth of; and, in the course of a short time, I don't think any of the animal was to be seen. The advantage of the camel is that he can work until he cannot work any longer, and then you can eat him."

How to render Paper Transparent.

It is worth knowing that if one volume of castor-oil be dissolved in two or three volumes of spirits of wine, it will render paper transparent; and, the spirit rapidly evaporating, the paper in a few minutes becomes fit for use. A drawing in pencil or in Indian ink can thus be made, and if the paper is placed in spirits of wine, the oil is dissolved out, restoring the paper to its original condition. This is the discovery of Herr Fuscher.

A Parisian Banquet.

They are ahead of us in France as regards the eating of horse-flesh. In order to tempt the English and Americans to introduce it into their native lands, a banquet was held recently at the Grand Hôtel in Paris. The bill of fare was almost entirely "horsey." The soup was a "consommé de cheval;" there were "horse sausages with pistachio nuts," "roast fillet of horse," a sirloin of mule, a fricandeau of braised donkey, and many other to us unfamiliar dishes. Purchasers of tickets could also buy the photographs of the animals killed for the feast, so as to make sure they were in first-rate condition.

There are now no fewer than fifty shops in Paris for the sale of horse and donkey flesh, and fifteen States in Europe recognise the animals as proper food.

Animal Food in Hot Weather.

Though fat is a very objectionable form of diet in summer, it is a mistake to suppose that animal food is not necessary or desirable during intense heat. This was formerly the universal impression, but it has been altered by recent observations in Central Africa, where it is now known that amongst the natives the appetite for animal food is voracious in the extreme; and the late Dr. Livingstone testified with reference to himself, that such voracity is not merely the result of a savage nature, but a natural consequence of climate. He, under the impression that vegetable diet was best for him, conscientiously refrained from animal food on many occasions, until he perceived that course to be unwise. His abstention from animal food induced in him an extraordinary craving for it, and led to ague and other disorders of a dangerous character, which were invariably allayed or cured by resorting again to animal food, which he ate, on returning to it, with intense relish; his final conviction derived from these experiences being that, for all climates, and under all circumstances, the most valuable of all food is beef!

The Dress of Flowers.

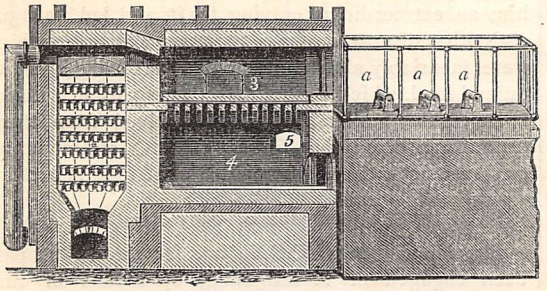
Mr. H. C. Sorby, F.R.S., has for some time past been engaged in investigating, by means of that wonder-glass the spectroscope, the nature of the colours in which plants dress so gaily, and also the variations in colour which are so characteristic of certain forms. Already some curious results have been attained, and it has thus been found that the varying colours of spring, summer, and autumn are due to separate substances, developed each at its appropriate period. The *hæmoglobin*, or red colouring matter of the blood of the higher animals, when chemically treated, has been found curiously enough to yield a green substance when greatly oxidised. In the green colour of the fresh-water sponge (*Spongilla*), six of the substances which colour the leaves of the higher groups of plants have been found.

A Formidable Snake.

When a reptile has been interviewed by royalty, it may claim to rank amongst the aristocracy of nature. This is the case with the snake-eating snake from India (*Ophiophagus Elaps-Hamadryas Ophiophagus*), which was visited lately in the Zoological Gardens by Her Majesty the Queen. It is one of the largest and most venomous of serpents. When full-grown it is of the respectable length of twelve or fourteen feet. The woods form the usual haunts of the *Ophiophagus*, and it has a particular liking for hollow trees. Its food consists almost entirely of other snakes, which it catches by the throat and swallows head foremost. No other serpent is less of a coward: when attacked it not only turns on its enemy, but pursues him. The snake-charmers of India highly prize this formidable reptile, but they say it is exceedingly dangerous to catch and difficult to handle. Specimens are not to be seen in every travelling menagerie; that in the Zoological Gardens is the only one of the kind ever brought to Europe.

A Cremation Furnace.

In the accompanying illustration we have a newly invented cremation furnace. (Let us premise, however, that we simply introduce the subject as a statement of fact, and are not advocating either side of this much-vexed question of cremation.) That the reader may understand its mode of operation, it is necessary to remark that there are certain chemical difficulties connected with the inoffensive burning of bodies, at least if we wish to preserve the ashes of the departed unmixed with foreign substances. Two things at least are requisite — intense heat and an abundant supply of pure oxygen. This furnace amply fulfils these conditions. Its distinguishing feature is the



"regenerator," 1, which consists of a narrow chamber in which fire-bricks are so placed as to leave numerous passages between them for the circulation of the flames that arise from burning gases below the arch, 2. These burning gases are introduced from without, and their purpose is to heat the bricks red-hot, so as to enable them to impart a high degree of temperature to the air subsequently admitted; 3 represents the combustion chamber, in which the body is placed; 4 is the ash-chamber, separated from the combustion chamber by a perforated brick floor. A flue, 5, leads from the ash-chamber to the regenerator.

Suppose the cremation ceremony about to take place. The gas is lighted at the bottom of the regenerator. The flames first heat the regenerator, next the combustion chamber, and then pass downwards through the open floor into the ash-chamber, and thence into the flue, 5. In about four hours, and after an expenditure of nine hundred-weight of coal, the regenerator has reached a bright-red heat, and the combustion chamber is also at an exceedingly high temperature. The gas is now shut off. The body is placed on rollers, *a a a*, either simply on a board or enclosed in a coffin; the furnace-door is opened, and the body is pushed in. The door is again closed, and air is admitted from the air-channel into the regenerator. The air, being highly heated on passing through the regenerator, sets fire to the body, and in from an hour to an hour and a quarter, nothing remains but ashes and calcined bones. These are extracted from a door in the ash-chamber.

It is said that a second body, if at once introduced, may be burned to ashes without re-heating the regenerator.

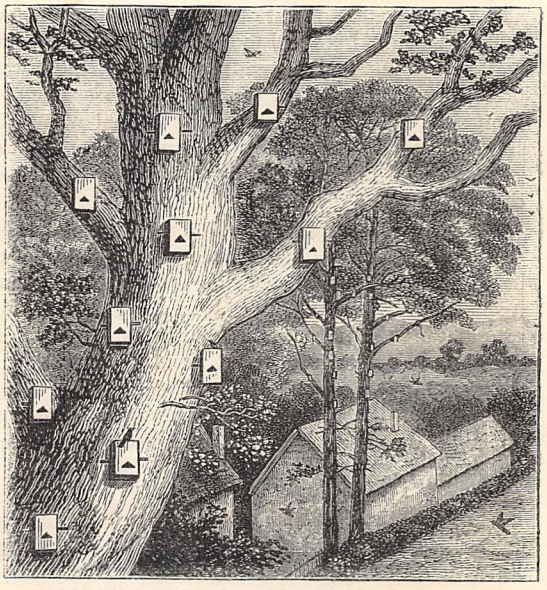
Old-Boots Jelly, and other Novelties.

Starving travellers have often been known to try to allay the pangs of hunger by gnawing their old boots and shoes. We never heard, however, that the food proved in any way nourishing. Science has now come to the rescue, and, out of these cast-off coverings for the feet, extracted a tempting jelly. Perhaps some one may wish to try his hand at this novel cookery, so here are the directions:—First of all, clean the boots and shoes. Then boil them in soda under a pressure of two atmospheres. Remove and dry the gelatine which will rise to the surface. From this last the delicious jelly is easily concocted.

A clever imitation of coffee can be made out of old shirts, sugar for sweetening it being manufactured from the cuffs and collars. We are thus in a fair way for enjoying a meal of things which are not what they seem.

A New Accommodation for Birds.

In these days, when our feathered friends are often so cruelly persecuted, it is refreshing to hear of any steps taken to encourage their multiplication and add to their comfort. A kindly farmer in Surrey has placed on nearly all the trees surrounding his farm a number of little box-nests, as shown in the accompanying illustration. They are made of wood, and fastened to



the trees with hoop-iron. The birds, it seems, take readily to them, and soon make themselves quite at home. There are no vacant tenements to be seen anywhere. The nests are of two sizes, some being a little larger than the others. The smaller ones are inhabited by sparrows; the more commodious habitations are held by starlings. Their protector is not without his reward: adjoining his farm he has one of the finest and largest nurseries in England, and the birds are of the utmost service in the destruction of grubs and insects.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

MADAME BROADBENT'S FAN.

THEY had made their exit from the Fountain Street end of the box-lobby, to avoid the rush from the gallery door in Back Mosley Street, which somewhat lengthened the short distance Jabez had to convey his precious charge, who appeared more apprehensive of offending Madame Broadbent by scant and unceremonious leave-taking, than troubled by the impertinence of the young officers.

Truth to tell, the whole adventure had a savour of Miss Bohanna's circulating library about it, and she felt herself elevated into a heroine by the occurrence. But her appearance before Madame Broadbent in the morning would be very real and unromantic, that lady resenting nothing so much as disrespect.

"You see, Jabez, I did not even make a curtsey to her as we came away. I am afraid she will be displeased."

"If you think so, Miss Ashton," he replied respectfully, "I will hasten back as soon as I have seen you safely home, and bear your apologies to Madame Broadbent. She may not have left the theatre. Besides, I feel that I also owe an apology for leaving a lady of her age unprotected in the midst of such a scene. It was very remiss on my part," he added; "but, indeed, at the time I thought only of placing you beyond reach of further insult;" and Augusta could hear him mutter between his teeth, "The impertinent puppy!"

The distance even from Fountain Street was very inconsiderable, and they had reached the broad steps of the door in Mosley Street, and his hand was on the lion-headed knocker when this ejaculation escaped him.

Service from Jabez was so much a matter of course that Augusta regarded his care for herself, and his proffer to run back at her bidding, only in the light of apprentice-duty; but that muttered exclamation spoke of smothered passion; and before James was roused from his doze in front of the far-away kitchen fire by that peal on the knocker, and sleepily opened the door, she had added a caution as an addendum to her message to Madame Broadbent.

"I hope, Jabez, you are not going back to—to interfere or quarrel with Mr. Walmsley and the other officer. If they are not quite sober, you must remember *they are gentlemen*."

"I will forget nothing I should remember, Miss Ashton," said he, as James unclosed the door for her entrance, and he darted off, the emphasis she had laid on her closing words having stung him keenly with a sense of his social inferiority in her sight. "She evidently thinks the apprentice College-boy has no right to raise his hand against gentility in uniform, however drunk or disorderly it may be," he thought, as he ran along, spurred by a manly desire to show that it was not cowardice which had caused him to leave his prostrate enemy in the hands of a deputy.

He was not three minutes more in reaching the box-entrance in Back Mosley Street; but for all that, the short walk home, and the brief delay caused by sleepy-head James, had given ample time to empty and close the theatre, from which more than half the audience had dispersed before they left. Even the oil lamps over the doors were extinguished; and though a few stragglers loitered about—the natural hangers-on to histrionic skirts—and there were brawlers in the neighbourhood, he saw none of those he went to seek.

The fact was, Captain Travis had hauled Lieutenant Aspinall from the ground with little ceremony, and, with a sharp reproof for "the disgrace he was bringing on their corps by insulting a young lady in a public place, as if sufficient odium did not attach to the Yeomanry already," forced him into a waiting hackney-coach, giving the driver orders to bear him home to his father's house on Ardwick Green, heedless of the young officer's remonstrance to the contrary. But Jehu, who knew his fare, drove him instead to the "George and Dragon," on the opposite side of the Green, and Mr. Aspinall saw nothing of his hopeful son that night.

Nor would Charlotte Walmsley have seen much more of her husband, had not kind-hearted Ben gone far out of his own way to land John safely at home. Perhaps it would be hardly fair to calculate too nicely how far he was influenced to that by the relation of the Walmsleys to Ellen Chadwick, since the secret springs of action often lie too far down even for self-knowledge.

As for Madame Broadbent, no sooner had Miss Nuttall disposed of the last of the budding misses, than she hid her indignation in the deep shadow of her large calesh, and, with an access of importance, left the theatre, slightly in advance of her humble

dependants, and made her fearless way through Fountain Street and High Street, with a step which augured unpleasantness for all beneath her roof if her supper were not done to a turn and served to a nicety.

Augusta was somewhat loth to leave her pillow in the morning, after the night's unusual dissipation, and was still more reluctant to encounter her lessons and Mrs. Broadbent; and she for the first time remarked to Cicily that she thought she was "quite too old to go to school." As if the world was not one huge school, wherein the dunces get punished most severely, and even the best and brightest do not escape the rod. But Augusta Ashton, buoyant, blooming, cherished, admired, adored, could not see that her real schooling would begin when Madame Broadbent's reign ceased.

No doubt Mr. Ashton would have been coaxed into granting an extension of his darling daughter's Easter holiday, and suffered her to remain at home that Thursday morning, but he was at Whalley Bridge; and mamma met her request with—

"No, my dear, you have had quite holiday enough. It would be setting a bad example to infringe Madame Broadbent's rules. Go, my dear, and go cheerfully. I will send Cicily for you at noon. The streets will be rather rough this week."

She went, though not cheerfully, and Cicily was duly despatched to bring her home; but neither Cicily nor Miss Ashton had returned when dinner was put upon the table at half-past twelve o'clock.

Then Mrs. Ashton recalled her own words respecting the rough streets, and the insult offered as an unwelcome tribute to Augusta's beauty over-night; and, though by no means a nervous woman, the mother grew restless and apprehensive—a lovely daughter who is an only child is so very anxious a charge.

As she sat down to her solitary meal, another thought crossed her mind.

"James, ask Mr. Clegg to oblige me by stepping this way."

Mr. Clegg was with her in an instant: the summons was unusual.

"Jabez, I'll thank you to ascertain why Miss Ashton has not returned from school at the usual time. Cicily has been gone almost an hour. Should Madame be keeping her in for any breach of etiquette last night, pray offer an apology for me and for my daughter also, but at the same time politely insist on Miss Ashton's immediate return to dinner."

"I believe I owe Madame Broadbent an apology myself," answered Jabez, smiling. "I shall be glad of an opportunity to discharge the debt."

The school-room door was midway down the dark, narrow, arched entry. Groups of girls, with slates and bags in their hands, loitering on the pathway at the entrance, and in the passage, made way for him, with curious looks and whispers among themselves (Jabez was not unknown to some of the senior pupils). The school-room door stood ajar: the whole place was in a commotion unprecedented in that precise establishment.

Madame Broadbent, holding by the copy-slip axiom, "Familiarity breeds contempt," preserved her dignity and that of her high office by avoiding personal contact with her pupils, save at stated hours. Her assistant-governesses were at their posts from nine until twelve, from two until four; but Madame herself only sailed into the long room from the house-door across the entry at eleven o'clock to receive reports, inspect work, dispense rewards, or administer reproof and chastisement. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" had not been abolished from the educational code fifty-five years back.

The double shock her importance had received at the theatre sent her home to quarrel with her supper; and as a meal dispatched in an ill humour does not easily digest, Othello and the Castle Spectre haunted her pillow, and broke her rest with nightmares.

She rose late, and stepped into her schoolroom later than usual, to visit her accumulation of disagreeables on minor delinquents, as well as on the primary offenders.

Let us be just: Madame Broadbent had gracious smiles and approving words to dispense to the ultra-good, and their very rarity made them valuable. But if she rewarded any that day, it was only that severity might stand out in contrast.

Little hearts beat, little fingers plied industrious needles, little eyes bent over work, when Madame's step was heard in the entry; but when her august presence fairly filled the room, every little damsel rose simultaneously, and saluted her entrance with a low, formal, deferential curtsey.

Two rooms had evidently been thrown into one to give required space, the back portion being curiously lit by a narrow, small-paned window extending along the side, high above the rows of racks and pegs. It was the writing end of the room. Madame Broadbent occupied a seat in the front portion, almost opposite to the door; and as she marched towards it with more than ordinary loftiness, and beat her fan on her table with one peremptory tap, instead of a short rapid quiver, to enforce her command, "Attention, ladies!" the very youngest of those ladies could interpret the signs portentously.

Lucky was the young lady whose work passed muster that morning! so many were condemned to stocks, backboard, columns of spelling, recitations from the "Speaker" and Thomson's "Seasons," lengths of openhem, backstitching, or seaming.

At length Madame Broadbent, having dismissed ordinary business, rapped her fan upon the table, and in a sharp peremptory tone called, "Miss Ashton!"—and Miss Ashton, who had been expecting the summons all the morning, came forward at her bidding, but not with the ordinary alacrity of pupilage.

She had left her childhood (I had almost said her girlhood) behind her, in the box-lobby of the Theatre Royal.

"Miss Brookes!" cried the same sharp voice; and with a painful start the little girl who had committed such a terrible breach of decorum before a whole theatre as to utter her impromptu commentary on the

tragedian's art, rose, trembled, burst into tears, but was too agitated to obey with sufficient promptitude. Her seat was on a low front form. Madame took a step forward, stretched out her arm, and dragged the child by the ear to the side of Augusta, then gave her a smart cuff as an admonition to more prompt obedience another time.

Then with another rap of her fan on the table, which set all hearts palpitating, she began an inflated harangue to the mite of a child and the budding woman, in which she reproached them both with bringing disgrace on the "Academy" hitherto so irreproachable. The one had drawn the attention of a whole theatre to her ill-breeding and want of proper training; the other by "boldness of look and manner had licensed the free speech of loose men;" and, as if that were not enough, had "been the cause of an unpardonable insult to herself." She, Madame Broadbent, so highly honoured and respected by the chief people in the town, to be called "Mother Broadbent!" —it was an outrage not to be endured.

Her temper interrupted her oration; she shook Augusta violently, and condemned her to stay in school until she had learned one of Mrs. Chapone's letters by heart. Then she darted on the smaller one as the primary cause of all, shook her till the little teeth chattered, and dragged her by the lobe of the ear towards a dark closet, set apart for heinous offenders.

Something akin to rebellion had been growing in Augusta's breast all the morning. She was a girl of quick impulses and sympathies, and was not only struck by the disproportion of punishment meted out, but by the terror on the little one's face.

She threw herself in their path, and to the utter astonishment alike of pupils and teachers laid hold of the child to release her, exclaiming as she did so, "You shall not lock her in the dark! you will kill her with fright, you cruel Madame Broadbent!"

If Madame Broadbent had been wrathful before, she was furious now. Never in her long experience had she been so braved. Without thought, without premeditation, she raised her heavy fan and struck sharply at Augusta. The blow fell on her beautiful bare neck, the collar-bone snapped, as it will do with a very slight matter, and Augusta dropped!

Cicily, waiting outside at the time, heard Madame's raised voice and Augusta's impetuous remonstrance; then a thud, a fall, and a suppressed scream from the girls; and, without pausing to knock, she pushed open the door.

Cicily had been too long the recipient of Augusta's school-girl confidence to stand in much awe of Mrs. Broadbent at best of times. Now she darted forward to raise her young mistress, whom she almost worshipped, and certainly did not consult either Madame's feelings or dignity in the epithets she launched at her.

No one had been more electrified at the effect of that stroke with the fan than Mrs. Broadbent's self. She seemed petrified, and Cicily's indignant outburst fell on deaf ears; but as Miss Nuttall ran for water, and Cicily cried out for a doctor, she roused to self-consciousness, and closed the school-room door as if to keep the outer world in ignorance of what was going on inside.

A wide latitude was then allowed for school discipline; but even Madame Broadbent was sensible that the blow which had felled Mr. Ashton's only daughter was a blow to imperil her Academy.

Augusta did not revive. Miss Nuttall suggested that the school should be dismissed, and a doctor fetched; and before either could be effected, Jabez was on the spot.

He took in the scene at a glance; Augusta, white as her frock, her hair all in disorder, lay extended on a form, her head supported by the kneeling Cicily; whilst excited girls and teachers flocked helplessly around.

"Good heavens! what is the matter! what has happened to Miss Ashton?" was his hurried and agitated inquiry.

One said one thing, one another. Wrathful Cicily came nearest to the mark. "That old wretch has struck ar darlin' wi' her great fan. Aw'm afeard her neck-bone's brokken!"

"Impossible! She could not be so heartless!" he cried as the group made way for him to pass, and he knelt down opposite to sobbing Cicily, and sprinkled the pallid face so dear to him with water some one had brought in.

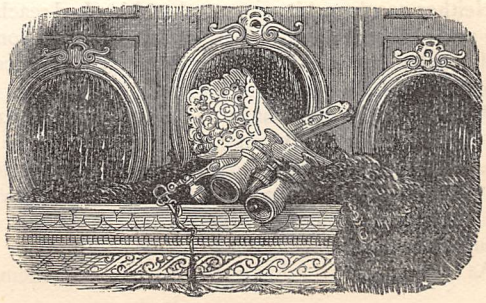
There was no sign of revival. "Oh! this is terrible! Oh, madam, how could you do it? Mrs. Ashton will be distracted!" and he started to his feet, inexpressible anguish in every feature. "But this is no time for revilings. Where is the nearest doctor?"

"There is Mr. Campbell in Hanover Street—and——"

Brushing unceremoniously past his informant, he was with the Scotch surgeon before Miss Nuttall had well recovered from her surprise, or Madame from her stupor.

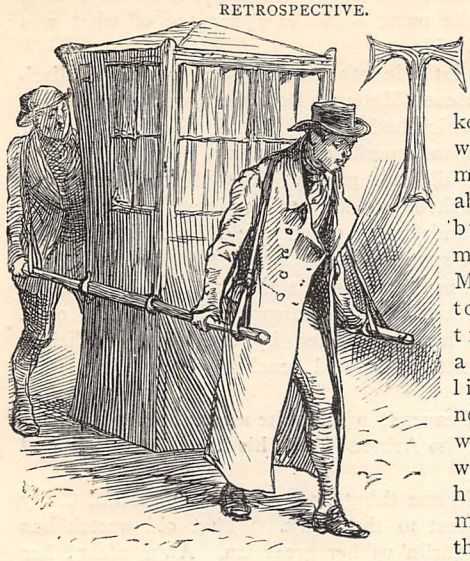
Mr. Campbell was quickly on his way to attend his new patient, and Jabez speeding towards the top of Market Street. There he hired a hackney-coach from the stand, close as he was to home, and drove straight to Dr. Hull's. He bore the doctor from his unfinished dinner, with impetuosity brooking no delay.

They found Augusta Ashton faint, pale, but restored to consciousness, in Madame's own dingy parlour, where the author of the mischief was doing her best to put a favourable colour on the disaster.



CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

RETROSPECTIVE.



THE collar-bone was broken; there was no mistake about that; but Jabez, mindful of Mrs. Ashton's protracted anxiety, lingered no longer where he would fain have remained, than to see the surgeon prepare—under Dr. Hull's supervision—to reduce the fracture: a delicate process, since to the collar-bone no splints can be applied.

Augusta's affection for her mother overcame her pain. "You will be careful how you tell mamma, Jabez, I know; do not frighten her more than you can help; she will be so terribly distressed," faintly murmured she, as he again departed.

With all his haste and care, so much time had been spent, Mrs. Ashton's fears had already conjured up all manner of evils, all of course wide of the mark. That something was wrong she felt assured, and he found her dressing to follow her dilatory messengers.

The stoppage of the coach and his evident agitation were confirmatory; but the absolute facts roused as much indignation as grief.

Yet Mrs. Ashton never forgot herself; and though the waiting coach bore her to Bradshaw Street, to add her maternal reproaches to the wrathful utterances of Cicily, the rough rebukes of Dr. Hull, and the prickings of Madame Broadbent's own conscience, the natural dignity of her manner more overawed and impressed the resentful schoolmistress than all which had gone before.

She was as profuse in apologies as in extenuating pleas, but she was not prepared to combat Mrs. Ashton's proverbial argumentation.

"Facts are stubborn things, madam, and she who cannot govern herself is not fit to govern others."

Neither coach-making nor road-making had reached the acme of perfection, and Augusta's removal home, without the displacement of the bone, had to be considered.

A sedan-chair—the last in the town—was still kept for invalid use at the Infirmary. Jabez was aware of this, and before Dr. Hull could make the suggestion, he had proposed to go for it, and was back with the black, brass-nailed sedan, long before the doctors thought their patient fit to be removed.

As the unfamiliar vehicle waited at the "Academy" door, it attracted the notice not only of neighbours and returning school-girls, but of passers-by, until Madame Broadbent was in a fever. The reputation of her school was at stake, and she felt that every extra moment that hand-carriage and wheel-carriage remained standing there, the bruit of the lamentable occurrence was spreading farther afield.

There had been no cessation of afternoon school duties, albeit the teachers alone presided, and discipline was somewhat relaxed. But when patient, doctors, friends, and vehicles had gone their way, and the school was soon after dismissed, the harassed, agitated, and prescient disciplinarian surrendered herself to alternate fits of hysteria, passion, lamentation, and overweening assumption.

That first outburst over, the self-important dame stood on her "right to maintain discipline," even when confronted by Mr. Ashton, no longer the easy-going, pleasant parent of a paying pupil, but the angry father of an injured only child, who had posted from Whalley, leaving his business incomplete, on the first intelligence of the mischance.

Not alone to the inmates of the house in Mosley Street was Augusta Ashton precious. Notwithstanding her sometime waywardness (the result of her father's over-indulgence), she had endeared herself, by her affectionate heart and winsome ways, to a wide circle of friends; even Joshua Brookes was less grim with Augusta; so no wonder Jabez was secretly devoted to her heart and soul.

Great and general was the sympathy expressed on the occasion.

Mrs. Chadwick and Ellen were with Mrs. Ashton before the afternoon was out, and at Augusta's eager desire her cousin remained behind, not only for companionship, but as chief nurse, an office for which Ellen had that peculiar fitness observable in some women, coupled with the deftness and experience gained in long attendance on her father.

And now, leaving Augusta in the hands of love and skill, with all that affection and wealth can lavish upon her in furtherance of recovery, let us step backwards to the previous September, when Peterloo was fresh, and Jabez yet wore his right arm in a sling.

Whalley Bridge has been mentioned more than once, for there, near the high road from Manchester to Buxton, Mr. Ashton possessed a water-mill on the picturesque banks the river Goyt, which there divided the counties of Cheshire and Derbyshire. It had been established in the previous century, together with one in the contiguous vale of Taxal, by a speculative ancestor of Mrs. Ashton, whose old hall was in the locality. The two places had been chiefly colonised by his workpeople, many of whom had been pauper apprentices from Manchester and Warrington.

Besides the mill, Mr. Ashton owned the "White Hart" Inn, close to the bridge, where the Buxton coaches stopped; and Carr Cottage, a long, low, rough-cast building, nestling under the shadow of a fine old farm-house which crowned the elevated ridge of Yeardsley-

cum-Whalley, and had lang-syne been the Gothic stone Hall of the warlike Yeardsleys.

From this farm-house, Carr Cottage was separated by a retired walk at the back, which gave access to cellarage, a clear well, a wilderness of nettles, and led the adventurer away up the hill between the cottage grounds, and the farmer's tall high-banked hedges, which almost overtopped the cottage roof. And on the left of the cottage (as viewed from the high road) spread the granaries, stabling, and farm-yard, enclosed by remains of the ancient wall, and entered by a step or two through a Gothic doorway, over which ivy and honey-suckle clambered in luxuriant rivalry.

The cottage, which on each floor contained four capacious rooms in its length, was on the ground divided in the middle by a respectable lobby ; the house-place and kitchen lying to the left, the parlours to the right as you entered. There were two staircases, one at each end of the building, the one running upwards in the kitchen itself, the other from a small enclosed space, containing also a china closet door, and lit by a low window close to the foot of the staircase, from which it was possible to step out into the garden, unseen by any one in the house. Otherwise, both chambers and parlours had doors of communication from end to end of the building, the two middle chambers being only accessible through others.

The lower windows in the front—at least, those of the large parlours—were brought close to the ground, and overlooked a charming landscape ; descending, at first suddenly, from the wide-spread flower-garden (with its one great sycamore to the right of the cottage for shade), then with a gradual slope to a bean-field below, to a meadow crossed by a narrow rill, then, after a wider stretch of grass, the alder and hazel fringe of a trout-stream, skirting the high road, on the far side of which tall poplars waved, and in autumn shed their leaves in the wider waters of the Goyt fresh from the bridge, where the road bends. Rivulets, road, and river run parallel. And from the road a broad wooden gate gave access (over a bridge across the trout-stream) to a wide steep avenue between trim hedges, which rose to the level of the cottage, in itself as delightful a retreat as any wearied denizen of town could desire.

To Mr. Ashton it was necessary as an adjunct to his factory, a home for his family in the summer, a lodge for himself when a visit of inspection was desirable.

Hearing that the general discontent was spreading amongst his own work-people at Whalley Bridge, Mr. Ashton, without waiting for the stage-coach, put himself into a long-skirted drab overcoat, with high collar and small double cape, ordered reluctant James to "find another for Clegg," and having stowed away a carpet bag and a case of pistols, lest they should be molested on the road, he mounted his high gig, with Jabez by his side, and set off to "take the bull by the horns," as Mrs. Ashton had advised.

Away they went through the mild September air, up London road (where houses had been growing in the years since we scanned it last) and past Ardwick Green Pond, where a dashing young buck, booted and spurred, lounged at the door of the quaint "George and Dragon," and followed them curiously with his eyes ; yet not so swiftly but Jabez had time to recognise with accelerated pulse his former assailant, Laurence.

Longsight, Burnage, Fallowfield left behind—Stockport Bridge—they go walking by their horse's head up the steep hill, between frowning houses, to the "Pack-Horse," in the market-place, where the beast was baited, and the travellers dined at the same table, Jabez not for one moment forgetting the social distance between his master and himself.

Again seated, they quickly left the smoke-begrimed, higgledy-piggledy mass of brick and mortar called Stockport behind, and were away on country roads, where yellow leaves were blown into their faces, where brown-faced, white-headed cottage children were stripping blackberries from the wayside brambles, or ripe nuts from the luxuriant hazels, which have since changed the very name of the Bullock Smithy through which they drove at a gallop.

It was a glorious treat for Jabez, was that drive, and Mr. Ashton, conversing with him as they went, was surprised to discover his love of Nature, and his knowledge of her secrets. This induced reminiscences of the early years of Jabez, when Simon took him pick-a-back into the fields on Sundays ; and Mr. Ashton led him on to dilate on his childhood among his first friends, until he had a closer insight into the young man's heart than in all the years he had served him.

But the object of their journey had not been forgotten ; and at Disley, hearing Mr. Ashton remark that they were but three miles from Whalley, Jabez ventured to suggest—

"Do you not think, sir, as I am unknown in Whalley Bridge, I might make inquiries, and ascertain the feeling of the people better if I went on foot, having no apparent connection with you?"

"That is a wise thought of yours, young man. Just so. I will put you down at the next milestone. Here is a guinea for your expenses at the 'White Hart.' But country people are inquisitive ; what do you propose to be?"

"Well, sir, I took the liberty to bring a sketch-book with me—I don't get many such opportunities—I could represent myself an artist ; or I could cram my pockets with plants and roots as I went along, and say I was a botanist in search of specimens."

"Stick to the artist, Jabez ; our country botanists would soon floor you on their own ground—they know more of plants than pencils, I'll warrant."

And Mr. Ashton, handing the reins to Jabez, took a pinch of snuff on the strength of it.

Mr. Ashton, putting up the collar of his coat, drove direct to Carr, much to the surprise of his unprepared overlooker and wife, who had charge of the cottage. He said nothing of any companion ; and Jabez some twenty minutes later walked into the bar of the "White Hart," dusty and weary, as if with long walking ; called for bread-and-cheese and ale ; intimated his intention

to remain the night, if he could have a bed; talked of the scenery, and led the host to tell of the best points for sketching.

Professing fatigue, he kept his seat in the bar-parlour the remainder of the day. The sling, not yet wholly discarded, drew attention, as he expected it would.

The incomers, eyeing him askance, talked politics before him, and finding him less glib than themselves, whispered that he was a refugee from Peterloo, and, to show their sympathy with the party to which he was supposed to belong, freely discussed the political aspect of the district before him.

He was young, free with his money, and they were not reticent.

He found that the overlooker had made himself, and his master through himself, obnoxious to his weavers, and that only prompt measures would prevent an outbreak.

The next morning Mr. Ashton put his head into the inn, greeted "Mr. Clegg" as some one he was surprised to meet in so remote a spot, and invited him to Carr Cottage.

Jabez accepted the invitation for the afternoon, saying he could not spare the morning. Under pretence of sketching, he took his way by the Goyt to the neighbourhood of the mill with pencils and sketch-book; women and children flocked inquisitively round him in their dinner-hour, and talked to him; then he rested in a weaver's cot, and when he found his way to Carr in the afternoon, and sat with Mr. Ashton for privacy under the drooping boughs of the sycamore, he had brought with him the key to the prevailing discontent.

Mr. Ashton listened, took an enormous quantity of snuff, dropped an occasional "Just so!" and knowing the sore, set about healing it.

He drove back to Manchester, leaving Jabez as his temporary deputy—high honour for so young a man—and the overlooker was required to render up his accounts.

A fortnight later, as Jabez was midway up the avenue to Carr in the afternoon, he turned, hearing the blithe bugle of the coming Buxton coach, and watched its dashing progress along the road. To his astonishment, it stopped at the gate. He himself reached the spot at a run.

His eyes had not played him false. Simon Clegg, in his best clothes, was there on the box-seat; Tom Hulme, and Bess, and little Sim sat close behind. Mr. Ashton was himself an inside passenger.

In the bustle and confusion of alighting, and dragging boxes from the boot and from the top, curiosity was kept on the stretch. It was not until the entire party were under the roof of the cottage that Jabez was enlightened.

Tom Hulme was the new overlooker, Bess the new care-taker of Carr Cottage, which was henceforth their rural rent-free home; and to Simon, long disqualified by rheumatism for the wet and slush of the tannery, was given the charge of the garden, with a boy under him.

And of all the group, old Simon and little Sim were most delighted.

Some eight months before, Sim (then about two years old) had slipped on the frosty stones in the old Long Millgate Yard, and rolling down its rugged declivity, was supposed to have injured his spine, and he had been too delicate ever since to run about freely. To the child, therefore, whose shoulders seemed unnaturally high, the change from the stifling court was something too exuberant for expression. To Simon Clegg, who, in losing his crony Matt, had felt the old haunts oppressive, the bountiful expanse of nature before him, and the comfortable, fragrant home, were matters of deep thankfulness.

"Moi lad," said he to Jabez, when the latter was about to depart with Mr. Ashton after they were fairly inducted, "ar Bess said thah would be a Godsend to us, an' thah has bin! This Paradise o' posies has o' grown eawt o' thy cradle! God bless thee!"

"I think, my dear, the experiment will succeed. There is a matronly air of respectability about Mrs. Hulme, that will help to uphold her husband's position amongst the workpeople, and I can trust his soldierly discipline for keeping the rebellious in order."

Thus said Mr. Ashton to his good lady, sitting by the fireside after supper, the night of his return home.

Then, after a little pondering and trifling with his snuff-box, he added, as if reflectively—

"It is all very well, my dear, to serve the young man's friends and ourselves at the same time, but I should like to do something for Jabez himself. It is entirely to his clear head and his tact that we owe the preservation of peace at Whalley. I should like to give him a rise."

"My dear William, make no more haste than good speed, and never do things in a hurry," replied his calm proverbial philosopher. "We must not excite the envy of his fellow-clerks, or we shall surround him with enemies from the first. In removing his humble friends, you have cleared one barrier to his advancement."

Mr. Ashton did not say "Just so!" for a wonder; he turned his gold box round and round in his fingers, and at length gave utterance to a thought which took Mrs. Ashton by surprise.

"If we remove all the young man's old associations, don't you think we ought to provide him with new ones?"

"I think, William, we ought to 'leave well alone;' smooth paths are slippery paths. The young man will be out of his time in six months; you can then advance him if you think proper—in the warehouse—but I do not feel disposed to open our drawing-room to him, if that is what you are driving at;" and she drew herself up, as if her dignity had received a blow.

"We-ll, no—not exactly!" and Mr. Ashton, unable to express what he did mean exactly, shuffled and fidgeted till he upset his snuff on the Brussels carpet.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

ON THE PORTICO STEPS.

BETWEEN that expedition to Whalley Bridge, with its terminal connubial conversation, and the breakage of Augusta Ashton's collar-bone, rather more than six months intervened—six months during which Mr. Clegg, as his good master had anticipated, felt the solitary state of his trim sitting-room somewhat oppressive, the permission to receive his old friends becoming a nullity on their removal. He occupied a position midway between kitchen and parlour—above his old associates of the porringers, the fireside settle, and the sanded stone floor, and beneath the family seated round the tea-urn, on cushioned chairs and Brussels carpet.

Towards the former he cast few backward looks of regret—he had put his past behind him—but, oh! who shall tell his unuttered longings for the "Open, Sesame!" to that Paradise of which he had had one rapturous glimpse, and one only—that Paradise where his master's daughter, so high above him, moved like a seraph, and filled the air with harmony!

I am afraid that at this time he brooded over his orphanhood, and that unknown father who had disappeared so mysteriously, and strained his soaring thoughts in their flight towards possibilities more than was good for him. He was too much alone for one of his years, and there were times in those long candle-lit winter evenings when books and pencils dropped from his wearied hands, and for lack of a companion he held dreamy converse with the fire.

Of course his library was restricted, and there were no institutions in Manchester at that time where young men of his class could meet for mutual improvement, and that mental polish caused by the attrition of mind upon mind.

Occasionally, at long intervals, and at first to the utter confusion of James, Captain Travis had inquired for "Mr. Clegg," and been shown into the little sitting-room, with a disregard to "caste" very creditable to both of them; and now and then Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Ashton would drop in together for half-an-hour's chat, the gratitude of the former being deeper than the surface.

But rarely did a feminine face, save Cicily's, brighten up his solitude, and she, devoted to her young mistress, had always something to say about Augusta, if only what she wore, or how she looked, which sent him off into dreamland immediately.

Sunday was a very chequered day, when he missed his old friends most. True, he followed the family to church, perhaps carried Augusta's prayer-book, exchanged a word of kindly greeting with old Mrs. Clowes, and Parson Brookes, who was not as hale as he had been; but there was no old Simon to grip his hand, no Bess to give him a motherly smile, and unless the weather was fine enough for a ramble in the fields with Nelson for companion, the rest of the day was very dull indeed.

The fan which broke Augusta's collar-bone broke down a barrier for Jabez.

No personal sacrifice attended the service he rendered. He but went and came as an active messenger. But he went and came with intelligence and promptitude, and exercised for mother and daughter both the care and forethought of a much older man.

In the father's absence the father was not missed. What came under Mrs. Ashton's own eye, Mrs. Ashton could appreciate; and the commendation of Dr. Hull was not without its weight.

He had said—

"Capital fellow to send for a doctor, that messenger of yours, Mrs. Ashton! A determined, persistent fellow! Would see me, and would haul me off with only half a dinner, though I protested, and he had already got a surgeon there before me!"

His thought about the sedan-chair, which he had accompanied to Mosley Street to insure care on the part of the chairmen, and had ordered into the very lobby of the house; the cautious manner in which he had lifted Augusta thence, and borne her to the ready couch, coupled with his protection of her daughter in the theatre the night before, weighed down the scale already trembling in the balance, and Mrs. Ashton's "Jabez, I am deeply indebted to you" was not mere words.

He was her messenger to the Chadwicks, her amanuensis to Mr. Ashton; and, when Ellen and her mother arrived somewhere about tea-time, for the second time he was invited to join their party; and one, if not two, pair of cheeks burned as the invitation was given.

Then, the night Mr. Ashton returned home to find Augusta an invalid, he was gratified to see Jabez again at the tea-table, and after that at odd times, until the restraint upon him gradually wore away, and he would read to Augusta and Ellen, as the latter sat at work, and do his best to make the time pass pleasantly.

Next Mr. Ashton took it into his head to teach him backgammon and cribbage, to help to make his own evenings at home more lively.

And Mrs. Chadwick, who, for some occult reason, had resisted her husband's desire to show courtesy to his preserver, could scarcely be less gracious than her grander sister, who owed him so much less; so now the green-parlour door in Oldham Street was opened to him, and as Jabez refreshed his memory with Hogarth's prints, he felt that he had made another step up the ladder.

Those were halcyon days; while Augusta, too tall to be robust, recovered so slowly, and was so much gratified by his attempts to entertain her. Halcyon days for more than one.

Yet, ere Jabez was out of his apprenticeship, or Augusta had left her pillowed sofa, a pebble was thrown into the stream which broke the surface of the tranquil waters, and disturbed them for ever.

Mr. Ashton was one of the original shareholders in the Portico, a classic stone building erected in 1806 as a library and reading-room, on the other side of Mosley Street, which, with its pillared façade and flight of steps, like an Ionic temple, looked down on the plain red-brick front of the Assembly Rooms, though its

opposite neighbour stood quite as high in repute, and was equally exclusive in its constitution.

Mr. Aspinall, the Cannon Street cotton-merchant (who dined with the Scramble Club, instituted by business men whose homes were in the suburbs), was likewise a shareholder in the Portico; and from constant meeting at the long tables within the book-shelved, galleried walls of its lofty reading-room, he and Mr. Ashton had a tolerably lengthy acquaintance, although it had never ripened into intimacy, the men were so dissimilar.

Charlotte Walmsley was naturally troubled by the result of Madame Broadbent's notions of discipline, and not unnaturally (considering the condition in which Ben Travis had taken him home) blamed her husband as the primary cause. As naturally he shifted the onus to the shoulders of Laurence Aspinall, and taking him to task, plainly told him he ought to apologise.

Laurence snatched at the proposal.

"My dear Jack, nothing would please me better! I'll make a thousand apologies, if you'll only introduce me."

John Walmsley had had quite enough of introductions; besides, he stood in some awe of Mrs. Ashton, and did not know how she might take it, especially as his friend Aspinall had acquired the character of "a wild spark." He emphatically declined.

But if Laurence Aspinall once set his mind on a thing, he would attain it, if within the range of possibility, whether by fair means or foul, whatever might be the consequences.

For a few days he was on his best behaviour at home; and having won his father over by expressions of deep contrition, and promises of reformation, and the assurance that he would never again do anything "unbecoming a gentleman," he prevailed on him to introduce him to Mr. Ashton, with a view to making his own apologies in person.

"Well, Laurence, you can go with me to the Portico to-morrow morning, and if Mr. Ashton be there, we will see what can be done;" the tone in which this was said clearly implying, "If *we* seek an introduction to the Ashtons for the purpose of making the *amende honorable* as befits gentlemen, there can be no doubt of its acceptance."

But when they met Mr. Ashton on the steps of the Portico the following morning, the self-complacence of the lofty gentleman received a slight but uncontemplated check.

Mr. Ashton nodded to Mr. Aspinall with a beaming face, and would have passed his acquaintance with a mere "Good morning!" but the other stopped, and after shaking hands and remarking that trade was slack, presented, with due formality, the handsome, elegant six feet of dandyism who bore him company.

"Mr. Ashton, let me make you acquainted with my son, sir—Mr. Ashton, my son Laurence; Laurence, Mr. Ashton."

The young gentleman raised his stylish beaver from his rich coppery curls, and bowed with courtly grace in acknowledgment of Mr. Ashton's formal bow, whilst his father continued almost in the tone of one who confers an honour—"The fact is, my son, sir, desires an opportunity of expressing to Miss Ashton his deep regret for the indiscretion of which he was guilty in the lobby of the Theatre Royal, some ten days back."

The smile faded from the face of Mr. Ashton, who, with a reserve very foreign to him, put his hand into his pocket for his snuff-box instead of extending it to the young man; and, tapping it with a little impatience, caught at his words.

"Indiscretion, sir? What you are pleased to call 'indiscretion' has placed my daughter in the doctors' hands with a broken collar-bone."

Before Mr. Aspinall could reply, Laurence, better skilled to temporise, interposed.

"So, to my infinite regret, my friend Mr. Walmsley has already informed me, sir. And I assure you I take shame to myself that any word or action of mine should have led to consequences so lamentable. No one, sir, can deplore the injury Miss Ashton has sustained more than myself—the unhappy cause. It is this, Mr. Ashton, which impels me to seek an opportunity to express the sensibility of my grave offence, and my extreme regret, to Mrs. Ashton and Miss Ashton in person. I cannot rest until I have implored their pardon!"

The tones in which this apologetic speech was delivered were at once so suave, remorseful, and sympathetic, that Mr. Ashton, whose sternness was seldom of long duration, was considerably mollified. He looked at the handsome, dashing blade before him, whose blue eyes seemed full of gentleness and pity, and felt as though the boy he had seen torturing old Brookes, and the yeomanry officer who had slashed at Mr. Chadwick and Jabez Clegg, could never be one and the same. He reverted to the latter circumstance—

"I think, young sir, you owe an apology to some one else under my roof—the young man who received the sabre-cut you designed for my brother-in-law, Mr. Chadwick."

Aspinall's handsome face flushed.

His father's quick reply gave him time to think.

"You surely, Mr. Ashton, would not expect *my* son to apologise to an apprentice-lad, a mere College-boy!"

"Just so! I would expect him to apologise to *any one* he had injured, were it a beggar!"

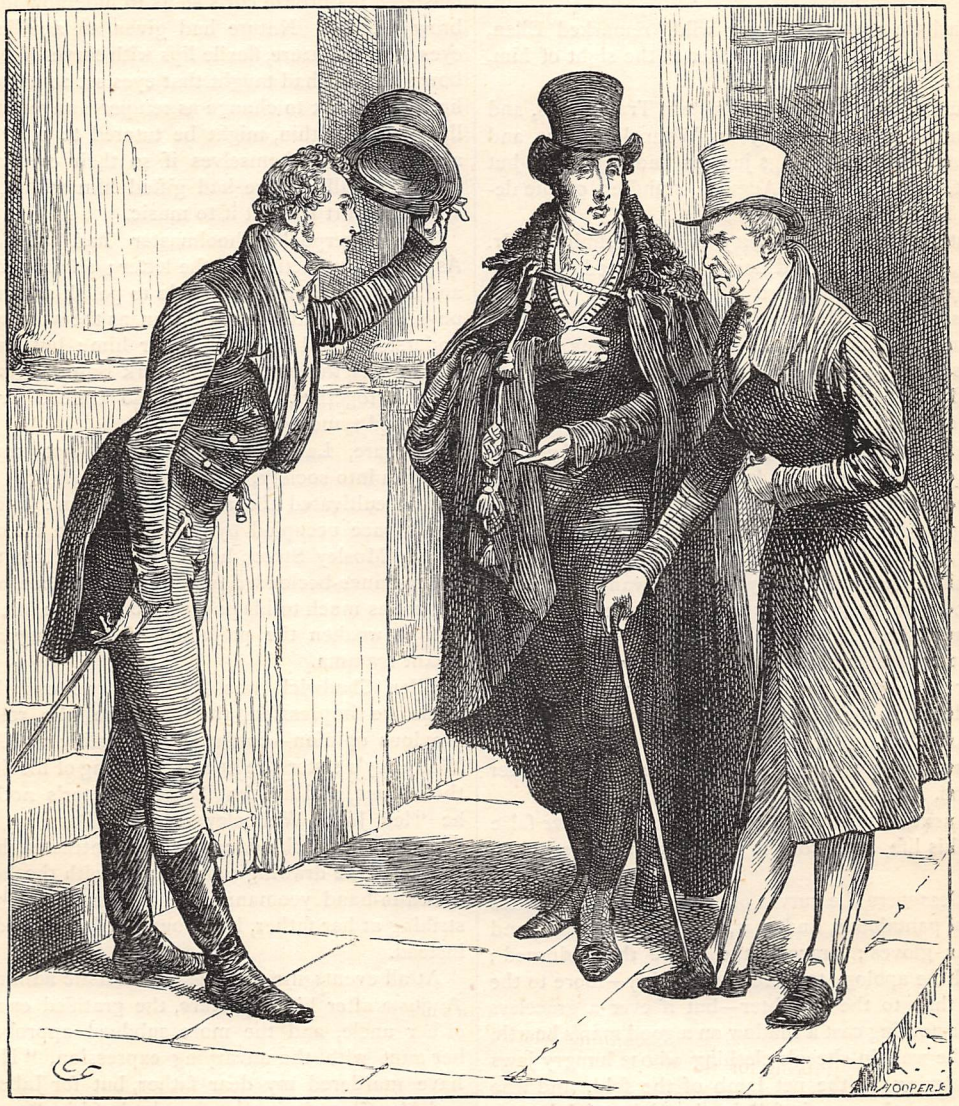
Here the son interposed: "My good sir, do not remind me of the horrors of that dreadful day! I shudder when I recall it. We acted under orders, and I swear I was utterly unconscious and irresponsible for my actions throughout the whole affray."

And Laurence seemed desirous to wash his hands of the responsibility.

"The fact is," said Mr. Aspinall, coming to his son's rescue, "Laurence had taken more wine than his young head would stand on both occasions. It takes years to season a cask, you know, Mr. Ashton, and we must not be too hard on young fellows if they slip sometimes. We have all had some wild oats to sow."

This was a platitude of the period, but Mr. Ashton's "Just so!" was not a cordial assent; and Laurence, fearing the conversation was taking an unfortunate turn, led it back to his original request.

But Mr. Ashton tapped his box, and offering it to his interlocutors, took a pinch himself, and then a



"THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN RAISED HIS STYLISH BEAVER" (*p.* 456).

second, before he came to a decision. It was evidently a debateable question.

"I will mention your request to Mrs. Ashton, young gentleman, and if I find her agreeable to receive you, I can take you across with me to-morrow morning, provided you meet me here. Good day."

Mr. Aspinall's "Good day" was somewhat stiff. He had held his head very high all his life, metaphorically as well as physically, and was not disposed to be snubbed by one whose status he considered scarcely

on a par with his own. He was disposed to look on his son's peccadilloes as some of those "wild oats" which young gentlemen of spirit were expected to sow, and considered his fine figure and beautiful features, his education, accomplishments, and prospects, passports to any society; and that Mr. Ashton should for one moment hesitate to open his heart and his doors to *his* son, was an indignity not to be borne.

"The fact is, Laurence, that if you make an apology to those people after this, you have less spirit than I take you to have!" was his conclusion.

"Never you mind, father, I know what I'm about. I want to get my foot in there," answered subtle Laurence.

And he managed it.

Mr. Ashton went home to dinner full of his conver-

sation on the Portico steps, and set his romantic daughter's heart in a flutter by mooting the point at issue in her presence.

"Oh, papa! do bring him; I want to see him again, he is *so* handsome!"

"'Handsome is that handsome does,' Augusta," was Mrs. Ashton's commentary on that young lady's impulsive exclamation.

"Charlotte says he is very wild," remarked Ellen, "and I feel as if I should shudder at the sight of him, after his conduct at Peterloo."

"You don't shudder when Captain Travis calls, and you don't shut the door in John Walmsley's face, and they may have done things just as bad, if you did but know it, Ellen," retorted Augusta, standing on the defensive for the absent "Adonis."

"Just so, my dear, so they might," admitted Mr. Ashton, whilst Ellen held her peace, silenced by something in her cousin's retort.

"Yes, William, but look on that poor bandaged neck and shoulders of our child, and think of that ruffian's cruelty to Jabez and others when a schoolboy. I don't think either John Walmsley or Mr. Travis could have done anything so bad."

"Well, but, mamma," argued spoiled Augusta, "Jabez forgave him; and I think Madame Broadbent is more to blame than Mr. Aspinall—he only offered to bring me home."

Mrs. Ashton shook her head as she rose from table.

"Besides, mamma, he says he only wants to apologise, and you know you need not invite him again unless you like. It would be so rude to refuse."

"Just so, just so," assented Mr. Ashton, willing to humour his pet in her invalid state, "and perhaps it might do the young fellow good to see the consequences of his folly."

As usual, where Augusta enlisted her father on her side, Mrs. Ashton's dissent grew feebler.

The next day Mr. Ashton made at least *one* false step in his life, and brought over his own threshold a blight.

Faultless were the curves of the stylish hat, faultless the fit of pantaloons, and coat, and Hessian boots, and York-tan gloves; graceful the figure they adorned; graceful the apology tendered so adroitly—more to the mother than to the daughter—but if ever a graceless good-for-nothing cast a shadow on a good man's hearth, it was the wolf in sheep's clothing whose hungry jaws were watering for the pet lamb of the fold, and who made so courtly an exit full in the sight of Jabez, as he crossed the end of the hall to his solitary dinner in his own room.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

MANHOOD!

YOUNG as he was, Laurence Aspinall was wont to say he "wouldn't give a fig for any man who could not be anything in any society;" and the Laurence Aspinall of the cock-pit, the ring, and the bar-parlour was a very different being to the Laurence Aspinall of the Assembly or drawing-room. He could be the blackguard amongst blackguards, the gentleman amongst ladies.

Nature had done much for him, art had done more. Nature had given him at twenty-one a symmetrical figure, and art an easy carriage. Nature had given him the clear pink and white complexion which so oft accompanies ruddy hair; and art had trained his early growth of whisker to counteract effeminacy of skin. Nature had given him a lofty forehead, art had clustered his bronze curls so as to hide how much that brow receded. Nature had given an aquiline nose, eyes of purest azure, flexile lips with curves like Cupid's bow; and art had taught that eyes set so close, whose hue was so apt to change as temper swayed him, and lips so cruelly thin, might be tutored to obey volition and contradict themselves if so their owner willed. To crown all, nature had gifted him with a flexible voice, and art had set it to music.

The Liverpool schoolmaster had obeyed Mr. Aspinall's instructions to the letter; all that education and accomplishments could do to polish and refine the physical man into the gentleman, as the word was then understood, had been done for him: but under the stucco was the rough brick-work Bob the groom had heaped together, and which no trained or loving hand had removed.

Be sure, Laurence Aspinall did not carry this analysis into society, written on his forehead. Instead, he had cultivated the art of fascination; and in the brief space occupied by that apologetic introductory visit in Mosley Street, he not only contrived to dazzle the romance-beclouded eyes of Augusta, but, what was almost as much to his purpose, to win over Mr. Ashton, and to weaken the prejudice of Miss Augusta's less pliant mamma.

Ellen Chadwick was the only one on whom he made no impression, the only one who retained a previous opinion—confirmed. Possibly as Charlotte Walmsley's sister she knew something of his life below the surface, and had imbibed that sister's notion that he "led John Walmsley away." Possibly, too, as Charles Chadwick's daughter, she contrasted the silken speech of the drawing-room dandy with the hectoring sword-in-hand yeomanry cavalry lieutenant who, in striking at her father, had wounded Jabez his deliverer instead.

At all events she met the enthusiastic admiration of Augusta after his departure, the gratified encomiums of her uncle, and the more subdued approbation of her aunt with the unvarying expression, "He would have murdered my dear father, but for Jabez Clegg, and Mr. Clegg is worth a hundred of him."

Mr. Laurence knew better than to presume on that introduction all at once. From their gardens and greenhouses at Ardwick and Fallowfield, he sent small baskets of early flowers and fruit to Mrs. Ashton, for her daughter, with courteous inquiries; but he allowed several days to elapse before he presented himself in person, and then his call was of the briefest.

He knew he had prejudice to overcome, and worked his way gradually.

Meanwhile Augusta progressed favourably; and if Aspinall grew in favour with the family, so did Jabez.

May, sweet-scented month of promise, brought to Jabez Clegg in 1820 his natural and legal heritage—manhood and manhood's freedom.

He was no longer an apprentice bound to a master by the will of others, He had a right to think and act for himself, subject only to the laws of God and of the realm. True, that free agency brought with it a train of responsibilities, but the new *man* was not the one to overlook or ignore the fact.

He had thought long and keenly of the coming change, and all it might involve, months before it came.

His fixed wages as an indoor apprentice, according to indenture, were no great matter; but, supplemented by the coin he found in his paint-box after business hours, he had found a margin for saving, besides contributing to the humble wants of his early fosterers. The latter duty he had never neglected, but Simon was as sternly just as the lad had been gratefully generous, and even when poverty bit the hardest, would never accept the whole of his earnings.

"Si thi, Jabez, if thah dunnot keep summat fur thisel' to put by fur a nest-egg, thah'll ne'er see the good o' thi own earnin's, an' thah'll lose heart in toime," the old tanner had been wont to say, when sturdily limiting the extent to which his foster-son should open his small purse.

So Jabez, leading a steady, industrious life, spending little on personal gratification, save what he invested in books, had quite a little store laid by—the result of very small savings—against the time when he might have to shift for himself. Two things had troubled him—the possibility of having to find a situation elsewhere, Mr. Ashton having said no word of retaining him, though, on the contrary, he had said nothing of his removal; and the necessity of quitting the house which had been to him a home so long that even the grumbling cook and the affectionate dog had welded themselves into his daily life, how much more the kind master and mistress, and that beatific vision, their beautiful, bewitching daughter, who had held him in vassalage from the very day of his apprenticeship, and tyrannised over him as only a wayward spoiled beauty—child or woman—could.

The bright morning of the fifth of May set this at rest.

He was called into the inner counting-house, and passed the high stools of inquisitive-eyed quill-driving clerks with a palpitating heart, conscious how much depended on the issue of that interview.

As he opened the curtained glass door, to his surprise he found himself confronted by not only Mr. Ashton, but Mr. Chadwick, and Simon Clegg, who had been brought from Whalley Bridge for the occasion.

Business men, as a rule, are not demonstrative over business, and after the first salutations and surprised greetings, the congratulations of the day were soon said, and the stereotyped "And now to business" put sentiment to flight.

And yet not entirely so, as will be seen.

There was nothing luxurious in that counting-house of the past. Besides the high desk and stool, it contained an oil-cloth-topped hexagon table, with a deep rim of partitioned drawers, three wooden chairs, a sort of fire-guard-fender, and poker; but there was neither carpet nor oil-cloth, and the walls had but a dim recollection of paint.

Mr. Ashton, snuff-box in hand, occupied one of these chairs; Mr. Chadwick, resting hands and chin on a stout walking-stick, another; the third, a little apart, had been assigned to old Simon (now on the shady side of seventy). Jabez remained standing.

Mr. Ashton, as was his manner, tapping his fingers on his snuff-box-lid whilst he spoke, opened fire.

"No doubt, Jabez, you have been expecting me to say something respecting your prospects and position when your indentures are given up?"

"Well, sir," answered Jabez, with a frank smile, "I believe I have."

"Just so! I knew you would. It was but likely. And I should have spoken to you some time since, but for brother Chadwick here. Both Mrs. Ashton and myself have watched your conduct and progress, during the whole term of your apprenticeship, with entire satisfaction."

Here a pinch of snuff emphasised the sentence, and both Simon and Jabez felt their cheeks begin to glow.

"You have been unusually steady and persevering—have not been merely obedient, but obliging, and your rectitude does full credit to the "honourable" name Parson Brookes gave to you."

This was quite a long speech for Mr. Ashton; he paused to take breath; and old Simon, proud of the young man as if he had been his own son, feeling the encomium as some sort of halo round his own grey head, exclaimed—

"Aw'm downreet preawd to yer [hear] yo' say it, sir. It'll mak' ar Bess's heart leap wi' joy."

But Jabez, blushing, half ashamed of hearing his own praises rung out as from a belfry, could only stammer forth—

"I've endeavoured to do my duty, sir, that is all."

"A—all!" interjected Mr. Chadwick, in his imperfect speech, "Nelson sa—said du—u—ty was all Engla—and expected of ev—ev'ry man, but it w—won the b—battle of Tr—Trafalgar!"

"Duty wins the battle of life, brother," put in Mrs. Ashton, who had quietly entered the counting-house by the door behind Jabez.

"Just so, just so!" assented Mr. Ashton, as he rose and handed his chair to the lady whose stately presence seemed to fill the room; "and Jabez has only to continue doing his duty to win his battle of life, I take it. But, to our business.—You have hitherto served us well, Jabez, in the warehouse and out of it; you have been doubly useful to me as a designer and as a detector of the roguery and mismanagement of others. Then, to my daughter, who is far dearer than either warehouse or trade, you have rendered more than one service."

"Oh, sir, do not name it, I beg. It has been my highest pleasure to serve Miss Ashton—or yourself," Jabez exclaimed, the two last words rising to his lips

simultaneously with the thought that his sudden outburst might fail of appreciation by Miss Ashton's wealthy relatives.

"Just so! but I must name it, Jabez, as a reason for my proposal to retain you in my employ, and for assigning to you a situation and salary higher than is usually accorded to an apprentice just out of his time. But as you have shown stability and judgment beyond your years, and I know you to be honourable in *all* respects, I feel I am justified in making the offer."

Mr. Ashton then stated, with a little seasoning of snuff, the salary he proposed to give the young man, and the duties he required as an equivalent, if Jabez accepted his proposition.

The eyes of Jabez sparkled and his cheeks glowed. As for Simon, he seemed dumb with delight and astonishment at the good fortune of the foundling.

"IF!" cried Jabez, "there can be no 'if,' sir; you overpower me with an offer so far above my deserts. I accept it most gratefu——"

"Stay, Mr. Clegg," interrupted Mrs. Ashton, as Mr. Chadwick raised his head from its rest on his hands and stick, and made an ineffectual effort to speak. "'Think twice before you speak once;' my bro——"

"Oh, madam! there is no need," Jabez began, but she silenced him with a mere gesture of her raised hand; and Mrs. Ashton, acting as interpreter for her slow-tongued brother-in-law, resumed—

"You have done *us* some services, Mr. Clegg, but 'a man will give all he possesses for his life,' and Mr. Chadwick feels that his debt to you is greater than ours."

Jabez looked from one to another, bewildered.

Mr. Ashton took up the thread—"Just so! and that brings me to the point we have been driving at. You see, Jabez, Mr. Chadwick is not so capable of managing his business as he used to be; things go wrong he scarcely knows how, and he is desirous to bring some one into it on whom he can rely. He therefore offers to take you at a much higher salary than I think at all suitable for so young a man, and if you prove your competence to take the management within a reasonable time, to give it over into your hands, and ultimately—it may be in a very few years—to give you a small partnership interest in the business."

It is difficult to say whether Jabez or Simon was the most completely stunned.

"You must not look on this as any testimony to your business qualifications, Jabez, I think," continued Mr. Ashton, "but as the outcome of a grateful heart, and the proposition of a man who has no son capable of keeping his trade together. Is not that so?"—turning to Mr. Chadwick.

"Cer—certainly!"

Jabez looked from one to another, then to Simon, but no help was forthcoming from that quarter.

Mrs. Ashton came to his relief: "I think, Mr. Clegg, you had better 'look before you leap.' Whatever decision you make will equally satisfy us. But I see you need time to consider. Suppose you consult your foster-father, and give Mr. Ashton your decision at the outcome-supper to-night."

But the hesitation of Jabez was only momentary. We are told that all the marvels and glories of Paradise were revealed to Mahomet before a single drop of water had time to flow from a pitcher overturned in his upward flight; and even whilst Mrs. Ashton spoke, Jabez had time to think.

"Thank you, madam," said he, "but I need no deliberation. I know not for whose kindness to be most grateful; but I do know that I should be most ungrateful if I were to quit the master and mistress to whom both myself and my dear friends owe so very much, for the first tempting offer made to me. Mr. Chadwick overrates my service; Mr. Mabbott rendered quite as efficient aid; besides, I have no acquaintance with the manufacture of piece-goods, and have no right to take advantage of Mr. Chadwick's extreme generosity, knowing my own disqualifications. And—pardon my saying so—if Mr. Chadwick has no mercantile son, he may some day have a son-in-law better fitted in every way for the office and promise held out to me.—I trust, Mr. Chadwick, you will not consider me ungracious in declining your liberal offer, but indeed I have been trained to the small-ware manufacture, and here lies my duty, for here I feel I may be able to render something of a *quid pro quo*."

Before any one had time for reply, the Infirmary clock struck twelve; and, as if simultaneously, there was a rush from the warehouse into the yard, an outcry and a din, as if Babel had broke loose, the sacred precincts of the counting-house were invaded, and Jabez was carried off *vi et armis*.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

SONNET.

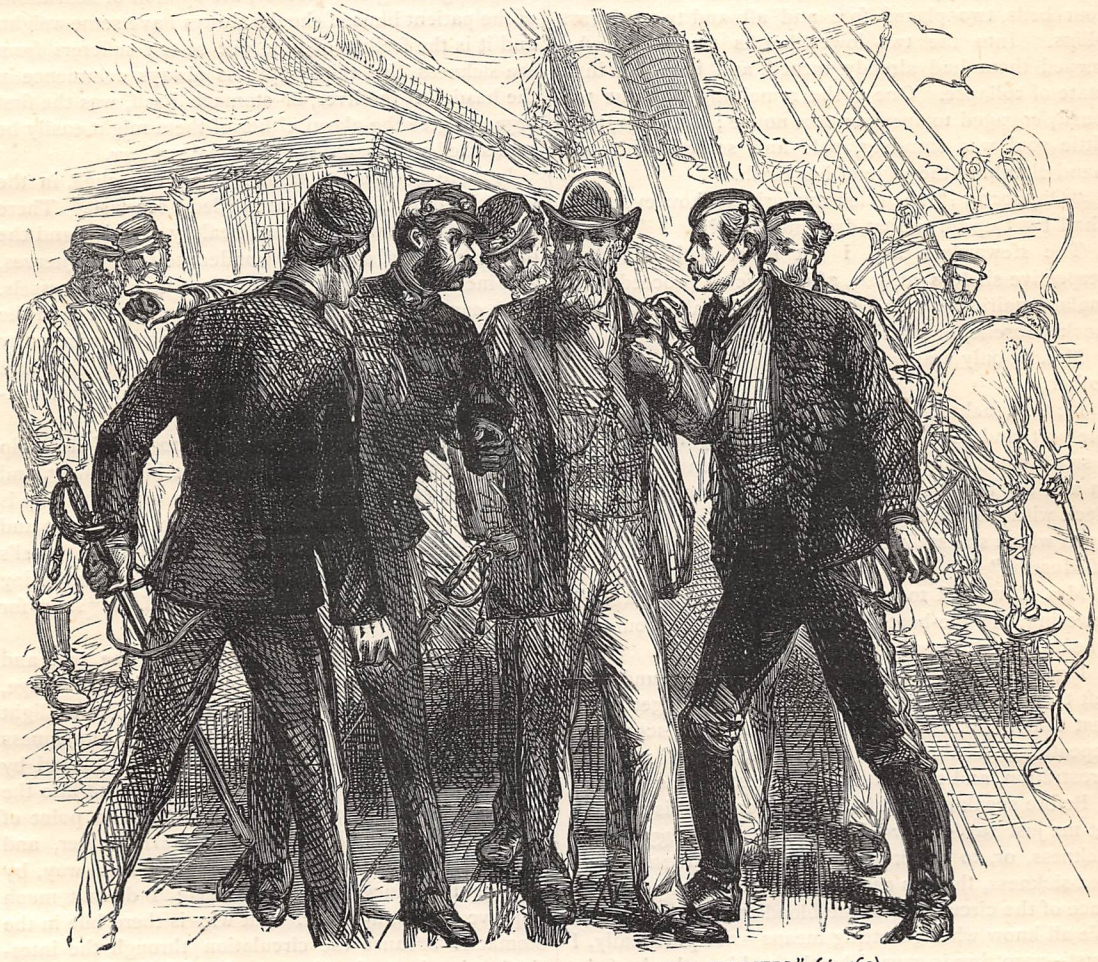
FOR such loth love as may withhold consent
Until 'tis twice besought, I would not plead,
But rather starve in want than intercede
For the distressing favour. If 'twere lent,
'Twere only borrow'd to be shortly spent
As some commodity which one might need
To break a miserable fast indeed,
Leaving a debt for all time to repent.
And that for what? To play the petty clown,
Who measures not the irony of speech,
But mouths his slight importance up and down,
With, "Lo! I am belov'd—remark it each!"
Which meets the apt reply of such as do:
"At length, poor wretch! Who suffers? Gyves for two!"

HORACE YERWORTH.

A CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

BY A NAVY SURGEON.

ALTHOUGH this is properly speaking a medical subject, still, in these days when everybody travels, it is one which cannot fail to have an interest for all, and the hints herein given for the amelioration of sea-sickness, will have more chance of being seen by the general public than in a purely professional sheet.



"INSTANTLY SURROUNDED BY A BEVY OF EXCITED SOLDIERS" (*p.* 462).

I have been for nearly twelve years at sea, and have seen and treated sea-sickness in all its different phases and degrees. One sees a great deal of this sort of suffering in the Navy, but more in emigration ships, especially in the noble steamers of the P. and O. Company, by which so many delicately reared ladies travel every day. Every one indeed, with a few happy exceptions, who goes "down to the sea in ships" suffers from *mal de mer* more or less at first. It is the penalty which old Neptune inflicts on all those who invade his dominions.

There are some who never get quite over it—one old officer I know, who not only gets sick at the commencement of each new commission, but, strange to say, every time the ship enters upon a new sea. Thus after cruising for some time in the Indian Ocean, in which he was "sea-fast" even to hurricane-point, being homeward bound, he was sick for some hours among the big waves that roll around the Cape, although it only blew half a gale at the time. He hardened up, however, even before the sea went down, and only succumbed to the malady a week farther north, in a cat's-paw squall with no sea on. He was ill again while the vessel was in the doldrums on the line, and again among the chopping seas of the English Channel. Women suffer more than men, being of a more nervous temperament, and children often have a happy immunity from sea-sickness. I once took charge of a P. and O. steamer, outward bound, in lieu of the ship's surgeon, who had met with an accident shortly after we got under weigh—the truth is, it was his first voyage, and old Nep had as usual presented his little bill. I was going forward on

the main-deck in the afternoon, when I heard a voice say, "Oh! here he is at last," and I was instantly surrounded by a bevy of excited soldiers (officers).

"For Heaven's sake, doctor," cried one, "go to cabin so-and-so and see my poor wife."

"And my little sister is there too," said another—"dreadfully ill, I know."

"My wife is there too, doctor," exclaimed a third, "and I know she is going to die—stewardess said so."

"The stewardess is in a wicked mood then," thought I, as I hurried away to the cabin indicated. It contained four beds, two placed fore and aft and two athwart ships. Into the two lower berths the ladies who owned them had already turned, and both lay in a state of collapse. One of the remaining two was too busily engaged to speak or take notice; the other, poor little soul, was standing, pale and scared, with one hand clutching the edge of her berth.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried imploringly, how ever, *ever* shall I get up on to that dreadful shelf?"

The stewardess and I got them both on their respective shelves at last, after which I proceeded to make inquiries at each what she would take, sparkling hock, Moselle, or simple soda and B.

Mrs. A. only wanted her "dear Charlie" to come to her.

Mrs. B. asked, *would* I do her the favour to open the port, and cast her out into "the raging element." I said I should have been happy, but a sea might come in and wet the other ladies; but if she would walk on deck with me, I would ask the captain to rig the plank; upon which she smiled faintly, and said, "A tiny drop of Moselle."

Mrs. C. wished to know if "the sailor men weren't lowering the life-boats," and how long it would be "before the ship went down with all hands."

I gave them a stimulating draught all round, and left them to go to another cabin. I didn't get much rest that night, I can tell you. The same scene was repeated in all the ladies' cabins, the same illness and prostration, and the same silly requests and questions.

Before speaking about the treatment of this malady, let me just say one word about the *pathology* of sea-sickness, or, to speak more plainly, the *reason why*. Sea-sickness, then, is caused primarily by the disturbance of the circulation of the blood through the brain. We all know what garotting means—not practically, I trust—garotting is caused by the sudden check of the flow of blood to the brain, by the compression of one or more of the large arteries that ascend in the neck. The brain being temporarily deprived of blood, insensibility follows, and sickness, and general illness on recovery. Now, sea-sickness is caused, in the first place, by the unequal circulation of the blood through the capillaries, or hair-like vessels of the brain, owing to the jerky motion of the ship. It is primarily, in fact, a state of semi-garotting of the capillaries, and sympathetic retching and vomiting is bound to follow. All experience seems to bear me out in my ideas of the pathology of sea-sickness. One example: some sailors, myself for one, never feel the slightest feeling of illness, even in a hurricane, unless the ship is struck in rapid succession by one or two cross seas; then the impulse to be momentarily sick is quite sudden. Again, by whirling rapidly round in one direction, for some little time, you produce capillary garotting, by the uncertain jerkiness of your evolutions, and excite even on shore a qualminess resembling the first approach of *mal de mer*. Motion continued in one direction will not produce "capillary garotting," as in the upward flight of a balloon. Motion induced by a swinging rope *will*, in people not used to it.

In diagnosing any disease, the opinion or sensations of the patient himself should always have some weight, and it is the feeling of nine out of ten sufferers from sea-sickness, that the symptoms always commence in the head. If the liver, or stomach itself, was the first organ to give the alarm, either of them might easily be accredited with being the principal sufferer.

Is there any change, then, it may be asked, in the brains of old sailors who are called "sea-fast?" There may be; the constant use of healthy exercise, and the ozonic breath of ocean, do wonders to tone the nerves, and increase the propelling power of heart and vessels. Who can tell the change that has taken place in the brain of the opium-eater, who can drink with impunity ten times the amount of laudanum which would stretch either you or me dead at his feet? Nature is very accommodating.

The only effects of any unusual motion of the ship upon a "sea-fast" sailor are to make him drowsy, and one never sleeps more soundly than when the ship is tearing along, with the wind whistling 'twixt mast and shroud, and the waves swilling up against the vessel's side, provided always you turn in with the comforting assurance that the vessel, like yourself, is "snug for the night."

In people not much accustomed to the sea, and even in some sailors on first commencing a voyage, there will be for some days, or even weeks, a slight bilious attack, with a little nausea and squeamishness in the morning, before breakfast. This is caused by a small portion of bile which has regurgitated into the stomach over-night; and some men make a point of swallowing a tumblerful of luke-warm water, and washing out the stomach (in the most natural way, by tickling the fauces with a feather); I do not much approve of this, however. But why is there bile in the stomach? because the circulation through the intestinal veins is rendered more sluggish by the motion of the ship on the brain, just as it is in any sort of brain illness. With regard to the bile which comes to be vomited after severe and some-time-continued retching, this is caused by the compressive action of the diaphragm and abdominal muscles upon the liver. One medical writer attributes this bilious vomiting to the "tickling and pounding" which the liver gets—he forgets that both the liver and brain are as much protected from slight concussions as if they were suspended like hammocks—and he comes to this conclusion by watching the water in the basins and decanters while he lay "on his back *crossways*" (no wonder he was sick) "to the ship. As we rolled, the water rolled too." Why, a less experienced "sailor"

than he, ought to have known that the water in the basin did not move at all; it merely appeared to move, while the ship with the basin moved about it. Water keeps its level, as even a cockroach coming to drink knows. No doubt the disturbance in the circulation is communicated even to the capillaries of the whole nervous system, and hence that extreme lassitude, depression, and weariness which at times make life itself feel a burden to the unhappy sufferer.

From the pathology we deduce the—

Treatment of Sea-sickness.—This resolves itself into two classes—namely, (1) that for short voyages, and (2) that for long.

To ask for a *specific* against sea-sickness is like asking for a royal road to learning. Every one must serve his apprenticeship ere he becomes "sea-fast."

1.—The empty stomach theory will not, to use a nautical expression, bear a brace of shakes. Everything which tends to strengthen the system, and increase the circulation in power and volume, will tend to avert sea-sickness, and reduce it to a minimum when it does come. Therefore beware of going on board with an empty stomach: it is merely opening the door for the enemy to come in. *In mediis tutissimus ibis*, therefore, do not over-eat, and let what you do eat be solid and wholesome—no soup or beer; and beef-steak or underdone mutton in preference to fish or entrées. Brandy—a moderate allowance—is best; but if there is anything that agrees better with you on shore, take that instead, and dine about twenty minutes before coming on board. A further nip of brandy when the vessel is leaving the pier may do good.

So far so good. You have gone on board with a firm and tonic pulse. Keep your heart up—don't be nervous. I've known people be sea-sick from imagination before they had put a foot on board the steamer.

Suppose, now, you are going across Channel. Well, having embarked, if you can remain on deck, do so. Sit, or better still, lie, but have your face or your feet forward, and have a book to read. If you feel you can't remain on deck, then below with you at once, and turn in. Always choose a berth in which, when you lie down—this is medical phraseology—the long axis of your principal bloodvessels shall be parallel with the ship's greatest length, which means, always sleep fore and aft. Lie on your back, and place the pillow under your neck, so that the head shall hang partly over it.

There are only two medicines which I have ever seen do good in short voyages—namely, laudanum and hydrate of chloral. If you choose the first, take twenty-five or thirty drops in a table-spoonful of dry sherry a few minutes before you dine—on shore. If the latter is preferred—and I must say that it very often acts like a charm when taken as here advised—have the following prescription made up before you go on board. —Liebrich's double-crystallised chloral hydrate, 20 grs. for a lady, or 25 grs. for a gentleman; tincture of ginger and tincture of orange-peel, of each half a dram; water, one ounce and a half. Take the bottle to your berth, and after you have composed yourself, take the first third of the draught about ten minutes before the vessel starts. Then, when she has started, and the horrible noise which merchant-sailors make when getting away from a pier has subsided, turn your face gently to the "wall," count sixty, to make sure you are composed, and swallow the remainder.

2.—For a long voyage, go into training at least three weeks before your vessel sails. Drink very little stimulant, so that the stomach shall be in its very best working order; take plenty of exercise, plenty of food, and an iron tonic of some sort to pull you well together. While on the voyage, abjure the use of all narcotics, do with as little spirits and beer as possible, or better still, with none at all, more especially as you will soon be coming into warm weather.

I am quite alive to the benefits derivable from purgatives taken a day or two before embarking. The motion of the ship, affecting the brain, always produces more or less inactivity of the intestinal circulation. The purgative used must be one which will unload the portal veins without causing much irritation of the stomach. When asked to recommend one, I always say, "Take a claret-glassful of German Pullna-water an hour before breakfast on the morning you start." This medicine only operates once, and is in every way beneficial. Take a bottle or two in your cabin portmanteau, to use occasionally after you have been at sea for a few days.

The great secret of getting over sea-sickness in two or three days is to set yourself determinedly to conquer. Believe me, bogey Neptune is an awful bully. Resist him, and he will flee from you. Never give in, then, for a single day; get up betimes in the morning, and, before leaving your berth, make the steward bring you a cup of strong coffee, and a bit of dry ship's biscuit, then turn out and have a *cold salt-water bath* —this is an essential part of my treatment. Next take a turn on deck before breakfast, and have a sniff of the "caller" sea-breeze. Now go down to breakfast orderly and determined, and not only to that meal, but every meal, and instead of putting yourself on slops and low diet, and making an invalid old woman of yourself, make this your rule: Eat whatever you fancy, and as much as you care for. Go about your avocations—reading, &c.—all day as you would on shore. Above all, take lots of exercise; let your motto be *tramp, tramp, tramp.* If you act thus, you will be astonished how soon you will get well and hungry, while others are lying on their backs on the saloon sofas, nursing Nep, and getting daily weaker. When thirsty in hot weather, ask the steward for ice, and the doctor for sherbet, but avoid spirits like poison. Iced beer is allowable in moderation.

Ladies make, as a rule, the worst of patients; they won't do as they are told, and so succumb to the malady; and the roughest old sea-dog of a doctor couldn't drill a lady on deck, and threaten her with a ducking if she didn't remain there.

These suggestions are all practical, and when carried properly out, I never saw them fail. If they are unsuccessful, reader, there is only one other means to certainly prevent sea-sickness—next time you think of going to sea, stop at home.

JULY.

THOUGH one of the most pleasant months, July is also one of the wettest. Heavy thunder-showers may be expected, so that the careful farmer does not leave his hay uncut longer than he can possibly help. Though some ten days only have elapsed since the longest day, the jealous lover of summer fancies that he can detect a wrinkle appearing on its beauty. The evenings are not quite so long as they were, and towards the end of the month those cold mists, which are the shadows thrown before the approach of autumn, warn late croquet-players.

Spite of heat and dust, the country is never more delightful than during July. If the singing-birds are silent, the uplands are yellow with corn beside the heavily drooping masses of dark green foliage. There are yet abundant wild flowers, and a rambler amongst them "all the live murmur of a summer's day," will find the pretty pink pyramidal orchis everywhere on chalky banks, while dark blue prunella, flaunting horse-daisies, and tottering grasses clothe the pastures. Woody nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*) twines through the hedges which are smothered under the weight of their own pink roses, and at a little distance seem powdered with the fallen white petals, just as they were in spring with the blown hawthorn blossoms. In the twilight here and there, the elder-flowers, with their large discs of whiteness, catch and reflect the last rays of light in a very ghost-like manner. Yellow bed-straw and blonde meadow-sweet cheer every bank with their subtle shades of colour; while the grander harmonies of Nature's artistry are reserved for the corn-fields. There—

> "Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
> And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
> Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep."

Most beautiful of all July's flowers, is the water forget-me-not, with its vivid blue eyes of colour, each with an inmost dot of yellow. Few plants mass with greater effect by a stream's edge, or would make better bedding plants; and yet their loveliness is for the most part left to the solitary angler. Modern lovers are too prosaic to gather forget-me-nots.

In a previous paper we spoke of British reptiles. As our native quadrupeds may now be seen in their haunts in full activity, it is worth while to make a few remarks on them.

Omitting the bats and the cetacea (whales, &c., which are not fish, but warm-blooded mammals), the ordinary quadrupeds likely to fall under an observer's notice form thirty-seven species, according to their latest historian, Mr. T. Bell. Several even of these are all but extinct, or are at all events relegated to inaccessible northern heights and forests. Thus many sportsmen shoot wild cats; but they are only village tabbies run wild, which have taken to a poaching life of adventure in the woods, and richly deserve the cartridge which ends their depredations. The true wild cat is of a deep grey colour, with a dark stripe down its back-bone; its tail is of an equal thickness throughout, and its head has a triangular shape. We have seen one shot in Caithness which would have formed a very ugly antagonist at close quarters. It is the only feline animal in our islands, the last relic of the family whose larger relatives, the great cave tiger and the huge sabre-toothed *Machairodus latidens*, have been discovered in Kent's Hole by the palæontologists. Similarly, our two martens, the pine and the stone marten, are now very rarely obtained. It is a question whether the latter animal be not extinct in England. The otter, weasel, stoat, and polecat, the other members of this family, are still sufficiently common if sought in their proper haunts.

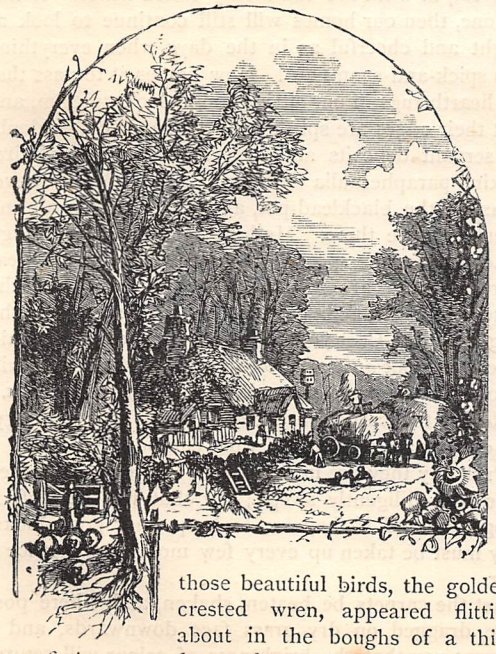
The badger, also the last relic of another family—that of the bears—well represented both in fossil and historic times amongst us, though seldom seen owing to its nocturnal habits, is common enough in certain localities.

Every dweller in the country knows the mole, the hedgehog, the shrew, and the fox. Still, many interesting circumstances connected with their habits, &c., remain for the student to discover, though we fear he cannot hope to find a new species of quadruped.

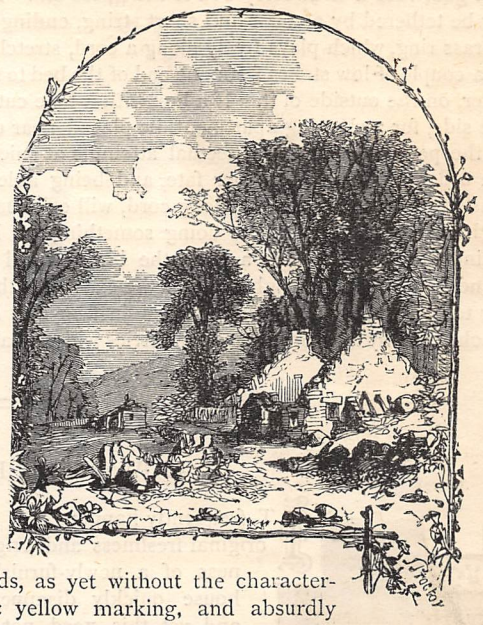
Gilbert White, who detected the little harvest mouse, was the last to whom that honour can be ascribed. Most persons are also acquainted with two of our three native species of deer—the red and the fallow-deer—owing to their being kept in parks and chases. The third kind (or roe-deer) is confined to the north. In Pennant's time, it was restricted to the Scottish Highlands, north of Perthshire; but, owing to game preservation, it is now occasionally found even in the north of England. These, with the rats, mice, and voles, form the staple of our British quadrupeds. As for the marine mammals—whales, seals, dolphins, &c.—one or two are occasionally seen off the coast, or are stranded and slain in Scotland; but the use of the rifle, and the persecutions they have sustained, render them too scarce for any but professed naturalists to observe their ways.

The *Cheiroptera*, or bats, are well represented among us. Fourteen species haunt our woods and gardens. The noctule (or great bat) and the pipistrelle (or little bat) are not uncommonly seen on fine summer evenings. Bats make amusing pets, if their owner can once overcome the repugnance their grotesque forms and faces cause to some people. We once kept a pipistrelle for some time, which was fed daily on flies and scraps of meat. It would seize a bluebottle, shear off its wings in an instant as clearly as if they had been cut with a pair of scissors, and dispose of eighteen or twenty of them in a very short time. One night its box was accidentally left open. Next morning it had unaccountably vanished from the room in which it was kept, probably by flying up the chimney.

Young birds are now common in plantations and hedge-rows. In July last year a brood of five or six of



those beautiful birds, the golden-crested wren, appeared flitting about in the boughs of a thick spruce-fir in our garden, and were fed by their parents with the utmost assiduity. The whole family party sat on a bough, which scarcely dipped under their weight (five and a half of the adult birds do but weigh an ounce!) and the little ones, like woolly balls, with grey



heads, as yet without the characteristic yellow marking, and absurdly short cocked-up tails, clamoured open-mouthed for food. The old birds sought it up and down the tree, and then, while all uttered their sweet cry of "tzit, tzit, tzit," dropped it into the little ones' bills with an amazing amount of fluttering. A prettier sight could scarcely be found. All were quite fearless, and the old birds flew past us backwards and forwards, almost brushing us with their wings in search of the minute insects on which they feed.

The scarlet runners, which are now in such gorgeous bloom in the gardens, are a familiar instance of the manner in which insect and plant life are connected with regard to the most vital functions. It has now been proved that this flower is dependent, like many others, upon the visits of humble-bees, and that it is provided with a special contrivance, by means of which its pollen is rubbed into the head of the bee, and received on the stigma of the next plant to which the insect flies. Mr. Belt relates that he attempted to grow the scarlet runner at Chontales, in Nicaragua. It flowered abundantly, but never produced a single pod. The same naturalist also tells of a curious analogous case, how the Vanilla plant has been introduced into India from tropical America, and though it grows well and flowers there, it never fruits without artificial aid, owing to the absence of insects adapted to its needs. Such facts as these open avenues of speculation to the thoughtful mind, and point out with what singular harmoniousness Nature has adjusted her different departments of life, how easily man may mar her contrivances, and what marvellous proofs of creative wisdom lie around us in every garden and roadside, if only we open our eyes to discern them.

While the strawberries are ripening in the garden, it is as well to remind the reader, as we have been

treating of quadrupeds, that squirrels are inveterate foes of this fruit. Nets will of course be spread over the beds to protect them from blackbirds. The best guard for a strawberry-bed is the house-cat. Let her be tethered by a collar and short string, ending in a brass ring, which plays freely along a cord, stretched by a couple of low stakes from one end of the bed to the other, on the outside of it. If a box with a hole cut in one side, for a sleeping apartment, be placed near one of the pegs, after a few ineffectual attempts at suicide she will resign herself to her fate, and being able to pass freely up and down the long cord, will effectually frighten away birds, and be doing something for her maintenance. But after a time the birds, it will be found, are cunning enough to know the exact length of her tether, and will feed undisturbed just beyond her reach. But by that time the strawberries will probably have been eaten. A cat of ours thus mounted guard for a fortnight last year over a cherry-tree.

Any late crops for autumn use must not be delayed in the kitchen garden. Thus a final sowing should be made of kidney-beans and peas: the early varieties are the best. All herbs required for drying should be cut in full flower, dried off quickly, and rubbed into powder before being enclosed in tightly-corked bottles. Parsley and salading can still be sown. Early potatoes must be harvested, if possible, before much rain falls. They only deteriorate if left in the ground. In the flower-garden, in like manner, spring-flowering bulbs should be taken up. This is the rosarian's month for budding roses. Choose a showery day for the operation. Cut off all faded blooms, and especially remove them from standard roses—indeed, tidiness is the gardener's chief virtue in July.

M. G. WATKINS.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT.

IT frequently happens that the original freshness and brightness of a newly-furnished house quickly disappears, and yet this need not be the case, for it is quite possible to preserve much, very much, of this gloss and polish and brilliancy of colour—I do not say for ever, but for a considerable number of years.

I ofttimes hear the inhabitants of houses mournfully regretting the rapid decay of the external beauty of their possessions; they never seem to dream that it might be avoided. These young and inexperienced matrons regard the misfortune as a "must-be." All brightness and shine of course must disappear with daily use, say they.

Nay, say I. It is the abuse of furniture, and not its legitimate use, which imprints such rude and visible disfiguring marks on the surface of its several articles. Domestic servants, as a rule, are strangely ignorant about household matters, and hence much of the mischief which is done daily; for this ignorance, if let loose in a well-furnished house, will very soon do irrevocable damage to its contents. If, however, the mistress possesses the knowledge, her head will be able to direct the hands of her maiden; but if neither of them knows what ought to be done, what then? Ay, what then? Why, then there steals over the house that dingy, forlorn look which we not unfrequently see.

It may well be said that the hints I offer are very simple. So they are, and yet they are not known to everybody, although they do not contain any deep mysteries. At the same time I assert that they are of a useful kind, and that if these suggestions are carried into daily practice, our houses will preserve their freshness, whether they be in town or country. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," "Order is Heaven's first law," are two quotations which constantly fall from the lips of wise and clever housewives. And it will be readily conceded that cleanliness and order are the two great essentials to be considered in household management; but to be thoroughly effective, they must be carried out in things small as well as great, in what are commonly called trifles. If this is done, then our homes will still continue to look as bright and cheerful as in the days when everything was spick-and-span new! How comes it to pass that the hearth-rugs in our sitting-rooms look so grim, and that their edges are split and jagged? Why, no doubt the servant deposits all her grate-cleaning and fire-making paraphernalia on the rug, no doubt the shovel of ashes, the blacklead-pot, and the fire-irons all find a resting-place there. Methinks that is quite enough to account for the spots and smears which soon appear on rugs which are not rolled away previous to the grate being cleaned. And then with regard to the ragged edge. Cast your eye down and see if the said edge is not put *on* to the feet of the fender; that will account for the splitting and breaking of the threads.

Really, the carpets are beginning to look so dingy, the colours are quite dull; what can be the reason?

Probably they are full of dust. I dare say that they have been diligently swept; but that will not suffice altogether, and if they are to keep their good looks, they must be taken up every few months, say twice a year.

Let the carpets be beaten, shaken, and, where possible, dragged on dry grass face downwards, and I warrant you that the brightness of colour will return, and the fabric will look fresh and clean again.

And the covers of chairs and couches, why are they so soon soiled? I suspect that the misdemeanours of the maids have much to do with this. It is no uncommon thing to see sweeping-brushes and dirty dusters, ay, even poker and tongs, laid down upon chairs, therefore what reason to wonder why the delicate rep and cretonne so soon lose their pristine beauty?

Then if we turn to the furniture proper, how comes it that the highly-polished surface now looks dim and rough. It cannot have had fair play, for the beauty of wood increases with age if rightly dealt with. Ah! I see what has been done. There is a mistaken notion abroad that "polishing paste" will keep furniture in good order. Consequently, a quantity is plastered on the chairs and sideboard, and the paste alone is expected to produce the proper effect. No, no; the wood must be dusted and rubbed first of all, grains of dust hunted out of crevices and grooves with duster and brush, finger-marks and spots rubbed off with sponge and cloth; and when this has been done, you can order the polish to be laid on, but see that the wood is well rubbed and brushed afterwards, otherwise the surface will not reflect the face like a mirror.

But some wood is varnished; what is then to be done? A piece of sponge and plenty of clean cold water will restore its brightness. Strictly forbid the use of hot water and of soda, for if applied, the varnish will never shine more. Again, other articles of furniture are painted in plain colours, and not varnished. In this case, warm water, a little soda, and a flannel are the requisite helps to renew the purity of the white paint.

I think that I have now given as many directions as can well be digested at once, and therefore I will take my leave till another opportunity comes to resume my instructions. I trust that what I have said will not be misconstrued. Time will put its mark upon chairs and tables as well as upon their owners. Sunshine and damp will fade and destroy the vivid brightness of the colours exhibited in carpet or cretonne; threads will obtrude upon our notice, and scratches and bruises are inflicted; in fact, the whole of the contents of the house are worn out with time. What I am endeavouring to show is that it is quite possible to keep the good looks of ordinary pieces of furniture for a considerable length of years, if a small modicum of care is bestowed upon it. That there is a degree of attraction, home comfort, and cheerfulness about houses whose furniture is "well kept," and about those only, I think every person will own without one dissentient voice.

E. C.

A CUT IN THE DARK.

"I'VE been about a bit in my time, sir, sure enough," says our second officer, as we look down over the rail of the "look-out bridge," upon the floating masses of weed that dapple the smooth surface of the Sargasso Sea; "and I've had some queer adventures, too. If you care to hear one as a sample (as there's a quarter of an hour or so left of my watch on deck) I'll give it you.

"It's a good many years ago now since I was at Victoria (in Australia, you know), and of course, like everybody else, I must try my luck at the diggings. You may think it a queer thing for a fellow to be digger and sailor turn about; but that happens oftener than you'd think, too. But in those days it was rough work, I can tell you. There were no railways or beaten roads *then;* just a cattle-track through the bush, and everything to be carried by wagons, in some places through mud up to the very axle. We used to travel in great gangs then, just like a caravan going through the desert; so that if Jack got stuck fast, Tom, and Jim, and Sam would come up and lug him out; and if eight oxen couldn't drag a load through, they'd harness three eights to it but they'd do it somehow. In those days I've known transport go as high as £120 a ton; and a ton was sometimes just about as much as two horses could manage, over such a mashed-potato kind of soil as they had of it up-country.

"Then, you see, this travelling in gangs told another way; it was a sort of security against being bailed up [robbed] by the bushrangers, who were about, then, as thick as beetles in a sugar-cask. Nowadays, of course, it's a different thing; but in my time, if a fellow went up-country by himself, or only two or three with him, he was pretty safe to have to say a word or two to Frank Gardiner on the road."

"Frank Gardiner! was *he* there then? I know his name well enough. A friend of mine got cleaned out by him, two days' march from the nearest township; and he begged for just enough to keep him when he got in. So Gardiner handed him back three dollars, and filled his 'baccy pouch for him into the bargain."

"Ay, that's Frank all over; he was very fond of that style. I remember hearing of a lady that begged hard to be allowed to ransom her watch, because her husband's miniature was in the back of it; when what does Master Frank do but hand it back to her, free

gratis for nothing, saying, 'it should never be said that Gardiner ever gave a *lady* any cause of distress.' And, d'ye see, that was a wideawake game of his, too; for when he *did* get cotched (as he did at last, sure enough)* then a lot of these folk that he'd been civil to spoke up for him, and said he warn't as black as he was painted.

"But, for all that, it wasn't bad fun in those days—for them at least that could rough it, and didn't want hot water and blacked boots every morning. You just brought a sack of flour with you, and a small cask of whisky, or mayhap a chest of tea (tea's a great stand-by in the bush), and there you were independent of both baker and bar-keeper so long as your stock held out. As for meat, it wasn't so dear as you'd think—many's the time I've bought a pound for sixpence. And after a hard day's work, when you'd got into dry things, and shoved a good allowance of damper and mutton down your throat, with a glass or two of grog to send it down, and you lay by the fire on your blanket, smoking your pipe, why, you wouldn't call the Emperor of Rooshia your father!

"My mate was a young gentleman from Trinity College, Dublin, and a right good fellow he was. I never knew how he came to that pass, for he was mighty close about his past life, as most of that sort are; but I suppose he'd just fooled away his money like many another, and then had to shift for himself. But, for all that, he could do a day's work with any man out; and instead of being down in the mouth whenever anything went wrong, or grumbling and grunting because everything wasn't like a London hotel, he was always whistling and singing over his work, and laughing, and cracking jokes, so that it was quite a treat to see him. It used to be great fun for me sometimes, when the day's work was done, and we were having our pipes by the fire, to make him chalk my name on a log in Greek, or spout me a bit of Homer or some of those old chaps—for all the education *I* ever got was a very different sort, and I don't know a B from a bull's foot in either Greek or Latin.

"But what I liked best was hearing him sing, for he had a fine clear pipe of his own; and he wrote his own songs, too, he did—words and music and all. There was one I liked specially, because it was just my own way of thinking put into words; and it went to the tune of 'I'll hang my Harp on a Willow-tree.' I made him give me a copy, and here it is:—

"'This world is a good one in its way,
If you will but take it fair;
Whenever the sun shines, make your hay,
And laugh at sorrow and care.
And what if at times the sky turns black,
And down comes pelting rain?
Just wait, and you'll see the sun come back,
And all will go right again!

"Wherever we go, there is work to be done,
Then do it, and never say die;
There isn't a thing beneath the sun
That's worth a whine or a sigh.
So never you fret when things go wrong,
For it's useless to complain;
Just set your teeth and hammer along,
Till all comes right again!'

* He was captured in 1864, and sentenced to thirty years' penal servitude.

"Well, we worked together, him and me, for a spell of four months or so, and did pretty well, take one day with another—nothing very tremendous, but quite enough to keep our pipes alight. At last, one fine day, we happened on a nice rich pocket, and made a very tidy haul; and the news of it got about (rolling up as it went, as a story always does) till we got the name of being lucky uns. And *that*, mark ye, is just about the worst name you can get at the diggings; for if a fellow's overburdened with money *there*, there are always plenty of kind Christians to relieve him of it, and, if he don't see it in their way, to let light into his understanding with a big knife. But as the thing was done, why, it couldn't be helped; and the only thing then was to change the best part of our gold into notes of the Sydney Bank, and carry them always about us.

"Well, sir, just about this time I noticed three fellows loafing about, whom I hadn't seen before; for, you see, this gully of ours was a small place at best, with not many in it, so that you could spot a new face directly. They weren't quite the sort you'd have liked to meet out on the loose after dark, a good way from home, that's a fact. One was a long, skinny, black-haired fellow, with a complexion like a bad cucumber, whom I took to be a Greek; the second was a tall, bony, sly-looking Yankee, with a very vicious look in the corner of his eye; and the third was a great, hulking, red-headed beast, with a broken nose and one eye, precious like a lag [convict]—which was just what he was, as I afterwards found out. They planted their tent not very far from ours, and tried to scrape acquaintance with us a bit; but I kept as clear of them as I could, and warned my mate to do the same; not that he needed much warning, for he liked the cut of their jibs as little as I did.

However, it's not very easy to be stand-offish at the diggings, especially if you're naturally fond of company, like me; and by dint of doing us little turns every now and then, and always having plenty of liquor going, these three beauties managed to get pretty thick with us at last. The Yankee and the Englishman had a hail-fellow-well-met way with 'em that rather took my mate, and me too, after a bit; but I never could quite fancy the Greek. For, d'ye see, I'd had a taste of their quality up the Levant, and was quite of the same mind as the old saying: 'The Greek wines steal all heads, the Greek women steal all hearts, and the Greek men steal everything.'

"Well, it happened one day that I was left alone in the tent (my partner had gone to meet some stores that were comingup from the township for us) when up comes this big red-haired chap, and asks me to come over in the evening and have a glass of grog with him and his pals. It was a murdering hot day, and the very mention of grog made me lick my lips like a dog in front of a butcher's shop; besides, there was nothing in our tent worth taking, and even if there had been, I knew I should be back again long before dark; so, as you may suppose, the short and the long of it was—that I went!

"I found the three beauties sitting at their tent-door, seeming to have knocked off work pretty early. For

at the diggings, you see, one don't find many watches about; a fellow just looks up at the sun and says, 'Must be towards noon—I'll have a bite of summut!' or else, 'Sun's only a foot high now—time to knock off!' You never heard anything of half-hours or quarter-hours among us—not you!

"Well, they gave me a great welcome, and told me to sit down and make myself comfortable; and we had a regular jollification. The Yankee spun some queer yarns that made us all laugh, and I sang 'em one or two of my mate's songs; and, altogether, we were as thick as thieves. At last the sun began to go down; and then I thought it was about time for me to be stirring.

"'Gammon!' says the big sandy-haired chap. 'The bush ain't run dry yet; what the blazes are you in such a hurry for?'

"'You stop little bit yet, Johnny,' says the Greek (these heathens always call everybody Johnny, you know), 'by-by we hab supper, little game cards play—eh?'

"And with that he gave me a tap on the side with the back of his hand, as if in play. It was no more than any man might have done; but it struck me all at once that he did it to feel if I wore a belt; for, in that climate, men don't wear thick leathern belts under their clothes for the fun of it; and, if I had one, there was safe to be something in it.

"Well, this put me more and more on my guard, and I began to think I'd better not have come at all, as one always does when it's too late. However, to make the best of a bad job, I up and said I'd had a very jolly evening, and must have another soon; but that now I'd got to go and see if my partner had turned up yet; for I thought they wouldn't be so game to play any tricks if they fancied they'd got *two* men to deal with. So then Master Greek says to me—

"'Well, Johnny, you take parting glass before you go; that much proper.'

"And with that he opens a fresh bottle, *turning his back* while he did it. I guessed directly what he was up to, but I never let on that I'd spotted him; and I pretended to smack my lips over it and think it very good, but in reality I managed to spill most of it into my beard, which was a good thick un. But by the drop or two I *did* swallow, I tasted that it was drugged, just as I thought.

"So then I said good night, and came away, wishing very much that my partner would turn up; for I didn't much like the idea of having these three beauties on my hands all at once. However, when I got to the tent, there was no sign of him; so I lighted a candle (for it was pretty dark by this time) and sat down to tailor-up my clothes a bit, by way of passing the time.

"I'd been working about an hour, as near as I could guess, when I bethought myself that if I kept the light burning, they might pot me through the canvas; for, with a light behind you, your shadow shows through a tent just like through a blind; so I lay down on my blanket, took off my jacket and put it under my head, and then blew out the light, and *waited*.

"I don't know how long I lay there in the dark (it seemed long enough to me, I know that), when, all at once, I heard somebody breathing close by the tent. I had heard no footstep, nor anything of that sort; but my ears are pretty sharp (especially when my life depends on keeping 'em cocked), and I was sure I heard this breathing.

"'Here they come!' thought I, and fisted hold of my revolver, when—blest if I hadn't forgotten to load it!

"There was no time to think about it. The very next moment I heard the canvas quietly ripped, and a hand came sliding in, right towards the place where my head had been a minute before, and where my clothes (and the belt with 'em) ought to be.

"Now, there was a big log on that side of the tent, and I'd nailed the canvas to it to keep firm; and over this log the hand came creeping. I watched till the wrist showed white in a stray gleam of moonlight that came through the hole, and then grabbed my hatchet and came down with one good blow, that chopped the hand clean off!

"Then came a yell that I never heard the like of, and a sound of feet pattering away. I ran to the door, and looked out; but the fellow's screech had roused the whole camp, and there was such a rush from all the tents—some in their shirt-sleeves, some in their stocking-feet, and many with nothing on at all—that I had no chance of seeing which way my man went. In the crowd I caught sight of a man I knew, and sang out to him—

"'Sam, my boy, come into my tent for the rest of the night, and I'll stand you a quart!'

"'Done with you,' says he, and in he came; and we kept watch till sunrise. But nothing came near us, and about daybreak my partner turned up. So then I took my revolver, and went to look after my three beauties; but, just as I expected, they and their tent were clean gone, and I never saw any more of 'em.

"Now then, here comes my relief; so I'll just go down and turn in."

DAVID KER.

THE COURAGE OF WOMEN.

AMONG the mental qualifications peculiar to men and women, there is not one more firmly believed in than that courage is an attribute of the male sex, and that timidity is equally characteristic of the female. In fact, the possession of courage among women is frequently considered rather derogatory than otherwise, and it has often enough come under my notice that ladies have affected a timidity which they certainly did not feel, rather than expose themselves to the suspicion of possessing so unfeminine a quality. If rightly considered, however, so far from courage being solely peculiar to men, it might be found, were the question fairly investigated, that it is about equally divided between men and women. Were, however, the medical profession appealed to for their opinion, it is more than probable, from their great opportunities of watching both men and women in the hour of danger, they might give the palm to the latter. Upon that point of course I will not pretend to decide. I, personally, believe courage to be equally divided between men and women, and to prove that my theory is not without reason to support it, I will offer to the reader a few examples out of many which might be brought forward of heroic courage displayed by women.

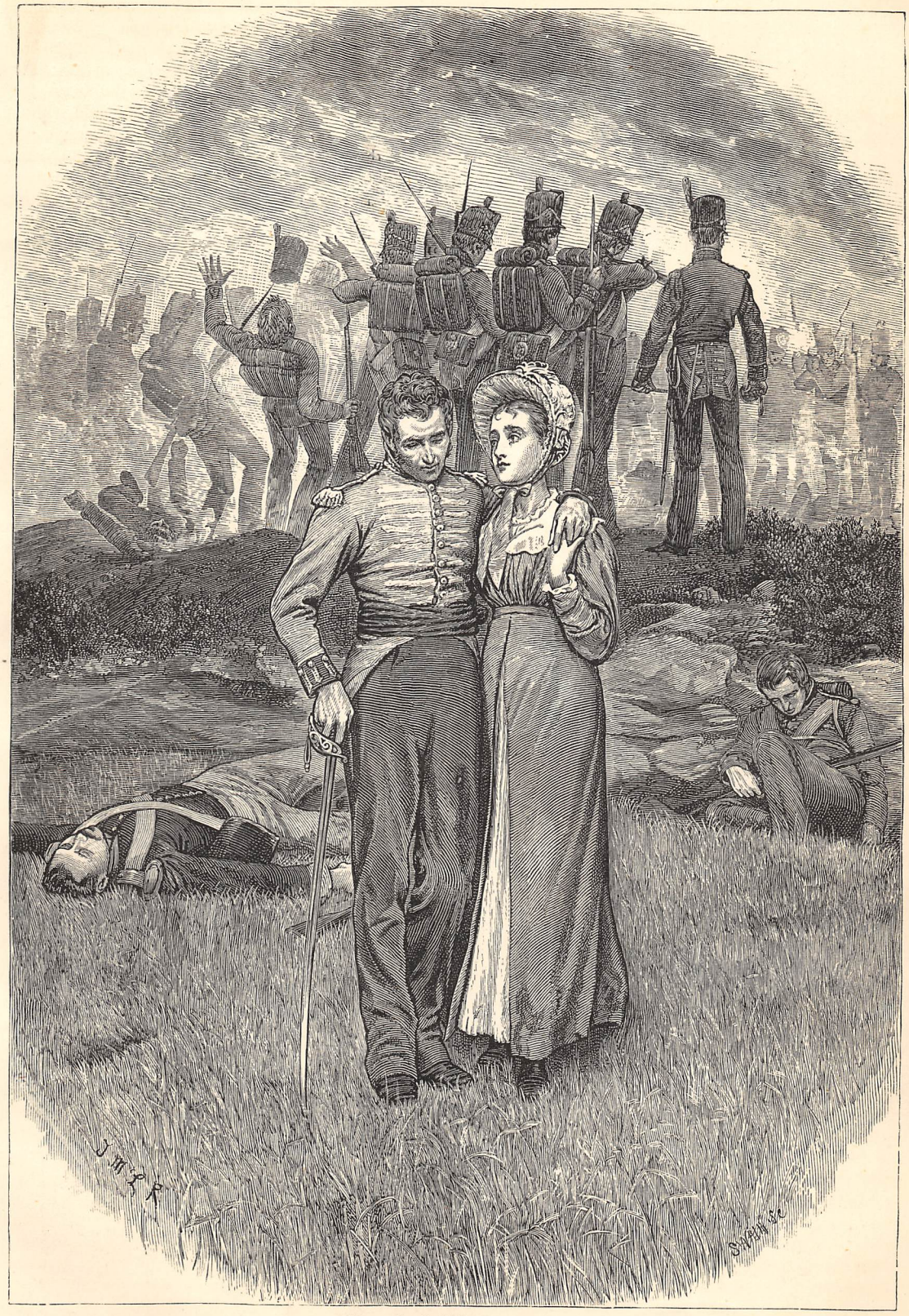
Before commencing, however, let me define what I mean by the word courage. In the first place, I take it to be the quality which leads men to meet danger without fear or shrinking. Seneca also somewhere says that no courage can exceed that of facing death without fear. Assuming then that the above may be considered as true definitions of the word, I will now bring under the reader's notice a few—a very few—examples in proof of my theory. The proximate cause of my taking up the subject is shortly as follows :—

A short time since a paragraph, which appeared in the daily papers, came under my notice, in which it was stated that a lady, a Mrs. Mellor, sister-in-law to Mr. Justice Mellor, saw from her carriage a large retriever dog, in a rabid state, seize a little girl by the arm, inflicting on it a serious wound. Mrs. Mellor immediately descended from her carriage, and the child having been rescued from the dog, she first sucked the virus from the arm, and then took the little sufferer to a surgeon, who cauterised the wound. The child was then restored to her parents.

Here, without any of the pomp or circumstance of war, without any excitement of the battle-field, without the passions being roused either by anger or the necessity of self-defence, was performed a cool, determined act of daring, which could not have been exceeded by the most rampant hero that ever elicited the applause and admiration of the vulgar. It was also spontaneously performed, there was no "screwing up the courage to the sticking point," all was done with perfect self-possession. That Mrs. Mellor knew the deadly danger contained in the virus, was proved by the fact that it was to defend the child from it she performed the heroic feat. We read in history how Queen Eleanor, to save her husband's life, sucked the suspected poison from the wound inflicted by the would-be assassin, and for that feat alone (for little more is authentically known of her) she has been honoured by all posterity till her name has almost become a household word among us. But honourable and courageous as the action of the Queen indisputably was, it was also certainly less than the one I have mentioned. Queen Eleanor, I admit, in no way thought of the risk she ran when attempting to save the life of a beloved husband; but the child was neither kith nor kin to Mrs. Mellor—on the contrary, she was a total stranger—yet the danger incurred was possibly the greater of the two.

It would, at first sight, appear difficult to equal the heroism displayed in the above good action, and impossible to surpass it, yet if further inquiry be made on the subject, equal courage may very frequently be found in women when carrying out objects which interest them, and that too with a cool determination it would be impossible to exceed. Of similar self-denying heroism in women, when assisting a comparative stranger, I will quote one instance out of many which have come under my notice.

Some twenty years since, a violent attack of small-pox broke out in a station in a remote district of Bengal, and that with such virulence as to resemble a pestilence rather than an epidemic. Rich and poor, high and low, English and native, were alike its victims; and medical science and sanitary precautions seemed alike unavailing to arrest its progress. But while the spread of the disease caused alarm and anxiety in the minds of the British authorities and other male portions of the community resident in the station, there was another—and one only second, perhaps, to death itself—apparent to the female portion—the chance of personal disfigurement should they escape from an attack of the disease. Many fled; others, whose duties as wives or mothers detained them at the station, remained closely shut up in their compounds, taking every precaution against the admission of strangers, especially natives, who might inadvertently bring with them the seeds of the malady. These precautions, however, were very difficult to be effectually carried out, almost the whole of the servants being natives and, notwithstanding the careful manner



(Drawn by J. M'L. Ralston.)

"ASSISTED HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS WOUNDED IN THE LEG, TO A PLACE OF SAFETY."

"THE COURAGE OF WOMEN" (*see p.* 472).

in which they were watched, frequently in communication with other natives in the vicinity.

Among the ladies who remained in the station was the wife of a lieutenant, whose name unhappily I now forget, as it is well worthy of honourable mention. This lady was not only exceedingly handsome, but it was whispered that she more than half suspected the fact herself. Of course to her the possibility of an attack of small-pox was a subject of great alarm, and there was but little doubt she would, had it been possible, have left the station with the other ladies; but shortly after the outbreak she became a mother, and, of course, it was judged inadvisable, even if possible, for her to undertake a journey. She recovered somewhat slowly, and the more so as she was afraid of employing a wet-nurse from fear of the contagion, although a native woman had been especially engaged for that purpose.

The epidemic now began to subside, but was not yet quite extinct when the lady heard that the woman who had been engaged as a wet-nurse had been attacked by the disease, and was then not only in great danger, but almost uncared for, as the natives who had escaped the malady objected to incur the possibility of the danger they had so lately escaped from. My heroine, however, when she heard of the neglected condition of the poor creature, greatly sympathised with her, the more so as the woman before her marriage had been an Ayah in her own service.

She would willingly have visited her, but she remembered as she looked at her baby that she had a life depending upon her besides her own. And then the thought suddenly flashed across her mind—what was the condition of the poor Ayah's baby? Her answer to the mute questions she had put to herself had so great an effect, that without a moment's hesitation she bent her steps to the poor creature's hut, and, on arriving, found standing before it three old native women, one among them holding in her arms a sickly, emaciated baby, a few weeks old, too feeble to cry, and apparently dying. On inquiring whose baby it was, the lady was informed that it belonged to the Ayah, who had died of the disease an hour before, and they were then taking it away to feed it if possible, but they feared it was too far gone. The lady, however, justly believing that while there was life there was hope, regardless of all danger, took the child from the old woman's arms, and fed it herself. Fortunately, the infant had sufficient strength left to profit by the lady's charity; and, its meal over, it was again placed in the old woman's arms, and the lady returned to her home, having not only braved the danger of infection from the disease the mother had died of, but also the risk to her scarcely less terrible, if she recovered from the attack, of being disfigured for life.

Should it be thought that the cases I have quoted were of a class especially calculated to develop that natural instinct in all women, the tendency to assist and defend children, let me now submit another in which that stimulus did not exist. Here, fortunately, I am able to state the name of my heroine. The reader has no doubt read, and with pleasure, fugitive poems which have appeared in divers magazines under the *nom de plume* of Sadi, whose real name was Sarah Williams, a young lady of great ability and more than ordinary personal attractions. Although there had been nothing in the current of this young lady's life which in any way had tended to inure her to danger, she exhibited at her death, which occurred when she was still a girl, an amount of calm, determined courage, which the bravest man that ever lived could not have surpassed.

Miss Williams had for some months suffered from a most painful disease—cancer—which the highest professional skill had been unable to cure, or even to arrest its progress. At length it increased to a degree which rendered a surgical operation absolutely necessary. From the nature of the disease, however, this operation could not be performed without great personal danger to the sufferer. Although, of course, this alarming contingency was concealed as far as possible from Miss Williams, she had sufficient penetration to perceive, supported as it was by her own conviction, that the operation would be attended with the greatest danger, while the chance of recovery was small indeed.

The operation was at length finally decided on, and a day was fixed for its performance. During the week which had to elapse before the operation, day by day the impression became more deeply stamped on the poor girl's mind that she should not survive it. This feeling continued to increase till the night before the operation, when the anxious doubt changed into the settled conviction that there was no chance of her living, and she calmly prepared herself for death. From the painful nature of the disease she could not sleep, and "the ruling passion being strong in death," she calmly occupied some hours of the night in writing an adieu to her friends in verse, which, judged from a literary point of view, was perhaps one of the best of her productions. If the style of the handwriting, as has been frequently urged, is a clue to the state of the writer's mind, the manuscript ought to be looked upon as a psychological wonder, as it would be impossible to produce any specimen of handwriting that betrayed less perturbation of mind or want of calmness. Even the celebrated despatch of Nelson during the fight at Copenhagen could not have surpassed it.

Her poem over, she stretched herself on her bed, and in a spirit of religious resignation awaited the time fixed for the operation. Although performed in the most scientific manner, and every kindness and attention shown to the poor sufferer, her prognostications were fully verified, and she added another to the list of noble heroines whom death maketh not afraid.

It may now be fairly argued that the above examples have been especially marked by those features in which feminine courage would have the most favourable opportunities to display itself, but in the excitement of any sudden overwhelming danger, such as the horrors

of the battle-field, they would be found lamentably wanting, even if courage of the kind were in any case an honourable attribute in women.

Without analysing the latter point, it may easily be shown that women are perfectly able to face the dangers of the field of battle, and that with as much courage as men, especially if supported by the wish to perform some act of womanly kindness. Out of many examples of the kind which present themselves to my memory, I will select one.

Many years since, I was acquainted with an elderly lady—a Mrs. Tucker, whose husband, a captain in the 27th Foot, or Inniskillens, was with his regiment at Waterloo, as well as her brother, a Captain Smith. This regiment, although seldom brought prominently forward in accounts of that celebrated battle, fought as gallantly as any in the British army, and suffered as much—possibly more. Mrs. Tucker had followed the army from Brussels, and was at some short distance in the rear at the commencement of the battle.

Hearing from a wounded soldier who was carried past her that her husband also was wounded, she managed to make her way to the regiment, and assisted her husband, who was wounded in the leg, to a place of safety. Afterwards hearing that her brother was wounded, she a second time managed to reach what was left of the gallant regiment, and succeeded in performing the same kind office for her brother.

Here possibly it may be said that the strong affection felt by the brave lady for her husband and brother, blinded her to the danger she ran while rescuing them from their perilous position when stretched wounded on the field of battle. Assuming the objection to be a valid one, let me offer to the reader's notice another proof of female courage when exposed to all the dangers of a sanguinary fight, in which family affection played no part in supporting the fortitude the actors displayed, their only stimulus being the desire to succour the sick and wounded. I allude to the Greek sisters of charity, who acted as nurses to the Russian troops defending Sebastopol in the Crimean war. Not only during the whole length of the siege were these ladies within range of the shot and shells of the besieging army, pursuing their humane duties without one of their number flinching even for a moment, but during the last terrible bombardment—the *feu d'enfer*, as the French general graphically called it—they were as calm and self-possessed as the most seasoned veteran. Of the severity of this last terrible episode of the siege some idea may be formed from the fact that, during the last thirty-six hours, from the different batteries of the besiegers two shells or shot *per minute* were fired at the town. So fearful was the slaughter, that the dwelling-houses had to be turned into temporary hospitals, and nothing was more common than for a shell to crash through a room in which these ladies were engaged in nursing the wounded. Many were severely injured, and some killed, yet not one among them, even in the most trying circumstances, betrayed the slightest fear, or uttered a wish to be relieved from her duties.

The instances of female heroism which could be quoted might fill a volume, and doubtless instances not less meritorious than those I have named have come under the reader's own notice. Nothing, in fact, is more common; and if only fair justice were duly given to woman's heroism, it would be admitted that she has as ample an amount of courage as man—latent, it is true, but easily developed when required in a good, and especially humane, cause.

W. GILBERT.

LOVE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

I.—MORNING.

I SAW my ladye when the dawn
Grew radiant in the summer morn;
I watched her tread the dewy lawn,
As lithe and lustrous-eyed as fawn
Beneath the white-flowered thorn.

Her russet hair was clasped with band
Of silver fillet, 'stead of comb,
Gold-rippling, like the golden sand
That lies upon the ocean strand,
Fringed with its silvery foam.

And as she went with stately mien,
Stalked by her side her deer-hound proud;
So moved my white-robed forest-queen
Through shade of trees and sward of green,
As moonlight moves through cloud.

Onward she fared through glade and dell,
While on her wrist she bore her hawk,
With jess, and hood, and silver bell,
Whose tinkling music rose and fell,
Shook by her rhythmic walk.

II.—NOON.

I sought my ladye in her bower—
'Twas at the noon of summer day—
Mid gloom of leaf and bloom of flower,
As, sheltered from the glowing hour,
In cool repose she lay.

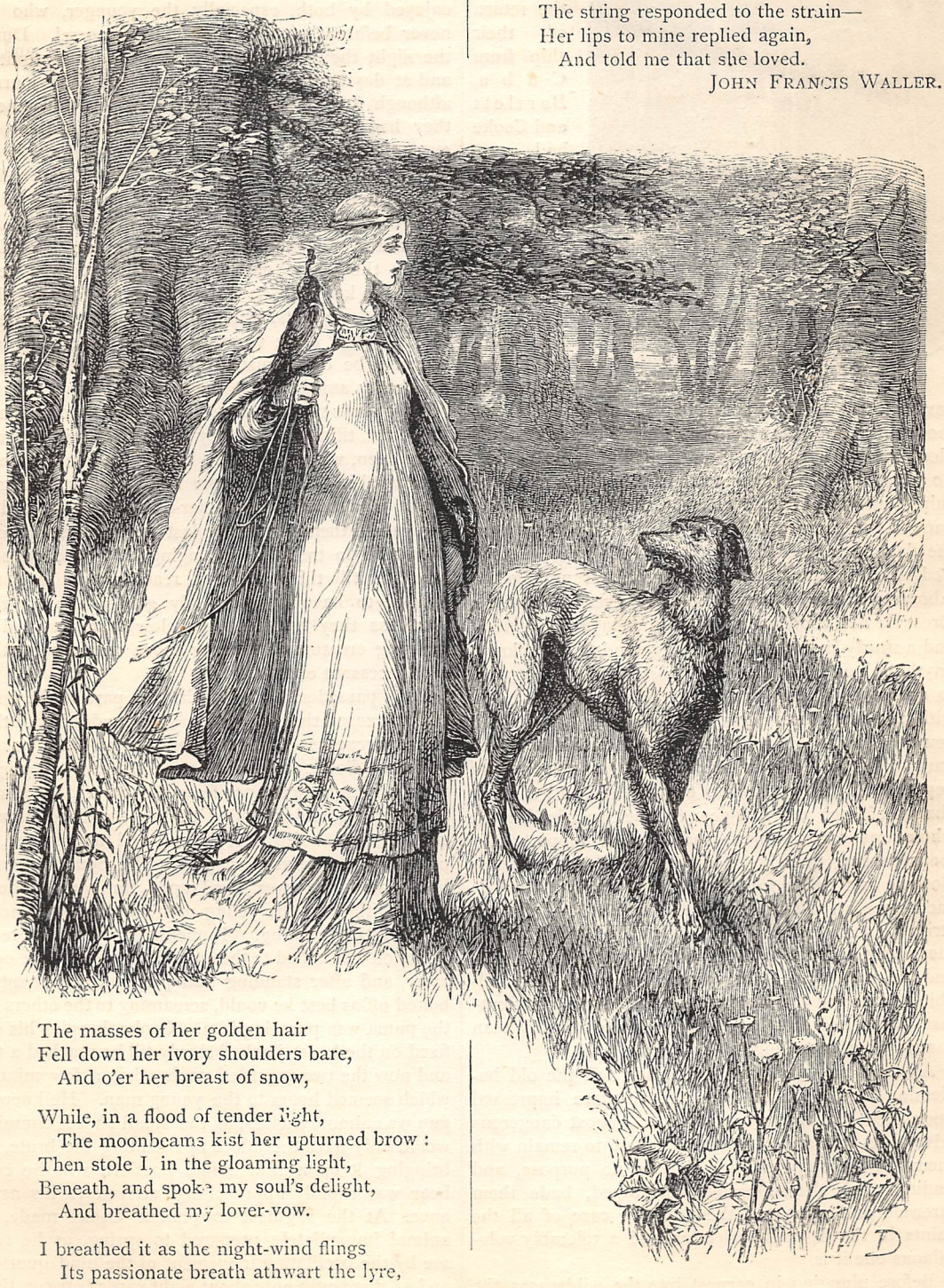
I took the cithern from her side;
My pulsing fingers stirred the cords
Till, passion-charged, the strings replied
In a low wail of song that sighed
My love too deep for words.

And then I sang of gallant knight
True to his love and to his faith,
Who wore upon his helmet bright
His ladye's glove in sorest fight,
And breathed her name in death.

I spied the flush spread o'er her cheek,
I marked her bosom heave and fall;
Yet dared I not my love to speak—
The strength of passion made me weak:
My tell-tale eyes told all.

III.—NIGHT.

I saw at night my ladye fair
  Stand in her oriel opening low;



The masses of her golden hair
Fell down her ivory shoulders bare,
  And o'er her breast of snow,

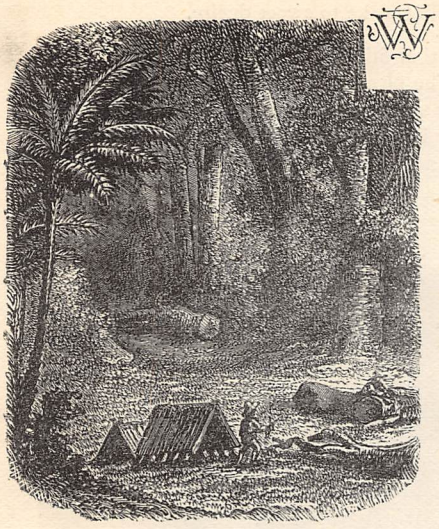
While, in a flood of tender light,
  The moonbeams kist her upturned brow:
Then stole I, in the gloaming light,
Beneath, and spoke my soul's delight,
  And breathed my lover-vow.

I breathed it as the night-wind flings
  Its passionate breath athwart the lyre,
Trembling and suing till it brings
Responsive music from the strings
  That wake to sweet desire.

So, that fair summer night, not vain
  The pleadings of my passion proved;
The string responded to the strain—
Her lips to mine replied again,
  And told me that she loved.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

A LION IN THE BUSH.



WHILST waiting at Omoa for the return of their ship from Cuba, Bartlett and Cooke had succeeded in collecting and arranging a full cargo of mahogany ready for shipment, and determined, having a few weeks to spare, to make an excursion into the interior, and judge from their own experience of the pleasures and hardships of forest life in South America. So arranging with their Spanish friends that, should the ship return during their absence, the cargo might be handed over immediately, they were ready to start on the day after their decision. A half-breed, named Pedro, who was always loitering about among the labourers, and who vowed he knew every inch of the forest for five hundred miles, was engaged as guide; and a sturdy Indian porter, who pretended not to know anything, but who turned out most invaluable, agreed to accompany them as carrier. He was soon loaded with all the necessary baggage, consisting simply of a couple of light grass hammocks and blankets, spare ammunition, which was stowed with some packets of pepper and salt in an iron camp-kettle, and a small change of linen and foot-gear for the two friends: the whole was carried on a kind of chair supported by loops passing over his shoulders and under his arms. Both he and Pedro were costumed very much alike; each wore an old battered grass hat, a long shirt of striped cotton, and a very ragged poncho, which served the owner as coat during the day, and bed at night; and the only weapons they carried were most formidable knives and the inevitable machete (a sort of cutlass about two feet long), which, indeed, every man carries when travelling in or near the bush.

As they mounted two mules and left the old hacienda, their Spanish friends once more impressed upon them that they were going on a most dangerous adventure, and tried to persuade them to remain with them till the ship returned, but to no purpose, and finding their determination unchanged, bade them farewell, and entrusted them to the care of all the saints in the Spanish calendar, and a tolerably voluminous one it is.

Before plunging in earnest into the wilderness, the friends decided to camp at the edge of the forest proper, and while the hammocks were being slung between two trees, and fires lighted, Bartlett shot a fine porcupine, which was soon roasted, and marvellously enjoyed by both, especially the younger, who had never before tasted this succulent morsel. During the night they were terribly annoyed by mosquitoes, and at daylight were glad to continue their journey; although the march was very slow and toilsome, as they had to move in single file, and cut their way every few feet through the thick undergrowth and hanging lianas, which in some places were like a perfect network, and, when cut, would bring down upon the luckless intruders a swarm of ants, spiders, and not a few centipedes and scorpions. Indeed, during the whole of their excursion, they were all obliged to keep a keen watch night and day for these pests, and serpents, which in some parts swarmed in the luxuriant dank vegetation, and sometimes could scarcely be distinguished from the rotten branches and leaves among which they lurked.

Three days they continued the arduous work through the forest, till at length they reached a spot somewhat more open, with high rocks here and there; and while encamped in this place, were amused at watching the antics of a number of spider-monkeys, that had accompanied them during the last day's journey, leaping from tree to tree, and swinging from the rope-like creepers, till this spot was reached; in fact, they seemed to have imperceptibly guided the travellers there, as they toiled along below and observed the amusing creatures springing above and around them with incessant chatter.

They passed several days in this part of the forest, and increased their collection by the addition of three more porcupines and two mandrill monkeys' skins; but while Cooke and Pedro were one day ranging in the bush, some distance from the others, the former was startled and horrified to see stretched along a stout branch, a few feet before and above him, the powerful, lithe form of a puma—the South American lion—the fierce eyes fixed upon him, and evidently only waiting for the young man's nearer approach to make his fatal spring. Immediately the half-breed's attention was called to the animal, all his courage oozed away, and after standing half petrified a moment, he bolted off as best he could, screaming to the others that the puma was pursuing him. Cooke, keeping his eyes fixed on the beast, backed slowly till he reached a tree, and now the two regarded each other a few minutes, which seemed hours to the young man. He knew his gun was almost useless, as the small shot it contained would only have the effect of irritating the brute, and bringing it upon him before Bartlett, who he could hear was rapidly approaching, arrived to his assistance. At the slightest movement Cooke made, the animal immediately prepared to spring, as he could see by the oscillating movement of the hind quarters; and as there were only about eight yards between them, the distance would be almost cleared at one bound.

He felt a chill come over him as he found one of the hammers of his gun was down, and remembered he had not reloaded the barrel after his last shot. At this instant Bartlett and the Indian came up, and as Cooke withdrew his eyes for a moment, the animal bounded down, touched the ground lightly, and in a second had struck the young man to the earth, and there held him with its whole weight upon his breast, and its hot breath close to his face, as it glared and snarled at Bartlett, who took as steady an aim as he could after his hurried passage through the bush, then fired; but the bullet entered the animal's shoulder—not its eye, as the experienced rifleman intended; it, however, had the desired effect of rolling the beast over and relieving Cooke, who sprang to his feet and regained his gun; but on pulling the trigger as he presented it close, it snapped, and he found the cap had fallen off when the weapon was struck from his grasp. Before he could re-cap, or Bartlett reload, the Indian porter had thrown his ragged poncho over the animal's head, and entangling the fore paws, buried his long knife several times like lightning in the creature's body—getting, however, several formidable scratches from the hind claws before the fierce brute succumbed. When they had all sufficiently recovered, they took the magnificent skin, which was of such a dark brown that the black spots could scarcely be distinguished; and, during the operation, they joked Pedro unmercifully for his cowardice.

The next day, after making their way through a thick wood, the porter said he could smell an Indian encampment; and he was right, for after half-an-hour's walk they came in sight of a village of about twenty well-built huts, neatly thatched, and each one surrounded by a tall stockade to keep out wild animals. Their approach was soon discovered by a swarm of dogs, and several men and women drew near, but on seeing the Englishmen the men handed their lances and blow-pipes to the women, and immediately welcomed the strangers by kissing their hands and placing them upon their breasts.

The friends soon made themselves at home on entering the village, when the whole of the inhabitants gathered round, bringing them fruit and cakes.

Many of the men were handsome and athletic; several wore the skins of the puma, and high, beautiful feather head-dresses, and were armed with lances, bows and arrows; and a few carried the deadly blow-pipe, about six feet long, the poisoned darts carried in a pouch under the right arm. Nearly all the women were very handsome, some of the younger even beautiful; their complexions a fine golden copper-colour, magnificent black eyes, and long wavy black hair, perfectly unconfined, while the figures of all were superb. They informed the strangers that they belonged to the great Tlascalan nation, that some of them were hunters of beasts, while others devoted themselves to the pursuit of the humming-bird and bird of Paradise, the skins and feathers of which were worked by the women into splendid cloaks—or rather capes—head-dresses, and ornamental pouches, which some of the elders occasionally disposed of at the towns on the coast.

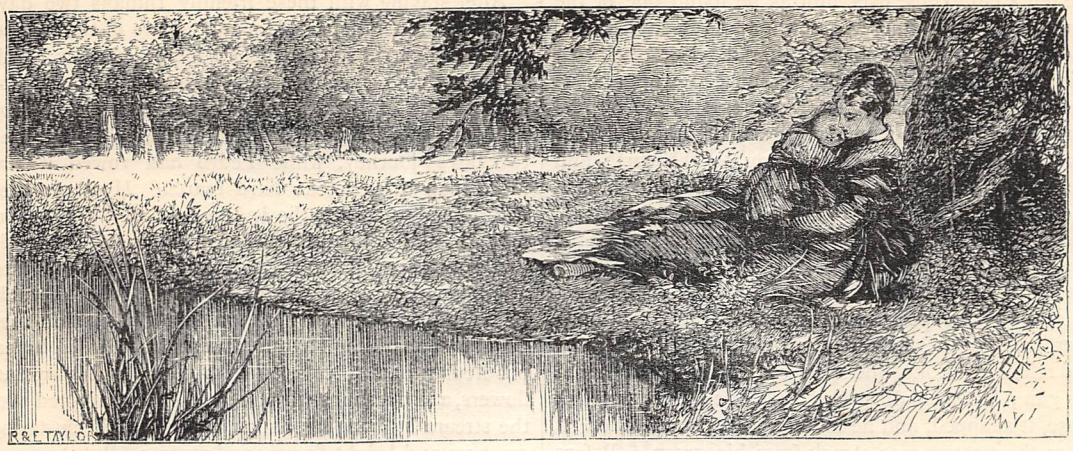
After staying with these friendly Indians two days the Englishmen departed, engaging two of the men as additional carriers, as they had increased their goods by many fine specimens of feather-work, and also because one of them knew the road to the mission station of San Cristoval, which he said was less than two days' journey, while Pedro had vowed it was more than three weeks' hard march. However, they determined to trust to the Indian, and visit the station, much to the half-breed's annoyance, as he evidently had some special reason for avoiding it; and next afternoon the Indian led them direct to a tolerably clear and well-beaten path, on following which they came to a sparkling stream running between high perpendicular banks, covered with ferns and gorgeous flowers, and overhung with trees, which were joined over the stream by hanging lianas, covered with clustering creepers and bright flowers and mosses. But strangest of all to their eyes was a bridge spanning the stream, and formed of two straight tree-stems crossed by logs laid in the fashion called a "corduroy road." This was a most welcome sign of civilisation, and so eager were the leaders to cross it and press on to the mission-house, that they did not notice that Pedro had fallen back to be the last of the party, and that when they had crossed he had retraced his steps quickly to the Indian village.

Soon the barking of dogs and the braying of donkeys announced that the station was not far off, and on the party issuing from the forest, there, in the midst of a well-cultivated garden, stood the mission-house, a comfortable, well-built, stone residence, with open court-yard, on one side of which was a small flat-roofed chapel, and above that was suspended a large bell. Near the building were a number of neat thatched huts, inhabited by Indian families attached to the mission.

As the party approached, the Padre appeared at the gate of the building, and hurriedly arranged a huge pair of spectacles to examine the new-comers. He was a jovial-looking, portly man of about sixty, bronzed to the colour of the Indians around him, for he had lived without change in that region nearly thirty years.

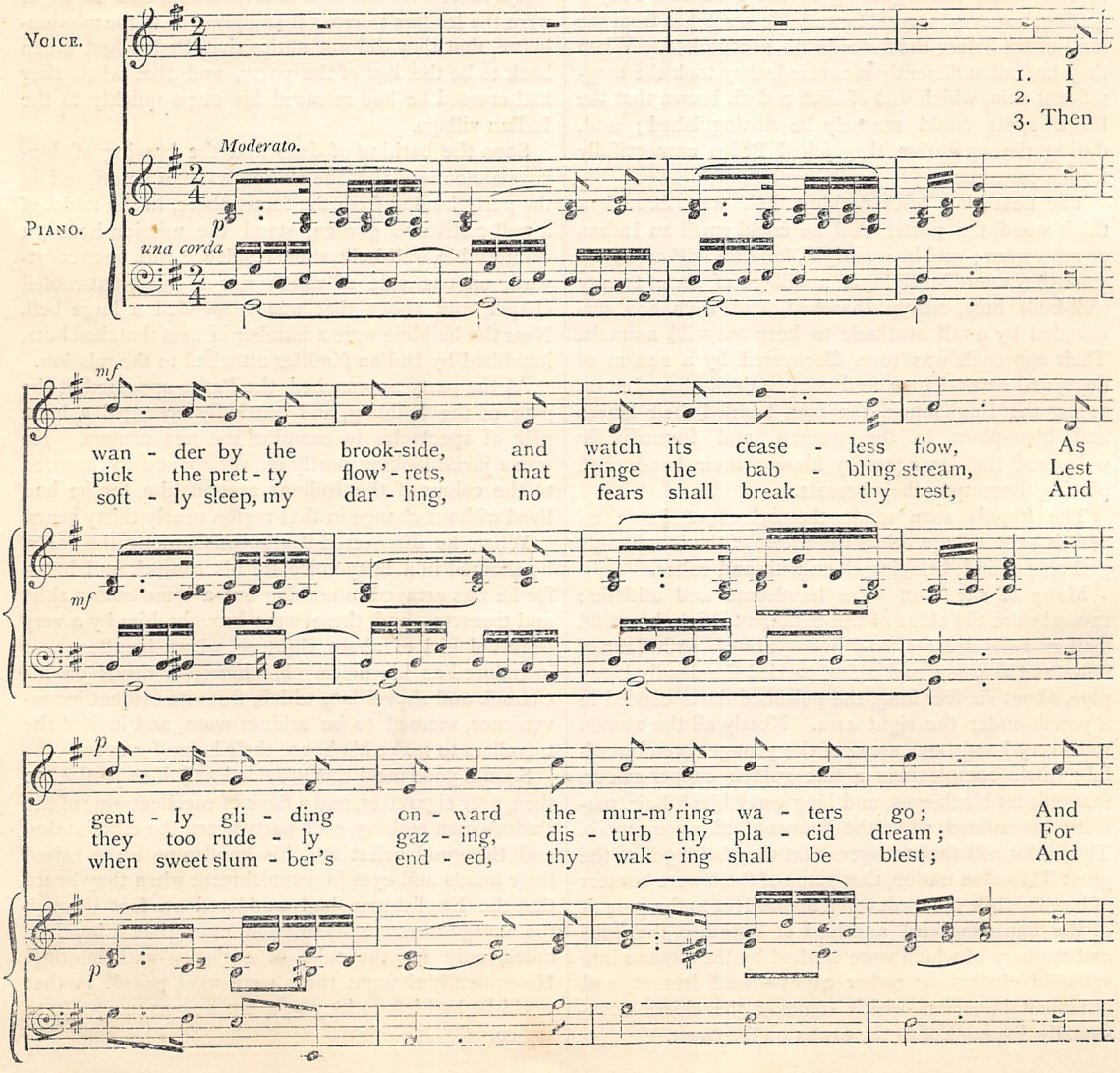
When he discovered Europeans among the party, he shouted in a lusty voice for his cassock and hat—for he was arrayed in nothing but a loose cotton shirt and trousers—and these were brought him by a very beautiful girl of about eighteen, whom he afterwards introduced as his niece. He hurriedly thrust on his cassock and shovel-hat, which, from its evident inconvenience, seemed to be seldom worn, and invited the travellers to make his house their home for ever.

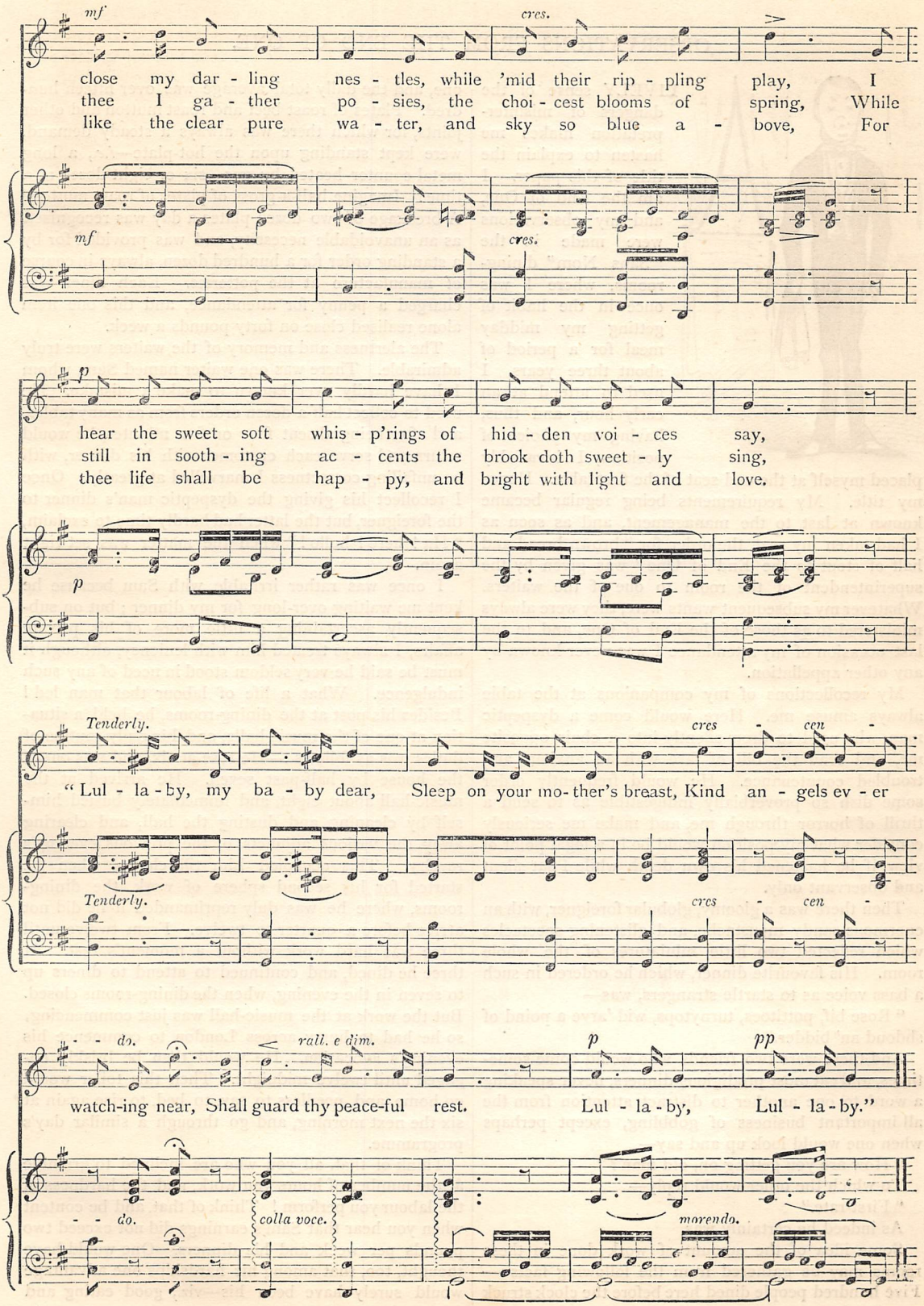
Soon a good meal was provided and done justice to; then, over cigarettes, and a flask of excellent wine of the Padre's own making, each party heard the other's tales, and the good priest and his handsome niece raised their hands and eyes in astonishment when they heard that the Englishmen had wandered on foot through the savage forest to his mission, more than a hundred miles, only for the sake of curiosity and hunting. He evidently thought there were mad people in that world he had left so long ago, but he was too polite to say so.



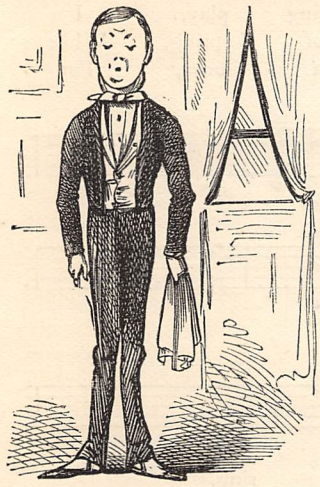
A Brook's Lullaby.

Words and Music by C. H. BASSETT.




mf
cres.
close my dar - ling nes - tles, while 'mid their rip - pling play, I
thee I ga - ther po - sies, the choi - cest blooms of spring, While
like the clear pure wa - ter, and sky so blue a - bove, For
mf
cres.
p
hear the sweet soft whis - p'rings of hid - den voi - ces say,
still in sooth - ing ac - cents the brook doth sweet - ly sing,
thee life shall be hap - py, and bright with light and love.
p
Tenderly.
cres - cen -
"Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear, Sleep on your mo - ther's breast, Kind an - gels ev - er
Tenderly.
cres - cen -
- - do.
rall. e dim.
p
pp
watch-ing near, Shall guard thy peace-ful rest. Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by."
- - do.
colla voce.
morendo.

OBSERVATIONS FROM THE END OF ONE.



A LIVELY sense of the dangers of misinterpretation makes me hasten to explain the title of this paper. I am the End of One, and my observations were made in the "Sans Nom" dining-rooms, where I was once in the habit of getting my midday meal for a period of about three years. I used to attend at an early hour, and thus, having my choice of position, I invariably placed myself at the end seat of the first table. Hence my title. My requirements being regular became known at last to the management, and as soon as I had taken my seat, the order for "brown bread and half of stout to the End of One" was given by the superintendent of the room to one of the waiters. Whatever my subsequent wants were, they were always ministered to as those of the End of One, and to the last occasion of my attendance I was never known by any other appellation.

My recollections of my companions at the table always amuse me. Here would come a dyspeptic man, who used to drop silently into a chair opposite me, and scan the bill of fare with an anxious and troubled countenance. He would frequently order some dish so proverbially indigestible as to send a thrill of horror through me, and make me seriously consider what my position would be in a legal point of view if he hastened his own death while I sat silent and observant only.

Then there was a gloomy, globular foreigner, with an enormous sandy moustache, and glistening spectacles which reflected two little miniatures of the whole room. His favourite dinner, which he ordered in such a bass voice as to startle strangers, was—

"Rose bif, pottitoes, turnytops, wid 'arve a poind of shdoud an' bidder."

And there were two friends who would come sometimes, and eat most prodigious dinners, never speaking a word to one another to distract attention from the all-important business of gobbling, except perhaps when one would look up and say—

"How are you getting on, old man?"

To which the other would reply—

"First-rate."

As indeed he certainly was.

Some idea of the amount of work done in these rooms may be gathered from the following facts:—Five hundred people dined here before the clock struck one, and the daily total average was over fifteen hundred. Plates of roast beef and roast mutton and other joints, for which there was always a steady demand, were kept standing upon the hot-plate—*i.e.*, a long metal counter heated by gas—six or eight dozen at a time! Imagine half-a-gross of plates of roast mutton! A breakage of two dozen plates a day was recognised as an unavoidable necessity, and was provided for by a standing order for a hundred dozen, always in course of manufacture at the potteries. Each diner was charged a penny for attendance, and this one item alone realised close on forty pounds a week.

The alertness and memory of the waiters were truly admirable. There was one waiter named Sam, whom I have hardly ever known to make a mistake. He used to collect half-a-dozen orders from as many tables, and after being absent four or five minutes, he would return and serve each customer with his dinner, with an unfailing correctness I marvelled at greatly. Once I recollect his giving the dyspeptic man's dinner to the foreigner, but the latter had hardly time to exclaim, "Ha! here! hullo!" when the matter was set right again.

I once was rather irritable with Sam because he kept me waiting over-long for my dinner; but on subsequently ascertaining a little more of his private affairs, I always treated him with leniency, although it must be said he very seldom stood in need of any such indulgence. What a life of labour that man led! Besides his post at the dining-rooms, he held a situation at one of the music-halls, and his daily routine of duties was as follows:—He rose at six, and was out of the house by half-past seven. He arrived at the music-hall about eight, and immediately busied himself by cleaning and dusting the hall, and clearing away the various adjuncts of the previous evening's revelry. This occupied him till eleven, when he started for his second sphere of work, the dining-rooms, where he was duly reprimanded if he did not arrive before a quarter to twelve. From twelve until three was hard work without a moment's rest. At three he dined, and continued to attend to diners up to seven in the evening, when the dining-rooms closed. But the work at the music-hall was just commencing, so he had to hurry across London to commence his evening's avocation. He would then be briskly engaged until twelve midnight. Then this toiler would go home, and, needless to say, to bed, to rise again at six the next morning, and go through a similar day's programme.

Think of that, all you who are inclined to grumble at the number of hours you work, and the hardness of the labour you perform! Think of that, and be content when you hear that Sam's earnings did not exceed two pounds per week and his dinners. One would have thought, too, that among his hardships one advantage would surely have been his—viz., good eating and

drinking. A man, it would naturally be concluded, who spends his day among soups, fishes, joints, and entrées, would probably be able to pick up a satisfactory dinner on his own account. Even this, however, was denied to him, for the benevolent proprietors for whom he worked provided for the dinners of their employés by collecting together all the bits, scraps, remnants, and leavings throughout the place. These were delivered to the head cook, who, placing them in a large dish specially made for the purpose, seasoned, spiced, and sauced them with various condiments, of which I was not permitted to know the names, and then passed them over to a second cook, with instructions to "put a crust over that." This injunction being fulfilled, the composition was duly baked, and then formed the material for the "waiters' dinners."

In order to give my readers an adequate idea of the comprehensive assortment contained in this "entrée," it may be mentioned that one of the waiters had served out to him on the same plate a leg of a turkey (turkey had not been on the bill of fare for a fortnight), a piece of cod's liver, and a slice of veal, with a portion of the crust under whose protecting shadow these incongruous morsels had been united. Mind, I don't mean to affirm that this is the universal method of "dining" waiters; I know of some dining rooms where these gentlemen have as fair a dinner catered for them as any average one served by themselves to the most regular and respected of customers. And we must acknowledge that this, after all, is only fair; for the endless smell of dinners is enough to make one squeamish.

Poor Sam! I am nervous lest the reader should imagine that I must necessarily be going to conclude with an appeal on behalf of my waiter's wife and children, an appeal supported by a baronet and the rector of the parish, to whom cheques and postage stamps may be sent. But, no. Sam's labours may not be fruitless of benefit to his kind, however, if you should be a little more tolerant of all waiters for his sake, and when your chop or your pastry does not come exact to time, should check the hasty complaint while thinking of his life and work. And this not the less, I hope, for the fact that these have long since ceased for aye, and that Sam, after waiting on other persons all his days, has at length been waited on himself by Death.

THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY ISABELLA BANKS.

TO the green primeval forests across the western wave,
Oppression drove a slender band of true hearts strong and brave:
They could not think as others thought, nor feel as others felt,
Nor obey the royal edict to kneel where others knelt;
But they had heard of shores afar by priestly feet untrod;
So they sought that land for conscience' sake—their guiding star, their God!

No gallant bark was theirs to steer, only a time-worn boat,
With stores as small as seamanship—and yet she kept afloat,
For Faith and Hope were at the helm amid the tempest's roar;—
But Hope was dead and Faith was numb before they reached the shore,
Where children faint, and women pale, first pressed their feeble feet,
And stretched out hungry hands to clasp their last few grains of wheat.

Five grains of wheat!—ay, think of it!—were all for each thin hand,
When the Mayflower had sailed her last, and brought her freight to land.
But—for prayer and praise unfettered, at once the welkin rang
And they, who from cathedral aisles had fled in fear and scorn,
In a grander God-built temple could worship eve and morn,
Beneath the interlacing boughs like arches overhead,

"BENEATH THE INTERLACING BOUGHS."

With the anthems of thanksgiving those grateful pilgrims sang,
Ere a roof was theirs to shelter, or fruits their parched lips prest—
They had touched the land of promise, and left to God the rest!
Where verdure of a virgin turf a silent carpet spread,
And stately as a pillared shaft uprose each tall tree-bole,
With the sun-rays—God's bright fingers—to glorify the whole.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AN UNSOCIABLE ARTIST.

I HAVE heard women say that it is sometimes necessary to go back in a piece of fancy work, and pick up dropped stitches, the want of which might impair the symmetry of the entire pattern. In like manner I must go back now in my narrative, and mention a little incident which, trifling as it seemed, was not without importance in the history of Kate Bellew's life.

Is anything without importance, by the way, in this world of ours, and have not the very gravest events in the whole history of man sometimes hung upon the slightest pegs? For my part it is always the *little* things and first steps which I look after. The big things, the crises and crashes of life, must generally be left to God. They are out of our power to remedy or control when they have come to their full ripeness. If we want to prevent a tree from bearing fruit, we must nip off the buds in spring time.

Not many days after their arrival at Combe Regis, Kate had occasion to go over to the nearest town, to cash a cheque her mother had sent her. It was Dick's duty to go, of course, Kate knowing about as much of business as a fly of farming; but Dick had a sick-headache; and though his sister privately thought the air would do it more good than lying on the sofa smoking endless paper cigars, she only ventured to suggest as much very gently; and her suggestion being received with a somewhat indignant contradiction, the young lady acquiesced at once with a good-humoured—

"Well, never mind, dear, only as there is that cheque to be cashed to-day, I shall have to leave you and go about it myself."

And Dick stretched himself out on the sofa with a weary yawn, and went to sleep.

The two girls, in the meanwhile, had set out briskly on the road to Greybridge, the little town to which they were bound. Madge was in high spirits at having her sister "all to herself" for a walk, and chattered away as fast as she walked, so that the road was got over in no time; and they had reached Greybridge, cashed their cheque, and had even made a purchase of one or two articles which Combe Regis was too primitive to produce, before five striking from the old church-tower in the High Street warned them that it was time to return.

"I feel as fresh as if I could run the whole way," said Madge, as they struck into the lanes again. "Isn't it a lovely afternoon?—and oh! look at that goldfinch, Katie; I wonder if he has a nest in the hedge."

"Don't go after him with those parcels," said Kate, "and be content with walking, Madgie. If you frisk about in that way you'll tumble down in another minute, and spill all the biscuits into the road."

And then, in the very moment of speaking, the thing she prophesied came to pass. Madge was scampering from one side to the other of the road, as first one thing and then another attracted her attention, when she caught her foot against a stone, and came headlong to the ground, sending her parcels and their contents flying into the dust and gravel. Kate ran and picked her up, more vexed than compassionate at first.

"There, Madge! I told you so. What a pity it is you are such a tomboy! and nearly thirteen too! Do look at the tea all spilt and wasted; and the biscuits too. One can gather them up, but——"

"I've hurt myself," said Madge; "don't scold me, Katie, I didn't mean it, and I'm very sorry; but I've hurt my foot. Oh! I've hurt it awfully," and, after one futile attempt at standing upright, she subsided into a sitting position in the middle of the dusty lane, and began to cry. Kate knelt down beside her, all sympathy in a moment.

"My poor child! I am so sorry. Let me look at it. Do—I won't hurt you indeed," and with very tender fingers, Madge flinching and almost screaming during the process, she proceeded to take off the girl's boot and stocking, and lay bare the wounded member.

Madge stopped her tears to look at it, and then broke out afresh at the sight of blood.

"I've broken my ancle, and I shan't be able to walk all the rest of the time we are here," she sobbed dolefully.

"Oh! no, you haven't," said Kate, who had been examining the injury. "You've bruised your instep, and taken the skin off your ancle and shin; and I think you may have strained it a little; but that's all; so don't cry, Madgie dear, there's a brave girl. I really think you could stand if you tried. Put your foot down on my handkerchief, and see."

"Do you think it is really not broken?" asked Madge, a little reassured by Kate's tone; and then she did as advised, and stood up.

"It hurts dreadfully," she said, sitting down again after a trial of a few seconds. "I can stand; but I'm sure I couldn't walk a dozen yards; and it is such a long way home. Katie, what shall we do?"

"I think we had better wait a little," said Kate, trying to speak more cheerfully than she felt. "Perhaps the pain will go off in a few minutes if you let the foot rest. Here, Madge, lean on me, and try to hop to the bank under the hedge. I would carry you if I could, but you're too heavy; and you will be more comfortable there."

"Hush!" Kate broke in, holding up her finger.

There was a sound of wheels not far off; and, leaving go of Madge, she ran to the nearest opening in the lane, and saw to her great joy a light cart coming along the road, and driven by a man whose face she fancied was familiar to her. She was right. He lived at Combe Regis, had been sent with a load of grain to Greybridge that morning, and was returning now with the empty sacks.

"Eh, zure he'd be roight glad to take t' young missus home wi' un if her foot wur hurted. Her could sit on t' sacks, an' ride like a queen fur zure."

Kate, looking into the weather-beaten, kindly old face, with its fringe of whitish-grey hair hanging round it under the battered straw hat, thought so too; and Madge was delighted. To ride in a cart, albeit destitute of springs, was too delightful a sequel to her adventure to be rejected by the little Londoner; and she was speedily seated on a throne of sacks, with her foot well supported, and begging Kate to assume a seat beside her. But Kate shook her head.

"No, thank you!"

"It's a great deal nicer than a stupid cab or carriage, I'm sure," interrupted Madge. "How envious Flo de Ponsonby will be! She's never ridden in a cart in all her life. I'll write and tell her about it to-night."

"All right, so you don't ask me to make another theme for envy. I shall be home before you, if I go by the lanes, and shall have hunted out the arnica from whatever box it's in," said Kate. "Are you sure you are comfortable, and that your foot doesn't hurt now?"

And on receiving a hearty assent to both questions, the elder girl nodded a smiling farewell, and turned back into the lane to take the short cut home.

It was much pleasanter walking there than along the broad high road, three inches deep in dust, and bordered by interminable straight hedgerows, also as white as a miller's boy with the same gritty impalpable substance; much pleasanter to wend along deep winding lanes, with tall trees just putting out their leaves in a green arch overhead, and high hawthorns budded over with rosy white bloom, tangled blackberry bushes, and nests of purple and white violets sending out sweet fragrance from their covert of dark sheltering leaves on either side; to climb over a stile here, and cross a meadow—the velvety grass all gemmed with golden cowslips—there; or pick up her petticoats, and spring daintily from stepping-stone to stepping-stone across a narrow foaming stream. In performing the latter feat she sent a stone splashing into the water, and uttered a little cry, which apparently startled some one near; for there was a sudden rustling of garments, and a face strangely beautiful, but pale and nervous, rose up from behind a tree, where its owner had been sitting, and glanced with a frightened, anxious expression at Kate. It was a lady, tall and painfully delicate-looking, dressed in white of some thick material, with a black lace scarf knotted round her throat, and a quantity of light golden hair coiled very loosely at the back of her head, from which the scarf had fallen. She had risen from a little camp-stool set under the shelter of the trees, letting fall in the act a whole lapful of paints and brushes which, in conjunction with an easel supporting a half-finished picture, showed what her occupation had been.

"I am afraid I startled you," said Kate, coming forward with ready courtesy to assist in picking up the scattered tubes of colour. "I slipped in crossing the brook, and after having had one accident to-day—but how—how *lovely!* I beg your pardon, but are you really doing this?"

"Do you think I have got the effect?" said the lady smiling. She had recovered her composure now, for the hectic spot of red in either cheek which had succeeded her late pallor looked more like latent fever than recent agitation. There was a little look of amusement in her eyes as Kate made that ecstatic bound towards the picture, and bent over it with clasped hands and eager eyes, as if she were devouring it. M'Kenzie might well say that Miss Bellew had a most thorough appreciation for art.

"It does not last long," she added, "but I thought the sunlight on the under side of those leaves made too beautiful an effect to be lost."

Kate looked where she pointed, and owned it was beautiful. They were standing at the entrance to a steep narrow lane, bordered on one side by a row of large elms in full leaf. The sun was setting, and these trees stood up in the foreground above the sinking orb, green above and gold below. Every tender transparent leaf was lined with gold. There were golden splashes on the grey mossy trunks, broken glints and specks and drops of gold flecking the whole dim avenue with glittering touches. In the western sky the sun, like a huge globe of fire, was descending through a bath of liquid glory from a sky all tender opaline tints of rose and cream, and threw a reflected blush of deep pink on the palings of Datherly Park in the east, behind which a thick belt of dark, impenetrable, grey-green foliage stood up in sombre contrast to the ethereal glow above.

The artist's picture was as yet only roughly sketched in with colour; but it was sufficient to show the general effect, and give a fair idea of how excellent the finished work would be.

"I envy you," said Kate, in her abrupt way, as she turned again from the scene to the picture. "I would give—oh! everything in the world to know how to paint even half as well as this, and I cannot even daub. I have taken lots of drawing-lessons, and I've learnt to draw triangles, and wheelbarrows, and logs of wood; and you can't tell one from another when

they're done. I do envy you!" There was no preventing a smile at the ludicrously dismal tone in which this was said, or rather jerked out, as much to herself as to the artist; and the latter's pale, sad face lightened up in a little amused laugh. It sobered down again almost immediately, and she said very gravely—

"Do not begin to envy me because I can make a sketch which you cannot. Perhaps you have a hundred better gifts for this one little talent of mine."

"Indeed I have not," said Kate. "You mean talents too, I suppose, but you are wrong. I can sing a little, and—and I can write poetry, and that is all I can do."

[And that "all" was incorrect. Kate could sing very well, and she could not write poetry at all but only very bad rhymes; but that is a nicety of distinction which young women—and men too—do not in general seem capable of comprehending.—AUTHOR.]

"I think that singing is even a more pleasurable gift than painting," said the lady. She was going on with her picture again now, and seemed to speak more from kindness than a desire to prolong the conversation. "It is less disappointing; and if you can sing your own poetry——But," she added, breaking off suddenly with the same nervous look she had worn before, "you spoke of an accident. You have not been riding, I see. Do you belong to a party, and——"

"No; I am alone," said Kate, wondering a little at the look of relief which greeted this intelligence, "and the accident happened to my sister. She hurt her foot, and has had to be taken home in a cart."

"But there is no way for a cart down here," said the stranger, glancing back at the stream. "It is only a footway. Indeed, I thought people very seldom came by it. They told me so at the farm."

"And I should think they were right," answered Kate. We did not meet a soul when we went to Greybridge this morning. No; Madge has had to go home by the road; and that is why I am glad to rest"—she had sat down on the roots of the tree—"for it is such a long way round, and the horse looked so stiff and old, I am sure it will be a good hour before they get to Combe Regis."

"You live at Combe Regis?" said the artist, painting away busily.

"We are lodging there—my brother, and my two little sisters, and I. Do you know it? It is the quaintest little village."

"No; I have heard the name, but——" There was an anxious look in her face, as if she were trying to think where. She added abruptly, "I had no idea it was near. Is it?"

"About two miles off only. You should come over there. You have no idea what lovely sketches you would find down by the beach, and it is a very pretty walk this way."

The stranger shook her head.

"I am not strong enough to try it," she said very decidedly. "I have been ill, and am only here for perfect rest and quiet, and freedom from strangers."

It was not a very courteous speech, but Kate was too taken up with the grave, beautiful face, and soft, sweet voice, to hear the innuendo. Had she done so, she could not possibly have taken it as intended for *her*. Was not every one always glad to see her? A lonely artist invalid could never wish to drive away a young woman whom most people delighted to seek out!

"I suppose you are living at the farm there, then?" she said compassionately, and pointing to a cluster of dark red chimneys just visible above a bend in the lane. "But how dull it must be for you if you are ill! I hope you have plenty of books, and that *you* are not alone."

"Yes; I am alone," said the lady; "but I have plenty of books—at least, for the present; and I do not care about society."

This was plainer, and Kate felt hurt. Yet surely those sweet blue eyes could not mean to look cold!

"Then I suppose you would not care to see us," she said, in a rather offended tone, and getting up as she spoke. "I was going to have asked you to come over to see us when you felt stronger; or——But perhaps you would rather not."

"Yes, I would rather not," said the lady quietly. "But I thank you very much for your kindness in thinking of it. I am not strong enough for visiting, or receiving visitors," she added in a firmer tone.

Kate was thoroughly affronted.

"Good afternoon," she said, flushing very much. "I am sorry I interrupted your work;" and then she walked off very briskly, and with her head mightily erect. The young lady had been snubbed!

The artist sat looking after her with a half-sigh, half-smile, on her pale lips. "I am afraid I was rude," she murmured, "and it was kindly meant; but the name startled me; and, for anything I know, it might be the girl of whom I have so often heard. Combe Regis?—Yes; that was the place they were going to; and I had no idea it was within miles of this. Had I better go away, I wonder? But I have so little strength, and it seems as if wherever I went I stumbled upon somebody who knows me. Besides, *she* evidently does not know me. She may not be in any way connected with those people. Combe Regis may be a favourite watering-place in these parts, though I don't know of it. I had better stay here: I *must* stay here till I get stronger. The doctor said if I did not take perfect rest I should have a nervous fever; and how dreadful to be laid up with that here! I do not think she will ever come near me again, whoever she is" (and she smiled sadly); "but what a pretty, impetuous creature the girl was! It went to my heart to check her cordiality as I did. There! the sun has gone down now, so I had better put up my paints, and go home."

Kate meanwhile was well on her way to Combe Regis. She was walking very quickly, and the red was still high in her cheeks. Also she breathed hard, and was altogether in a state of lively indignation, which did not begin to subside till she was within sight of the roofs and chimney-pots of the little seaside village.

And then Kate put the stranger out of her mind,

and hurried home briskly, for there was the cart standing at the door. It was not till night time, when the girls were going to bed, that Madge exclaimed—

"Why, Kate—where is your other earring? You've only one in."

Kate put up her hand with a quick gesture, and uttered a corresponding cry of annoyance.

"It must have dropped out," she said. "When did I feel it last? Oh! just after crossing that brook. It caught in my ruffle, and I twitched it away. Good gracious! I hope it didn't drop among the grass there."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MRS. GREY AGAIN.

IT certainly was not in the cottage, for Kate searched it both that evening and next morning; and the more she thought of it, the more the conviction grew upon her that it must have dropped out either when she gave it that hasty twitch, or when she was stooping to pick up the artist's paints. In that case she would have to go back for it; and the idea was not pleasant, more especially as Dick had started off for a day's fishing; Madge's foot, though better, was not up to any great exertion; and Dottie was too little for so long a walk.

"I must go alone," Kate thought, with a little "moue" of disgust, "for I don't want to lose it—such a pretty one; and poor papa's last present, too; but I do hope and trust she won't be there again."

She was not. When Kate got near the spot, she stopped, and cast a timid glance downward towards the little knot of trees, and the glimmer of foaming water, beside which she had encountered the artist on the previous day. There did not seem to be any one there, or near there, at present; and, much reassured, she descended to the spot, and began searching for her lost trinket among the weeds and grasses where she had stood. It was not there; and after a search of at least ten minutes, she was just rising to go home without her earring, when there was a quick step behind her, and a voice, weak and breathless from haste, said—

"Are you looking for this? I found it after you were gone yesterday."

Kate turned round sharply, and found herself face to face with her uncourteous friend of the previous day, but looking far more ill than then, the lips almost colourless, and dark lines round the beautiful blue eyes. Her voice was almost gone from weakness as she added—

"I saw you from a distance, and ran. I was afraid you would be gone before——"

She stopped to pant; and Kate felt her righteous anger melting away in pity.

"Thank you," she said, trying to speak coldly. "I am sorry you had the trouble to come after me with it. I only missed it last night." And then she put out her hand for the little pearl earring, adding as she took it, "Oh, what a pity! one of the drops is gone."

"Surely not. They were all there when I picked it up," said the lady; then, after a moment's pause to examine it, "Ah! it has come unhooked, I see. Very likely it is lying on my table now; for I picked it up in a hurry as I started. If you do not mind waiting a moment, I will go back and fetch it for you."

"I am very sorry to trouble you," said Kate. "Please let me go with you—that is, if you do not mind," her face flushing, and her voice unconsciously altering.

The invalid looked at her, first keenly, then smiling. There was something in those candid brown eyes—in the petulant curve of the sweet childlike mouth—in every line and dimple of Kate's frank fair face, which invited confidence and rebuked distrust. With an involuntary impulse for which she could not account even to herself, the stranger put out her thin white hand, and answered—

"I would gladly take more trouble for you; for I am afraid I was very rude to you yesterday. Will you forgive me?"

It was said so sweetly, and with such a look at once dignified and pleading, that Kate could not resist taking the offered hand in her little plump pink-tipped fingers, and pressing it cordially.

"Do not speak of it," she said. "You—that is, I had no right to——"

"To speak kindly to a lonely stranger," put in the lady, by way of assisting her confusion. "But I think it was very good and amiable of you; and I have been thinking so ever since I drove you away so ungraciously; but I have been so ill lately—I am so out of health now—and crushed by troubles of one sort and another, that I dread the very sight of mankind about me."

"But I am not mankind," said Kate laughing.

She was quite appeased now.

"No, but—forgive me—young ladies generally bring mankind in their train—fathers, brothers, lovers, and friends; and though I am indeed so lonely that the sight of your face is very grateful to me, I could not bear to be brought into contact with——"

"My train?" laughed Kate very merrily; "but indeed you are wrong. I am quite a stranger down here, taking care of my two little sisters; and though I have one brother with me (the dearest fellow), I will not even tell him about you unless you like."

"Then you have not done so already?" said the lady, a look of almost grateful relief in her face.

Kate laughed again, and blushed into the bargain.

"No, because—well," in her impetuously truthful way, "because I was afraid I had made a fool of myself, and I thought Dick would tell me so; so I said nothing to any of them. Would you like me not to do so now?"

"You are so honest," said the lady smiling. "Do you mind my being honest too, and saying, 'Yes'?"

They were at the gate leading to the farm, and the lady stopped and leant upon it, to gather breath before going further. Kate offered her arm, and was shocked to feel how the thin wrist trembled upon it, and how the hand burnt, as if with inward fever. Neither spoke till they stood in the tiny sitting-room the stranger tenanted, and then it was Kate who pulled forward a chair for its owner, and said anxiously—

"I am afraid you are very ill. Let me get you a glass of water, or something," and suiting the action to the word, she hastily poured some water from a decanter standing on the table into a glass, and brought it to the invalid, who drank it eagerly, and then thanked her both with eyes and words.

"How very kind you are! But now that you see how much strength I have, you will not wonder at my shunning anything which can diminish it, and perhaps lay me up altogether. You do not know what it is to be very, very ill among strangers, and have no one who cares for you, no one you care for, near to speak a word of sympathy or comfort."

"No," said Kate, shivering at the mere idea. "I have never been alone anywhere in all my life. We are a large family at home, and mama spoils us all. I am the most spoilt, however, because Dick (that's my eldest brother) spoils me too; and I think I spoil myself. I always expect to have my own way in everything, and Eve often says I'm frightfully selfish, because I always do what pleases me first, without thinking whether it is pleasant to others. You saw that exemplified yesterday;" and Kate laughed at herself now. The stranger looked at her very kindly.

"I think you would find it difficult to *dis*please any one," she said. "Is Eve one of your sisters?"

"Yes; the next to me; but a boy comes in between. She is only fifteen, and very ill just now, poor darling! with scarlet fever. That is why we are down here. Mama sent us away lest we should catch the infection, though I would much rather have stayed to nurse her. I tease poor Evy awfully about being cold and prim; but she's a million times better than I am, and never gets into scrapes."

Kate was not looking at her hostess, or she would have seen a change come over her face. The hectic spot was glowing in either cheek again, and there was a feverish brightness in her eyes, a forced quietness in her voice, as she said—

"You have not told me your name yet."

"Bellew," said Kate—"Kate Bellew; at least I was christened Katherine, but every one calls me Kate. My mother is Lady Margaret Bellew, and we live in London."

"I know—at least, I mean I have heard the name."

There was something faint and peculiar in the voice now, and Kate looked up curiously.

"Do you live in London also?" she said. "Your face is so familiar to me that the more I look at it, the more I feel I must have seen it somewhere. Was it in the Row or—stay! I have a dim idea—was it not at one of Lady Vanborough's receptions?"

"I have been in London," said the lady quietly—the expression of her face had changed. The lips were set firmly, and there was a sort of pathetic defiance in the eyes—"but I do not think I have ever met you at the Row, or receptions. Are you sure it is me of whom you are thinking, and not of a relative of mine?"

Kate looked puzzled.

"I have seen some one like you," she said, "and yet——"

"If it was at Lady Vanborough's, I think it must be Mrs. Grey you mean," said the lady coldly. "I did not know she had ever seen you, though."

"But I think I saw her once. Yes, it must have been she," Kate cried, quite delighted. "It was on the stairs, and I had only a glimpse of her; but I saw the likeness to you at once, though I had forgotten all about it. And so she is a relation of yours! How funny it seems! for Bee has spoken so much of her; and I have taken quite an interest in her myself."

"Indeed! Why? She is only Lady Vanborough's companion," said the invalid, still coldly.

"But Lady Vanborough praises her so much, and—that is not my reason, however, for caring about her," said Kate honestly, "but because a gentleman, a great friend of my brother's, is in love with her, and being in love makes him so dreadfully disagreeable, that I have been wishing she would marry him. There comes out my selfishness, you see," added Kate, laughing; "but if you knew how unpleasant it is to have your friends always snapping at you because another woman is unkind to them!"

The invalid smiled, but in rather a chilly manner still.

"I think I have heard Mrs. Grey speak of something of the sort," she said slowly; "but I thought the gentleman lived in the country, far from London. How can his snapping worry you?"

"Ah, you mean Mr. Philip Clive!" cried Kate. "Yes, Bee told me he was in love with her too; but I mean his brother Bernard, who lives in London, and—dear me! though, I have no right to be talking about him or the lady this way. It is very wrong of me. What a pity I can't think before I speak!" and poor Kate, who had been chattering away in her usual impulsive manner, checked herself abruptly, and almost bit her lips with vexation. The invalid put out a hand, and stroked hers gently.

"Do not mind. It is a dangerous habit, though, and you do well to check it; but in this case you are quite safe, for, as I tell you, I see no one, and I will be very careful never to repeat a word you have said."

"Thank you," said Kate dolefully; "but that doesn't

make it less bad of me. Still, as you knew of it, it does not so much matter; and I wish you would advise your relation not to keep Mr. Clive in suspense much longer, for really, you know, it is very trying to a man's temper;" and Kate nodded her head as sagaciously as though she were the mother of a dozen sons.

"I am afraid my wishes and Mrs. Grey's opinions are too different for me to advise her," said the invalid gently; "but are you sure Mr. Clive has told her that he—what you told me?"

Kate owned she was not sure, but said that she had taken it for granted.

"I think you are mistaken," her friend answered gravely. "It is to be hoped so; though, indeed, it is to be hoped that you are mistaken altogether; for were you right, I know that Mrs. Grey would never give him the answer he would wish. She does not intend to marry again."

"She may change her mind," said Kate. "Ladies often do. I'm always changing mine."

"You are a very young girl, and Mrs. Grey is a woman past thirty in years alone, and nearer fifty in everything else," answered the invalid. "Besides, in this case she has no temptation to do so, for she feels nothing beyond the simplest liking, which you might have, for either of the people you have spoken of."

"If she doesn't like Mr. Clive more than I do!" cried Kate, lifting her eyebrows and clasping her hands with an emphasis which said far more than the words—"But there! I am forgetting again. I can't think what is the matter with me to-day, or whether it is something in you which makes me inclined to chatter at this rate. Good-bye. May I come and see you again when the picture is finished?"

"You may come whenever you like, or whenever you are good enough," the invalid answered heartily.

"And I suppose I may not bring my sisters? I don't think you are strong enough for Madge. She is noisier than I am, and if she fell in love with you she would certainly bring Dick to share it; but if little Dottie could walk so far——"

"I should like to see her very much," answered the invalid; and then Kate shook hands and departed. It was not until she had left the lane behind, and climbed half-way up the hill, that she remembered she did not even know her new friend's name.

She had forgotten to ask it, and the other had, perhaps, forgotten to tell it; but, indeed, the more Kate thought of her visit, the more she realised how very communicative she had been, and how very limited were the communications she had received in return. She had prattled away about everything—herself, her sisters' names and characters and station, about Lady Vanborough and Mr. Clive, and, worst of all, the stranger's own relation, Lady Vanborough's companion; and in return the stranger had—listened to her! It was rather mortifying, but Kate could not remember a single item of information which she had gathered from the invalid, save and excepting the fact that she was related to Mrs. Grey. "Which I might have guessed by the likeness," thought Miss Bellew, with a renewed perception of that unpleasant sensation. "Well, never mind; the next time I will ask questions and nothing more. I don't think she would repeat anything I said to-day. She looks too perfect a lady to take advantage of my foolishness. I wonder what she is, by the way, and who she is. She spoke of being 'only a companion,' rather scornfully; but she does not give me the idea of being rich herself. Perhaps Mrs. Grey is her sister, and they have lost all their money. Perhaps she is a governess. Bah! I might go on guessing all day, and never come near the truth. I will ask her plainly and frankly next time I see her; and meanwhile, even if I have been hasty in rushing into an acquaintance with a person I know nothing about, and who mayn't be in our set at all, still it can't do any harm so long as she doesn't visit us, and I don't bring the others into it. I must be very careful in what I say; for she is so lovely that I am sure Dick would fall in love with her if he were to see her; and then mama might be angry with me."

Acting on which wise resolution, Kate merely answered to Madge's queries as to what had kept her so long, by saying she had been talking to a poor sick woman at a farm, and changed the conversation. The young lady was not fond of prevarication as a rule; it made her face burn.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Grey (for, presupposing I have no idiots among my readers, I see no use in keeping up a mystery as to the identity of that lady with the lodger at the farm before them) was battling with her conscience certain doubts which the interview with Kate had evoked. Thanks to Lady Vanborough's volubility of speech, Miss Bellew had told her very little that she did not know before, but that little was of use to her, even as confirming Lady Vanborough; and being of use to her, she, as an honourable woman, felt annoyed with herself for having obtained it by a deception.

We are apt to say that women have no ideas of honour. I disagree with that theory *in toto*. Their perceptions on that subject, as on most others, are equally keen and far more subtle than the generality of ours. The only thing is that, being weaker than men, they sometimes lack force of character enough to carry these perceptions into practice. This is a broad statement, and requires explanation. Being informed by my editor, however, that space is valuable, and explanations are—not, I leave them to be worked out by yourself, and proceed.

"I am afraid it was not fair," thought Mrs. Grey; "and yet if I had said to her, 'I am Mrs. Grey,' she might have said just what she did, or even more. Besides, would that have been any truer than what I did say? Because I have been obliged to take a name which is not my own, am I bound to keep to it? Why, even if she had recognised me (and when she saw me I cannot fancy) and had addressed me as Mrs. Grey, I should have kept more strictly to the literal truth by saying, 'That is not my name,' than by assenting to it. I am not to be judged as other women—I, whose whole life is a martyrdom to the villainy of one man, and my own vain efforts to walk straightly away from,

and in spite of him. And to think that I was once as happy and innocent as that pretty talkative child! May God help me! for at times my cross seems heavier than I can carry of my own strength. There seems to be a fate against me of late, since go where I may I cannot be left alone, or spared the notice of those very people whom I would most avoid."

And then she covered up her face with her hands and broke into silent, sorrowful weeping. A strong woman, but broken both in mind and health now by troubles which, however they might be her own bringing in the beginning, were in very truth too heavy for one so gentle-minded and gently reared to bear alone.

Clive's last speech had indeed been a fearful shock to her. She had reasons, great and grave ones, for keeping her past life a sealed book to those among whom she had settled herself in the present one. She would fain have buried and blotted it out altogether, since even to think of it revived such a poignancy of anguish, such an agony of shame, as nearly broke her heart again. And now to find that the man, whose obstinate love for her had become more a persecution than anything else, had carried his search for her so far as to obtain a clue, God knew how strong or how slight, to that very past from which she had escaped, brought down the long-hoarded strength and courage at a blow, and for a few hours left her too crushed and helpless even for tears. On that day, after Clive saw her at Lady Vanborough's, she sat in her own room with her hands clasped on her knees, and her blank unseeing eyes fixed on vacancy, till the setting sun, shining full upon her white face through the lower panes of her window, roused her to the consciousness of the duties she had neglected, the suffering she had to encounter. The duties had to be remembered first; and rising to her feet with tottering limbs, she rang the bell, and desired the maid who answered it to apologise to Lady Vanborough for her long absence, but that she was suffering from such a terrible headache, she had been quite unable to come down.

"Tell Mrs. Grey I don't want her," said Lady Vanborough in answer. "Take her up a cup of strong tea at once, and tell her not to show herself till her headache is quite gone;" and then the baronet's widow laughed to herself, and told herself—which was true—that she was a very good-natured creature. "Some lovers' quarrel, of course. Perhaps Master Clive is jealous—he looks as if he could be—and the silly woman has been crying her eyes out. Fancy a woman older than myself, if anything, and such a fool! Why, I couldn't squeeze out a tear for such a small matter as the best man ever born, to save my life. I'm sure they're not worth it; and that's why they always ill-use the women who make most fuss about them. I must go up and scold the silly creature before she has time to stiffen up into propriety again."

And accordingly, while Mrs. Grey, having drunk her tea, was trying painfully, with throbbing brain and aching heart, to think what she should do to preserve her secret—whether she should trust to Clive's impartial friendship, and owning that there was something hidden, implore him to persuade his brother not to pursue his discoveries; or whether she should rely on Philip's wounded pride, and simply write him the letter Bernard had suggested—Lady Vanborough came into the room, told her that she looked like a death's head, and that she was an absurd goose to make herself miserable about nothing, and accused her of having quarrelled with her lover.

"My—I do not understand you, Lady Vanborough," Mrs. Grey said, a look of mild offence upon her face.

"Yes, my dear, you do," answered her employer, turning her back to the fire, gentleman-fashion, and putting her hands under her tunic in default of coat-tails; "here's Bernard Clive desperately in love with you, and as proud as a peacock; and here are you, I haven't the least doubt, desperately in love with him, and prouder than any peahen that ever laid an egg—which, by the way, isn't saying much, for I've always thought peahens rather tame-spirited creatures than otherwise. Now, I don't know what you've been quarrelling about; but I suppose he wants to get married—and very natural too. A sensible, rising young man like he is, wants a wife, and I don't see, if he can keep her, why he shouldn't have her. What's the good of shilly-shallying? You'll have to give in sooner or later; and if you care for him, I'd advise you to do it sooner. I know there are plenty of wishy-washy sort of men, who wouldn't know what to do with their own wills if they were let have 'em, and who *want* to be ridden with a curb; but Clive's not one of that sort. He's gone out of the house in a boiling passion now; and let me tell you, my dear, that if you take it out of some men before marriage, they'll take it out of you afterwards."

"But I am not going to be married to Mr. Clive," said Mrs. Grey, her pale face flushing painfully. "He has been a most kind friend to me, and I like and respect him; but I would no more marry him than you would."

"He never paid me the compliment of asking me," said Lady Vanborough drily.

"Nor me," added Mrs. Grey. "Will you believe me, Lady Vanborough, when I assure you such an idea has never crossed my mind? Even when you have jested about Mr. Clive at times, I paid no attention, thinking it was only your——"

"Flippant manner of speech," suggested her ladyship, as Mrs. Grey hesitated. "Complimentary to me, eh? Of course I believe you, since you say so, though I shouldn't have thought you so dense; but now you do know it——"

"I think you are mistaken."

"What! when I got it from him before ever I saw you?" (It is worthy of mention that Lady Vanborough fully believed that she had. Her imagination was vivid, and by the time she had put it into words five or six times she began to believe in it as a reality.) She added in the same manner, "Why, the only wonder to me is, you didn't know it. It was only the other day some friend of his—who was it? Oh, Kate Bellew, to be sure—was talking about it to me. If that is all your fear, put it aside. Do you suppose people

run after and devote themselves to women who can't make them any return, as he does with you, unless they're in love with them? Bah! my dear, the world's not so unselfish as all that, and you ought to know it as well as I."

Mrs. Grey said nothing for a minute. Her head was whirling, her pulse beating in quick feverish throbs under this accumulation of trouble on trouble and perplexity on perplexity. When she did look up, it was to say in a tone of patient despair—

"If this be true, I have lost my best friend. Lady Vanborough, you have opened my eyes: will you let me leave you? Had I known this, I should never have taken this situation. Knowing it, I should be wrong in keeping it."

"Look here," said Lady Vanborough. A new idea had flashed across her mind, and brought a heavy frown across her kindly face. Her hands left their gentlemanly pose, and took the other widow's in a firm grasp. "Tell me the truth. A woman is not to be utterly condemned because she is under a cloud. Is your *real* name Mrs. Grey?"

And Mrs. Grey made no answer; but the face a moment back flushed in appeal faded into a dead whiteness, and the hands Lady Vanborough held had turned as cold and damp as stone. With one keen look at her, her ladyship let them go, and turned away.

"I will not keep you against your will," she said, "nor will I turn you adrift. To-morrow I am going away on a fortnight's visit to some friends in Kent. You can either stay here, or go to your friends—as you like; and when I return, if you like to tell me your story, I will do my best to help you as a friend can."

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"FROM STEPPING-STONE TO STEPPING-STONE" (p. 482).

GOING TO THE SEASIDE.

THERE is no doubt that, to a great number of people, half the pleasure of going away consists in talking about it beforehand. It is so very delightful when you are in the midst of work to feel that rest is coming, to know that you will soon be called on to decide what watering-place you shall visit—to hear the *pros* and *cons.* regarding first one spot and then another—to listen to the experiences and recommendations of friends, each one contradicting what the other has said, and so being kept in a most charming state of uncertainty. And then at last, after making up your mind that Sweetrest is the very thing—that it is neither too far away nor too near, too expensive nor too crowded, neither too relaxing for George nor too bracing for Edith—to discover that there are two or three other places just as suitable, and that you must begin all your work over again.

It cannot be denied, either, that when the holiday is gained it oftener than not turns out a failure, especially in the case of those who have thoroughly earned the rest, who greatly need it, and who yet are to a great extent obliged to carry their work and their anxiety with them. This is because, whilst they are so happy as to have about them a number of little children, they do not possess at the same time such a superfluity of this world's goods as to enable them to procure necessary comforts without feeling a good deal of anxiety about the expense. People of this kind start off with their children to some place of which they know nothing, thinking that if only they can get away for a little while from the town, with its noise and bustle, they will be all right. Then in order to be economical they crowd themselves into close ill-ventilated apartments, and for the same reason live poorly and submit to various discomforts, and so at the end of two or three weeks return home with cheeks browned by the sun, it may be, and therefore looking better, but without having received any permanent benefit from the change; as they discover when, after a short return to the old routine, they are obliged to acknowledge that they are as nervous and weak as before they started.

It ought to be remembered that though fresh air and change of scene are most excellent, they are not everything, and that the good which they do may be entirely destroyed, if they are accompanied by poor living, bad drainage, ill-ventilated apartments, and worry. When a lady and gentleman go away without "encumbrances," as the dear little ones are very unfairly called, they can go where they like, and do as they like, but when they have to take a number of children with them it is quite different. Then if the holiday is to be a success it must be gone about in a businesslike way, with the express object of getting out of it as much good as possible, both for parents and children.

In order to do this, it must first be decided how much money is to be spent on the occasion, and a good margin must be allowed for unforeseen expenses. It is so very annoying to find at the end of the holiday that more money has been spent than was intended, and so be under the necessity of economising half the winter, because of a little thoughtlessness during a month of the summer.

Then the next thing is to fix upon a suitable place. In doing this, I would advise that the spot chosen should not be at such a distance from home that it is necessary to take a very long journey in order to reach it; for if that is the case, the toil of getting the children there and back will be greater than the pleasure of the holiday—that it should not be too near, or the husband and father will be running up to business two or three days a week, and there will be very little rest for *him*—and that great care should be taken that there is no cause for anxiety about the drainage. Some watering-places are weak in this respect, and those who visit them gain anything but health during their stay.

As to long distances, there are many, I know, who think it worth their while to make an effort and try to see a different place every year. One friend of mine, who had a little family, used to go to the Land's End, which was about two hundred miles from her home, and she made a point of travelling in the night with the children, and so getting the greater part of the journey over whilst they were asleep. When talking to her about it, however, I could not help thinking that the game was not worth the candle. My husband and I were persuaded on one occasion to travel a long distance to a much-admired spot, and I never shall forget the discomfort we experienced. Part of the journey had to be made by water, and all the children were sick. We reached our destination two hours later than we expected—no lodgings were taken; it was raining, and I had to take care of the children whilst my husband set off in the darkness and the rain to look for apartments. We were so thoroughly miserable that we heartily wished ourselves safely at home, and determined that we would not attempt a journey of that sort again until the children were old enough to look after themselves.

It is much better to take lodgings beforehand, when such a thing is practicable, so that there may be a resting-place and a comfortable meal ready for the little ones after their journey. Even those who have not experienced it, can imagine how very unpleasant it must be to keep the children waiting at the

railway station, or at an hotel, whilst the elders of the party go to hunt for apartments. It is well worth while to send down a responsible person a day or two before to engage rooms; and it is oftener than not good economy to do this, because in the anxiety to get settled people are much more likely to dispense with certain comforts, or to pay for what they require at a higher rate than they would do if they had time to look about them.

It is very important to have clean, airy apartments, and plenty of room, no crowding. It is very bad policy to be doing all one can to get fresh air and health for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and be undoing the good the other twelve. Hot, stuffy, and ill-ventilated rooms are no less bad at the seaside than they are anywhere else; and a stay of three weeks in comfortable, healthy lodgings, is more likely to be beneficial than a month spent in a close, crowded house.

In taking the apartments, it is always best to have a proper understanding about the terms. Rooms are generally let at so much a week, and "extras." These extras are an indefinite quantity. Sometimes they mean only boot-cleaning, often they include the use of the kitchen-fire at various prices, and the washing of the linen used by the lodgers. I have some friends who were once called upon to pay for the use of the furniture, the crockery, the cruet, and other articles which it was said were included in extras. Of course the charges made at lodging-houses are very often perfectly reasonable, but for all that it is right the lodger should know what and for what he is expected to pay.

If the rooms are taken by the week, and the visitor finds that he can stay two or three days longer than he at first intended, he should by no means leave these two or three days to be charged for at discretion, or he may find himself wofully taken in. It is much pleasanter for all parties to think about and arrange these things beforehand, rather than to have any unpleasantness when the time comes to leave. Nothing can be more annoying than to find, when you wish to make up accounts, that you have a bill sent in which very much exceeds the amount you expected.

Those who wish to gain health and strength from their holiday should make up their minds that they will live well during their absence from home. When I say live well, I do not mean that they should live luxuriously or extravagantly, but that they should have wholesome food, and plenty of it. The same remark may be made about this that was made about the rooms. It is better to stay three weeks at a place and do the thing sensibly, than to stay a month and save the money out of necessaries.

In making preparations for a visit to the seaside, it should never be forgotten that we have a very variable climate, and that therefore it is necessary to be prepared for cold and rain, as well as hot and dry weather. As the sea air ruins so many dress fabrics, it is much more economical, in choosing what dresses are to be taken, to give the preference to those which can be washed and got up again. When my boys were small, I found it a good plan in the hot weather to make each of them four suits of blue ticking, trimmed with white cotton braid. The cost of these, made at home, was about two shillings and threepence a suit, and they could be worn for three seasons, being passed on from one child to another. The boys had a clean suit every other day, and at the end of the week my nurse washed them out. When we were at the seaside, she washed them in the bath in which the children were tubbed. They wanted nothing but washing and ironing: starching and boiling were not required. The children always looked fresh and clean in them, and they saved more expensive clothes.

It is best to take the first day or two of a holiday very quietly. The temptation is of course great to set to work and try to make oneself thoroughly acquainted with all the ins and outs of a place straight away. It will generally be found, however, that a sudden and complete change of air and scenery, and an alteration in the way of living, seem to be rather hurtful than otherwise for a short time, and that after the excitement of the arrival and getting settled is over, the visitor begins to feel languid and lazy. It is best to give way to this feeling. I have heard it said by those who professed to understand such matters, that this was a sign the change was going to be beneficial in the long run. Of course our energetic young friend, who is nothing if he is not muscular, will not care to keep quiet; but anyhow, until partially acclimatised to the place, he will find it better to be contented with strolling gently about, walking on the sands or cliff, and quietly absorbing as much ozone as possible. Then, as he begins to feel he is improving, he can take more and more exercise, explore the beauties of the neighbourhood, and make himself thoroughly familiar with all the nooks and corners of his retreat, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants. If, however, in the exuberance of his spirits he pursue a different course—resolve to "do" the place, and know as much about it as the oldest inhabitant in a few hours—to watch the sun rise from the topmost peak of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood the first morning after his arrival, with two or three other little exploits of the same description—he will in all probability spend a fair portion of his holiday in crawling about, with stiff joints and exhausted energies, over the few yards of sand which can be most easily reached from his lodgings.

For the same reason I think it is better to wait a day or two before bathing. To those who are fond of the water this would be a great deprivation, but it is one which will, I am sure, be well repaid by the increased strength and the larger amount of enjoyment that will eventually be gained. Those who bathe in the sea ought never to omit to plunge the head under the waves and thoroughly wet the crown. The oil-skin caps which are sometimes worn by ladies to keep the hair dry are an abomination, and ought to be discarded. If the head is not wetted, a headache at the very least is almost sure to follow.

Whilst I am speaking on this subject, I must say a word on the unreasonable length of time some bathers

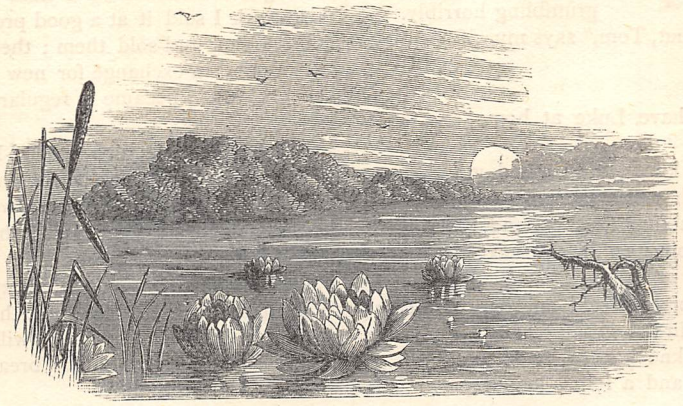
remain in the water. The first time of bathing a person should only be in the sea a few minutes, then come out, dress quickly, and take a brisk walk. Gradually a longer bathe may be indulged in. It must be evident to the most casual observer that it cannot be good, for those who only occasionally enjoy the luxury of a sea-bath, to remain in it half or three-quarters of an hour, and come out chilled and tired. The worst of this sort of thing is that the individual is led to fancy that bathing does not agree with him (or her, for young ladies are much to be blamed on this account), and so gives it up altogether, when if he or she had been content to enjoy it in moderation they might have been ever so much better for it.

Many parents have an idea that paddling in the sea is so good for strengthening children's ankles. No doubt it is when gone about sensibly. But how can any good be expected to follow when children remain two or three hours with their feet in the water, then put on damp stockings over their half-dried feet and legs, and perhaps wear the clothes that have been splashed with the waves all the rest of the day? Paddling ought never to be allowed excepting when the sun is shining and the sand is warm; the children ought not to do it for an unreasonable length of time, and the mother or nurse should be on the sands with them to keep the shoes and boots dry, and see that the little feet are well rubbed with a dry towel. When these precautions are taken, paddling will not only do no harm, but very likely do good. A clever physician told me that when he resided, as he did for many years, in one of our fashionable watering-places, a large part of his practice was devoted to children who had brought on diseases of the limbs with injudicious paddling.

Of the thousand and one ways of "improving the occasion" of a visit to the seaside I have said nothing, neither have I anything to say, as such matter must be left to the individual taste of the visitor. In the interest of my young friends I will, however, venture to protest against the practice of turning the annual trip into a prolonged cram, and thus making that which should be enjoyed as an entire relaxation from all work, especially that of the brain, a mere outdoor school, in which anemones and rocks have been substituted for books and desks.

It will be evident that the suggestions I have offered are intended mainly for those who find it desirable to combine economy with pleasure. To those to whom money is no object my remarks may seem to savour more of parsimony than prudence. Still I may remind even these fortunate persons that a larger amount of comfort and pleasure is often to be secured by the exercise of a little forethought and common sense about small matters than by a lavish expenditure, which, however little felt, is seldom productive of a satisfactory result. PHILLIS BROWNE.

FIELDS OF GOLD.



LOOK not by cities, look with me
For the field of the cloth of gold;
You will find it where the breezes free
Swing odours manifold.

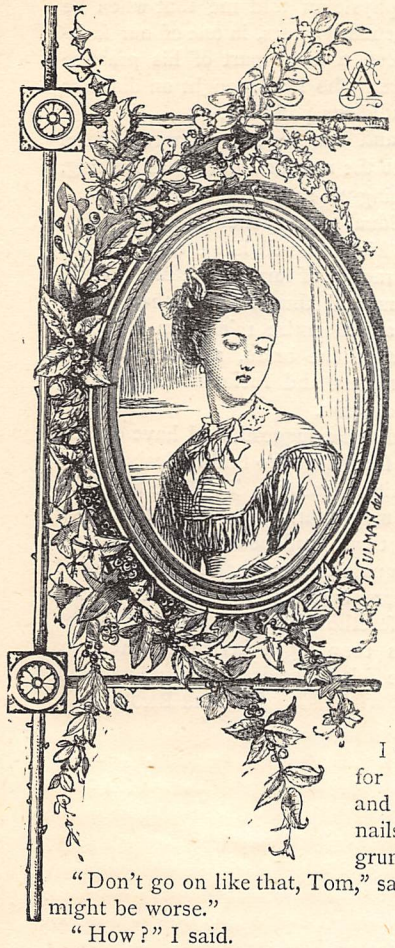
You may call it gorse, or whin, or furze,
But the vale is warm and glorious;
Where its wealth is spread, there soft air stirs
The bannered green victorious.

Bright sunshine on the flashing spears
That guard those blossoms golden,
And clarion-throated trumpeters
Of lineage Eden-olden.

Then on this field of gold throw down
What you would leave behind;
Heaven's steeds shall tread dark fancies down—
Mild south and warm west wind.

The blue Camowen's winding stream
Shall be our trench and moat;
The pennoned trees that wave and gleam,
Our banners as they float.

And when the round moon hangs her lamp
Within the soft-hued sky,
Think who keeps watch above the camp
That guardeth hopes so high. A. FAUSSETT.



RUTH'S STEPFATHER.

A CURIOUS trade to take to, but then it has grown to be profitable. Things were at a low ebb with me when I took it up, while now——

There, I won't boast, only say that I'm thankful for it. Poverty comes in at the door, and love flies out of the window, so they say; but that's all nonsense, or else your poor people would be always miserable, while according to my experience your poor man is often more light-hearted than the man with thousands.

I was at my wits' end for something to do, and sat nibbling my nails one day, and grumbling horribly.

"Don't go on like that, Tom," says my wife; "things might be worse."

"How?" I said.

"Why, we might have Luke at home, and he is doing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we had got him into a merchant's office, where he seemed likely to stay; but I was in a grumbling fit then, and there was a clickety-click noise going on in the next room that fidgeted me terribly.

"Things can't be worse," I said angrily; and I was going to prove myself in the wrong by making my wife cry, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and a fellow-lodger put in his head.

"Are you good at works, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"What works?" I said; "fireworks—gasworks?"

"No, no; I mean works of things as goes with wheels and springs."

"Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces, and trying to invent.

"I wish you'd come and look at this sewing machine of mine, for I can't get it to go."

Sewing machines were newish in those days, and I got up to have a look at it, and after about an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit the reason why—the purpose, you know, of all the screws and cranks and wheels; I found out too why our neighbour's wife—who was a dressmaker, and had just started one—could not get it to go; and before night, by thinking, and putting this and that together, had got her in the way of working it pretty steadily, though with my clumsy fingers I couldn't have done it myself.

I had my bit of dinner and tea with those people, and they forced half-a-crown upon me as well, and I went back feeling like a new man, so refreshing had been that bit of work.

"There," said my wife, "I told you something would come."

"Well, so you did," I said; "but the something is rather small."

But the very next day—as we were living in the midst of people who were fast taking to sewing machines—if the folks from the next house didn't want me to look at theirs! and then the news spreading, as news will spread, that there was somebody who could cobble and tinker machinery, without putting people to the expense that makers would, if the jobs didn't come in fast, so that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vice—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was as busy as a bee from morning to night, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Of course, every now and then I got a breakage, but I could generally get over that by buying a new wheel, or spindle, or what not. Next we got to supplying shuttles, and needles, and machine cotton. Soon after I bought a machine of a man who was tired of it. Next week I sold it at a good profit; bought another, and another, and sold them; then got to taking them and money in exchange for new ones; and one way and the other became a regular big dealer, as you see.

Hundred? Why, new, second-hand, and with those being repaired up-stairs by the men, I've got at least three hundred on the premises, while if anybody had told me fifteen years ago that I should be doing this, I should have laughed at him.

That pretty girl showing and explaining the machine to a customer? That's Ruth, that is. No, not my daughter—yet, but she soon will be. Poor girl, I always think of her and of bread thrown upon the waters at the same time.

Curious idea that, you will say, but I'll tell you why.

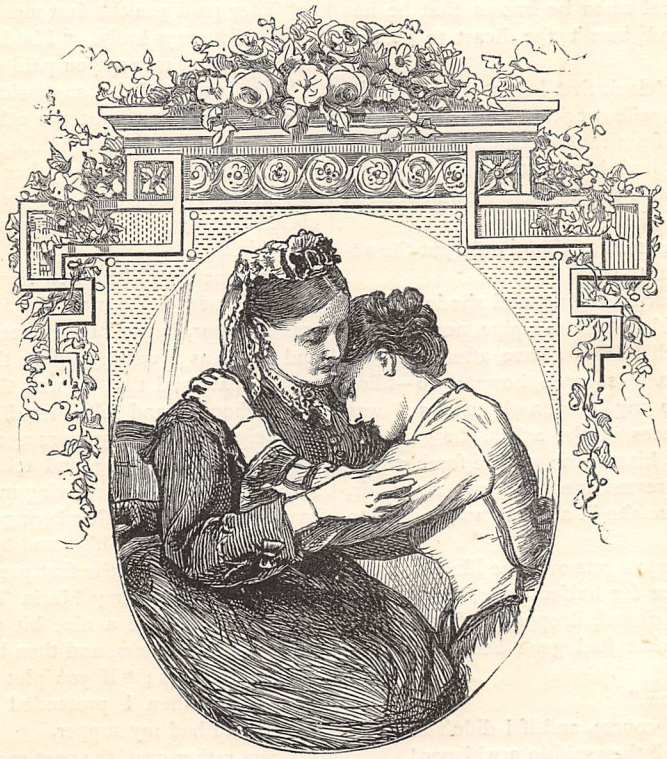
In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most of 'em are poor, and can't buy a machine right off, but are ready and willing to pay so much a week. That suits them, and it suits me, if they'll only keep the payments up to the end.

You won't believe me, perhaps, but some of them don't do that. Some of them leave their lodgings, and I never see them again; and the most curious part is that the sewing machine disappears with them, and I never see that again. Many a one, too, that has disappeared like that, I do see again—perhaps have it brought here by some one to be repaired, or exchanged

for a bigger, or for one by a different maker; for if you look round here, you'll see I've got all kinds—new and old, little domestics and big trades—there, you name any maker, and see if I don't bring you out one of his works.

Well, when I ask these people where they got the machine—for I always know them by the number—it turns out that they've bought it through an advertisement, or at a sale-room, or maybe out of a pawnbroker's shop.

But I've had plenty of honest people to deal with too—them as have come straightforward, and told me they couldn't keep up their payments, and asked me to take their machine back, when I'd allow them as much as I thought fair, and 'twould be an end of a pleasant transaction.



The way I've been bitten though, by some folks, has made me that case-hardened that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and the wife's had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity, and grown unfeeling.

It was she made me give way about Ruth, for one day, after having had my bristles all set up by finding out that three good sound machines, by best makers, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shop but a ladylike-looking woman in very shabby widow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and said she had heard that I would take the money by instalments. Now just half-an-hour before, by our shop clock, I had made a vow that I'd give up all that part of the trade, and I was very rough with her—just as I am when I'm cross—and said, "No."

"But you will if the lady gives security," says my wife hastily.

The poor woman gave such a woe-begone look at us that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let her have one at her own terms. And so it was; for, there, if I didn't let her have a first-class machine, as good as new, she only paying seven and six down, and undertaking to pay half-a-crown a week, and no more security than nothing!

To make it worse, too, if I didn't send the thing home without charge!—Luke going with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty; and I sat and growled the whole of the rest of the day, calling myself all the weak-minded idiots under the sun, and telling the wife that business was going to the dogs, and I should be ruined.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom," she said.

"So I am," says I. "I didn't think I could be such a fool."

"Such a fool as to do a good kind action to one who was evidently a lady born, and come down in the world!'

"Yes," I says, "to living in Bennett's Place, where I've sunk no less than ten machines in five years."

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Tom, I'm ashamed of you—you a man with twenty workmen busy up-stairs, a couple of thousand pounds' worth of stock, and in the bank a ——"

"Hold your tongue, will you!" I said roughly, and went out into the shop to try and work it all off.

Luke came back soon after, looking very strange, and I was at him directly.

"Where's the seven an' six?" I says angrily.

He didn't answer, but put three half-crowns down on the desk, took out the book, made his entries—date of delivery, first payment, when the other's due, and all the rest of it—and was then going into the house.

"Mind," I says sharply, "those payments are to be kept up to the day; and to-morrow you go to Rolly's, who live nearly opposite to 'em, and tell 'em to keep an eye on the widow, or we shall lose another machine."

"You needn't be afraid, father," he says coldly; "they're honest enough, only poor."

I was just in that humour that I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did it.

"When I ask you for your opinion, young man, you give it me; and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in as savage a way as ever I spoke to the lad. "You go over to-morrow and tell Rolly's

to keep a strict look-out on those people — do you hear?"

"Father," he says, looking me full in the face, "I couldn't insult them by doing such a thing," when without another word he walked quietly out of the shop, leaving me worse than ever.

For that boy had never spoken to me like that before, and I should have gone after him feeling mad like, only some people came in, and I didn't see him again till evening, and a good thing too, for I'm sure I should have said all sorts of things to the boy, that I should have been sorry for after. And there I was fuming and fretting about, savage with everybody, giving short answers, snapping at the wife, and feeling as a man does feel when he knows that he has been in the wrong and hasn't the heart to go and own it.

It was about eight o'clock that I was sitting by the parlour fire, with the wife working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the workshop with a book under his arm, for he had been totting up the men's piecework, and what was due to them; and the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

He saw it too, but he said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read.

The wife saw the storm brewing, and she knew how put out I was, for I had not lit my pipe, nor yet had my evening nap, which I always have after tea. So she did what she knew so well how to do—filled my pipe, forced it into my hand, and just as I was going to dash it to pieces in the ashes, she gave me one of her old looks, kissed me on the forehead, as with one hand she pressed me back into my chair, and then with the other she lit a splint and held it to my tobacco.

I was done. She always gets over me like that; and after smoking in silence for half-an-hour, I was lying back, with my eyes closed, dropping off to sleep, when the wife said (what had gone before I hadn't heard)—

"Yes, he's asleep now."

That woke me up of course, and if I didn't lie there shamming and heard all they said in a whisper!

"How came you to make him more vexed than he was, Luke?" says the wife; and he told her.

"I couldn't do it, mother," he said excitedly. "It was heart-breaking. She's living in a wretched room there with her daughter; and, mother, when I saw her I felt as if—there, I can't tell you."

"Go on, Luke," she said.

"They're half starved," he said in a husky way. "Oh, mother! it's horrible. Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and the poor woman herself dying almost with some terrible disease."

The wife sighed.

"They told me," he went on, "how hard they had tried to live by ordinary needlework, and failed, and that as a last resource they had tried to get the machine."

"Poor things!" says the wife; "but are you sure the mother was a lady?"

"A clergyman's widow," says Luke hastily; "there isn't a doubt about it. Poor girl! and they've got to learn to use it before it will be of any use."

"Poor *girl*, Luke?" says the wife softly; and I saw through my eyelashes that she laid a hand upon his arm, and was looking curiously at him, when if he didn't cover his face with his hands, rest his elbows on the table, and give a low groan! Then the old woman got up, stood behind his chair, and began playing with and caressing his hair like the foolish old mother would.

"Mother," he says suddenly, "will you go and see them?"

She didn't answer for a minute, only stood looking down at him, and then said softly—

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he says hotly. "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then that money you paid was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says simply; and those two stopped looking one at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterwards, for a few moments, between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one; and then I closed my eyes tight, and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me. I knew Luke was five-and-twenty, and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to me, and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mother, nigh upon eight-and-twenty years ago.

I lay back, thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the first pretty girl he set eyes on, when he might marry Maria Turner, the engineer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her, to put into the business, and then be my partner.

"No," I says; "if you plot together, I'll plot all alone," and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice, and had my supper.

I kept rather gruff the next morning, and made myself very busy about the place, and I dare say I spoke more sharply than usual, but the wife and Luke were as quiet as could be; and about twelve I went out, with a little oil-can and two or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's Place, and on getting to the right house I asked for Mrs. Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where, as I reached the door, I could hear the clicking of my sewing machine, and whoever was there was so busy over it that she did not hear me knock; so I opened the door softly, and looked in upon as sad a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in the bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over; and, situated as she was, it gave me a kind of turn.

"It's no business of yours," I said to myself roughly; and I turned then to look at who it was bending over my machine.

I could see no face, only a slight figure in rusty black; and a pair of busy white hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to use it well.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself. "Ah! Luke, my boy, you've got to the silly calf age, and I dare say——"

I got no farther, for at that moment the girl started, turned round, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Hush!" she said softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name's Smith," I said, taking out a screw-driver. "My machine: how does it go? Thought I'd come and see."

Her face lit up in a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, "I can't quite manage this."

She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of hard material.

'Do you think you can do it now?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came."

"So am I," says I gruffly; "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money, and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," she said earnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I says in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "She been ill long?" I said, nodding towards her mother.

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but," she added brightly, "I shall have enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy;" and as I looked at her, something in me said—

"God bless you, my dear! I hope you will;" and the next minute I was going down-stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did: there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's Place; and all sorts of little nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half-crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and I hated poverty, and I used to speak harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you!—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already."

At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman, left him in charge, and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Bennett's Place, for a couple of dirty dejected-looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come back.

I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine; the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair.

"Mother," says that something from within me, "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird.—Luke, my boy, will you go and fetch a cab? Mother will see to what wants doing here."

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling in my breast.

I said "my darling," for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since—a pale, wintry sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady by birth, should come down to such a life, making me—well, no, it's us now, for Luke's partner—no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there's many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

SAVOURY DISHES.

"IT is almost too hot to eat." How often do we hear this remark during that sultry time known as the dog-days! There is no doubt that as a nation we do not make sufficient allowance for variations of climate, and are too apt to feed ourselves and children on almost the same food both in summer and winter. The hotel waiter will give exactly the same answer in July and December: "Dinner, sir—yes, sir—chops, sir—steak—cutlet," and he stops, having exhausted the English bill of fare.

But it is not so much in hotel life that the difficulty of getting suitable summer food is found as in home life. How many tens of thousands of men are there who from sheer necessity are compelled for the greater part of the summer to be couped up in broiling weather in a hot, close office, their day's employment being varied but by occasional visits to hotter sale-rooms, &c., containing an atmosphere ten times more close and vitiated!

The unfortunate husband returns to his home with wearied brain and jaded appetite. Too often mingled carelessness and selfishness has provided such unappetising food for his dinner, that he is fain to seek for that nourishment in which his body stands in need in fluids rather than solids, and then the seeds are sown which eventually grow up and produce a harvest of wretchedness and misery.

I overheard a conversation once in a little back room in a famous pastrycook's (now done away with), between two wives, on their husbands' selfishness, each one of course trying to make out her own the worst. They had started with a basin of mock-turtle soup, and had followed with two oyster patties each. I left before they had finished. It was before wine was allowed to be sold by pastrycooks, or, judging from appearances, they would probably have remained there during the better part of the afternoon.

It is the way of the world all over. I recollect a man about five foot three passing one who was fully five foot two and a half, and remarking—

"Dear me, what a terrible misfortune it must be to be so short!"

Do you know any one who breakfasts in bed every day, who never attends at all to household duties, and whose health requires a rarer wine at dinner than others? You may be quite sure that person will be most intolerant of any approach to self-indulgence in others, and will be given to hold forth little homilies on the duties of early rising, industry, and self-denial. Charity begins at home, and those only who deny themselves can make allowances for the want of self-denial in others.

Great allowance should be made for those who, after a hard day's mental work, return home on a hot day, irritable, thirsty, exhausted, without being hungry. There is a great art in adapting the food for the occasion. There are a certain class of persons, especially in this country, who seem to fail to perceive that what is suitable at one season of the year is quite unsuited at another. For instance, hot pea-soup followed by an Irish stew on a broiling July day, is quite as much out of character as ices at Christmas time.

In England, too, people do not seem to understand how to make the most of the means at their disposal, for making themselves comfortable. How many thousands there are who, having good gardens, yet never use them except to walk in! For breakfast or tea what better spot can be chosen than a shady corner of the lawn, yet how often do we find this done?

Probably many would say, "Oh, but the people next door can see us." As a nation we are undoubtedly very shy and ungregarious. This latter quality, if one may be allowed to use the expression, is particularly shown at railway stations. You may walk down a long train and find one man in each compartment, and each one glares at you if you attempt to enter.

The constitutional shyness of the middle classes has a strong ally in the constitutional rudeness of the lower.

Many years ago, almost the only lunch obtainable in London was a Bath bun, washed down with tepid ginger-beer. But this bun had to be eaten under difficulties. First, the extraordinary height of the stool on which one was bound to sit made one giddy; then a crowd of small boys, with noses flattened white against the window outside, would carry on a running conversation, such as "Give us a bit, guv'nor," &c. Unfortunately, the faster you tried to eat the bun, the more it choked you; and as to the ginger-beer, it too often refused to go anywhere except to the nose. A lunch is still a great difficulty in certain parts of London. It would be an interesting Parliamentary return—first, the number of licensed victuallers in London; secondly, the number of licensed victuallers who sold victuals.

Were any one, some hot day, to place a small table on the pavement, and sit down and eat an ice, like thousands do in Paris, the result would be such a crowd that one would probably be locked up for the night, for obstructing the public thoroughfare.

There is, perhaps, no dish so suitable for hot weather

as curry. But there are curries and curries. I have seen some that have made me shudder to look at them. If you see pieces of meat on a large dish, almost swimming in a quantity of bright light-coloured yellow gravy, people will probably call it curry; but my advice is, don't eat any if you can get anything else. I will try and describe how it ought to be done. Say the dish is curried sweetbreads. The sweetbreads must be fried as directed some time ago in the article entitled "The Uses and Abuses of a Frying-pan." The curry-sauce must be poured round them directly they are done, and this sauce is made as follows. We will describe how to make enough for about six people :—

First, take six large onions, peel and slice them, and fry them a nice brown colour in a stewpan, using about two ounces of butter. Next take two apples, about the same size, or rather larger than the onions, and as sour as possible. Peel them, remove the core, slice, and add to the onions in the stewpan, then add a pint of good strong stock. Stir it all up, and let the whole boil till the apples are quite soft. Add to this a large brimming dessert-spoonful of curry *paste*, and a good-sized tea-spoonful of ordinary powder. The whole of this must be rubbed through a fine wire sieve, with a large wooden spoon. If you have not patience to rub it all through, you can't make curry.

"A SHADY CORNER OF THE LAWN" (*p.* 496).

The next point necessary is that this curry sauce should be made of the requisite thickness; and for the purpose, what I have alluded to before under the name of "brown thickening" is necessary.

Now, as this brown thickening is almost an essential in every house where gravies and sauces are made properly, I will describe how it ought to be made. As the process is somewhat troublesome,

and a large quantity is as easy to make as a small, it will be found best to prepare sufficient to last some time, as brown thickening will keep good for months if made properly.

Take half-a-pound of flour and, having thoroughly dried it on a large newspaper before the fire, sift it carefully. Next take half-a-pound of butter and melt it in an enamelled saucepan; a sort of white curdled substance will be generally found mixed with it, some of which can be skimmed off the top, and some will settle at the bottom. Skim the butter and pour off all that is as clear as good salad oil, and only use this for the brown thickening.

Next mix thoroughly well together the sifted flour and hot melted butter in an enamelled stewpan, and stir it over a quick fire with a wooden spoon. If the flour has been properly dried, and the butter properly clarified, the whole mass will stick together, and shake about in the stewpan. The stirring must be continued till it begins to turn colour. As soon as it has attained a light fawn colour, or looks like the outside of a nicely baked French roll, remove the stewpan from the fire, but still continue stirring. Throw in a large slice of onion; this will help to check the heat, and at the same time assist in giving the thickening a nice flavour.

It is wonderful how long an enamelled stewpan will retain the heat. It would be a good lesson to an inexperienced cook to watch for how long a period the butter and flour will go on bubbling after the stewpan has been taken off the fire. It depends of course on the thickness of the stewpan, but this frying process will go on sometimes for ten minutes, or even longer, after it has been moved on to a cold slab. This fact will explain why hashes and stews are so often tough. Most cooks know hash ought not to boil, but how many place a stewpan on the fire, and remove it on to the hob directly it begins what they call to simmer! They forget that the boiling, for that is what it really is, goes on perhaps for ten minutes after they have moved the stewpan from the fire, when a teaspoonful of cold gravy, or even cold water, would have stopped the boiling at once.

Keep stirring the brown thickening till it ceases to boil or bubble, and then remove as much as you can of the onion, and pour the whole into a stone jar—an empty white jam-pot is as good as anything—and allow it to get cold.

When it is cold it has the appearance somewhat of light-coloured chocolate, and a few spoonfuls of it will always give a nice rich brown look to gravies. It must be put in the gravy, and stirred over the fire in it; gradually, as the gravy boils, it becomes thicker. For ordinary gravy, when brown thickening is used, a teaspoonful of sherry is a great improvement.

Cooks often thicken gravies, curries, &c., with butter and flour. The effect too often is that the gravy looks a light colour, and has a gruelly taste. A good cook should never be without some brown thickening in the house.

Sufficient of the thickening must be added to the curry sauce, that is supposed to have been rubbed through the wire-sieve, to give it the consistency of gruel; and, as we have said, this thickening only takes place when it is boiled, and at the same time stirred over the fire. The curry is now complete, and has only to be poured round, not over, the freshly cooked sweet-breads.

Suppose, however, the dish required was curried mutton, which is of course a much more economical dish than curried sweetbreads, and it is undoubtedly one of the best methods of using up a cold joint. Cut some slices of meat off the cold joint, avoid skin and gristle, and choose those slices as much as possible containing most fat. Then boil up the curry sauce, ready thickened and finished, in a stewpan, remove the stewpan from the fire, place the slices of meat in it, and cover them with the sauce; replace the stewpan on the hob, but not on the fire, leave it in a warm place for half-an-hour, and just before turning it out make it a little hotter, if you like, by carefully holding the stewpan over the fire; but recollect if it once boils or bubbles up the meat will get hard, and the curry will be spoilt.

The proper accompaniment to curry is boiled rice; this ought properly to be served in a separate dish. The rice must be boiled till quite tender, and then the grains should be separated from one another by being tossed lightly about on a cloth in front of the fire.

Curry is, as we have said, the most suitable dish for hot weather, as is abundantly proved by its being the most popular in India. In India fresh tamarinds and mangoes are, I believe, used instead of apples; various herbs and spices are also used, which differ in different parts of the country.

Many persons, especially old Indians, have recipes for curry. We have given what must necessarily form the basis of it, where the curry powder or paste is not home-made. By many, the addition of a little grated cocoa-nut to the curry is considered to be a great improvement, or where cocoa-nut cannot be obtained, a few grated Brazil nuts may be used instead. Others, too, strongly recommend the addition of powdered coriander seeds. Coriander seeds are, however, used in making curry powder, and this if good will contain sufficient. When therefore the powder is old, and has lost that aromatic smell which it ought to have, a little powdered coriander seed may be added with advantage; but it has a very decided flavour, and must be used with caution.

One of the most common faults in inexperienced cooks is to have certain fancies for certain flavours, and then to let that flavour predominate.

I have tasted mock-turtle soup which might have been called marjoram soup. Herbs and spices must always be used carefully, and it is generally better to err on the side of too little than too much. To illustrate this point, I would mention what is generally known as veal stuffing. Who has not, at one time or other, tasted a turkey in which the stuffing was so highly flavoured that you tasted it all through dinner? Indeed, at times, you may consider yourself fortunate if you don't taste it all through the next day.

How few cooks, too, understand how to use garlic,

or aromatic flavouring herbs! It is in the proper blending of these strong flavours that one can detect the hand of the *artiste*.

There are many worse things to eat in hot weather than cold roast beef and salad. Now, it will often be said that if you want a good salad you must go to Paris; certainly you *do* get a good salad there invariably, but it is equally easy to have one at home, by simply doing what they do. One principal reason why English people so often have bad salads is that they have an absurd prejudice against oil. Very often too, when they use oil, the oil is bad. Of course it is as impossible to mix a good salad with bad oil as to cook a good dinner with high meat. The oil must be clear, bright, and of a pale yellow colour; if it looks at all green it is probably bad. Bearing, therefore, this in mind, I will now tell you how to mix a salad, simply repeating the recipe or custom used in ninety-nine out of a hundred French restaurants. First get two or three small French cabbage lettuces. Wash them if necessary in a little cold water, but do not dry them on a cloth, as you will thereby probably bruise and spoil them. Shake them dry in a little wire basket, or put them in a cloth and take the cloth by the four corners, and make the lettuce leaves jump inside. Then put them lightly into a salad-bowl; next chop up enough parsley to cover a threepenny-piece, and also chop three fresh mint leaves, and sprinkle this over the lettuce. Next take a table-spoon and place in it about half a salt-spoonful of salt, and a quarter of pepper; fill the table-spoon with oil. Mix up the pepper and salt with the oil, and pour it over the lettuce—I am supposing enough for about four persons—add half a table-spoonful more oil, and toss the lettuce lightly together for two or three minutes. Next add not quite half a table-spoonful of French white vinegar, mix it for a minute or two more, and it is finished.

Now, the difficulty in many households is to overcome the prejudice against oil. Perhaps some one, when they have read this, will do as follows:—First take care to have a *fresh* bottle of *good* oil. Then mix a salad as I have directed, without telling anybody how it is done. Let it be handed round at dinner time, and wait and see what people say. If you tell them that there is nearly two table-spoonfuls of oil, they probably will make up their minds beforehand that it is nasty; but say nothing, and give the recipe a fair chance.

There are two additions to a salad which many think an advantage: one is to chop up with the parsley and mint one fresh taragon leaf; another is to rub a crust of bread with a piece of garlic, and then put the crust into the salad-bowl and toss it about with the salad. This is quite sufficient to give it a decided flavour of garlic, and, where garlic is not disliked, will be found to be a decided improvement.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WE have arrived at July, the beginning of the end of our London season, when, however, the goddess Fashion still reigns supreme in the metropolis of England. Unlike the rose and the lily, which are content with one aspect of loveliness, and are beautiful at once and for ever, we change our fashions, with a persistency worthy of a better cause, almost week by week.

In Paris the shapes which have found most favour, in the matter of bonnets, are the Directoire, Bretonne, Couronne, Capote, and Chloe, while some few women of distinguished fashion have adopted designs of their own, copied from old pictures, like the Countess de Pourtales, who looked vastly pretty at the races, in the Chapeau Merveilleuse, copied from a head-dress in Louis XVI.'s time, with a wide brim turned up in front, and a long ostrich feather drooping at the back.

In England we give the preference to two forms—a sort of oval like the cottage hats, such as Pamela, "the country girl," and other heroines were represented in, worn quite at the back of the head, and a flat stiff shape with a coronet over the face. We affect drooping floral trimmings more than any other, and a superabundance of flowers are worn both in London and Paris, some of the Parisian bonnets having the entire crown formed of flowers. Such artificial blooms are often scented, and sometimes mounted on stems of real lavender, which emit a very pleasant odour.

The newest shape is the Dorothy, which bends a little downwards to the ears, and is, at the same time, a good shade and becoming: another re-introduction of bygone days. It is, as all these hats are, picturesque—no other term applies as well. A constant patron of Rotten Row will recognise the Dorothy as a marked feature of the matutinal gatherings there, together with all the incongruous rubbish people carry jingling from their waists. There is an affectation of usefulness in these appendages, which take the form of note-books, keys, small lanterns, and scent bottles.

The last-named, scandalmongers say, sometimes contain something more palatable than scent; and in Paris they are selling silver eggs containing rice-powder and other aids to beauty, for châtelaine appendages. If you would be in the fashion, you must, as a matter of course, carry also a bag or pocket at the side, the pocket being often of the same material as the dress, froncé and ornamented with bows in a dainty manner.

It is only by degrees that we can make up our minds to give up the becoming ruffles for the throat. The Medicis collars, which are worn in France, come up so high that they almost have the same effect, and there is also a good design of a long, narrow muslin embroidered collar, edged with a plaited ruche. A becoming addition to linen collars, giving a dressy finish to a high bodice, is merely lace, about two inches wide, sewn on slightly full to inch-wide coloured ribbon; it describes a box-plait in front, the ribbon being sewn in a peak there; a bow is added at the peak, and there is another bow at the side, the ends tying at the back. Linen collars are more worn than any other, but where lace is used the preference is given to Mechlin. People are wearing tight bands of velvet round the throat, now that collars are worn so open, and a sort of narrow brooch is attached, or an enamelled fly; but there is a decided preference for broad band necklets of gold or silver, sewn to velvet, and put on round the neck outside the dress.

Shoes are adopted out of doors for full dress occasions, and black silk stockings, the latter often studded all over with coloured embroidered flowerets, or open work. Among other follies, they have introduced in Paris stockings with the foot and leg dissimilar, the latter of a plain colour, the former striped with white. The shoes have still very pointed toes, and are beautifully embroidered in coloured or black silks. A sort of shoe-boot finds many patrons just now; it comes high above the ankle at the back, but laces in front, where it is quite open and cut in points, so that the stocking is seen beneath the lacing, which is arranged in double diamonds, that are becoming to the foot. Heels are worn still very high, a fashion that can be traced back to ancient days, for St. Chrysostom urged upon the women of his day the expediency of relinquishing them. It was after the Restoration that they gained ground in England; but in Venice, in the seventeenth century, not content with heels, the women adopted soles a yard and a half high, which went by the name of chopines, or chapneys.

As the actual dress is the *pièce de résistance* of a toilette, it behoves us to give it ample scope, and consideration. Cashmere and bège dresses mixed with silk have been considered full dress this year, and there has been one style that has been generally adopted, viz., a square tablier gathered on the hips, and leaving an upstanding frill on either side, united at the back by bows. The skirts are long, much tied back, and have deep flounces with froncé headings. The sleeves are all narrow, with trimmings at the wrist. Shades of steel and brown are most general, and among the newest and most *distingué* French colours are bois de rose (a pinky brown), acajou or mahogany, dark navy blue, and sea-green.

Violin backs are much seen, viz., a contrasting piece introduced down the centre of the back of the bodice, and frequently plissé; but the newest feature is the make of the basques, which are nearly all cuirass, viz., cut in one, describing a point back and front. These bodices fit the figure so closely, they seem plastered on, and it was rumoured that kid bodices were to be worn, more thoroughly to produce that effect.

Damask brocade has found special favour both for dresses and ribbons. Some of the toilettes worn now at Hurlingham and elsewhere for full dress occasions in this soft silk, which drapes so gracefully, are charming. The fashionable cream shade blends well with light blue, and light peach, with which it is much worn; indeed, self-colours and all soft colours find favour.

Three of the costumes worn at the Court Drawing-room, it may be worth while to describe:—

A petticoat (the dress skirt is always so named at a Drawing-room) of the faintest pink, covered with puffings of crape of the same shade; a very deep tunic of Brussels lace falling over it, caught up with bunches of gold grapes; the train and bodice of brown velvet, trimmed with the lace and gold grapes, The bodice had the cuirass basque, a slight *soupçon* of pink beneath the tucker at the neck. Emerald ornaments were worn, and an emerald butterfly in the hair quivered at every movement of the wearer.

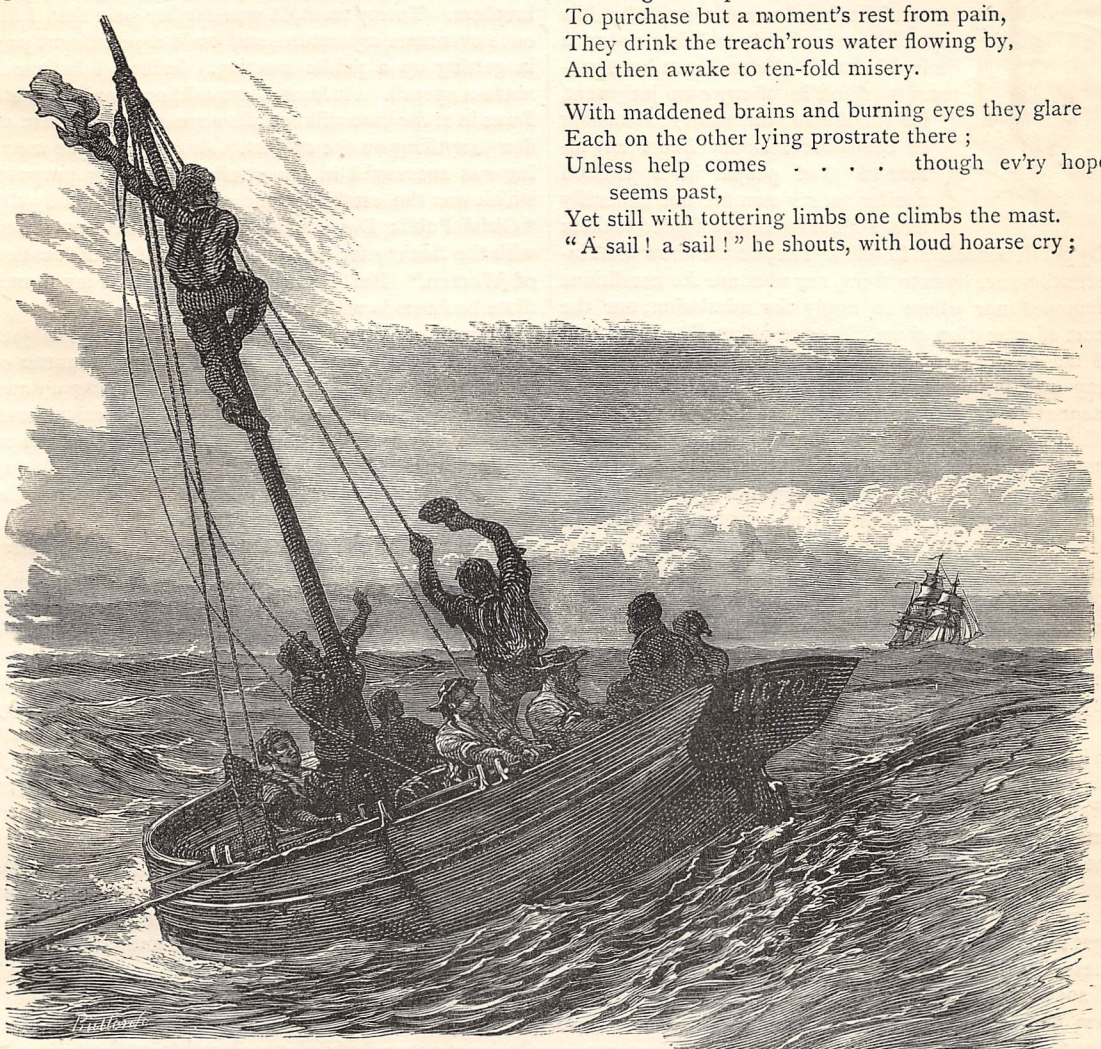
The second was worn by a young lady. A white tulle petticoat over silk, very much puffed; a triple tunic in front, each edged with a fringe of daisies, headed by buttercups. The train was silk, bordered with tulle; a tulle scarf falling below the waist, caught up with a trail of buttercups and daisies. A heavy wreath was worn across the forehead—for the old-fashioned high wreaths are coming in again, and it may be mentioned in passing that brides nearly always wear them.

The last Court dress consists of a delicate maize silk bodice and petticoat, covered with lace, headed with bands of silk embroidery. The body is a cuirass, with merely a band of lace at the neck; the train is of eau de Nil silk, with lace and embroidery, and fastened here and there with diamond stars.

The belles wore their hair pretty well all cut across the forehead, or very much frizzed, or rolled in tiny curls; the plumes were smaller, the lappets shorter, and made oftener of real lace than of tulle. Until you approach the Presence Chamber, the train is carried on the left arm, so that the under part is much seen, and this now is nearly as heavily trimmed as the outside. Special permission has to be obtained for wearing high dresses, but many seem to have procured it, and Her Majesty herself this season has relinquished low bodices. Few styles of dress are more becoming than Court costume, more especially the plumes and lappets—gold and silver gauze, matelassé, Surah, diamonds and costly lace, were all worn, and by women who knew how to display them with stately grace.

IN PERIL.

WAVE-TOSSED upon the ocean—far and nigh
Huge storm-clouds scud across the troubled sky;



Foam-crested billows gleam and glisten white,
Lit by the angry tempest's lurid light—
Beaten and buffeted, through darkness borne,
With straining eyes they watch and wait for morn.

Morn comes, and slow the sun-god, as from sleep,
Uprears his tawny crest from out the deep,
Mounts high into the heaven with angry gaze,
And darts o'er all the sea his fiercest rays—
Athirst, throats parched and dry, they watch and pray
That dark'ning night may drive away the day.

Morn follows morn, and thirst and hunger vie,
Each fiercely striving for the mastery;
Dire anguish saps all reason in the brain;
To purchase but a moment's rest from pain,
They drink the treach'rous water flowing by,
And then awake to ten-fold misery.

With maddened brains and burning eyes they glare
Each on the other lying prostrate there;
Unless help comes . . . . though ev'ry hope seems past,
Yet still with tottering limbs one climbs the mast.
"A sail! a sail!" he shouts, with loud hoarse cry;
Then, faint through knowledge of sure safety nigh,
The weakened senses fail in ecstasy.

G. W.

FROM CRADLE TO COLLEGE.

BY A PATERFAMILIAS.

I HAVE been told that a plain statement of my experience in the education of my sons might be of use to many who, like myself, have a family to bring up on a limited income. I should not have ventured to think so of my own judgment, for I make no pretensions to learning or educational skill. But I am informed that people in a position similar to my own are not generally aware of the facilities afforded to them by public schools in London. They do not know what institutions are open to them, nor what are the conditions imposed, nor where to apply for admission, nor the sort of education given. It is on points like these that I am assured a simple description of the result of my own inquiries would be of some value. If so, I cannot hesitate to do my best, for I believe that one chief use of speech is to enable each man to make some little contribution from his special experience to the general fund of knowledge. And though written speech is to most of us rather more difficult than spoken, yet I dare say if we could only forget that we were writing, and fancy that we were talking to a few friends by the fireside, it would come much easier. By the way, Mr. Plimsoll has said nearly the same thing in his book—"Our Seamen"—and how successfully he has carried out the idea is best shown by the effect his work has produced.

At the outset I ought perhaps to explain that I am a clerk in the receipt of a salary which, in the twenty-five years since my marriage, has gradually increased from £200 to £500 a year. Of course I have managed to save a little—I should be very much ashamed of myself if I had not. Some of my friends think that if I had "screwed" a little more I might have done better for myself. They say I might have got a partnership, or launched into independent business. But they don't know me as well as I do myself. I am a good plodder, and all that sort of thing, but I am deficient in "push;" and my experience is that the faculty of getting on, in a worldly sense, is as much a gift of nature as poetic genius. Those who are not born with it would, I believe, do best to follow my example, and let well alone.

I have a family of six children—five of them sons, and one daughter, the youngest of all. For the sake of all but herself, it would probably have been better if the girl had made her appearance first. But for her own sake, which after all is the principal consideration, I am very glad that she delayed her arrival until eight years ago; for it is only quite recently that people have wakened up to the fact that girls have minds as well as boys, and minds quite capable of education. At least that is my impression, derived from the fact that all foundation schools giving an education at once cheap and good are boys' schools.

But things are altering now, and my little Jessie, if she lives, will have as good an education as any of her brothers. To say truth, it was for her sake that I for once overcame my nature, and took a prominent part in getting up a public meeting. Indeed, I believe I made a speech. At least, I am told so; and the state I was in at the time will not allow me either to affirm or deny anything on the subject. At any rate, the meeting was successful in the attainment of my purpose, which was the establishment of a high school by the "Girls' Public Day-school Company, in connection with the Society for the Improvement of the Education of Women." But I must not forget that my immediate business is with boys' schools.

I remember very well the moment when the subject of which I am now writing first became a matter of practical consideration to me. I was pacing up and down our little parlour with all the rhythmical restlessness of a wild beast in the Zoological Gardens at feeding-time. Suddenly I stopped as if shot. It was only a new little voice overhead, but it changed the whole world for me. I was a father.

A father of what? That was a question which required many years for a complete answer. In fact, I don't think that it is answered with anything like finality yet, although nearly a quarter of a century has gone by since then. But the first step towards an answer was made by a little rubicund old woman, who came beaming into the room, and bobbing a curtsey that seemed to convey a satirical allusion to my new dignity—"A son for you, sir," she said. Well, well! I am not going to inflict all the memories of that night upon you; but after some natural anxieties had been allayed, I began pacing up and down the room again, though it was three o'clock in the morning; and I said to myself—"Now about this young gentleman's education—how is that to be managed on £200 or £300 a year?"

It may be thought that this was premature. But knowing that I am not brilliant in meeting sudden emergencies, I always like to take time by the forelock, and have everything arranged beforehand. Besides, the baby naturally filled my thoughts, and as I could not do anything else for him, it struck me that I might as well be making arrangements for his education.

The reason why I began to think so soon of such a subject was this:—My father was a country curate, who had brought up a family of eight children on £100 a year. He taught us all himself, and though I was the dullest of his scholars, still I learned a little Latin and Greek, which, if it did nothing else for me, gave me an intellectual ambition for my children. Now I knew that my means would never be sufficient to pay the fees of any private school at all likely to afford the sort of education I wanted. I was not scholar enough to turn schoolmaster myself. But there was one advantage I had over my father, and I determined to make the best of it. I was living in the precincts of a city where

benevolent institutions, raised by pious founders in old times, are almost as thick on the ground as gravestones in Westminster Abbey. Amongst these institutions I knew there were a considerable number of schools. My own common sense told me that it might not be always easy to get an admission just when it was wanted, and I came to the conclusion that it could do no possible harm, and might do a great deal of good. if I began my inquiries at once.

Accordingly the very next morning, as I went to the office, I bought a book professing to give all sorts of information about the London charities. I confess the name "charities" rather staggered me at first; but though I am not much of a philosopher, I reflected that the degrading associations of the word arise from cases in which money is extorted from those who can ill afford it, to help those who could, if they tried a little harder, help themselves. The help afforded by the noble dead, through the consecration of their property to the alleviation of the ever-increasing burdens of modern life, is something very different. Some say that many of these foundation schools ought to be closed against all but the most destitute children. Into that question I shall not enter. My only object here is to show parents of limited means the resources which, as a matter of fact, are open to them at the present time.

The first result of my researches, then, was this, that while there was a very considerable number of schools, each of which would give a free education, and many of them board and lodging as well, to a limited number of boys, yet, after all, there were very few schools that met my case. I did not want free schooling. I did not desire to have my boy dressed in any "charitable grinder" uniform. Still less did I want him to board away from home. What I wanted was a good classical education at a cost of not more than £10 a year. The schools which I thought promised best to meet this want were St. Paul's, the Merchant Taylors', and the City of London School.

For reasons which it is not necessary to particularise now, I fixed on the last school for the unconscious young gentleman at home. The locality in which this school is situated is described by remarkably suggestive names. It is in Milk Street and Honey Lane, Cheapside.

"Intellectual milk and honey," I said to myself, "and both cheap too. What do I want more?"

It was established in 1834 by the Corporation of London, by powers conferred under a special Act of Parliament. It is in part dependent for its maintenance on certain estates left in 1442 by John Carpenter, Town Clerk of London, which estates have been applied to this purpose by authority of the Act just mentioned. I found that boys could be admitted at any age between seven and fifteen years. Applicants must obtain a recommendation from an alderman or common-councilman. But as there is no limit to the number of recommendations that members of the Corporation may sign, there is no difficulty on this score. However, as the number of applications is always far greater than can be accommodated, it is desirable, and indeed generally necessary, to apply at least a year beforehand. Freemen or householders of the City of London have a certain preference, but the only advantage they get is that they need not apply so early. Still, when I came to study the organisation of the school, the nature of the curriculum, and the scholarships available, I felt that I had not begun to consider the subject a bit too soon, for I saw that, if I was to secure for my boy the full advantages of the institution, I must adapt his preliminary training to the object I had in view. Some previous instruction is needed for admission into the very lowest class,* and for my purpose I did not think the lowest classes at all desirable. I could not send a child of seven, or even of eight or nine, from a far northern suburb into the City—at least, I was quite sure his mother would not listen to it.

The scheme I resolved upon will be best understood if I first describe the organisation of the school, premising that the description I give is applicable to the present time.

The school is divided into two main sections—Junior and Senior—with an intermediate "Grammar Class." In the Junior section there are four classes, and in the Senior six. But by a capricious arrangement, the reason of which I do not profess to understand, the numerical order of the classes is reversed in the two sections; the First Junior being the highest, and the First Senior being the lowest, in their respective divisions. The Senior section again falls into two sub-divisions, each consisting of three classes, with an intermediate "Latin Class" between them. The course of instruction is adapted to this organisation, just as the muscles and blood-vessels are to the skeleton in the animal frame. In the Junior school the education is almost exclusively English and commercial. It is only in the two higher classes of this division that the elements of French are introduced. The Grammar Class forms a transitional step from the Junior to the Senior school. For boys to whom it is more convenient to receive an elementary education elsewhere, this class affords the best introduction to the secondary education of the higher school. But none will be admitted who cannot pass a satisfactory examination in arithmetic as far as proportion, and in the elements of French grammar. The first, second, and third classes of the upper school engraft on the English teaching already received a certain measure of classical and mathematical instruction, equivalent perhaps to what is given in some of the best and most pretentious private schools. The Latin Class prepares the way for a higher flight still. And the three higher classes give, as far as I can ascertain, a thoroughly efficient mathematical and classical preparation for the Universities. In accordance with this aim, boys are allowed to remain in the school up to nineteen years of age.

Now, like almost all fond fathers, I made sure that

* Boys must write and read fairly, besides knowing the first four rules of arithmetic.

my boy was bound to turn out much cleverer than myself; and I wanted to see a clear pathway for him all the way from that little cradle of his to a wranglership or a double first class. My next business therefore was to see how this path could be cleared and kept open for £10 a year, which was the most that I could reasonably hope to afford, considering the probable claims of future rivals to the young gentleman actually in possession of my whole parental affections.

I considered the £10 a year to be an average on the whole number of years that might elapse before he took his degree. I counted therefore on a greater cost in some years, and a less in others. But the regular fees of the City of London School amount to £10 10s. a year, besides the cost of books. I carefully inquired therefore whether there were any foundation scholarships that would be available during the boy's school career, and whether any of them would give him a lift to either University. I found that the number of such scholarships even at that time was very considerable; and since that date it has been very much lengthened and enriched. It would not be wise to encumber these columns with a list, which any one can obtain on application to the secretary on the school premises. But I want to show how the chief of these scholarships may be combined, so as to secure to a meritorious boy a continuous course of eduucation at a very cheap, indeed almost nominal rate. Perhaps this may best be done by continuing my narrative.

Well then, while Sydney Bayard Wellesley—for in that style he was christened, my wife being of a romantic turn, and I never in my life caring to dispute about names—was cutting first his gums with latent teeth, and then his fingers with surreptitious knives, I kept my eyes and ears open to all information that I could gather about preparatory schools. At the same time I was carefully laying by my £10 a year. I came to the conclusion that a good public elementary school, inspected by the Government, is far more efficient than any of the little "academies" that I could afford to pay for without trenching too much on my slowly-accumulating fund. Meantime other little claimants arrived, and my financial arrangements were for a year or two rather difficult. Under these circumstances, I wanted to send Master Sydney Bayard to a capital elementary school in our neighbourhood, where we should have paid fourpence a week. But his mother wished him to go to the Misses Pirouette's "Preparatory Establishment," &c., where we should have paid two guineas a quarter, and he would have learned nothing. So we compromised matters by sending him to a Birkbeck school, where we paid at first ninepence, and afterwards a shilling a week.

The master was a thoroughly intelligent man, and perhaps not meeting with many people who take an interest in their children's progress, he entered fully into my views. I kept the Grammar Class beforementioned constantly in view, and being frequently helped at home, and never kept away from school on any account but illness, which rarely occurred, Sydney made rapid progress, and at eight years of age was well up in his "first four rules" and long division, besides knowing the parts of speech and something of the meaning of a map. I then engaged the master of the Birkbeck school to give him two extra lessons a week in arithmetic, which he (the master) had a singular faculty for making intelligible and interesting. The result was very satisfactory, and I now thought it high time to secure the *entrée* of the chosen school. Accordingly I obtained a form of the secretary, and sent it in with the recommendation of an alderman, who frequently came to our office. Next, in accordance with an intimation I received, I took Sydney with me to see the head master, for whose courtesy and kindness I can never be sufficiently grateful. I suppose he was interested in the story of my educational efforts, for he asked me if I thought of sending my boy to compete for a Sassoon Entrance Scholarship. There are four of these, tenable for four years, each rising in value from £10 the first year to £35 the fourth. They are open to any boy, whether in the school or out of it, under the age of thirteen. The subjects of the competitive examination are English, Arithmetic, History, and Geography. I replied that I had not dared to hope for that. The head master thereupon said that perhaps it would be premature at the next examination, but at the one following, when Sydney would be about eleven, he thought it might be worth while to try. He advised me meantime to get the boy some lessons in French. I did so, and thought it could do no harm to add the rudiments of Latin, which the Birkbeck master undertook for an extra fee.

The result was that when, a year afterwards, at ten years of age, the boy entered the Grammar Class, he found the lessons easy. He was encouraged by the facility with which he mastered the work, and soon rose to the head of the class.

Before eleven, he was in the first class of the Senior school, and soon afterwards came on the examination for the Sassoon Scholarship. This he won, and thus not only paid for his schooling, but for extra instruction as well, with a view to the Carpenter Scholarships later on. There are eight of these, open to all pupils between the ages of eleven and sixteen, and who have been three years in the school. They are of the value of £37 10s. per annum, of which £10 10s. goes for schooling, and £2 for books, leaving £25 for maintenance. In addition, if the scholar continues three years at the school, he has £50 on leaving, and a further allowance of £25 per annum at the University.

By the time this examination came on, Sydney was fifteen years old. He had the prestige of success, and no one was surprised that he came off victorious.

There are many other scholarships and prizes, but none that fit together so well as these.

It only remains to say that in due time Sydney proceeded to Cambridge, and although you may look in vain in recent lists for a name I have taken the liberty to disguise, yet I have had the satisfaction of seeing him at the end of the path I had marked for him, from his cradle to a wranglership.

SOME OTHER DAY.

COLINETTE and Colin stand
By the mill-side, hand in hand;
He is asking, fond and fain,
When she'll meet him there again;

(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

Pleading with a lover's power
That she'll fix the very hour;
But Colinette will only say,
"Some other day! Some other day!"

"Some other day, sweetheart," says he,
"Very far away may be!"
"By the same rule, Colin dear,
It may be also very near!"

But vainly still to read he tries
Answer in her merry eyes;
Colinette will only say,
"Some other day! Some other day!"

Some other day came very soon—
Came in fact before next noon;
Words forgot their fixed intent,
"Every day" her answer meant.
But, for love of golden days,
Colinette ne'er changed her phrase;
At parting she would always say,
"Some other day! Some other day!"

F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

THE CITY CLERK, AND WHAT MAY BE DONE FOR HIM.

THE external appearance of that vast contingent of London labour which comes into the City every morning by railway-train and omnibus, is not a true evidence of the social position of its members. To dress well, to wear sound clothes and whole boots, clean linen and glossy hats, involves no small part of the struggle that young men engaged in City offices have to undergo. Let it be understood that we refer more particularly to the "junior clerks," as they are termed, the young beginners in the warfare of life. To estimate accurately how much they can afford for their daily food, and yet provide the necessary stock of clothes, is very often a calculation more difficult than any that they have to make at the office. When they have paid for lodging and washing there can be but a small available balance for the daily dinner, that is represented by a slice from the joint, with bread and potatoes. In this matter of dining, the City clerk is well catered for by some of those enterprising firms who can convert ancient palaces into great banqueting halls, and serve even a tenpenny dinner of meat, bread, and potatoes, with clean and elegant accessories, and with a promptitude that enables many a hungry customer to obtain a good meal in the few minutes which can be snatched from business in the middle of the day.

But there are still hundreds of youths to whom a dinner like this is but an occasional luxury. Six shillings a week spent in food during the business hours, and, say, twelve and sixpence a week for lodging, plain breakfast, tea, and bread-and-cheese supper (which is about the lowest price, including Sunday's dinner, for which a decent provision can be made, even where several young men lodge in the same house) amount to eighteen and sixpence a week. There are whole battalions of youths, working hard all day in warehouses, stores, and offices, who necessarily do not receive more than from thirty to forty pounds a year, while even those who have had three or four "rises" can still command no more than sixty pounds, so that it is easy to see how large a proportion of those who are known generally as "City clerks" must bear a constant anxiety as to the way to make out a living. Happily, they have youth, hope, courage, and a large average of them have health on their side, so that such trouble sits lightly on them. But it must be remembered that there are temptations and difficulties which are associated with these very qualities, and that there are also legitimate and virtuous desires, for society, for recreation, for bodily exercise, for study, for music, and for the blessed enjoyments of life, without which work seems barren to the young. There is also a keen and craving appetite for food, which a shilling dinner and a bread-and-butter tea will not always fully satisfy; and in order to obtain partial board and lodgings, the clerk must now go into one of the suburbs, which is beyond a walking distance for those whose work in the City begins early, so that the eighteenpence left between eighteen and sixpence and twenty shillings is absorbed in riding one way, and nothing is left for clothes, washing, mending, books, recreations, or subscription to literary institution or young men's society.

It would be well indeed if only from among young and unmarried men the ranks of clerkdom were filled, but there are veterans in that large army, who have been all their lives engaged in a hand-to-hand fight to keep a position, and as they grow older are in constant dread lest younger candidates, who perhaps "know French and German," or such smatterings thereof as pass muster in superficial conversation, should push them from their stools. Nay, there is a supplementary host, an irregular contingent of young men, married and unmarried, who never having been brought up to any real definite calling, but writing a fair hand, and being accurate in common accounts, or in inditing a short letter with or without the help of a dictionary, are "in collar" or "out of collar," according to the demands of the employé market. One of these, who was evidently better informed than many of the class, wrote to the newspapers not long ago on this difficult question.

For nearly nine months he had been trying to obtain employment in the City, but without success. Day after day he answered advertisements, but nothing came of them, and meanwhile he had a wife and child to support. He never had a permanent engagement, but had been employed as "supernumerary clerk," "temporary assistant," &c., at wages varying from one to two pounds a week. He left no stone unturned to get a berth, but it was always the old story—a host of applicants were in the field against him. Sometimes he tried to steal a march on his competitors by applying an hour earlier than the time stated in the advertisement, but there were generally a dozen unfortunates there before him, with all of whom it was painfully apparent that they had made a struggle to look "decent." Each, too, seemed to endeavour to excel his rivals in the air of indifference he assumed, as if it was of no consequence whether he got the berth or not, although it was a matter of almost life or death to him.

The writer says in conclusion, "I seriously doubt whether anything can be done for us, we are so many."

How many anxious mothers or fathers in country homes—knowing little of London except that it is a great wilderness of brick and mortar, full of temptations—wish that they had some experienced friend who could instruct them where to place their boy, that he might have some sort of kindly guardianship, somebody of whom to ask advice, some observant eye, some gentle yet restraining hand! Who is to know what may be the repulsive dreariness of some dull London lodging, where the landlord and landlady have enough to do to make a living out of the rent, without undertaking half-parental responsibilities? Who can estimate the too fatal attractions of the music-hall, the

billiard-room, the sporting tavern, the casino, entered at first from curiosity, or the necessity to find some place of recreation after a day's monotonous work?

Now, we would ask, why should there not be in and near this great City of London "Inns" for clerks; which might in a quiet humble way combine something of the features of what the Inns of Court once were to young law students, and something of what the present reformation in expenditure and the freer admission of undergraduates are effecting in a few of the colleges in our Universities?

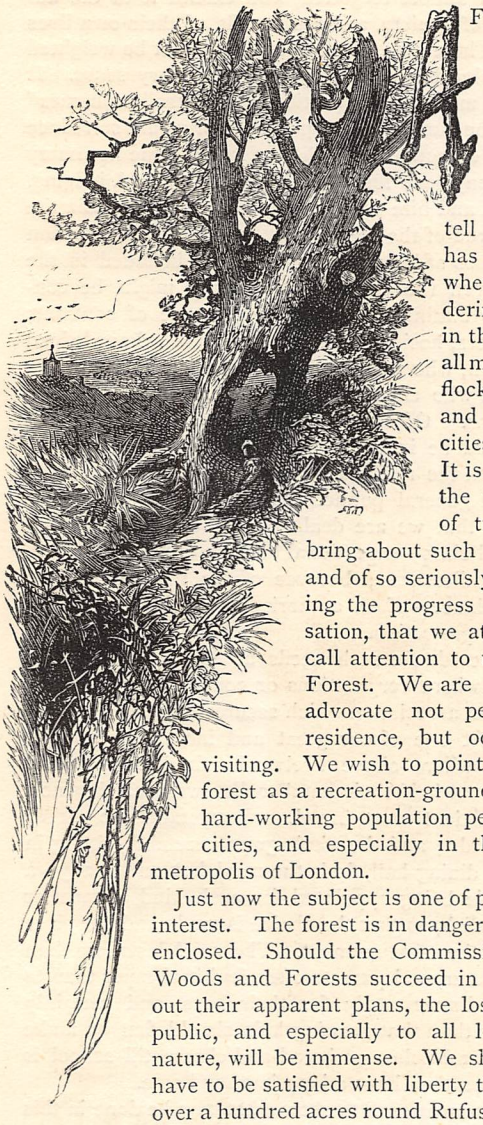
In the old days the Inns were places for young clerks (as clerks were then understood) to live in at their own charges, under the safe superintendence of a council or society, which regulated their affairs for them, provided commons, and a table in hall, lodging, necessary attendance, and even the loan of furniture at a rate consistent with small incomes; and at Oxford and Cambridge mere boys—for in those days degrees were taken by lads of fourteen and fifteen—went into residence and lived in community under the direction of potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs, who made sustenance easy for them, and provided the material at a very moderate rate—an easy matter enough where hundreds are lodged and catered for day by day. Let us take one of our colleges at Oxford now—say Keble College, for instance—where for about £50 a year a resident has the privilege of the common hall and can draw his commons at pleasure, lodging in a comfortable room, for which plain furniture can be hired cheaply, and having all the advantages of high education under some of the most distinguished tutors in England. In one or two previous numbers of this Magazine, the question of the cost of residence and non-residence at the Universities has been entered into fully enough, and we need not follow too closely the strict collegiate notion in asking why we cannot found clerks' Inns in London. Surely there should be no lack of able, kindly, and wealthy men who would undertake to bless the leisure which partial retirement from business and easy fortune have given them, by becoming active promoters of such foundations under the general supervision, let us say, of the Corporation of London, the City members, and others forming a general council. More than one noble institution has arisen under such guardianship, and is now maintained efficiently and honourably, and there is such an evident desire to extend the truly useful functions of local self-government, that clerks' Inns would not be long a-building if the notion were once taken up in earnest.

We all know how the demand for industrial dwellings has resulted in half-a-dozen great edifices, and there is surely some land on the City borders where, after the fashion of the colleges, plain substantial buildings, consisting of comfortable rooms—dining-rooms, lecture-rooms, recreation-rooms, butteries, servants' quarters, reading-rooms, and even billiard and smoking-rooms—might surround a quadrangle with its trees and garden. Surely thousands of young men in London would rejoice to join such an institution, admission to which would itself be a mark of good character; and professors and tutors would work willingly enough amid such promising souls as could be gathered from counting-house and warehouse to revive the schooling they had almost forgotten, and extend it to the advantage of society, and the benefit of their own lives here and hereafter. The scheme need not be weighted with the burden of charity in a pecuniary sense. It could be made self-supporting, just as "sailors' homes" are, for the numbers to be provided for would so reduce the cost of actual provision as to bring the necessary annual payment for partial or entire board, lodging, washing, and hire or purchase of furniture within the means even of the very poorly paid—while education and courses of lectures might well be included in the fees. Even the expense of clothing might be considerably diminished by the acceptance of contracts with tailors, hosiers, bootmakers, &c., of acknowledged reputation, who would hold the privilege of supplying residents who chose to deal with them, under certain conditions. Of course it may be said in reply that this would be interfering with the regular course of trade, that the residents would possess an advantage over the general public. And why not? Let us remember that we are dealing with an altogether exceptional class—exceptional because of poverty, youth, and friendlessness; because of the need of support and guidance—of an authority to which to appeal for help and protection.

We provide for such needs at colleges and public schools, where corporations or councils organise and sustain an association which secures enormous advantages. At one of our great and increasing London schools, where above twelve hundred boys attend daily, about half their number dine well for sixpence, with sufficient meat, bread, and vegetables to satisfy hungry lads; and the whole great assembly, sitting in its large dining-hall, finds the meal hot and ready—a long table being appointed for each kind of meat or savoury dish, so that the choice is made and the place taken at the same moment. The meal lasts less than half-an-hour, and parents often find it cheaper than to keep a dinner ready for their boys, and certainly healthier than that growing lads should fast or make out on sandwiches or bread-and-cheese till school is over, when they have a long journey home.

This is mentioned to show what may be done in this one direction, and it should be remembered that the dinner is provided by a caterer who makes a fair profit on it. It is unlikely that even at a clerks' Inn the members would all dine in common hall at a fixed time, but breakfast, tea, and suppper, or commons from the kitchen and buttery, could be served either in hall or lodgings. Crudely as the idea is here suggested, it is worthy of being entertained at a time when co-operative schemes for less worthy objects are constantly pursued with success, and when we consider that a vast multitude of our best youth, wanting the power and the opportunity to combine among themselves, are liable to be perverted, wronged, and ruined in mind, body, and estate, for the want of some definite plan by which they might become a national strength and pride.

A RAMBLE IN THE NEW FOREST.



A FAMOUS living philosopher has said that could he only find words to tell what he has enjoyed when wandering about in the woods, all men would flock to them and leave the cities empty. It is not with the intention of trying to bring about such a result, and of so seriously hindering the progress of civilisation, that we at present call attention to the New Forest. We are going to advocate not permanent residence, but occasional visiting. We wish to point out the forest as a recreation-ground for the hard-working population pent up in cities, and especially in the great metropolis of London.

Just now the subject is one of particular interest. The forest is in danger of being enclosed. Should the Commissioners of Woods and Forests succeed in carrying out their apparent plans, the loss to the public, and especially to all lovers of nature, will be immense. We shall then have to be satisfied with liberty to ramble over a hundred acres round Rufus's Stone, whereas at present we enjoy, by inheritance, the right of free passage over no less than sixty thousand acres. But into the controversy between the Commissioners and the Commoners—who, as Mr. G. E. Briscoe Eyre, to whose kindness we are indebted for much valuable information, says, are "practically trustees for the public"—we shall not enter. At the same time we shall await the result with considerable anxiety. To destroy anything old and beautiful is—leaving the Commoners' rights out of the question—an injury to the community, for which no amount of money made by new plantations can ever compensate.

On entering the New Forest, we set foot in a region which, in its main features, is the same as when it was afforested by William the Conqueror. The wild boars and badgers and wolves are gone; the deer also have disappeared, and the South-Western Railway runs through it, but far more is to be found there reminding us of the past than of the present. Within its sylvan shades we can forget both to-day and to-morrow, and revel in thoughts of eight hundred years ago.

The great charm of the New Forest is its scenery. And it is well here to correct an impression which is likely to be made on the reader's mind by the name Forest. Though all the district is so called, it includes many moors, and plains, and open heaths, on which there is not a single tree growing. It is to the woods, however, with their wonderful depth of foliage, their grand old trees, and green avenues, that the tourist will give most attention. He will find enough to gratify him. The oaks, many of which are hundreds of years old, form the characteristic features of the forest. They have a character peculiar to themselves. They are not so high or so large as in many other parts of England, but they are more picturesque in their outlines.

The way to see the New Forest is not to keep to the high-roads which, smooth as in a park, intersect it. We must wander about here and there over the fern and heath, and, best plan of all, following the streams. These will lead us through the greenest valleys and past the thickest woods. There is just one inconvenience attending this departure from the beaten track—one may land in a bog. But, remarks one writer, "the stories with which most books on the forest abound, of persons being swamped in morasses, are much exaggerated. Mind only this simple rule—whenever you see the white cottton-grass growing, and the bog-moss particularly fine and green, to avoid that spot." As for losing one's way whilst roaming there in search of sequestered spots unknown even to the "oldest inhabitant," there is not much danger of that. The forest is not so wide that one can hopelessly wander in it, and with a clear head and a good map—say the Ordnance Survey Map—one need never be much at a loss.

In addition to this independent exploration, however, there are some sights which every one should see. And for the first of these we shall mention Rufus's Stone, about four miles from Lyndhurst, which marks the spot where the oak-tree stood, "on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which stroke he instantly died, on the 2nd of August, 1100." The stone is guarded against the chipping of relic-hunters by a hideous iron case.

One of the best-known scenes in the whole region is the avenue between Brockenhurst and Lyndhurst. The visitor is never likely to forget its beeches, and groups of oaks, and long lawns stretching away into distant woods. In the spring-time, and indeed at all seasons, it is a most beautiful road. Another favourite scene is the view from Stony Cross, extending over a

lovely country to the Wiltshire Downs. If any one wishes to know the beauty of the forest in autumn, it has been said he should see the view from the high ridge here. A third scene which should not be passed by is the village of Minestead, a haven of peace, lying sheltered amidst the forest oaks and its own orchard trees.

We have spoken already of the oaks of the forest. Certainly, whoever wishes to make the acquaintance of trees noted for age or picturesque appearance will not meet with disappointment here. At Knightwood, three miles or so from Lyndhurst, there is a well-known oak, whose arms run out in a most fantastic way, each arm being a tree in bulk. It is in all the vigour of life, and may last till Lord Macaulay's New Zealander comes to sit on the ruins of London Bridge. Not far from the great Knightwood oak stand his ancient brethren, the "Twelve Apostles." It is held that they are the oldest trees in the forest. Unfortunately, some of the twelve have perished, and of those that remain the heads are gone. They are just shattered stumps dragging on a weary existence. The handsomest oak in the New Forest is reported to be one near its western boundary, at Moyle's Court.

"WONDERFUL DEPTH OF FOLIAGE" (*p.* 508.)

The noblest relics of the ancient wooding are to be found at Burley Old, Bramshaw Wood, Denny Wood, and Mark Ash. Of these the finest is the last. It is a sombre beech-wood, under whose melancholy boughs travellers may imagine strange things. It should be visited from Boldrewood.

The sentimental tourist may drop a tear over the loss of the once familiar herds of deer. From the romantic point of view, it is certainly a great pity they are gone. The droves of routing swine one meets in the autumn are never likely to satisfy the poetic soul.

The forest pony is an interesting animal—lath-legged, small-bodied, and heavy-headed, but strong and hardy. There is a tradition—said to be a pure piece of imagination—that it is descended from Spanish horses which swam ashore from the disabled ships of the Armada.

We come now to the human inhabitants. The natives are a "long-limbed peasantry, with narrow head and shoulders, loose shambling gait, and slowness of perception." Their dialect is ungainly in sound, harsh and drawling, with no tone in it, and spoken mainly with the teeth shut, besides exhibiting many peculiarities, including a great confusion of cases, of interest to philologists. We met lately in a contemporary with the following example of it:—

"Hev'ee zeen t' fox? they'se lost he, I bet!"

"Na-a-a; I zeed 'en goo into vuzz at t' carner o' thic 'ood."

"Big un?"

"Ya-a-as."

"Where bist gwine now then?"

"Whoam; thee's betterr come with I."

The gipsies are amongst the most interesting of the population of the district, though by no means so numerous as is sometimes said. They are Lees and Stanleys for the most part, and lead an unsettled life from necessity as well as choice, being driven about here and there by the rural police. Occasional fowls, hedgehogs, and squirrels are their most luxurious fare, and the chief industries which they follow are the manufacture of mats, brooms, bee-hives, and such-like articles.

This beautiful and picturesque region, then, with all its moorland and woodland, is at the present day far less known and recognised than it ought to be. It is easy to arrive at, lying as it does within a hundred miles of London, and being accessible from no fewer than twelve railway stations between Salisbury and Southampton. It is bordered by two branch lines of the South-Western Railway, and is traversed by a third—the well-known "Corkscrew" line. This line is

a tiresome one to the ordinary passenger, but to the tourist it is very convenient. Hotel accommodation is scarce within the forest, but walks of a day long, Mr. Eyre has pointed out, can easily be so managed between one railway station and another, as to secure the best of accommodation in the larger towns at the day's end. No one who has gone on such expeditions can ever forget them. They form, we believe, the brightest and happiest experiences of many a hard-working life.

THE GATHERER.

An Ice Harvest.

Most of the ice brought into this country comes from Norway, but it seems as if, in favourable years, we might "grow" a great part of what is required for our own consumption. To make this clear, we must explain that when pounded ice, or even snow, is submitted to hydraulic pressure, it will unite so completely as to present the appearance of a single solid block. On the same principle, if several slabs of thin ice be placed in contact, the one over the other, their surfaces may be so thoroughly united under pressure as not only to obliterate the line of contact, but to render them essentially one. On our lakes and rivers in winter, the ice is never more than a few inches in thickness; but it appears that we might, by means of a screw or lever press, combine these thin sheets into solid square blocks of a proper size for storage and transportation. Ice-farming, then, might become a considerable industry amongst us.

It is not so long ago since the trade in ice, which every year becomes more important, had its origin in this country. There is a pleasant story about the first ship-load which arrived on our shores. The Custom-House Tariff was found not to contain any reference to such an article, and a long correspondence ensued as to the terms in which the entries were to be passed. At last it was decided that the ice was to be entered as "dry goods," but by the time the decision was arrived at the cargo was all melted.

Fresh Air.

One of the problems of social life, and one which has never yet been quite satisfactorily solved, is that of ventilation. But few others are of more importance with regard to health, especially in large towns and crowded neighbourhoods. A simple method for ventilating sleeping and living rooms has been recommended in a recent publication. Cut a piece of wood three inches high, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window. Raise the sash, place the slip of wood on the sill, and draw the sash closely over it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and, between the two bars, perpendicular currents of air, not felt as a draught, will enter and leave the room, and the atmosphere will be kept fresh and wholesome.

Roasted Figs.

In Austria roasted figs are sold as a substitute for coffee. They possess a sweetish-bitter taste, like caramel, and sometimes taste sour, owing probably to the use of inferior or even partially decayed fruit. Of course, though more enticing than chicory, this substitute has none of the qualities valued in coffee, and in fact the only argument which one manufacturer has to offer for its use is, that it is less stimulating than the pure article!

Washing-day Manœuvres.

The washerwomen of Belgium and Holland have a way of preparing linen which is worth knowing. They use borax instead of soda as a washing-powder. To every ten gallons of water a large handful of borax is added, with the result, which every frugal mind will hear with pleasure, of a considerable saving of soap. An extra quantity of borax is used for laces and cambrics. It does not injure the things washed in the least, and softens the hardest water. An ordinary kettleful of hard water will be effectually softened if only a tea-spoonful of borax be allowed to boil in it.

Tea in its presumed Native Land.

It is now known that the tea-plant was not introduced into China until about the fourth century, and that it was not generally used as a beverage in the Celestial Empire until the ninth century, when the government recommended the use of the infusion of tea-leaves as a corrective to the bad quality of the water ordinarily drunk. It has since proved the national beverage of the Chinese, the spirit distilled from rice being a drink of secondary importance. Sugar, it may also be remarked, was but imperfectly known to the Greeks and Romans. From 1466 to 1580 it was rarely used in England, save in the households of the wealthy, and was procured from the Portuguese, Venetians, and Genoese.

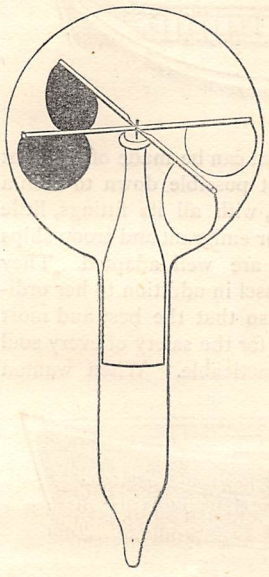
Light as a Motive-power.

Every day the world seems to grow more wonderful, and we have now to call attention to a discovery which promises to rank as one of the most remarkable that our times have witnessed. We are indebted for it to Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., to whose scientific ability and good fortune we also owe the discovery of the metal Thallium.

For some time past, Mr. Crookes has been engaged in investigating the action of light and heat upon bodies suspended in a vacuum. It has always been thought that light, apart from heat, exercises no mechanical action whatever. But this is not the case, as Mr. Crookes clearly demonstrated by a series of most interesting experiments at a recent meeting of the

Royal Society. To take one experiment as an example —he suspended a bar of pith upon a silken fibre, in a bulb at the bottom of a tube from which the air had been completely removed. A lighted candle was then placed near the outside of the bulb, and the bar of pith immediately began turning round. Very good, it may be said, but the candle radiated heat as well as light; it was the heat which produced the motion. In answer to this it was shown that, when the heat was effectually sifted away from the light by a screen of alum, the effect produced was the same: it was light, and it alone, that was the motive-power.

This marvellous property of light has enabled Mr. Crookes to construct an instrument—a Radiometer he designates it—by which the intensity of rays of light can be measured as accurately as rays of heat can be measured by a thermometer. "It consists of four pith discs, fixed at the extremities of two crossed arms of straws, balanced upon a pivot at the point where the straws cross each other, so that they can spin round on the pivot. The pith discs at the extremities of the four arms are white on one side and covered with lamp-black on the other. The whole of this arrangement is enclosed in a glass bulb, from which the air is removed by the aid of the Sprengel pump." Exposed in daylight, every passing cloud makes a difference in the speed at which this little mill works. The stronger the light, the more merrily it goes. So perfectly can this mechanical force of light be measured, that Mr. Crookes has recorded the rates at which different lights at different distances will drive the discs and arms of the Radiometer.



The results obtained by Mr. Crookes are not to be accounted for by any existing theory, and it seems far from improbable that the accomplished physicist by these delicate experiments is but preparing the way for an undreamt-of expansion of human knowledge. That light poured upon bodies free from atmospheric friction is a real force, suggests many speculative thoughts. It has been suggested that its action may have something to do with the axial motion of the planets. And it may be connected with the maintenance of centrifugal force, balancing, as it were, that of gravitation. A high astronomical authority also affirms that the discovery solves the mystery of the comet's tail, which is always seen to be driven violently away from its natural line on approaching the sun. Certainly, "Let there be light, and there was light," acquires a new and more comprehensive meaning to our ears.

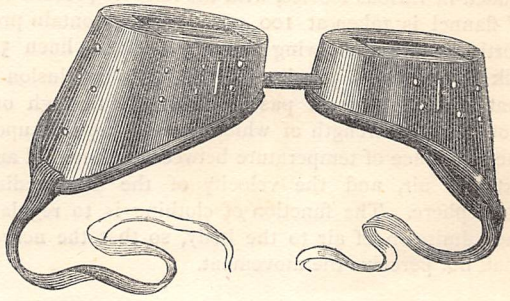
An Unknown Population.

The British authorities now propose to investigate the canal population of this country. On the two thousand miles of English canals, there lives a floating population whose numbers are unknown and not even conjecturable, but it is certain its condition is deplorable. It is now intended to bring them under some kind of sanitary supervision.

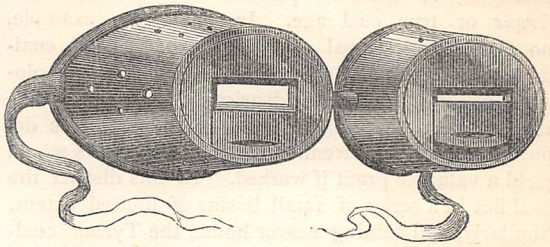
Snow-Blindness and Snow-Spectacles.

Long exposure to the intense white of the snow in the Polar regions is, as is well known, most hurtful to the sight. To prevent snow-blindness, spectacles of green-tinted glass surrounded by gauze have been proposed. The worst of these, however, is that the glass part of the spectacles is apt to get dim and clouded, whilst the gauze and the wire by means of which the spectacles are fastened behind the ears will, in an Arctic climate, become so cold that to the skin they will feel as if made of red-hot wire.

To get over this difficulty, Mr. White Cooper, the oculist, has devised a new kind of spectacles. They



have neither glass nor iron in their composition, but are made of ebonite, and are tied on to the head by a velvet cord. They are not unlike two walnut-shells fastened over the eyes. Their great peculiarity consists in the wearer seeing through a simple slit (which can be widened or narrowed at pleasure) in front of



the pupil of the eye, whilst the sides of each eye-box are perforated with minute holes, so that he can get a side view of approaching Polar bears or other monsters.

But simpler than any spectacles is a method of preventing snow-blindness mentioned not long since in a contemporary, by Mr. William Simpson. It consists in blackening the skin round the eyes for about an inch with any kind of black paint or a burnt stick. Mr. Simpson says that he has been told that "the old trappers in the Sierra Nevadas use this precaution as a protection to their eyes, and that the same means were used by the people connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, who had learned it from the Indians."

A Hospital for the Better Classes.

It is proposed to establish in London a hospital for the better classes. For many reasons the use of hospitals is not confined to those who are poor and necessarily homeless, but they are resorted to by well-to-do persons living in hotels, strangers who go to the City for medical advice of a special kind, and others able and willing to pay for good accommodation. To meet the wants of these classes of patients, it is proposed to start a co-operative hospital company for ladies and gentlemen. Each patient is to have two rooms, with a private or partly private entrance. The site proposed is the Thames Embankment.

Comparative Warmth of Fabrics.

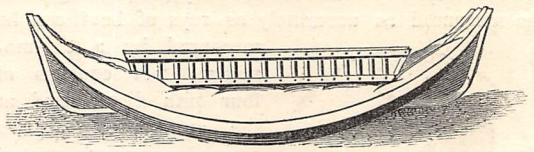
The usual explanation of the warmth of woollen clothing is that, being very porous, it is filled with air, which forms a non-conducting jacket. Dr. Pettenkofer experimented on the amount of air actually included in various fabrics, with the following results :—If flannel is taken at 100, other fabrics contain proportionately the following quantities of air : linen 58, silk 40, buckskin 56, chamois 51. His conclusion is that a current of air passes constantly through our clothing, the strength of which current depends upon the difference of temperature between the internal and external air, and the velocity of the surrounding atmosphere. The function of clothing is to regulate the admission of air to the body, so that the nerves shall not perceive the movement.

New Coal-fields.

We Britons are so much accustomed to connect coal with our own island, that the idea of that valuable mineral being found in other countries rarely occurs to ordinary people. Coal is found in rocks belonging to different periods from the *Carboniferous* or true coal age. In Italy, for example, no *Carboniferous* coal whatever is found ; but coal-deposits belonging to the "tertiary lignites" of geologists abound in certain districts. Mr. Foster has recently been examining several of these lignitic deposits of Tuscan maremna, which he considers would yield a valuable profit if worked. In this district the coal lies in a series of small basins of limited extent. Similarly, and coming nearer home, the Tyrone coal-field of Ireland, if better developed in its working, would prove of considerable benefit, and a source of new industry in the north of Ireland. This coal-field, which has been recently surveyed, measures $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length by $1\frac{1}{4}$ in breadth, and consists of twenty-four seams of highly bituminous coal (*Carboniferous*), thirteen of which seams are workable. It has been calculated that from thirty to forty millions of tons of coal yet remain to be worked in this field ; and with proper energy in this, and allied branches of industry—as, for example, the iron ores—our Irish neighbours should certainly attempt to make a bright future for the Green Isle through her as yet unworked mineral resources.

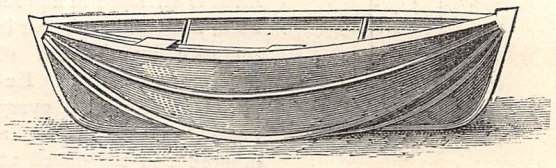
Folding Boats.

One thing much against the carriage of boats on board passenger and other ships is that they are very difficult to stow away. We read in fairy tales of convenient boats of all sizes that would pack up in walnut-shells, and might be carried in one's waistcoat pocket. But in real life it is different. Boats have hitherto been of too unwieldy a shape, and of too unyielding a material, to be got rid of in a small space. Ingenuity may perhaps arrive at the walnut-shell in time ; an advance in the right direction, at any rate, has been made by the Rev. E. A. Berthon, Rector of Romsey, who has designed the folding life-boat shown



FOLDED.

in our illustration. This boat can be made of different dimensions, from the largest possible down to such a moderate size as to weigh, with all its fittings, little over thirty-four pounds. For emigrant and troop ships these collapsing life-boats are well adapted. They might be carried by any vessel in addition to her ordinary complement of boats, so that the best and most sea-worthy accommodation for the safety of every soul on board is now quite practicable. When wanted



UNFOLDED.

for use they expand at once by their own weight, and even those of the largest size can always be carried out-board, and got ready and lowered in less time than is now required to clear and lower the ordinary boats on davits. They sail and may be rowed as fast as other craft, or faster, and are singularly weatherly. Some of these collapsing boats have been taken out on the Arctic expedition of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. The Prince of Wales inspected two of them in the Arctic Museum at Portsmouth, before the ships sailed, and is said to have greatly admired their ingenious construction.

Beetle Manure.

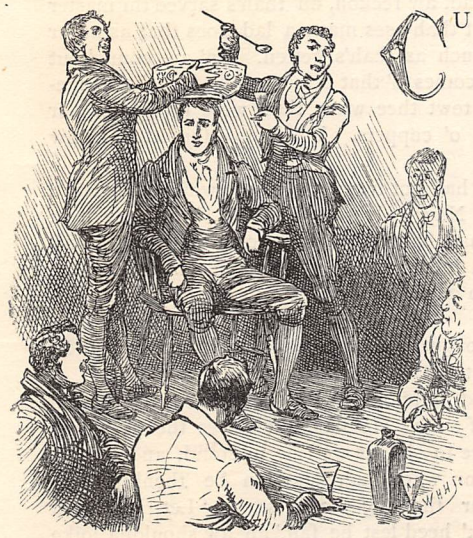
A Mons. de Havrincourt collects beetles and cockchafers—pays for them at the rate of a franc per ten litres—kills them by mixing them with gas liquor and vitriol, and makes at once a good manure and a good profit. Mixing the beetles with lime was formerly tried, but the experiment was not successful, the process above described being preferable in every way to that last mentioned. Who shall say after this that blackbeetles are of no use?

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

ONCE IN A LIFE.



CUSTOMS change with the manners of the times, and as the apprentice is no longer the absolute bond-slave of his master, release from the seven years' bondage is now seldom accompanied by the active and noisy demonstration which of old marked that epoch of a tradesman's or an artisan's career.

But, if the sudden uproar which chased quiet from the precincts of Mr. Ashton's warehouse and manufactory when the Infirmary clock told noon, broke prematurely upon the conference in the counting-house, it was not unexpected. Every apprentice had been similarly greeted at the same period of his life. Until the clock proclaimed twelve, business routine had been undisturbed, but those twelve beats of the timekeeper's hammer had been the signal for every apprentice and workman on the premises to rush pell-mell into the yard, each bearing with him some implement or symbol of his trade, anything which would clash or clang being preferred. Remnants of fringe, bed-lace, and carpet-binding waved and fluttered like streamers from the hands of the women; umbrella-sticks were flourished; strings of waste ferules, brass wheels, brace-buckles, button and tassel-moulds, cops, and spindles, were jingled and jangled together; tin cans were beaten with picking-rods, punches, hammers, leather-stamps, and other tools, by apprentices and men; whilst Jabez himself, hoisted on the shoulders of the two smallware-weavers who had seized and borne him from his master's presence, claiming him as one of their own body, a recognised lawful member of their craft, was paraded round and round that inner court-yard, with the crowd in extemporised procession, amid shouts, hurrahs, songs, and that peculiar instrumental accompaniment which was—noise, not—music.

The household servants had crowded to the scullery door; clerks stood aloof under the gateway, where Simon Clegg kept them company in an ecstacy of satisfaction; Mr. and Mrs. Ashton and Mr. Chadwick surveyed the proceedings from the counting-house window, whilst even Ellen and Augusta were curious enough to look on from those back-hall steps where they had once before received the hero of that scene, wounded, from a very different one.

More than six years had elapsed since the last indoor apprentice had been borne in triumph round that yard (Kit Townley's indentures had been prematurely cancelled), and Jabez may be pardoned if he contrasted the two occasions, and construed the wilder excitement and enthusiasm of this in his own favour, when his employers and their daughter noticed it also.

"It is easy to tell what a favourite Jabez must be in the warehouse, by the uproar. The last outcome, I remember, was quite tame beside this."

"Well, Augusta," answered Ellen, "I believe he deserves it. I know my father thinks there is not such another young man as Mr. Clegg in all Manchester."

"Yes, he's very kind, and obliging, and clever, and persevering, and all that, and I like him very well; but then you know, Ellen, he is not a gentleman, and he is not handsome by any means," responded Augusta, in quite a patronising tone.

Ellen looked grave.

"He is all that is good and noble, if he was not born a gentleman; and *I* think him handsome. He has a frank, open, expressive countenance, and a good figure, and good manners, and what more would you have?"

Augusta turned her head sharply, and looked up archly in her cousin's face.

"It's well Captain Travis does not hear you, Ellen, or he might be jealous of the 'prentice-knight;" she said banteringly.

Ellen coloured painfully.

"When shall I make you understand that Mr. Travis is nothing to me?" asked she.

"When my cousin makes me understand that she is nothing to Mr. Travis," was the quick reply, as Jabez was being borne past for the last time, and the young ladies once more waved their handkerchiefs in salutation.

It may be very gratifying and very triumphant to be borne aloft on other men's shoulders, but it is neither dignified, nor graceful, nor comfortable; and Jabez, being carried off bare-headed, had neither hat nor cap to wave in return. He made the best use of his right hand, his left being required to steady himself, yet I am afraid he was more desirous to make a good impression on the romantic young lady muffled in a shawl, to hide the swathing bandages, than on his less attractive and elder champion by her side.

It was half-past twelve: the dinner-bell rang, Jabez was lowered to *terra firma*, and there was a general

rush to the packing-room, which had been cleared out to receive tressels and planks for tables, and an abundant supply of cold meat, cheese, bread, and ale, provided by the master.

And then and there, before a mouthful was cut, Mr. Ashton, standing at the head of the table, with Mr. Chadwick by his side, and Simon Clegg close at hand, presented Jabez with his indentures, with many expressions of his good will and his good opinion, and an intimation to those assembled that Mr. Clegg would in all probability continue in his employ; an announcement which was received with loud acclaim; and the hungry operatives set to at the collation with right good will.

This was the master's feast; that of the apprentice, for which it was customary to save up long in advance, was at night, and held at the neighbouring "Concert-Hall Tavern" in York Street, opposite to the then "Gentleman's-Concert-Hall."

Prior to that, however, Mrs. Ashton had somewhat to say to the young man, and she chose his own sitting-room to say it in.

Of course, his apprenticeship over, it behoved him to shift his quarters; and he had looked forward to his abdication with regret undreamed of by Mrs. Ashton, or she would certainly have hesitated ere she made the proposal she did.

As it was, she kindly and thoughtfully considered that Jabez had no good parental home to return to; that she had no other use for the rooms he occupied, so she proposed to him that he should continue to occupy them whilst he thought fit, since he had elected to remain in their service.

He had already looked at lodgings in Charlotte Street, close at hand; but this unexpected proposal came like a reprieve to an exile, and he was as prompt in his acceptance as he had been in that previous decision which had so thoroughly swamped all Mr. Chadwick's plans for his advancement.

His eager "Oh, madam, you cannot mean it! you overwhelm me with kindness. Remain under this roof! It is a privilege I had not anticipated, and I shall be proud to embrace it!" sent Mrs. Ashton away well pleased.

It was doubly satisfactory to find the comforts of their home appreciated after seven years' experience, and to be able to refute Mr. Ashton's theory that "all young men like to shake a loose leg, and Jabez would be too glad to escape from grumbling Kezia's jurisdiction to accept the offer."

Mr. Ashton, however, did not abandon the opinion he had formed. "I'll wager my gold snuff-box against a button-mould," asserted he, "that Clegg only said 'Yes' because gratitude would not let him say 'Nay!' It's not likely a young man would care to be always under the eyes of a master or mistress, however steady he may be."

Ah, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ashton knew there was a magnet under their roof, stronger than all the ordinary inducements which might otherwise have drawn him away:—and perhaps it was as well for him they did not.

Simon, who was present at the time, seemed literally overpowered with gratitude for all the good which was falling in the lap of the child of his adoption. He, however, took his own views of the matter, views not calculated to puff Jabez up in his own esteem, and when Mrs. Ashton was gone, he broke out—

"Oh, Jabez, lad! but thah's lit on thi feet! Thah's bin a good lad, aw reckon, an' thah's sarved thi master gradely; but thah sees many a lad does that as never gets a lift such as thah's getten. An' aw conno' but thenk it o' comes o' that prayer o' thy Israelite nämesake, as aw towt thee when thou were no bigger nor sixpenn'orth o' coppers. Yo' hanna furgetten it, aw hope?"

No, Jabez had not forgotten it! It would be strange if he had. Nay, only that morning, in the flush of success he had carried from the counting-house, with the buoyant presumption of youth, a conviction that it was not so much a prayer as a prophecy nearing fulfilment.

Simon brought his soaring pinions down from their Icarian flight.

"Well, lad, it may be 'the Lord has enlarged thi coast,' but if so be He han, thah sees theer's moore room fur thee to slip as well as to stond, and theer's moore rayson whoi thah shouldn be thenkful and humble; fur the big book says, 'Let him that stondeth tak' heed lest he fall,' an' aw shouldna loike t' see thi young yead torned wi' proide."

His lecture was somewhat of a cold shower-bath to Jabez in his hour of triumph, but no doubt it was salutary in its ultimate effects. At all events, it kept the vaulting ambition of the new man a little in check.

People—especially work-people—then observed early hours. At seven o'clock the outcome supper was on the tables at the "Concert-Hall Tavern;" and the elder apprentices, and all such of the workmen as were absolutely engaged on the premises, were there to partake when Jabez found old Simon a seat, himself taking the head of the table, with the two senior apprentices on his right hand and left.

The cost of such suppers usually fell on the apprentice, but sometimes, as in this case, the master added his quota. If plain, the provision was substantial and ample. Rounds of beef and legs of mutton, piles of floury potatoes, and red cones of carrot on pale beds of mashed turnip smoked on the board, and the two-pronged, horn-hafted knives were flanked with earthenware jugs and horns of ale.

It was the first essay of Jabez in the art of carving, and no doubt he made rather an unskilful president. But in the then condition of the lower classes a joint of meat was a rare sight to a working man, and so he cut away with no fear of critics. Amidst the rattle of cutlery and crockery, and the rapid play of jaws, beef and mutton disappeared, and were succeeded by a tremendous plum-pudding—the contribution of old Mrs. Clowes—and half a cheese, which came to the table in the then common japanned receptacle locally known as a cheese-biggin.

Appetite and the viands fled together, the noise of tongues succeeded to the noise of knives and forks, and Lancashire humour vented itself in jest and repartee, sometimes coarse, but seldom mischievous. Old Simon enjoyed it immensely. It seemed like a renewal of his own youth.

It was not, however, until the supper-table was cleared that the chief ceremonial of the evening took place. Then an arm-chair was hoisted upon the table, in which Jabez was enthroned, the two eldest apprentices standing also on the table on either hand as supporters.

An immense bowl of steaming punch was brought in, which was held over the head of Jabez by the one apprentice (when he was said to be crowned), whilst the other, wielding the punch-ladle as a symbol of authority, with many a theatrical grimace, began to ladle the odorous compound into the glasses of the guests ; and the head overlooker of the manufactory, from the opposite end of the table, prepared to propose the health of the late apprentice, as a new member of their craft.

At this juncture, in walked their master, Mr. Ashton, closely followed by Mr. Chadwick, leaning on the arm of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, who, with many a "pish !" and "pshaw !" and "pooh !" had professed to come reluctantly, "to see a sensible lad make a fool of himself."

Their entrance, and the volley of cheers which greeted it, made a momentary pause in the proceedings. Then Mr. Ashton, being duly supplied with a ladleful of punch, took his overlooker's place, and the glass serving as a substitute for his snuff-box, he proposed and drank "Mr. Clegg's health and prosperity," and welcomed him among the confraternity of small-ware weavers.

This was succeeded by a prolonged cheer ; and then, as one by one each man's glass was filled, ere he touched it with his lips he sang separately (with whatsoever voice he might happen to have, musical or otherwise) the following toast to proclaim the released apprentice a freeman of the trade ; the chorus being taken up afresh after every repetition of the quatrain :—

"Here's a health to he that's now set free,
That once was a 'prentice bound,
And for his sake this merriment we make,
So let his health go round,
Go round, go round, go round, brave boys,
Until it comes to me ;
For the longer we sit here and drink,
The merrier we shall be."

Chorus—"Go round, go round," &c.

Mr. Ashton had ordered up another bowl of punch, and that being distributed with like ceremony over the new small-ware monarch's head, Jabez from his temporary throne, with all the warmth of freshly-stimulated gratitude, delivered a very genuine oration on the excellence of the master then present, and proposed as a toast, "Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, our worthy and esteemed master and mistress."

Now-a-days I am afraid the master would have been dubbed a "governor," and the mistress ignored altogether ; but though it is only fifty-five years since, servants were not ashamed to own they had masters and mistresses, and consequently were not above being amenable to rule.

During this digression, at a hint from some one (I believe old Simon), Jabez, whose eloquence must surely have come from the punch-bowl, dilated on the spiritual relation between the reverend chaplain and the party assembled, there being scarcely an individual present who had not been either baptised or married by the Rev. Joshua Brookes, and he wished "health and long life to him" with much sincerity.

A general shout rose in response, but Joshua made no other reply than to turn on his heel (the better to hide his face), and growl out, "Long life indeed ! Ugh ! pack o' tomfoolery !" as he hurried from the room, before either Mr. Ashton or his paralysed brother-in-law could follow.

Yet in spite of his gruff disclaimer, he added another bowl of punch to the "tom-foolery"—at least, one was brought in soon after, and no one there was called upon to pay for it.

Relieved from the restraining presence of the gentlemen, tongues wagged freely, long pipes were introduced, song, jest, and toast succeeded each other, and as the fun grew and the smoke thickened, they mingled confusedly, until at length clear-headed Simon drew his arm through that of the novice, and watching his opportunity, led him unnoticed into the open air, with his head spinning like a teetotum.

Jabez awakened the next morning with a terrible headache, and a dim recollection of having encountered stately Mrs. Ashton in the hall over-night, when the very statues had seemed to shake their heads at him, and her mild "Fie, Jabez !" followed him upstairs, apparently carpeted with moss or india-rubber for the nonce.

It was his first dissipation *and his last.* He never forgot it. And if anything was wanting to destroy the germs of self-sufficiency and elation, it was found in the consciousness of his own frailty, and the sense of shame and self-reproach it engendered.

Experienced heads knew that the surrounding fumes of liquor and tobacco had been more potential than the small quantity of punch he had imbibed. But he did not know it, and by the hail-fellow-well-metishness of those workmen who were most inclined at all times to keep Saint-Monday, and who came to their work, or stayed from their work, unfit for their work, was a sensitive chord of his nature struck, far more than by the quiet caution of Simon, the light badinage of Mr. Ashton, or the jeers of captious Kezia.

In making light of it Jabez felt they made light of him ; and he was long after afraid lest those whose opinion he held in esteem should make light of him also ; Augusta Ashton chief of these.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

ON ARDWICK-GREEN POND.

IT was in vain Madame Broadbent waited on Mrs. and Mr. Ashton, and solicited Miss Ashton's return to her establishment on her ultimate recovery. The

pupil was not more shudderingly reluctant to be replaced under her despotic rule, than the parents were peremptory in their refusal.

When her plea for the "maintenance of discipline" failed, and she tried cajolery as ineffectually, she gave way to the expression of her natural fears that it would "be the ruin of the Academy" if Mr. Ashton did not reverse his decision. He loved his daughter too well to yield; and Mrs. Broadbent went back to Bradshaw Street to find, as years rolled on, that she had been a true prophetess.

The injury done to Miss Ashton's collar-bone had been bruited abroad, and slowly but surely it helped to sap the foundation of the once flourishing seminary. It continued to exist for some years, but its prestige was gone, its glory departed. Yet she maintained her personal importance to the last, and exhibited her flock in the "lower boxes," of the Theatre Royal on Mrs. McGibbon's benefit nights with undiminished dignity through successive seasons.

The rapidly ripening young lady had her will; she had done with the school-room for ever, and her lessons on the harp from Mr. Horobin, and on the piano from George Ware, the leader of the Gentlemen's Concerts, came under quite another category. Nor did she think it beneath her aspirations to retain her place in Mr. Bland's fashionable dancing-room, where she practised cotillions, quadrilles, and the newly imported waltz, with partners on a par with herself. But these were *accomplishments*, and we all know, or ought to know by this time, that accomplishments require much more prolonged and arduous application than the merely useful and essential branches of knowledge, theorists for the higher education of women notwithstanding.

Miss Augusta was desirous to be captivating and shine in society, and so proud was Mr. Ashton of his beautiful daughter that he fell in readily with the expansive views of the incipient belle; and new steps or new melodies were paraded for his gratification week by week.

But Mrs. Ashton, telling her daughter that "knowledge was light of carriage," sent her to Mr. Mabbott's to take lessons in cookery and confectionery, and into the kitchen to put them in practice under the eye of Kezia; and, exercise being good for health, according to the same sensible mother, she was required to assist in bed-making, furniture-polishing, dusting, and general household matters, for which the young lady had little liking, and was not to be spurred into liking by any citation of her cousin Ellen's qualifications in these respects. She preferred to dress with all the art at her command to make her beauty more bewildering, and to take her place at harp, or piano, or embroidery frame, ready to receive visitors either with or without her mother, and to be as fascinating as possible, especially when Laurence Aspinall was the caller; or she would sit in dishabille in the retirement of her own chamber, and read Moore and Byron because they were tabooed and the handsome lieutenant quoted them so enchantingly; whilst Cicily, who had something to answer for in this respect, bustled about and overworked herself to spare her darling Miss Augusta, who, with all her faults, must have been a loving and lovable creature to win such devotion from a dependent.

It happened that the young lady received visitors alone more frequently than was desirable, Mrs. Ashton being unusually tied to the warehouse through the interest Mr. Ashton took in the establishment of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and in the project for the widening of Market Street and other of the cramped thoroughfares of the growing town; which necessarily took him much from home and his private business; to say nothing of the excitement consequent on the trial of Queen Caroline during its long progress.

But the year 1820, which had opened only to close the long volume of George III.'s life, and to open that of George IV.'s reign, had itself grown old and died, and 1821 had thrust itself prominently forward.

It came with a white robe and a frost-bitten countenance, which grew sharper and more pinched as weeks and months went by. It looked down on the currents of rivers and canal, on the secluded still waters of Strangeways Park, the oblong pond in front of the Infirmary, and the leech-shaped lakelet within the area of Ardwick Green, until their ripples curdled under the chilling glance of the New Year.

Sterner grew its aspect as the shivering weeks counted themselves into months, and the shrinking waters spread first a thin film, then a thick and a thicker barrier of ice between them and the freezing atmosphere.

Every gutter had its slide, along which clattering clogs sped noiselessly; every pool its vociferous throng of boys, and every pond its mingled concourse of skaters and sliders.

Of these, the Infirmary and Ardwick Green waters were the most patronised; the former having the more numerous, the latter the more select body of skaters, and consequently the more fashionable surrounding of spectators.

The amusements of the town were then on so limited and exclusive a scale, that long frost was quite a boon to the younger portion of the community; and during the sixteen weeks of its continuance, the Green became a promenade gay with the warm hues of feminine attire, as ladies flocked to witness and extol the feats of husbands, brothers, cousins, or particular friends. There was no fear of vulgar overcrowding (except on Sundays); working-hours were long, and there were no Saturday half-holidays, so that only those whose time was at their own disposal could share the sport or overlook it.

Amongst these, much to the annoyance of Mr. Aspinall, his son Laurence chose to enrol himself, with less regard to the fluctuation of the cotton market, or the comparative value of American or East India staples, than the Cannon Street merchant thought necessary to fit him for his future partner or successor. The younger man had chosen to construe liberally the word "gentleman," which had been the be-all and end-all of his training, and to regard elegant idleness

as its synonym. What availed his fine figure and proficiency in arts and athletics, if he had no opportunity for the display of his person or his skill? And to throw away the rare chance the winter had provided was clearly to scorn the gift of the gods.

Accordingly he spent more time on Ardwick-Green Pond than in the counting-house, varied occasionally with a visit to the Assembly Billiard-Room in Back Mosley Street, or a morning promenade in the Infirmary Gardens, from the open gates of which he generally contrived to emerge as Miss Ashton descended the steps from Mr. Mabbott's, and just in time to hand her courteously and daintily across the roadway, and bear her company to her own door, discoursing of recent assemblies or concerts, from the former of which she had hitherto been debarred, and of the last occasion on which he had "the exquisite pleasure of seeing her at Ardwick Green"—occasions which were seldom reported at home, any more than the chance meetings on her way from Mr. Mabbott's; and the reticence, be sure, boded no good.

Dr. Hull had long ago advised "out-door exercise" for the rapidly-growing girl, and there was no embargo on her walks abroad, Mrs. Ashton suspecting no danger, and no surreptitious meetings. Her visits to the Green during the long skating season were quite as unrestrained, only that an escort became a necessity. Occasionally her mother accompanied her, sometimes Mrs. Walmsley and John (then there were generally a nurse and baby in the rear), sometimes Ellen and Mrs. Chadwick; and Augusta had always returned so exhilarated by her country walk, and so delighted with all she had seen, that once or twice, when imperative business withheld Mrs. Ashton from bearing her daughter company, as promised, rather than disappoint, the lady had made Mr. Clegg her deputy, an honour on which he perhaps set far too high a value.

Mrs. Ashton would have drawn herself up with double dignity, and repudiated as an insult the suggestion of any other of their salesmen or clerks as an escort for her beautiful daughter; but Jabez lived in the house, had lived there so long, had even from her childhood been the girl's frequent guardian, and proved himself so worthy of the trust, that she committed her to his care now much as of old, and perhaps all the more readily because she saw, or fancied she saw, a disinclination on Miss Augusta's part to be so accompanied.

In March the cold was as intense as in January, and Miss Ashton as eager to watch the skaters. One afternoon towards the close of the month, when the breaking up of the frost was anticipated, quite a family party had gone to the Green, wrapped in fur-trimmed pelisses of velvet or woollen, with fur-rimmed hats and Brobdignagian muffs.

It was not quite closing-time when Mr. Ashton, always disposed to be friendly with Jabez, accosted him.

"The ladies are gone to the Green, Clegg. Suppose you lend me an arm along the slippery roads, and we go to meet them, eh?"

The sparkling eyes of Jabez confirmed his ready tongue's "With pleasure, sir," as, sensible of the honour done him, he left the sale-room, whistled his black friend Nelson from the yard, and they set off at a brisk pace, to keep the blood in circulation, the dog leaping, bounding, and barking before them, in token of good fellowship.

As they passed the Infirmary, Jabez remarked that the ice began to look watery, to which Mr. Ashton replied—

"Yes; I think Jack Frost's long visit is near its end, and there must be some truth in the old saw that 'a thaw is colder than a frost.'"

At that moment Mr. Aspinall's carriage rolled past them, bearing the merchant homewards in distinguished state (private carriages were by no means common), whereat Mr. Ashton observed with a shrug—

"How pride punishes itself! Fancy a tall fellow like Mr. Aspinall cramped up in a stifling box upon wheels on a day like this, when he has the free use of his limbs!"

Contrary to expectation, they did not come in sight of the ladies until they gained the Green, which they found a scene of wild hubbub and commotion; skaters and spectators gathering towards the centre of the Green, whence came a confused noise of voices shouting, crying, and screaming.

The quick eye of Jabez was at once arrested by the figure of Augusta on the opposite bank, the centre of an appalled group, wringing her hands in the very impotence of terror; and as he penetrated the excited crowd, he saw the hatless head of a man, whose body was submerged, resting with its chin upon a ledge of the ice, which had apparently broken under him. At the first glance he failed to distinguish the head from the distance, and rushed forward, apprehensive lest it should be that of either Mr. Walmsley or his friend Travis, whom he knew to be of the party.

Recognition came accompanied by a shock that staggered him.

If the ice had attractions for Aspinall and Walmsley, Ellen Chadwick had certainly as great attractions for Ben Travis; but it is certain that neither cousins, nor mother, nor aunt were sensible that they had been drawn thither simply as a sort of decorous train to Miss Augusta Ashton, whose inspiriting had in turn been the fascinating lieutenant, the most graceful and accomplished skater on the pond. Perhaps she hardly knew it herself, not being given to searching her own heart for its motives. But a hint from him had set her longing for "another sight of the skating before the chance was gone," and her imperative will no less than her persuasive voice had swayed the rest.

Laurence had made the most of the occasion, glad of an opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of the whole family, and display his graceful figure and his skill to the best advantage. Now and then he joined the Chadwicks and the Ashtons on the bank, anon darted off, wheeling hither and thither, so swift in his evolutions, the eye could scarcely follow him.

Amongst the skaters the man and his feats alike stood out. He was the observed of all observers, and not vainer was he of his accomplishment than was Augusta at being singled out for attention in the face of so many damsels of his acquaintance, all, as she foolishly supposed, equally desirous to bask in the sun of his smile.

A small match will kindle a large flame if combustibles be there. Fired by her too apparent satisfaction, and Mrs. Ashton's presence, his excessive vanity induced him to perform what, with the imperfect skates of the period, was a distinguished feat. He was ordinarily proud of his caligraphy. Now, he wound and twisted, lifted his skates or dashed them down, until he had scored upon the ice an alphabet in bold capitals; but whether he had miscalculated his space, or the strength of the ice—broken into for the use of cattle at one end—or the crowd of inquisitive or envious followers had been too great for its resistance, as he made the last curl of the letter Z, the ice gave way and he was plunged in up to the neck, amid the shrieks of women and the shouts of men. His chin had caught upon the ice with a stunning blow; but it rested there, and, aided by the buoyancy of the water beneath, upheld him until, with returning sense, he struggled to bring his shoulders above the surface, and upheave himself. He trod the water, and it sustained him, but the *ice* would not. He was forced to content himself with the use of his hands beneath as paddles, to relieve the pressure on his chin, and wait for help which seemed an eternity in coming.

He had been in the water some time, when Jabez and Mr. Ashton appeared on the scene, amongst women shrieking with affright, and men rushing about, without presence of mind, or paralysed to powerlessness. Mr. Travis alone seemed to have a thought, and he had sent for ropes and hatchets to cut a way to him through the ice itself. But there was a question, would his strength hold out?

"Will no one save him? Will no one save him?" cried Augusta piteously.

"Fifty pounds to him who will save my son!" was the cry of the frantic father, who had witnessed the accident from his own carriage window. "A hundred!—two hundred pounds!—five hundred pounds to any one who will save him!"

"It's noan a bit o' use, measter," said a working man, with a shake of his head. "Men wunna chuck their lives aweay for brass; an' yon ice is loike a pane o' glass wi' a stone through it."

Unfortunately, impulsive Ben Travis had darted forward to his rescue at the outset, and his ponderous weight had cracked the already broken ice in all directions. He had himself retreated with difficulty; and now no offers of reward would tempt men to put their own lives in peril, though Kit Townley was there, urging others to the attempt, and Bob, the ex-groom, had rushed for ropes they had not pluck or skill to use, since a noosed cord, flung like a lasso, would have strangled him.

"Oh, save him! save him, Jabez!" implored Augusta, as he and her father came up.

Jabez looked at her strangely. His head seemed to spin. His face went livid as that on the ice. Had his secret devotion no other end than this? True, she had called him "Jabez," but so she had called him in his servitude. She had appealed to him as one she trusted in implicitly; but the appeal sounded as for one she loved, and that was not himself, but he who, as boy and man, had wounded him in soul and body. The very tone of her cry was as a knell to his hopes and himself. It was his foe and his rival who was perishing! Was he called upon to risk his life to warm a serpent to sting him again? The conflict in his breast was sharp and terrible.

"If thine enemy hunger, give him food," seemed to float in his ears.

There was a small gloved hand on his arm, a pale, sweet face looking up into his. The moments were flying fast.

"Oh! Jabez, Jabez, do try!"

"I will," said he hoarsely.

Had he not often declared in his secret heart that he would give his life to serve her? and should he be ungenerous enough to shrink now?

"It is folly to attempt. I forbid it!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, laying her hand on his arm. And Ellen Chadwick, pale as Augusta, tried to stop him with—"You must not! you must not! You will perish!"

Even strangers from the crowd warned him back.

But he was gone ere Mrs. Chadwick softly recalled her daughter to herself. "Hush! Ellen. This is not seemly. Mr. Clegg will attempt nothing impossible."

He hurried to the side nearest Laurence; called to him, "Keep up; help is coming!"—asked for ladders; gave a word or two of instruction to Mr. Ashton and Travis; sent Nelson on the ice to try its strength; secured a rope round his own waist; then, lying flat on the cold ice, cautiously felt his way to the farther side of Aspinall, whose eyes were closed, and whose strength was ebbing fast. He hardly heard the words of cheer addressed to him.

Two long ladders had been lashed side by side to give breadth of surface. These, by the help of cords and Nelson, whose sagacity was akin to reason, he drew across the cracked and gaping ice; and crept slowly from rung to rung, watched from the land breathlessly, until he reached his almost insensible rival. With rapidly benumbing fingers he secured strong ropes beneath each shoulder, sending Nelson back to the bank with the main line in case his own strength was inefficient to lift the dead weight of Laurence, or that the ice should yield beneath the double weight.

Some one sent a brandy-flask back by the dog.

"Can you swallow?" he asked. There was no answer but a gurgle.

He moistened the blue lips, while the head bent slightly back, introduced a small quantity of the potent spirit between his set teeth; and, having warmed himself by the same means, essayed to lift the freezing skater, who was almost powerless to aid. But the latter with an effort raised an arm above the ice, and grasped recumbent Jabez. And now Nelson proved

his worth. He set his teeth in Aspinall's high coat-collar, and tugged until their united strength drew him upwards, and across the ladder-sledge, almost as stiff and helpless as a corpse.

To lessen the weight, Jabez crept from the ladders; they were drawn to the side with its living freight before he himself was out of danger; for the extra pressure and the swift motion set the ice cracking under him, and he dragged himself to the bank to sink down on the hardened snow, overcome by the strain on mind and muscle, whilst the approving crowd set up a shout.

"I'm afraid, Clegg, you've spent your strength for a dead man," said Travis, grasping his hand warmly, "and Aspinall was scarcely worth it, alive or dead."

But Jabez made no reply. He rose, shook off the congratulatory crowd of strangers and friends, on the plea of needing to "warm and dry himself," refused point-blank to accept the grateful hospitality of Mr. Aspinall, and taking the proffered arm of Travis hurried towards the "George and Dragon," as little like one who had done a noble action as could be imagined.

Mr. Ashton followed, tapping his gold snuff-box in wonder and perplexity. He saw that something was wrong, but knew not that Augusta's hasty thanks had closed the young man's heart against all but its own pain.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH

BLIND!

So white, so cold, so still was the rigid figure borne from the pond to Mr. Aspinall's house, Travis might well count him "a dead man," as the rumour ran concerning him; and feeble old Kitty set up a lamentation as over the dead.

Mrs. Ashton, who knew that that was a home without a thinking woman at its head, volunteered her services, and entered the house with the bearers, leaving the trembling Augusta with their friends.

She gently put the old woman aside, and felt pulse and heart.

"There is life," said she, "and while there is life there is hope. Keep tears until there is time to shed them; now we must act." Then turning to the scared and scurrying servants, gave her orders much as though she had been in their own warehouse, and with a stately authority there was no disputing.

The butler was bidden to "Bring brandy, quick!" The footman was required to "Wheel this sofa to the fire, and pile up the coals!" A maid was asked for "Hot blankets without delay!" and moaning Kitty was set to work to "Help to strip your young master and chafe his limbs." And so promptly were her clear, cool orders obeyed, that when the doctor arrived in hot haste with Mr. Aspinall half his work was done. The pulse had quickened and the limbs began to glow, though the eyelids remained closed.

Most grateful then was Mr. Aspinall for the efficient matronly service rendered to his motherless boy by the stately lady, who was drawn nearer to him in his helplessness by her own kindly act, than by all the conciliatory visits and peace-offerings with which Laurence had himself sought to propitiate her.

And for *once* Mr. Aspinall accepted a kindness as a favour, not as a tribute to his personal importance, and he placed his carriage at the disposal of Mr. Ashton and herself for their return home, without a sign of his usual self-inflation.

His importance received a considerable shock, however, when he called at the house in Mosley Street the following day to report progress, and relieve himself of his obligation to his son's preserver by paying over the five hundred pounds he had in his extremity offered as a reward.

"I do not think Mr. Clegg will accept a reward," said Mr. and Mrs. Ashton in a breath.

"Not accept it!" and the portly figure seemed to swell; "five hundred pounds is a large sum for a young man in his position; only a fool or a madman would refuse it."

"Just so, just so," replied Mr. Ashton, offering his open snuff-box to his visitor, whilst Mrs. Ashton stirred the fire as a sort of dubious disclaimer; "but I think, for all that, you will find we are right; Mr. Clegg is not a common man, and is not actuated by common motives.—My dear?" He nodded, and Mrs. Ashton pulled the bell-rope.

Mulberry-suited James answered on the instant.

"Mr. Clegg is wanted."

Mr. Clegg, labouring under the disadvantage of a cold caught the previous afternoon, to which any huskiness of voice might be attributed, obeyed the summons. He was presented duly to Mr. Aspinall, and, much to that gentleman's surprise, was invited to take a seat—"Absolutely invited to take a seat!" as he afterwards recounted in indignation to a friend; "these whigs have no respect for a gentleman's feelings!"

Nor had Jabez. He was pale enough when he entered, but his face flushed, his lips compressed, and the scar on his brow showed vividly as Mr. Aspinall drew forth a roll of crisp bank-notes from his pocket-book, and loftily offered to him the reward he had "earned by his bravery."

He flushed—put back the notes with a movement of his hand, and said coldly—

"You owe me nothing, sir. The meanest creature on God's earth should have freely such service as I rendered to your son. I cannot set a price on life."

"But I offered the reward, and must discharge the debt. Reconsider, young man, it is a large sum: many a man starts the world with less."

"A large sum to pay for your son's life or for mine, sir?" interrogated Jabez, drawing himself up stiffly, adding without waiting for reply, "I do not sell such service, sir. You owe me nothing. Let your son thank Miss Ashton for his life; he is her debtor, not mine."

The words seemed to rasp over a nutmeg-grater, they came so hoarsely, as did his request for leave to withdraw; and he closed the door on the five hundred pounds, and on the smiles of husband and wife, before the rebuffed cotton-merchant could master his indignation to reply.

The notes in his palm were light enough, but lying there they represented liberality contemned; a debt unpaid; an undischarged obligation to an inferior; and not thrice their value in gold could have pressed so heavily on Mr. Aspinall as that last consideration.

The frigid manner of Jabez he construed into radical impudence, resented the salesman's repudiation of reward as a personal affront, and did not scruple to express his views openly, then and there; winding up with a question which startled his interlocutors—

"What did the singular young man mean by his reference to Miss Ashton?"

Had they followed the "singular young man" across the hall to the sanctuary of his own sitting-room, seen him dash himself down into a chair, and bury his head in his hands on the table, with unutterable anguish on his face, and heard burst from his lips—more as a groan than embodied thought—"Oh, Augusta, adored Augusta, what a presumptuous madman I have been!" they would but have had half the answer.

But had they mounted the polished oaken stairs to the dainty chamber where Augusta Ashton lay in bed with a "cruel headache," brought on by the fright, and eyes red with weeping at the catastrophe which had befallen her adorable admirer, the gallant lieutenant, and heard her half-audible lamentations, the answer might have been complete.

Mrs. Ashton had heard Augusta's frantic appeal to Jabez at the pond, had seen him stagger and turn livid as if shot, noted the inward struggle ere he said, "I will;" but she had ascribed it to old and unforgiven injuries, and thinking it hard that he should be called upon to risk his life for his known enemy, had herself forbidden the attempt.

"THE ICE GAVE WAY" (*p.* 518).

This was all the solution she had to offer Mr. Aspinall.

In the excitement of the accident and the rescue, she had overlooked Augusta's excessive emotion, but now her mother's heart took alarm. Could it be that the younger eyes of Jabez had seen a preference for the handsome scapegrace which she had not?

The matter was talked over by husband and wife long after Mr. Aspinall had left; and the anxious mother questioned the maiden in the privacy of her own room, to come thence with the sad conviction that Augusta had prematurely been led captive by a handsome face and a dashing air, irrespective of worth or worthlessness. Yet she consoled herself and Mr. Ashton with the reflection, "It is, after all, only a girlish fancy, and will die out."

"Just so, and as the young rake is laid by the leg for one while, there is all the more chance," assented Mr. Ashton.

"If his immersion does not convert him into a hero," added the matron, with a clearer knowledge of her daughter.

Yet neither asked themselves how the intuitive perception of Jabez came to be more acute than their own, nor what power impelled him to risk his life for an enemy at the mere bidding of Augusta.

Equally unobservant were they of Ellen Chadwick's remonstrance, or her feverish watch of every perilous turn Jabez and Nelson had taken on the ice, or of the caresses she lavished on the dog when all was over. Only Mrs. Chadwick had seen that, as she had seen fainter signs years before; but she held her peace, and having a leaven of her sister's pride, "hoped she was mistaken."

There were three young hearts consumed by the same passion—that which lies at the root of the happiness or misery of the world—one nursing the romance, two fighting against its hopelessness in silence and concealment; but "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Jabez Clegg could not tell when he had not loved Augusta Ashton, from the time when she was young enough to play about the ware-rooms, or to be lifted across the muddy roadways in his strong apprentice arms, when it was his pleasant duty to protect her to and from school. But he could trace back the time when Hogarth's prints gave to that love a definite shape, and he began to look upon his master's daughter as a prize to be attained. All things had tended to confirm his belief in its possibility, and love and ambition had gone hand in hand, and fed each other. The child had come to him for companionship and entertainment, the girl under his protection had confided to him her school-day troubles, and come to him for help in difficulties, with lessons on slate or book. She had looked up to him, trusted him, clung to him; and though she was as a star in his firmament, he had had a sort of vague impression that the star which shone upon him from afar would draw nearer and, as he rose to it, come down to meet him.

His first sharp awakening was her reminder that the pair of intoxicated officers who had insulted her in the theatre were "gentlemen," and so not to be chastised by *him*.

His second—and then jealousy added a sting—was meeting Aspinall face to face in the hall, when the latter smilingly bowed himself out on his first visit.

And now he brooded in despair over the final dissipation of his dream beneath the icicle-hung boughs on Ardwick Green, for the first time conscious that she belonged to another sphere.

Never by look or word had he done himself, or her, or her parents the dishonour of giving expression to his ambitious love; and now another had looked on his divinity, and won her for himself.

It came upon him like a flash when that white-faced, piteous cry called him to imperil his own life—worthless in the scale against another, and *that* other. It came upon him with a flash that scathed like lightning.

He had forgiven the boy Aspinall long ago; and the man—well, Augusta's happiness demanded the sacrifice, and he had made it.

Out of his very love for Augusta he had saved the rival's life she had prayed for. And he had been offered *money* for the act which wrecked his own. Thank God he had rejected it with scorn!

A kind hand laid on his shoulder interrupted a reverie which had induced torpor.

"Mr. Clegg, you are ill—your cold requires attention. You had better seek repose: you are quite feverish."

Repose! the man's soul was on fire, as well as his body. Yet from his chamber a fortnight later emerged a business man, without an apparent thought beyond the warehouse.

And what of Laurence Aspinall, whom we left with closed eyes in blankets on a sofa.

He had hung suspended in the water for an hour by the clock in the tower of St. Thomas' ivy-clad church; and notwithstanding he had kept his limbs and the water in motion so long as he had power, the chill had extended upwards; and though life had been called back, sight and reason were in abeyance.

Shorn of his rich curls, for weeks he raved and struggled in the grasp of brain-fever; and old Kitty, forgetting everything but her promise to his dead mother, watched and tended him night and day, albeit nurses from the Fever-Ward relieved each other in their well-paid care of him.

The frost was gone; vegetation, bound so long, had leapt upwards from its chains. Lilacs and May-buds greeted him with perfume through the open windows, and even the daffodil and narcissus sent up their incense from the brim of the garden-pond when he began to show signs of amendment.

"Better," "Much better," were the answers to inquirers (among whom may be cited Kit Townley, and Bob, their sometime groom); but the lilac and the hawthorn ripened and faded, and the daffodils gave place to the wallflower and carnation, and the rose-buds opened their ripe lips to June, yet the rich cotton-merchant's son saw nothing of their glow.

Over the blue eyes of Laurence the lids were closed, and never an oculist in the town had skill to open

them. Dr. Hull, the consulting physician of the Eye Institution, and his surgical colleagues, Messrs. Wilson and Travers, had laid their heads together over a case peculiar in all its bearings, but the lids remained obstinately shut.

At length, when Hope had folded her drooping wings in despair, and Mr. Aspinall was borne down with grief for his sightless son, some one suggested that, as water had done the mischief, water in action might cure it.

"Can he swim?" asked rough Dr. Hull curtly of Kitty.

"Swim? aye, he can do owt he shouldna do," replied the old woman, having no faith in the value of her charge's peculiar accomplishments.

"Is he a good swimmer?"

"Aw reckon so! He usent to swim fur wagers i' Ardy [Ardwick] Green Pond when he wur quoite a little chap."

"That will do."

Mr. Aspinall was conferred with, and the next day's mail coach took the blind patient, his father, Kitty, and one of the surgeons to Liverpool.

After a night's rest at the York Hotel, they were driven down to St. George's Pier, a very humble presentment of what it is in this our day. Like Manchester, Liverpool has vastly swelled in size and importance in the last fifty years, and her docks have grown with the shipping needing shelter.

The Mersey was not the crowded highway it is now—there were fewer ships and *no* steamers to cross each other's track, and set the waters in commotion, defying wind and tide.

Mr. Aspinall had engaged a boat to be in readiness. The sightless athlete was rowed a short distance from curious spectators on the pier, and then, his face being turned towards Birkenhead, he plunged into the swelling river, which he breasted like a Triton, so welcome and native seemed the element to him. And as the salt wave buoyed him up, or dashed over his cropped head, he appeared to gain fresh strength with every stroke.

Anxiously his three attendants followed in his wake, lest cramp should seize him, or his impaired strength give out before the river—there rather more than a mile in breadth—could be crossed.

Yet not a yard of the distance bated he. By instruction he had bent his course slightly down stream, so as to meet the opposing tide, then rolling in with a freshet. He struck out boldly, the very dash of the salt waves invigorating him as they broke over his bare poll, or laved his naked limbs. Still well in advance of the boat, he seemed at last to cross the current as a conqueror. He touched the shore at Rockferry, and—miracle of miracles!—his eyes were opened. Laurence Aspinall, who for weeks had cursed his darkened existence, could once more see!

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

CORONATION-DAY.

MISFORTUNE binds closer than prosperity. The calamity which tied Laurence Aspinall down in a straitwaistcoat to a bed of fever, with shaven head and sightless eyes, touched the Ashtons in a tender point.

Themselves the parents of an only child, the very crown and glory of their lives, their sympathies went forth to Mr. Aspinall in spite of his haughty assumption. Indeed, distress brought him down to the common level of humanity; and having neither sister, aunt, nor cousin to undertake the care of his sick son for love and not for fee, he learned the comparative powerlessness of wealth, and hailed with all the gratitude in his nature the occasional visits of Mrs. Ashton, in whose stately bearing no doubt he recognised a sort of kinship.

It was, however, not Mrs. Ashton the business woman, not Mrs. Ashton the lofty lady, but Mrs. Ashton the mother who laid her cool hand on the young man's fevered forehead, questioned the nurses, made suggestions for the benefit of the invalid, and, by means of a "Ladies' Free Registry" in Chapel Walk, found a staid woman of experience to act as housekeeper, and bring the disorganised household into order without treading on the toes of attached but incapable Kitty.

The head of Antinous shorn of its glorious locks, swathed in lotion-cloths, tossing in delirium, would scarcely appear so attractive as to fill the most timid mother with fears for a romantic daughter's heart, and so whilst sympathy was awake vigilance slumbered. Yet never need vigilance have been more awake.

She saw him as he was—Augusta, as he had been. Through other channels than the maternal she heard of his condition from day to day, and how in his delirium he had mixed up her name with the slang of the cock-pit, the race-course, and the prize-ring; but with strange infatuation she ignored all that should have warned, and clung to all that was pleasant to her own self-love.

Never had she been so assiduous in her visits to her aunt Chadwick and her cousin Walmsley; and her smiling "I've brought my work and come to sit with you this afternoon," should have been translated, "I hope John or Mr. Travis will drop in. They are sure to have something to say about Mr. Laurence; it is so dreadful not to know how he is going on."

Pretty generally her calculations were correct; the two gentlemen were interested in Aspinall as a member of their yeomanry corps, apart from private friendship, and were constant in their inquiries, even finding their way to his bed-side; and Mr. Benjamin Travis, who could not every day manage to meet Mr. Chadwick on his way from the warehouse (by accident), and lend his stout arm as a support, appeared only too glad to be the bearer of bulletins from Ardwick, as an excuse for calling in Oldham Street and hovering about the chair or the window where Ellen Chadwick sat at her sewing or knitting, and grew silent on his entrance, blushing when she heard his footstep or his voice in the hall, from motives sadly misinterpreted.

There was no mistaking the true purport of his frequent visits and assiduous attention to the crippled old gentleman; so Augusta, having settled in her own

mind that Ellen was either too reserved or too shy to give her big, good-natured, but timid lover proper encouragement, took upon herself to play into his hands and make opportunities for his wooing.

"What a delightful afternoon for a walk!" Whether he or she made the observation, the other was sure to assent; and then wilful Miss Augusta, unaccustomed to be gainsaid, and seconded by her aunt, also a secret ally of Ben Travis, would drag her cousin forth in defiance of any excuse or protestation, to the undisguised satisfaction of their magnificent cavalier.

It was remarkable that on these occasions, whether they took their way up Ancoats, or Dale Street, or Piccadilly, or Garret Road, they would eventually be led so near to Ardwick Green that it would have been unkind had not Mr. Travis "just stepped across to see how Mr. Laurence progressed."

And so, too, whenever she went abroad with Cicily at her heels, or when Cicily was sent an errand, nothing would content her imperative young mistress but she should hasten (whether in her way or out of it) with "*Mrs.* Ashton's compliments" to ascertain the condition of the invalid scapegrace.

Many a scolding did breathless Cicily get in consequence from angry Kezia, the queen of the kitchen, which Augusta paid her for with coins, or ribbons, or kerchiefs, or smooth words, as might be most convenient at the time.

But there was one person in the house Augusta avoided from that afternoon at the end of March, when her fascinating hero would have lost his life, but for a much humbler hero, of less pretension and fewer attractions. She might have been blind as father and mother to his attachment, until that afternoon; but that one wild, impassioned, agonised look of Jabez into her eyes had opened them for ever, and she felt she had tasked him beyond human endurance.

The presumption of the ex-apprentice paled before his devotion and self-abnegation, but, self-conscious, after that first outburst of thanks on the Green, she had shrunk from meeting him in hall or staircase, and had always a reason ready why he should not be invited to their own tea-table, when father or mother proposed it.

Public events march on irrespective of private joys or sorrows, and no individual goes out into the world after three months' seclusion to find things just as he left them.

The first use Laurence Aspinall made of his eyes was to look at himself in a mirror; the second, on his return to Manchester, to select a substitute for the clustering curls of which he had been despoiled. Close shut in the carriage which Mr. Ashton lightly designated a box, he was driven down Market Street, to discover that the Spirit of Improvement, "fell bane of all that's picturesque," had touched the ancient, many-gabled, black and white houses with which his earliest recollections were associated, and they were crumbling into dusty ruins before the potent incantation, "Space."

It was the beginning of a very necessary widening of the main thoroughfares of the growing commercial metropolis; but the blanks in the narrow street took Laurence by surprise.

There was a newspaper the more for his restored sight to scan, albeit the *M*——— *G*———, which Jeremiah Garnett and John Edward Taylor first gave to the world on the fifth of May, was scarcely likely to take his view of party politics, or of his share in the Peterloo massacre, which was still a disturbing element in the town. Just now the paper, which he found at the perruquier's, was given over to the discussion of the approaching coronation of George IV., which likewise formed the theme of conversation, not only at the wig-maker's, but whithersoever he turned when once more presentable.

Somehow, though he found his way to the warehouse, and the cockpit, and the Assembly Billiard Club, and to Tib Street, where Bob the groom had a pretty daughter very much at the young man's disposal, he did not present himself at his Mosley Street friend's as soon as might have been expected, considering all things; and Augusta, in the most becoming of morning robes, watching with eager expectation for his coming, began to pant and chill with the sickness of hope deferred.

He was by no means the only admirer of the lovely heiress, and was sufficiently desirous to complete his conquest before other competitors were fairly in the field; but he was in perplexity how to deal with Jabez Clegg, who stood in his way after another sort.

He was grateful—after a fashion—for the preservation of his life; but *ungrateful*, inasmuch as Jabez was the preserver.

"Hang it!" said he, in conference with himself, as he tied on a neck-cloth at the glass, "if the fellow had but taken the five hundred pounds, there'd have been an end of it; and one could have wiped one's hands of him. What right had the beggarly charity-boy to refuse a reward, as if he were a gentleman, I should like to know? I wonder what Kit Townley and Walmsley were about—the cowardly ninnies—to let an upstart like that pull me out of the hole. I'd almost as lief have been drowned."

And away went a spoiled cravat across the room in his temper; and he rummaged for a fresh one, to the detriment of linen, as he went on—

"There's one thing certain, I must either bring down my pride or give up the girl, and be hanged to it! That old Ashton, with his 'Just so!' like a cuckoo, would certainly shut the door in my face if I neglected to make a set speech, and thank his precious protégé, who knocks you down with one hand and picks you up with the other. Well, I don't feel inclined to surrender the finest girl in Lancashire, and with such a fortune as she'll have, so I'm in for it. I must make a virtue of a necessity. Egad! I'll write to this Mr. Clegg. No, I won't. It would be a feather in his cap to have a thanksgiving letter of mine to exhibit."

Having determined his course, Mr. Laurence betook himself to Mosley Street, made his bow duly and gracefully to Mrs. Ashton and the young lady, keeping the hand of the latter as long within his own as

etiquette would permit, and sending the warm blood mantling to her cheek, with a supplicating glance of devotion as potent as words. Then, with some little prolixity, he professed his desire to "thank his noble preserver" for the life he had saved; and at his request Mr. Clegg (whom he might just as well have thanked in the warehouse without ceremony) was sent for. Coming into the parlour all unwittingly as he did, to find Laurence Aspinall, handsome as ever, and more interesting from illness, standing under the lacquered-serpent chandelier, in close proximity to Augusta, sparkling with animation, and blushing like the rose he had just offered her with a pretty simile, his emotions so overmastered him, that the polished gentleman had him at a disadvantage, and shone in comparison.

Both Augusta and her mother noted the contrast between the elegant manner, suave tones, and rounded periods of Laurence Aspinall's thanks, and the curt disclaimer of Jabez, though their deductions were different.

Augusta was in raptures with the rose-giver.

"Ah, my dear, all is not gold that glitters. There is more sterling metal in your father's saleman, mark my words, than in the tinselled lieutenant," was the summing-up of the elder, as she replaced cake and wine in side-board and cellaret. She was clearly no friend to Aspinall, now that he had recovered sense and sight.

The town, which had been strong and outspoken in its condemnation of the new king during the trial of Queen Caroline, was now all alive with preparations to celebrate his coronation with befitting magnificence, one branch of trade vieing with another which should make the greatest display in the coming procession to the Green, the like of which never had been, and never would be again. And this competition, productive of marvellous results, due in a great measure to trade rivalry, and an ambitious desire to outshine, was set down by historians, rightly or wrongly, as a proof of the excessive loyalty of the Mancestrians.

In all classes, from the highest to the lowest, something was being done, and nothing was talked of, thought of, dreamed of but the coronation and the procession. In courts and alleys there was making and mending and washing, and no little pinching was undergone by hard-working fathers and mothers to provide the girls with white cambric frocks, tippets, and caps, or the lads with fresh jackets and breeches and shoes, so as not to disgrace the Sunday-schools under whose banners they were to walk.

The finest horses of the Old Quay Company and Pickford's were put into new harness and the finest condition, and every "lurry" (a long, flat, sideless wagon) was called into requisition. Smiths, saddlers, sign and scene painters were at work day and night for weeks; and such was the request for banners, that ladies undertook the work when skilled labour was not to be found.

The important ceremony was fixed for the 19th of July. On the 17th a deputation of small-ware weavers waited on Mr. Ashton in despair. They could get neither flag nor banner: the painter had thrown over the order at the last moment.

"An' Tummy Worthington's getten a foine un, measter. It'll be a shäme an' a disgrace to us o' if we let Worthington's cut us eawt."

[The said Worthington was a rival small-ware manufacturer.]

Mr. Ashton had recourse to his snuff-box, and then to his wife.

"My dear, what is to be done? There will be no flag. The painters cannot execute the jobs in hand. Worthingtons' have a fine one, I hear."

"No flag! That will never do. We must have a flag. Let me consider."

Ellen Chadwick was busy helping Augusta to make favours for the men. She looked up

"Do you not think Mr. Clegg could paint you one?" she suggested.

Mr. Ashton brightened, but his "Just so!" was nipped in the bud by the recollection that there was no time.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Mrs. Ashton, and sought out Jabez.

"It is quite out of my line, but I can try. It would be a pity to disappoint the men," answered he.

"And nothing beats trying but doing!" added Mrs. Ashton.

Silk and colours were procured. There was no leisure for elaboration.

At that time the dark blue covers of the Dutch tapes in gross bore the symbolic device of the flax plant within a rude scroll. This Jabez transferred in colours to his silk on a colossal scale, both sides bearing the same emblem of their trade, more effective on its completion than any elaborate work.

He had bargained to be left without interruption. The men fidgeted about the warehouse in a state of nervous trepidation (it was an important matter to them), but at dawn on the 19th it was finished, and was borne off by the weavers in triumph and exultation.

Market-Street Lane being in ruins at one end, and a narrow gully at the other, Mosley Street became the natural course for the procession (two miles and a half in length) from Peter's Field to the Green, where a royal salute was to be fired; and like every other house on the line of route, Mr. Ashton's was filled with guests, and from garret to basement every window had its streamer, and was crowded with gaily-dressed spectators, mostly feminine, the gentlemen of the town taking part in the procession officially or otherwise. The Chadwicks and Mrs. Walmsley were there of course, and Mrs. Clough amongst others; and on another floor Jabez—who being above the warehousemen, and not a master, did not walk—had as a companion good Bess Hulme, who with her husband had come over from Whalley, where there was of course a holiday. To Tom had been assigned the honour of chief standard-bearer.

In all such processions the military element, with its brilliant uniforms and stirring music, prevails. But here (where every item of the cavalcade had its own

brass band) were also all the dignitaries of the church, with every silver badge of office resplendently burnished for the occasion ; the borough-reeve, and other magistrates, and constabulary, in new uniforms ; the lamplighters with new smocks, carrying their ladders and cans ; the firemen and fire-engines, bright as paint and polish could make them ; the gentlemen of the town, all with favours ; the Sunday-school children, marshalled under their respective banners or tablets, walking six abreast ; the Ladies' Jubilee School ; the Green-Coat School ; and the Blue-Coat School, on which Jabez looked down with curiously-mingled feelings.

But the marked feature of the magnificent procession was the trades, with their banners, a lurry accompanying each, bearing well-dressed workmen and machines in full operation.

At the head of these came two figures, representing Adam and Eve, in a perfect bower of greenery, before dress was invented. They were followed by a lurry, on which tailors sat cross-legged, and stitched and pressed as if on a shopboard, whilst a select band of journeymen walked after, bearing miniature garments on wands, or geese, and sleeveboards.

The blacksmiths wrought on their anvil, and carried horse-shoes, &c. The brass and copper smiths, also at work, had a bright array of kettles, candlesticks, and a man in armour, as had also the tin-plate workers. The glass-blowers made a goodly array, and gave away tokens as they went. The men wore hats and caps brittle and brilliant, with wavy plumes of spun glass, whilst birds, ships, goblets, and decanters on their poles glistened in the beams of the hot sun. A printing press distributed appropriate verses, worked off in the course of the procession.

All branches of the cotton trade were represented. There was cotton in bags ; twist in bales ; carding, roving, spinning, weaving, all going on under the eyes of the onlookers, with the workpeople following in their best and brightest.

Shouts and hurrahs attended the whole line of march ; but as the small-ware weavers passed Mr. Ashton's, the cheers were deafening. A loom was at work weaving lengths of binding for garters, on which was inwoven "God save King George IV.," with the date, and these were lifted on long wands to the ladies at the windows on their way, or scattered to others in the street ; and as Tom Hulme caught the eye of Jabez, he pointed proudly to their banner, which had no rival in all the elaborately painted flags waving in the wind, and the impromptu artist was well satisfied. But the brightest day has its cloud. As the Manchester Yeomanry went prancing past, Travis and Walmsley alike saluted the ladies at the drawing-room window, but to the pain of Jabez and the indignation of Mrs. Ashton, Lieutenant Aspinall had the audacity to kiss his hand to Augusta.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

YOUR EXPECTATIONS.

WE have had popular writings from Charles Dickens and others on "Great Expectations." Mr. Micawber, too, has been generally adopted as the type of an expectant person—waiting for something to "turn up." A new motto, also, has been found, or rather a new version of an old saw has been popularised—"Blessed are those that expect nothing, *for they are sure to get it!*" Nevertheless, the question of your expectations has never been treated on at present, and you know quite well that you have expectations. Perhaps you wish you hadn't. They may be rather of the ugly order. A promissory note coming due is an expectation ; a visit from your cousin in Australia, with all manner of centipedes in his trunk, is an expectation ; the ultimate extraction of half your teeth—the long-fanged ones having been alternately keeping you awake for the past month—is an expectation ; the ultimate whereabouts of your foreign railway bonds is an expectation, they having performed a glacier-like movement towards the gulf of oblivion.

If, however, you belong to the happier sex, who only invest in affection and the marriage market, all I can say is that I hope the investments will be sound. I have often thought it would be a good thing if we could have psychological stethoscopes. As it is, a doctor can tell sound lungs and a sound heart with his stethoscope, but it is difficult to tell a sound heart in another sense. It would be rather startling to have a diagnosis of the mind, and to hear that the adored one was weak in judgment, vacillating in purpose, with large jealous development, and a considerable amount of snappishness. As matters are with you now, my fair friend, your expectations are sanguine, but unreasonable. You can't forget him now, and yet he isn't all your fancy pictured him, not at all. He is furious if he doesn't get his breakfast and his boots in time ; when he's tired he snores ; he can't always resist eating onions ; he's not heroic enough to bear little botherations—in fact, he's *very* mortal. So take care and keep your estimate at a moderate level, and then when the first moon is over, there will still be some honey left in the jar.

Expectations ! Why, half the misery of the world is caused by people raising their hopes so high. You

are a mother or a father perhaps, and you talk in conversation with Arthur or Ernest as though you expected him to win golden spurs, and to be a prodigy. Reduce the ideal spurs, not even to silver, but to steel ones, and the probability is that he will win some of a decent sort; but it disheartens lads to hear their parents indulging in so much "tall" talk concerning what their boys are to be and to do. Probably they are decent-enough sort of lads, with enough infusion of genius and perseverance in their constitution to enable them to hold their own pretty well. They can't take a five-barred gate, but they can leap the ordinary hedges of difficulty very well indeed.

It would be well, too, if your expectations, good lady, concerning your servants were reduced to a very modest level. In this matter it is well to remember that great expectations are scarcely signs of sanity, for servants, like ourselves, have toothache, and tribulations, and tempers. It is amusing to find how little expectation is given to the fact that there is a good deal of human nature in us all.

Perhaps another of my readers has real expectations—and by that I mean expectations of real estate. You often picture the day when you will inherit the ancestral acres—when you will call, "Twaddles," and Twaddles comes; when you will say to Blumpkins, "Go," and he will take himself off. Delightful this! —to hear the browsing of the cattle, the hum of the bees on your own estate, and to smoke your mild Havannah underneath the deep shadows of your own broad oaks. But take care—

"There's many a spill
Shoots you out of a will."

Yes; your expectations may be cut short in an hour. Your venerable cousin may get a shaft from Venus at eighty, and then the lady Venus introduces generally prefers, as a compensation for taking care of the cousin, to take special care of herself. Nor can you blame her. Only don't be grieved if you see a light shawl and a sunshade, and the delicacies of the season, underneath that broad-spreading oak where you had intended to take that mild Havannah.

It is very cruel for some folks to be "cut off," especially those who have been attendants upon the whims, caprices, and oddities of others for many years. But there's nothing certain in love and legacies, so don't be very greatly surprised if the individual of "sound mind" has shown the utter falsity of that description by forgetting to insert your own peculiar cognomen.

It is impossible to treat of every reader's expectation, but of how many is it true that disappointment attends hopes raised too high! Lectures, concerts, gardens, Continental trips, friendships, books, all these attest it. Whereas, when expectation has not been raised at all, we have thoroughly enjoyed our journey, or our companionship, or our reading.

Concerning other expectations it is only fair to say, "No pains, no gains;" "No sweat, no sweet," for so the old proverbs have it. We can't pick up Australian diamonds in our own back gardens, nor have the rewards of study without the toils of it. There are no short cuts to either the palace of Fortune or the palace of Peace.

In relation to the fair and honest expectations of some, there should be much respectful sympathy displayed at their failure. When some speculative brother gambles away his mother's and his sisters' estate, and they have to begin a hand-to-hand battle with the world for bread, is it quite unreasonable to hope that many old friends will show them special respect? Let us be fair to the world. This sometimes is the case, and helps to mitigate the misery of bearing the uneducated pleasantry or the scarce-endurable patronage of people who are masters of purse-strings, and nothing more.

One matter more I would refer to. Don't raise your expectations much concerning railways. Only this very morning my railway-guide afforded me the necessary fun and relaxation which so aids digestion at meal-times. I read thus:—"Note. It should be understood that the several companies do not guarantee the arrival or departure of the trains or boats at the time stated." Exactly. You are asked to *understand* this, dear reader, and I hope that you will thoroughly digest the information. It must be so new, so extraordinary, so startling to you, that considerable mental effort must be necessary to take it all in.

But to be an hour or two late is nothing in comparison with the failure of some expectations. The Romeo who finds that his fair Juliet is made up of false hair, false teeth, and false complexion, may be pardoned for turning pale at the bankruptcy of his hopes. The Continental excursionist who finds that the last train home has gone, and that he must pay full fare, or tramp the land and ford the sea, may be excused for a surreptitious cry.

Expectations, indeed! Oh, what must have been the surprise of the scholarly personage who, thinking he had found a thoughtful companion, was startled out of his opinion by hearing him exclaim, when the entrées made their appearance, "Oh, I dew love hoyster patties!"

It is never safe to base your expectations on appearances. Many a lady who has lost her purse, if not her heart, by sitting next to a Captain Jinks at the hotel dinner in the summer holidays, is to be pitied. She expected to find a hero, and unfortunately got quite *en rapport* with a swindler.

Your expectations should be tested as often as may be by common sense and common inquiry. Others around you know better, about pictures, for instance, than you do. You imagined you had bought a wonderful bargain—a Turner, or a Cox, or at least a bit of Copley Fielding. Oh, dear! how the expectation has been quashed by the discovery that it is only a bit of copy done by Tom Jones in the next street, who wanted to satisfy his landlady!

Expectations may be very full of unreasonableness and folly. Yours may be, with regard to persons, pictures, prospects, and a host of other things. Keep all your interest in life as lively as you like, but beware of great expectations.

EDUCATION AT OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

OWENS College is an institution which Manchester people may well regard with pride in its usefulness. It owes its foundation to an act of remarkable liberality on the part of one of their most successful fellow-citizens, Mr. John Owens, who died on the 29th of July, 1846. By his will, Mr. Owens left about £100,000 to found an institution for instructing young men in the usual branches of University education, "as they were then, or as they might be in the future." At the same time he stipulated that neither the students nor their teachers should be required either by declaration exacted from them, or by the matter or mode of the instruction, to submit to any test of their religious opinions. The first session of the College commenced on the 12th of March, 1851, the classes being held in a spacious dwelling-house in Quay Street.

The institution might have ended in being only a superior local school. Thanks, however, to those to whom its management was entrusted, and to the enlightened spirit of the community, it took up higher ground, and aimed at becoming a College of national importance. After it had been in existence for some years, systematic efforts were made for its extension; large sums of money were subscribed; and on the 23rd of September, 1870, the foundation-stone of the handsome new buildings, shown in our illustration, was laid by the Duke of Devonshire.

On the 1st of September, 1871, the College was reconstituted and incorporated under an Act of Parliament, the objects aimed at by the change of constitution being simply those of "placing the College, augmented by the large sums of money which had been subscribed for its extension, on a wider basis than formerly, investing its managers with legal powers which unincorporated persons cannot possess, and above all of so constituting them as to give them the character of a public representative body, in place of that of trustees of private nomination."

We have said enough now on the history of Owens College. The government is vested in three separate bodies, in addition to the President: these are the Court of Governors, the Council, and the Senate. The first, consisting of forty-two members, is the supreme governing body, to which both the others are responsible for the discharge of their functions; the second is entrusted with financial and other business of an ordinary kind; and the third organises and directs the education of the College, and superintends its discipline.

The students attending Owens College may be divided into two separate bodies, the day students and those attending the evening classes. The former, who will have our first attention, are subdivided into regular and occasional students; the regular students being required to go through a systematic course of study in arts, science, or engineering, whilst the occasional students are at liberty to attend any classes they choose, on payment of the fees. The regular student has an advantage in point of economy: he gets a reduction on the ordinary class-fees of about one-sixth.

And here it is to be mentioned that those desiring to be admitted as students must be at least fourteen years of age, and that all who are under sixteen must pass a preliminary examination in English, arithmetic, and the elements of Latin. The College session begins early in October, and lasts till about the close of June, and is divided into the three terms of Michaelmas, Lent, and Easter.

We have said that the regular student is required to attend one or other of three courses. The first of these is the arts course, the object of which is to prepare for matriculation at the University of London, and for the degrees of B.A. and M.A. there. It is the course which should be attended by those preparing for the learned professions, or who intend to become candidates for Civil Service appointments. It is also well fitted for students whose aims in education are general rather than specific. The course extends over three years, and the total fees are £17 for the first year, £20 for the second, and £20 10s. for the third and last. For the first year the student has also two additional payments to make—£1 1s. of admission fee, and a library fee of 5s. It should be remembered that these two payments have to be made by every student on entering the College, in addition to his lecture fees.

The second course is that of science. In it the student is prepared for matriculation at the University of London, and for the degrees of B.Sc. and D.Sc. there, for the higher branches of manufacturing art, and for pursuits and professions strictly scientific. The fees amount to £17 for the first year, £15 15s. for the second, and £14 10s. for the third. In addition to the lectures covered by these fees, the second and third year students are also required to go through a laboratory course, of not less than two days per week, either in chemistry, physics, or physiology. The fee to regular students for a laboratory course of two days in the week in chemistry is £9 9s. for the session; in physics, £7 7s.

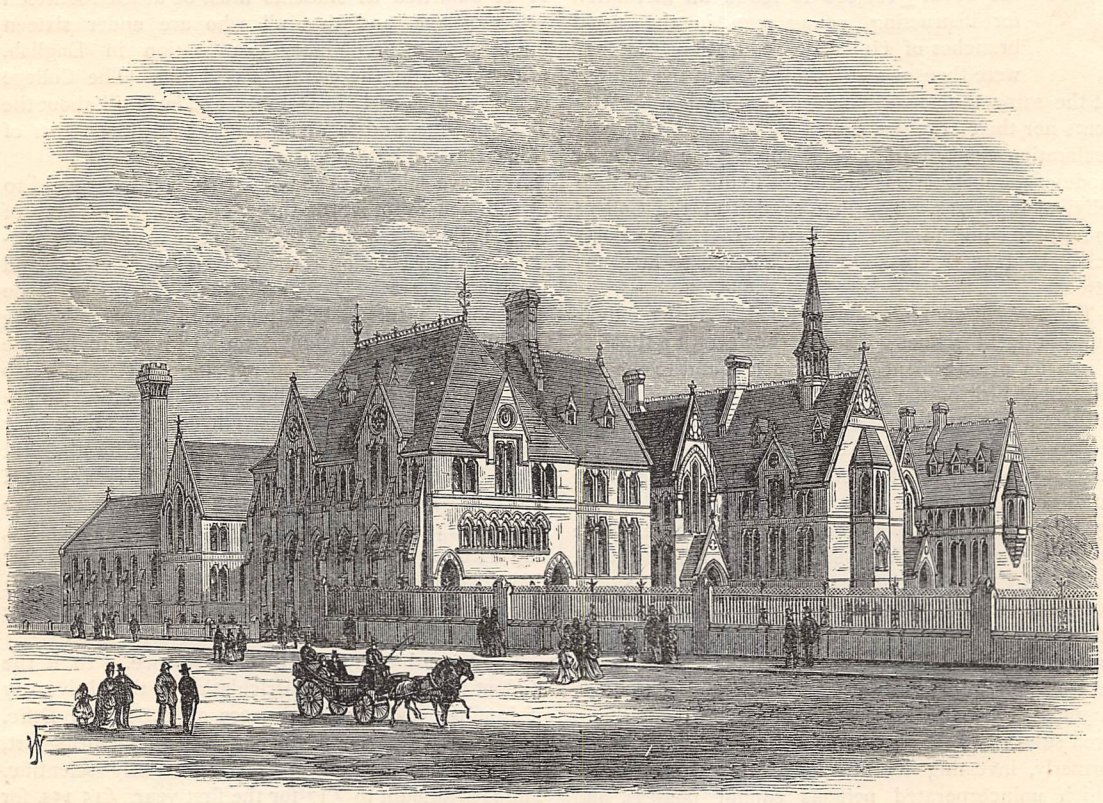
Thirdly comes the engineering course, successful attendance on which, it is stated, "will furnish a thorough scientific groundwork for the attainment of the knowledge requisite for the prosecution of the higher branches of the engineering profession." But the course "is not intended to supersede the practical training which can only be obtained in the office of a civil, or the workshop of a mechanical engineer." The total fees for the course of three years are £12 for each year. There are, however, several additional subjects

which the engineering student is recommended to attend—physics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, a modern language, and practical surveying—and these will add considerably to the amount. Certificates in engineering are granted by the College.

It remains to be said that all students are at liberty to repeat the first or the second year's course, and must do so if required by the Principal, and that properly qualified students may enter for the second or third year's course only.

One of the strong points of Owens College is the chemical department, as one might naturally expect, considering the popularity of Professor Roscoe, under whose direction it is, and the industrial district in which the College is situated. The laboratories are about the finest, if not absolutely the finest, in the kingdom, being fitted up with every convenience for the prosecution of practical chemistry, and all branches of qualitative and quantitative analysis and original research. The fees for the session are, for six days per week £21, for four days £17 17s., and for three days £13 13s. Students may also enter for shorter periods, the fees being in proportion. Each student is provided with a separate working table, a set of tests, fuel, water, and gas, free of extra charge; but he is required to find his own apparatus, a few of the more expensive re-agents, and the chemicals required for his own experiments. The aim of the analytical and practical chemistry courses, says the *Owens College Calendar* for 1874—5, "is to make the student practically acquainted with chemical science, to enable him to conduct analysis and original research, and to fit him for applying the science to the higher branches of art, manufactures, and agriculture. To accomplish this, an attendance of not less than four days per week during three whole sessions is, as a rule, necessary."

In 1872 steps were taken to bring about an amalgamation between Owens College and the Manchester Royal School of Medicine, in point of numbers the most successful of our provincial medical schools. A healthy impetus was given to the scheme by the receipt of a donation of £10,000 "towards the establishment of a School of Medicine in connection with the College," and Owens College has now a medical department of a most promising description, housed in buildings erected expressly for the purpose. Students may, at certain fixed rates, attend any classes in the medical branch they please; but for those who wish to go through the complete course of study, we may mention that a composition fee, paid either in one sum of £48, or in two sums of £25 each, at the commencement of the first and second years of studentship, admits to the whole of the lectures required for the examinations for medical degrees in the University of London, the diplomas of the Royal College of Phy-



OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

(Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.)

"TO GLIDE WITH MERRY HEARTS THROUGH GLITTERING SPRAY."

"ROUND THE COAST" (*see p.* 529).

sicians, the Fellowship and Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Licence of the Apothecaries' Society. In addition to the composition fee, £2 2s. has to be paid annually as the medical tutor's fee.

There are several appointments open to students in the Manchester Royal Infirmary: Two senior house-surgeons, two junior house-surgeons, two house-physicians, and four physicians' assistants are selected annually. These officers hold their posts for six months, and receive board, residence, and salary, and "preference is given, as far as possible, to gentlemen who have diligently attended the practice of the Infirmary."

The evening-class department need not detain us long: its importance is much greater than its intricacy. The session begins in October, and lasts till the end of April, there being a vacation at Christmas. Among the subjects of the lectures are classical and modern languages, comparative philology, English literature and history, natural philosophy, astronomy, logic, political economy, chemistry, free-hand drawing, and harmony and musical composition. Each lecture course consists, as a rule, of twenty lectures, and the fee for each course is 10s. 6d.; besides which, new students pay an admission fee of 2s. 6d. The fee for the free-hand drawing-class is 15s. for the session, and for each division of the laboratory course (including the use of apparatus and chemicals), £4 4s.

We arrive now at the interesting subject of scholarships, exhibitions, and prizes. First on the list is the Victoria Scholarship, founded for promoting the study of the classics, and so called in commemoration of the Queen's visit to Manchester in 1851. It is of the annual value of £40, and is tenable for two years. Next is the Wellington Scholarship, of the annual value of £20, and tenable for two years, its object being to encourage the critical study of the Greek New Testament. The Shuttleworth Scholarship is "for the promotion of the study of political economy." It is of the annual value of £50, and is tenable for two years. The Shakespeare Scholarship is tenable for the same length of time, and is worth £40 a year; its object is the encouragement of the study of the English language and English literature. The Ashbury Scholarship is for engineers; it is worth £25 a year for two years. Then we have the Platt Physiological Scholarships. There are two of them, each of the annual value of £50, offered in alternate years, and tenable for two years.

In memory of Professor Dalton there are two chemical scholarships, each £50 per annum, offered in alternate years, and tenable for two years; two mathematical scholarships, one senior and one junior, each worth £25 per annum, and tenable for one year; and a natural history prize, worth £15.

Besides these we may mention the Dumville surgical prize, of the value of £20; and the Shuttleworth history prize, worth £5. There are also three Manchester Grammar-School Scholarships, of the annual value of £15, each tenable for three years. These are competed for annually by the scholars of that school. We pass over some other entrance exhibitions, as they are not founded on any permanent endowment, and nothing is certain about the offer of them in future years. Special prizes are given in classics, English, political geography, and engineering.

There are several exhibitions and prizes open to evening students only. The most important of these are the Ashbury Exhibitions, two in number, of £10 each, for the encouragement of students in mechanical and civil engineering; and the Cobden prizes, one of the value of £10 and the other worth £5, to be given for proficiency in political economy or kindred subjects, to "evening students being teachers or assistant teachers in schools supported wholly or in part by public contributions."

The total number of students attending Owens College during the session 1873—4 was 1,342. Of day students in arts, laws, and science, 93 were regular, and 263 were occasional: the day students in medicine were in all 139, and of evening students there was the respectable number of 847. For some years the roll has given evidence of a steady growth in numbers, and there seems every reason to believe that this growth will continue. Altogether, the College and its arrangements impress one with the idea of vigorous intellectual life, attended by good business habits and considerable worldly prosperity. Manchester seems in a fair way of becoming conspicuous for literature and science, as she has long been for industrial activity and commercial enterprise.

ROUND THE COAST.

HOW pleasant, on a bright midsummer day,
When all the busy world is still with heat,
To fly from toiling town and dusty street,
And, putting gloomy thought and care away,
To glide with merry hearts through glittering spray,
And cleave the water in light-skimming boat;
Then, resting on the flashing oars, to float
Along the shores of some high-sheltered bay;
Or, lying still amid the sunset's gleam,
While rippling wavelets murmur music sweet,
To gaze at beauteous faces near, and dream
That from cool mossy cave and green retreat
The Naiads of some tributary stream
Have deigned poor mortals once again to greet!

G. W.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"UTTERLY bewildering" is the verdict which the stronger sex pronounce on the ladies' dresses of the present day; and, glancing round at any large and fashionable assemblage, the majority of us are forced to acknowledge that it is not very wide of the mark.

Bodices and sleeves dissimilar; velvet skirts trailing, on the hottest summer days, in summer dust; a long train floating at the back, apparently quite an ornamental but useless addition to the rest of the garment, in which the figure is swathed as though in a vice: bonnets perched at the back of the head, keeping in their place only by a sort of miracle, and shoes with heels so high that a graceful gait is impossible. These are some features of the fashions which the beauties of the day are patronising in this year of grace 1875.

Dress ought to develope the charms of, if it does not add additional ones to, the female form divine. It should give full play to the limbs, conduce to health, and not undermine it, and moreover it should be useful and appropriate to the occasion on which it is adopted. In every one of these particulars the present modes are found to be wanting.

Of all the follies of the day, the present mania for tying the skirts back is the most absurd. One might almost use a stronger term for this swathing of the figure, and the Joan of Arc bodices (for all the world like corsets) give rise to disparagements which few young women would care to hear.

As an example of this style, we give the following description of a fashionable ball-dress:—A white satin froncé front, with two plaitings of satin and tulle at the edge, made rather short, so that exceedingly high-heeled satin shoes are clearly seen. To all appearance there is no fulness whatever, and the skirt looks as if it were pinned together, with a safety-pin at the back. A train-like trimming of tulle floats behind, with three large satin bows upon it. This is long, and well cut; but, in good truth, it is a graceful addition, not a part of the dress. The white satin bodice is made exactly like a corset, fitting the hips tightly, and quite untrimmed, save for a slight drapery of tulle over the bust. Nothing could be prettier than the soft tulle and shimmering satin, but the mode of making defines the figure in a manner that a few years back would have horrified us.

The art of tying these skirts back, indeed, has arrived at such a pitch that tapes and elastics inside the dresses have not been found strong enough, and recourse has of late been had to leather straps and buckles; and as petticoats are supposed to prevent the dresses from falling in the requisite folds, some of the *élégantes* of the day are abandoning them altogether in favour of the same under-garments as adopted in riding, and made of chamois leather.

The satirist is frequently the best exponent of the fashions and follies of past days, and when our descendants turn back to the pages of *Punch*, who comes to the rescue with a specially-designed high, stool-like chair, seeing the exceeding difficulty the fair ones have in sitting down with all these tapes and straps, being in fact reduced to resting on the side of an ordinary chair, they will hardly realise that we, as a nation, boasted of our exceeding civilisation, wisdom, and refinement, and the clear judgment, good sense, and ability of our women. They will surely hear with wonder that some of the fair ones were even struggling for a higher education, extended rights, and equality with men in many walks of life. Maybe they will argue, as some of our philosophers do, that dress is a woman's peculiar province, and that if she shows herself wanting in common sense and judgment with regard to it, she cannot wonder that there may be some hesitation in according to her a wider sphere.

The constant changes of fashion, and the slavish devotion which so many pay to the dictates of the fickle goddess, seem to point to the fact that it is because we have so little in ourselves we fly to her for relaxation. Still simplicity carries the day in the long run. The higher class of women, both in London and Paris, rarely adopt the latest vagaries, but favour a perfect fit, rich materials, old lace, and jewellery, which bespeak artistic taste.

This is the favourite month in the country for croquet, Badminton, and lawn tennis parties. The weather is generally bright and fine, and, unless the gentlemen have flown to Scotland, shooting has not as yet begun to monopolise their every spare moment, and so they are the more likely to put in an appearance—a point of no little importance, as the givers of such parties know; for what success can be expected if the male sex are in the minority?

What to wear on these occasions is one of the questions to be answered. For young ladies hats will be most adopted, with pretty washing dresses. Tunics and bodices of Hamburg net over coloured or black velvet skirts will be much worn. A black velvet skirt and a light blue silk skirt are both very useful additions to a wardrobe, for with various tunics they insure many changes. Hamburg net is a name

given to a woven imitation of the Swiss embroidered cambrics, covered all over, with the wheel and compass pattern, in white and écru.

In Paris washing dresses are all made in the Watteau style, the so-called "soubrette" carrying off the palm. This is made in pink-and-black striped cotton, the upper skirt edged with black silk plaitings and Valenciennes, dainty pockets at the sides, and a cascade of lace down the back of the bodice. It requires to be well made, but is eminently stylish, and for country garden parties these sort of cotton dresses are to be highly commended; for ours is a variable climate, and the grass is apt to be wet, which ruins a good silk and an equally costly lace-betrimmed white muslin. The Parisians are introducing a variety of washing materials of Louis XVI. design, and cream-coloured grounds with vermicelli patterns in mignonette and blue have been much seen both in the English and French capitals. In Rotten Row during the season many pink-and-white and blue-and-white linen dresses were worn, which had a good effect, and were trimmed with thick white embroidery, introduced alike on silk and other materials nowadays. Some of the new styles of this kind of trimming are extremely costly, as, for example, on a soft brown brocaded silk, écru embroidery in satin stitch, enclosing Valenciennes medallions, and black silk embroidery. Blue cashmere, trimmed with cambric embroidery, has also found favour for tunics and bodices.

Soft brocaded silks will be much worn for country parties, as well as sashes of the same soft make of ribbon, these being among the features of this year's modes. Black is sure to be much worn, for it was never more generally adopted, both in London and Paris, whether it be black silk cashmere, or grenadine mixed with silk, and generally trimmed either with blue steel or bugles. The newest style of ornamentation consists of bands of black areophane, worked with long bugles, and this is laid on the material, whatever it may be, when used. It can easily be worked by a good needlewoman at a very little cost, though expensive to buy. Our readers cannot do better than procure a good design on thick white paper, tack the areophane well over it, and then work carefully, taking care not to draw the thread too tightly. On black dresses a variety is produced by wearing coloured sashes to match the bonnet. Foulards are greatly in favour in Paris, both black-and-white checks and cream grounds, with delicate bouquets of tiny flowers. These are exquisitely cool-looking, and are worn as tabliers and bodices over self-coloured silk skirts.

For demi-toilette, all sorts of soft silk are worn, together with crêpe de laine resembling China crape, white barège, and what is called Florentine, not unlike poplin made of soft wool.

The gay world, on pleasure bent, is now hastening away to fresh pleasure-grounds, especially on the Continent. Many useful dresses are being introduced for travelling. At this particular season a Chambertin is very useful; it is light, and, though it will wash, keeps clean a long time; or one of those dark blue linen dresses, which a Frenchwoman thinks as necessary a part of her wardrobe as a cashmere. For good serviceable wear a light sort of serge is invaluable. A new style of Redingote dress has been introduced. The bodice is double-breasted, and fits to perfection; the skirt is long and plain, with a treble box-plait at the back. It buttons down the entire front, and can be made into a short skirt by means of loops and buttons as required. It is slipped on in a minute, and may be worn with or without a jacket; but for travelling it is advisable to have one for cold weather. The Ulster coats, both for ladies and gentlemen, seem to find favour for crossing the Channel, and for a rough wrap. A light bège, made as a costume, with a scarf-mantle to wear in emergencies, and a good black silk—which, with the addition of lace and muslin confection, can be made as dressy as occasion requires—two washing dresses and a waterproof suit, are a good outfit; or a serge, if you please, in place of the bège. If you are making only a tour, and do not contemplate a lengthy sojourn at any fashionable resort, this will be enough. Much luggage spoils enjoyment, and old clothes ought never to be thought of for travelling, where much wear-and-tear is entailed. The shady Dorothy hat and a small felt one, and Swedish gloves, dark grey or black, would be found useful.

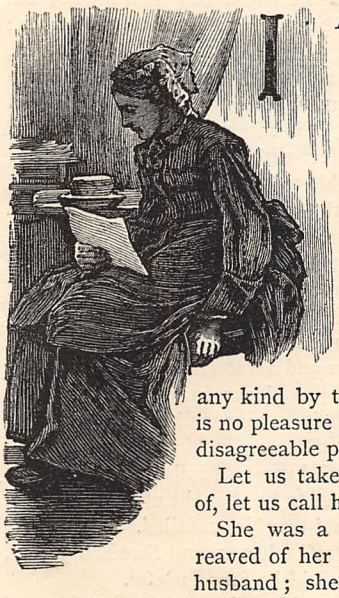
In riding habits there is but little change. Some of them are made double-breasted, a few opening at the throat; but people are discarding braiding and every kind of ornamentation in favour of extreme plainness. Neckties even are not worn now, only all-round collars and studs. The hats are rather lower, and for country wear they are introducing grey tweed habits, with hats made of the same material.

There have been fewer weddings during this past season than usual in London, but the dresses have been none the less costly and elaborate. Brides have shown a decided predilection for white satin, sometimes having trains of satin and skirts of silk, but more generally the front breadths are froncé, the back covered with lace and trails of flowers. One of the simplest and most elegant bridal dresses worn of late at a fashionable wedding was made with a bodice and train of satin cut in one, with no trimming; an upright collar of satin, such as the Princess of Wales affects so much, encircling the throat and enclosing a ruff. The skirt was of white silk, and across it were wreaths of orange-blossom, and a thick fringe of buds falling below and describing a triple tunic; the veil being of tulle, which has quite superseded lace.

Bridesmaids show a partiality for white—either all white, or white trimmed with a colour, such as claret. The white is generally muslin over silk. Next to this, light self-coloured muslins are in favour. They are all made with long skirts and plissé flounces, deep triple tunics in front, bows at the back, and folded fichûs over the high bodices. Hats have quite superseded bonnets, and are mightily becoming and coquettish. At one or two fashionable weddings some of the gentlemen have discarded black coats in favour of light grey suits, the coats being of the long-coat form.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP'S MATRON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE," "POVERTY PASTURES," ETC.



L y a fagot et fagot, and there are matrons and matrons. The unmarried feminine portion of an emigrant ship's human freight has, ere this, been unfortunate enough to find itself placed under the command of as fussy a mischief-maker as ever set a community of any kind by the ears. But there is no pleasure in writing about such disagreeable people.

Let us take the pleasanter case of, let us call her, Lydia Davis.

She was a widow, recently bereaved of her last child, as well as husband; she had no money, no near kinsfolk, no friends who could help her. She could not, like some fine ladies, sit down and indulge without stint in the luxury of grief, and then fling it off and forget almost all about it. She had to work for her living, and was most grateful that she had got work to do.

With a sore heart, longing for seclusion, as a sore eye longs for shade—wishing that she could show her lost ones all conventional respect—she shrank a little from the thought of going out into the world so soon to battle for her bread; but "*they* will know I do not love or miss them any the less," she said within herself, "because I will not disgrace them by eating the bread of charity. No fear of my forgetting them; it is a mercy that I must do something, or I should go mad."

These were her thoughts as she sat, on the night before starting for Plymouth, in an almost bare room in her dismantled Bristol home, reading a blue folio, bearing on the upper corner of its left margin—

"MATRON'S INSTRUCTIONS,
"18——."

Dated—

"GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION BOARD,
"8, Park Street, Westminster, S.W.
"————, 18——."

And beginning—

"The Emigration Commissioners, having appointed you matron on board the ship *Ark*," &c.

Eddystone Light has flashed out astern. The emigrants, with three cheers and fluttering pocket-handkerchiefs, have somewhat defiantly bidden their native shores farewell, and then, the weather changing from fair to foul, their mood also changes, and they become both sea-sick and home-sick, under the depressing influence of the drizzling rain. Some of the most chicken-hearted are some of the whilom most blustering of the single men: here and there a big fellow, who looks strong enough to fell an ox with his bare fist, is blubbering like a baby. He will be free enough with his fists and bullying tongue before the voyage is out; but at present he is quite cowed by discomforts and danger of a different kind from those to which he has been accustomed in his inland life. Perhaps, however, of all men on board the most miserable are the married men with young families. Only a shade less sea-sick than their limp, wretched wives, who, when they can find a voice, pathetically entreat, or frantically demand, to be put ashore that very instant, these unfortunates have to look after the toddlers, and nurse the babies. The way in which they handle them is "a caution." It is a wonder they do not hold them upside down.

The matron gives both wives and husbands a word of comfort and counsel now and then as she passes, but of course she has her immediate charges to look after.

That night she has no difficulty in getting her flock into her fold; but she can get no rest in her little cabin which commands it. In spite of some little sea-going experience, she feels qualmish, but she cannot give in. She has others besides herself to think of. All night long the single women's quarters resound with noises which are far more like "cries and groans of the wounded" than the musical notes employed to represent the same in the old "Battle of Prague."

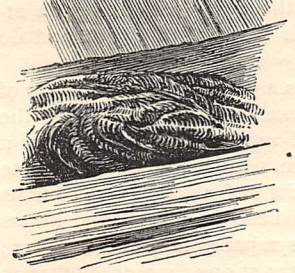
The dirty weather continues. Meals are a dreary make-believe; life generally a moistly-miserable muddle. The crew have shaken down into some kind of form; but the passengers continue in a state of complaining chaos. The kindly matron has her temper sorely tried. She is doing her very best to make things as comfortable as they can be under the circumstances, and yet her young women peevishly snarl at her, as if she were an accomplice of the emigration agents who, at this stage of their career, they affirm, have lured them out to certain destruction. "Ah, if I was only safe back in Old England, Missis Davis, you nor no one else should get me to set foot on board a ship again," is a speech which the matron has often to put up with.

The nasty weather culminates in a storm. Almost before the officer of the watch can sing out, "Stand by the halyards!" the gale swoops upon the *Ark*, which appears for a time anything but an ark of safety. The canvas flies in rags from the bolt-ropes; spars snap like lucifer-matches; courses, emancipated from control, belly, collapse, and lash about their tacks and

sheets like sails gone mad ; hailstones, almost as big as old musket-balls, smash the skylights ; the leaden sky is cracked, like a pane of glass, by the zigzagging lightning, which seems to hiss when it plunges into the seething sea — and then comes the awful thunder, filling the whole heavens. No sleep on board that night. The ship reels to and fro like a drunken man, creaks like a crushed strawberry-pottle, flinches as if

(Drawn by J. LAWSON.)

"MANY A LESS IMPRESSIVE SERVICE IS PERFORMED THAT NIGHT."



stung when the wild waves thump against her bows. Tinware makes a dismal clatter. "She'll never come up again!" shriek the terrified girls, as the vessel heels over, almost dipping her yard-arms into the billows.

The matron, who is trying to quiet the panic-stricken, half believes herself that her last hour has come, but comforts herself with the thought that she has left no one at home to mourn her loss, and that she can rejoin those whom she has lost as easily from sea as land.

Next day, Sunday, the weather moderates. The *Ark* speaks a bewildered little schooner that has lost her longitude. The information she wants is given her in huge characters chalked on a black board hung over the side, and in return she is asked to report the *Ark* at home, "All well on board." The matron is certainly not the only passenger who thinks that in her or his case that announcement will not interest many.

In the evening the surgeon-superintendent is, for the first time, able to hold service. Some of his congregation smoke. His reading-desk is a salt-beef cask, but it is covered with the "meteor-flag of England;" and many a less impressive service is performed that night than his, as he reads the old familiar "Lighten our darkness," with the stars blossoming out of the twilight above his head.

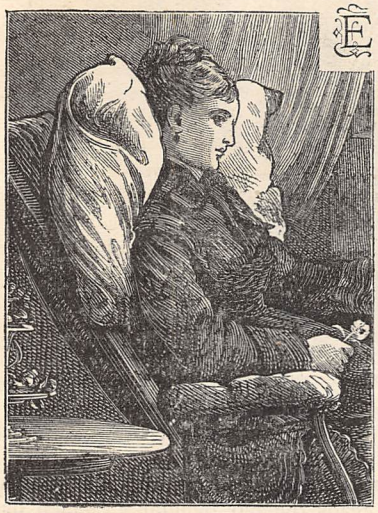
On the following Monday, Madeira is sighted, veiled in silver gauze, and the matron avails herself of that chance of teaching geography practically, to open her girls' school. She has already won the children's hearts, and soon wins those of most of the mothers —who have found out all about her dead babies—except that they think "good Missis Davis is a bit too interferin' with the children's washin' and mendin', as if a mother didn't know best how to keep her own child tidy."

Fortunately the doctor and the matron pull together; but the *Ark*, like Noah's, carries a very miscellaneous living freight, and the crew and some of the male emigrants are for a time a great trouble to our poor friend. They are insolent to her, and try to urge her young women on to mutiny. The latter at

first are a very unruly lot. They prefer clandestine flirtations to the needlework which the matron serves out to them, to keep Satan from finding some mischief still for idle hands to do. "Why should they make up things for other folk?" they say. "It would be different if they could keep the things themselves."

In the tropics—when the heat makes almost everybody lazy and irritable, when the skin peels off noses in curly shavings, hair is being cut wholesale, and the drinkers of effervescent beverages envy the glassy-winged, blue-backed, silver-bellied flying fish, when after their brief flight they drop again with a flashing splash of diamond spray into the sea—Mrs. Davis has a hard time of it. On the night of the crossing-the-Line Saturnalia, the captain and chief officer, as well as the doctor, have to assist her in maintaining discipline. But she is so kind, as well as firm, that long before the black-striped white Cape pigeons flit about the *Ark*, she has got a hold on almost everybody on board. The male emigrants try to make amends for their previous rudeness by sometimes almost ludicrous politeness; the sailors deferentially make the matron their arbitress in the funny disputes about the spelling of a word or the pronunciation of a proper name, which from time to time arise in the forecastle now-a-days; the married women, whose shiftlessness she has done her best to remedy, half worship her—all the more because they can pity her as a "poor, dear, lorn, lonely, childless thing." Amongst the unmarried women, all, except one or two utterly bad girls, willingly and gratefully bend their necks to her light yoke. She finds time to nurse a poor consumptive young fellow in the "sick bay," who dies and is buried just before Australian land is sighted; and when she is pulled ashore in Sydney Cove, officers, crew, and emigrants still on board give her three hearty cheers.

HOW TO NURSE THE SICK.



EVER since Sir Walter Scott wrote his well-known lines on "Woman," men seem to think they have an authorised right to expect that all women will prove the "ministering angels" required when occasion calls for angelic ministration, and "pain and anguish wring the brow," and sad it is to say that oftener than not they are woefully disappointed. The best intentions and most kindly feeling may be present, but the requisite knowledge of the best thing to do, and the right way to do it, is absent, and in its place an astonishing prejudice frequently exists in favour of the worst thing possible.

There was a great outcry raised a little while ago, because a scientific man suggested the advisability of taking steps to hasten the departure of those whose recovery is considered hopeless. Public feeling rose at once, and rightly, against this, and so decidedly opposed it that the idea was suppressed almost as soon as it was given utterance to. It is, however, much to be feared that ignorant nurses do gradually and unconsciously what clever men are not allowed to speak of, and that the return to health of numberless patients is either rendered hopeless or postponed indefinitely for want of proper and intelligent nursing.

Nevertheless things are mending. Mrs. Gamp and her tribe are being slowly improved from the face of the civilised world, though it is more than probable that many a sufferer in obscure corners and country places will have to endure unspeakable horrors before they have quite taken their departure. There is still a wonderful amount of ignorance and carelessness about nursing, both among professed nurses and tolerably educated women; and the sooner these can be removed, the better it will be for the sick, both amongst the poor and the rich.

It has been said that true nurses, like poets, are "born, not made," and there is a good deal of truth in this. One person will enter a sick room and, though meaning kindly, will worry the patient and make him feel uneasy and unsettled; and another will come in and very quietly, and without any fuss, bring an atmosphere of repose with her, and find out and do exactly what is wanted.

This gift of nursing lies a great deal in the power of putting oneself in the place of, and entering into the feelings of, another; and repressed sympathy goes a long way in the sick-room. Indeed, to my mind one of the principal qualifications of a good nurse consists in the fact that she has been ill herself, and knows what sickness is. Still sympathy is not everything; and as the necessity arises at one time or another to almost every woman to minister to the need of those she loves when they are sick and weak, it is well worth while to find out in what the secret of good nursing lies, so that we may be ready to practise it when needed.

Good nursing, then, consists first in seeing that the proper remedies and medicines are administered, and afterwards in securing to the patient, without any trouble to himself, pure air, suitable nourishment, quiet, and warmth, together with perfect cleanliness about his person, his room, and his surroundings.

The remedies, the medicine, and the food vary indefinitely with the nature of the complaint, but it is desirable to say one word about the necessity of following closely the orders of the medical man, if one be in attendance. I suppose the very fact that the sick person has been given into the charge of the doctor proves that confidence is felt in his skill. If any cause should arise to doubt his competency to deal with the case, the best thing to do is to tell him so politely, either by word or by letter, and try other means; but as long as he is attending a patient, his advice ought to be closely followed. It seems as if some persons thought that the visits of the doctor had a charm about them which might prove beneficial, but that the advice was merely mentioned in the course of conversation, and need not be thought about again. Others call him in to act as a sort of safeguard to prevent things going wrong, and then try all sorts of experiments on their own account. Both these courses are equally foolish as a matter of policy, and equally unjust to the doctor.

There is no one thing of which the majority of people, especially among the poor and ignorant, seem to have such a dread as of fresh air. They confound it with cold air, and, to use the language of one of them, they like "dirt and warmth." Take the case of a person suffering from bronchitis or inflammation of the lungs. It is no exaggeration to say that the efforts of ten women out of every dozen brought into contact with him would be vigorously directed to keeping as much fresh air as possible away from him. And yet the patient must breathe air of some kind, and it surely will be better for it to be pure than foul and impure. Of course draughts are bad, but fresh air does not necessarily consist either of draughts or of cold air. The thing to be aimed at is that the impure air should be let out of the room, and fresh pure air let in. What is to be avoided is a stream of air blowing *upon* the patient, and so making him feel chilly and cold.

The way in which this state of things is to be brought about varies with the position and structure of the house and room in which the patient is placed. It may be truly said that, excepting in damp and foggy weather, there are very few cases in which it is not safe to allow the window to remain open *at the top* for about an inch, or even two inches. This alone will do wonders in keeping the room from becoming close. When this is impossible, a ventilator should be introduced into the room. Putting a fire into it alters the atmosphere, and in complaints of the chest and throat it is an excellent plan to have a kettle full of boiling water throwing out its steam into the room to keep the air from getting too dry. However it is done, it is of the utmost importance that the air should be kept pure. In six cases of illness out of every dozen, the attending feverishness and restlessness, and the relapses which follow each attempt to return to everyday life, are the consequence of the impure air which the patient has to breathe, rather than of the illness itself.

Whilst taking measures to prevent the room from getting close, however, it is most important to remember that the patient must at the same time be kept warm. This may be effected by means of a sufficiency of light and warm clothing being laid upon the bed, and when necessary putting a warm bottle to the feet. All sick people are more likely to be warm in the afternoon and evening than in the morning; and they are never so likely to be chilly as in that hour just before daylight breaks, which is spoken of by old nurses as the "one in which the night dies."

It is scarcely necessary to say that nothing which would have a tendency to vitiate the atmosphere should be allowed to remain in the room a moment longer than is necessary. Any nurse who gives way to indolence or inattention on this point ought to lay down her work at once, and never take it up again. She does not possess in her constitution the qualities which go to make a good nurse.

There are a number of small wants and small annoyances experienced by all sick persons, which the nurse alone can look after and guard against; and it is the intelligent and kindly observance of these, or the ignorant or indolent neglect of them, which makes one difference between a good and an inefficient nurse. Some sick people like the furniture arranged in a particular way, or the medicine put in a certain place, and will become exceedingly annoyed if their wishes are not attended to and remembered.

A good nurse will neither forget these little things nor argue against them. Maybe they are in themselves immaterial, but they are for the time important to the one whose interests are bounded by a small space. You cannot argue a sick person into taking a sensible view of things. Get him well, and then he will be as reasonable as ever he was: if you argue the case out now, you will very likely produce no other result than that of fixing the weakness in his mind, making him feverish, and giving him a bad night.

Whilst you are very careful not to give way to despondency and low spirits before him, be careful also not to be persistently and determinedly cheerful. It is exceedingly aggravating to a sick person who feels ill, and knows that he is ill, to have the nurse assuring him he is a great deal better, that this or that little symptom is only fancy, and to hear her telling the doctor that he has slept beautifully, when he has really been tossing about and longing for the morning, while the nurse herself has enjoyed uninterrupted and sonorous repose.

At the same time, carefully avoid the opposite extreme, and do not choose the very saddest subjects of conversation. The talk of some nurses is a perpetual dissertation on Mrs. Gamp's text, "We are born in a wale, and we live in a wale, and we must take the consequences of sech a situation."

I have a friend who told me that in one of her illnesses she was attended by a woman who kept on telling her of different instances of similar cases to her own which had ended fatally, and concluded each one by saying, with a deep sigh—

"But we must hope for the best, though we none of us know, with life being so uncertain"

One day her husband came in suddenly, and found them both revelling in woe, weeping bitterly over the imaginary picture which the nurse had drawn of the mother being taken from her children, and the consequent grief of the survivors. The gentleman was so indignant that he sent the woman straight away, and would not allow her to come near the place again. My friend laughed heartily when she was telling me, and said that when she was strong she saw how ridiculous the whole thing was, but she could not fight against it at the time, and it made her feel terribly depressed.

I think most ladies who have been in a similar position, and who have not had a friend staying with them to take their place in the house, could testify to the anxiety they are compelled to go through with reference to the horrors that are going on down-stairs: how the butter is being used so extravagantly, and the children are being neglected whilst the nurse is gossiping with the grocer's young man. How much better it would be, when the mistress is quite unable to look after these things, not to let her know anything about them!

Do not allow yourself, or any one else, to stare at the patient. Some people come into a sick room, and fix their eyes upon the invalid, and contemplate him continuously and uninterruptedly, as if he were a curious work of art. I have seen this done again and again. The poor victim lies in bed quite helpless, but getting more and more uncomfortable; and the interested friend keeps up a close observation, until one does not know whether to feel amused or cross.

Be careful, too, not to bend over the patient any more than is necessary, and especially not to allow any one to sit upon the bed, or turn it into a table. This is an annoyance to be guarded against when friends are allowed to enter the sick-chamber. Two or three hours' discomfort may follow from a few minutes' thoughtlessness.

A nurse should be particularly clean in her own person and belongings, as well as in looking after the patient. No one who has not himself or herself had an experience of the two, can tell what a difference it makes when the nurse is clean and tidy, and suitably dressed, or when the reverse is the case. A rustling dress and creaking or heavy boots must of course be avoided. She must be careful, too, to have everything which is used in the sick-room clean and bright. The glass or spoon in which the medicine is presented should be washed out every time it is used.

When preparing food, offer it in small quantities at a time, so as to tempt the invalid, and make him think he could take more. Make it look as appetising as possible, serving it on clean napery, with bright crockery and silver, and do not consult the patient beforehand about what you are to bring up to him. The difference between a good and an inefficient nurse is shown in nothing so much as in the way they go to work about the food. An inefficient nurse will be talking about it all day, begging the invalid to say if he could not fancy this, that, and the other, suggesting various delicacies, and begging him above all things to speak if he wants anything, until he loathes the thought of the food before he sees it; or when, feeling faint, he asks for some refreshment, he finds there is nothing ready, and that it has to be prepared.

When, after long waiting, the food is brought, the favourable moment has passed, and it is sent down almost untasted, because "the invalid has no appetite"—rather because the nurse has no sense. The true nurse, on the contrary, observes her patient without seeming to do so, seizes the auspicious moment, and has ready some tempting little delicacy, skilfully prepared, which he gladly welcomes, when, if it had been the subject of conversation two or three hours before, he would have rejected it altogether.

This leads me to say that every nurse ought to be able to cook, especially small dainty dishes suitable for an invalid. She ought to know not only how to make food look nice, but how to compress a large amount of nourishment into a small space. She should be careful, too, not to season her dishes too highly. Invalids are very soon "set against" anything; and a dish that is only agreeably flavoured for a person in health may be very distasteful to one who is sick. So much depends upon the food, that a true nurse ought to be quite independent of any assistance in preparing nourishment for her patient. I knew a clever but eccentric doctor who was about to engage a nurse to wait upon his own wife, and before he would enter into any conversation with her, made her go into the kitchen and prove that she could cook properly a mutton chop.

I must say one word about the means which are taken to procure quiet for a nervous person. Keep everything as still as possible, and do not let any one enter the room if you can prevent it, but let this be arranged away from the patient; and if any one does enter, avoid giving utterance to a low and stifled "Sh-sh-sh-sh!" When it is necessary to open the door, do it gently but quickly. A prolonged gentle noise will annoy a nervous person far more than a decided one, even though the latter be the louder of the two.

A feather dipped into sweet oil, and promptly applied to the lock the first time the creaking noise is heard, will prevent a good deal of discomfort in that direction.

With the remedies and medicines to be administered, and the food required, I have nothing to do, as they vary with every complaint, and must be regulated by the directions of the medical man, and the circumstances of the case.

Miss Nightingale, that queen of nurses, whose admirable "Notes" ought to be in every home, speaks of good nursing as being in itself a most valuable remedy—and so it is. Many a patient has been lost for want of the care, attention, and "kitchen physic" of which our grandmothers thought so much. True, nursing the sick is weary work, calling for a greater exercise of good temper, forbearance, patience, and self-denial than almost any other duty. Still, when we remember that to all of us will come in all probability the weakness which will call for the display of these virtues in others, surely we shall not be found wanting when the opportunity comes to ourselves of "doing as we would be done by."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

A REFLECTION.

FROM yon high shore
The cedar that salutes the morning sun,
And views some vessel far as sight can reach,
Whose sails have felt the tempest, and whose sides
Vibrated to remotest ocean's roar—
Reflects in some clear shallow by the beach
Its tufted roof of autumn gold, whereon
Sidelong the gentle sea-wind bends, and plays
Under its listening leafy ears, and soon
Returns with some fresh fancy, which the rays
Upon the simple surface mirror below;
Until the western chasm grows blank, and slow
From the sad sea-line, murmurous with the flow
Of the night's rising tide, comes the calm moon.

T. C. Irwin.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT.—II.

"A BRIGHT fireside:" this description, when used, is meant to include, let me remind you, not only a bright blazing fire, but also a brightly shining grate. "A cheerful hearth," allow me to say, depicts a clean white hearthstone, together with well-polished fender and fire-irons, and is not merely descriptive of a pleasant company gathered round it. The possession of fireside and hearth is one of our subjects of boasting over our Continental neighbours, and truly our homes would look desolate without our hearths.

I do not wish to be thought rude to my fellow-countrywomen, but truth compels me to say that bright grates and snow-white hearths are not to be found in every house. I have no doubt that in many instances the grates have been brushed, and the hearthstones washed, but somehow the labour spent upon the fireside has not been repaid, for there is no shine, no high polish, no brightness and cheerfulness about it.

Examine the maiden, and see if she is not in the habit of committing two or three common faults. The prevalent idea, that the use of black-lead is all that is necessary for the polishing of grates, leads her to do what ought not to be done, and not to do what ought to be done.

I feel sure that you will find that she has put a quantity of lead on to the dusty bars; and if this has been done, no amount of brushing will ever turn the grate into a mirror. Instruct her, then, to keep an old piece of woollen rag for the purpose of rubbing clean the bars, before the black-lead is put on them, and to be very sparing in the use of the lead; also to keep two brushes for the polishing process—one with which to brush off the lead, and the other to be kept entirely for the final polishing.

But perhaps the grate is made of steel, then of course the treatment has to be of a different kind. Steel grates are much more trouble to keep in good order, the steel rusts so quickly, therefore it is necessary to rub it over every day with a dry leather. When it requires cleaning, prepared emery powder should be used. A small quantity of this powder ought to be mixed as a paste, and a little put on to a woollen rag, and rubbed over the steel. The metal should afterwards be rubbed with a soft leather. If the fender is of bright steel, it must be subjected to like treatment.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The other day I bought, at a sale, a handsome steel fender for a few shillings. Although it had resided in the drawing-room of a large mansion, it was evidently an ignorant housemaid who had had the charge of it, for its bars and bead-work had been brushed with a black-lead brush. Consequently it looked blackened and dull, and as there happened to be no one present as wise as myself, I got what I knew would prove a bargain. Come and look at it now in my drawing-room, and see how brightly it shines after undergoing proper treatment for one week.

Sometimes the fire-irons also are of polished steel, when of course they must be cleaned in like manner as the grate and fender. When they are the ordinary kind, poker, tongs, and shovel must be taken to the kitchen, and cleaned with hot ashes and a woollen rag.

How is it that the whiteness of the hearthstone disappears in a few hours, even outside the fender, where no coal or ashes fall upon it? I can guess. The whitening has been mixed with water, and when this is done, you will find that the whitening will not adhere to the stone; it comes off on to everything that touches it, to the great detriment of the hearth-rug and ladies' dresses. But if milk is substituted for water, then the hearth will retain its nicety, and there will be no grumbling on account of whitened skirts.

Don't you think that the mantelpiece looks dull? Marble should show its polish better than that; its brightness must be obscured by smoke. I do not mean to infer that it has not been regularly dusted every day, but mantelpieces want a little extra attention now and again. Some clean cold water applied with an old sponge will soon make it smile, and this is only the work of a few minutes.

Most, if not all, young housewives take pride in the setting out of their dining-tables, and yet there are some who do not succeed to their own satisfaction. This failure arises from want of knowledge in two or three points. The chief ornaments of a table (setting aside flowers, which in the present day form such an important part in the table array) consist of the silver and glass, and the great object is that these should shine and glisten, not on state occasions only, if you please, but always, every day. Now with regard to the silver. If there is not time for much of it to be kept in good order, my advice is, don't expose more to view than is absolutely necessary for daily wants, and at least let that be kept bright; but it is really more the want of knowledge than the want of time that is lacking.

In the busiest households, I presume, it is arranged that the plate should be cleaned once a week. You will find that it will shine throughout those seven days (with the aid of an occasional rub over with a dry, clean wash-leather) if it has been properly cleaned at the outset; on the other hand, if it has been attended to in a careless slip-shod way, that day it will do no one credit, and the next day it will look as dull as if it had not been touched. The error which is so often committed is that of putting on the whitening, rouge, or whatever plate-powder is used, and expecting that will do all that is required. But no silver can or will shine if it has the least suspicion of grease about it, and this being the case, it is necessary to wash all the articles in clean warm water, with flannel and soap, before any further attempt is made. Then, after it has

been dried with a clean cloth, the plate-powder can be put on, and when dry it may be brushed off again, and finally every piece of silver must be industriously and thoroughly rubbed with a soft chamois leather. Now it looks as if it had just arrived from the silversmith's shop.

When I was staying at the curate's cottage, of which I have made a former mention, my eyes were greatly distressed by the outward appearance of the silver, and I was told that the forks must be replated, a new coating of silver being necessary to hide the flecks and marks so plainly visible. I went so far as to inquire the cost of such a proceeding, but when the sum was named the curate shook his head, and said—

"Not at present."

Last month I paid the cottage another visit, and my first remark on seating myself at the dinner-table was—

"Why, you have had your forks re-plated."

No, they had never been out of the house, he affirmed.

The fact was that they had only been in the hands of a different cleaner. All the black spots had totally disappeared, and they would have graced any table in their present state of polish. This change in their condition I should not have believed to have been possible, had I not myself witnessed it.

Let me now criticise the appearance of the glass on the table. It ought to look bright and clear, but too often it looks dim and streaked. I am aware that "cut" glass will always look better than that which is moulded, but there are other reasons besides that for its unsatisfactory appearance. All servants I have met with have such a fixed notion that hot water is necessary for the washing of everything, no matter whether it be for the ablution of dishes and floors, or glass and china. For the former and for some other things, the hotter the water the better; for the latter and for some other things, the cooler the water the better. Not only is hot water liable to crack glass and china, but it gives a peculiar dullness of look, which detracts greatly from whatever personal beauty they may possess.

And then, again, a special bowl should be kept for the washing of glass, because if the water is not quite clean—that is, if it should be in the slightest degree tinctured with grease—a film will be cast over the glass, however good its quality. Lastly, a dry cloth is necessary, for glass looks flecked if dried with a damp cloth.

I have not yet exhausted my catalogue of hints and suggestions on these homely matters, but I have filled up my space, and therefore must lay down my pen. I hope, however, to meet you who listen to me on a future occasion.

E. C.

SEAL HUNTING IN GREENLAND NORTH.

THAT "sealing" trip of mine I shall never forget. My particular friend the doctor and I, and Brick, the dog, were always hungry, and often went in for midnight suppers, cooked and eaten under the rose and forecastle. Friday night was sea-pie night by universal custom of the service. The memory of that sea-pie makes my mouth water even now.

The skipper came down from his nest one morning, and entered the saloon, having apparently just taken leave of his senses. He was "daft" with excitement, his face wreathed in smiles, and the tears standing in his eyes.

"On deck, man, on deck, and see the seals!"

The scene was peculiarly Greenlandish. The sun had all the bright blue sky to himself—not the great dazzling orb that you are accustomed to in warmer countries, but a shining disc of molten silver hue, that you can look into and count its spots with naked eye. About a quarter of a mile to windward was the main ice-pack, along the edge of which we were sailing under a gentle topsail breeze. Between and around us lay the sea, as black as a basin of ink. But everywhere about, as far as the eye could see from the quarter-deck, the surface of the water was covered with large beautiful heads, with brilliant earnest eyes, and noses all turned in one direction—that in which our vessel was steering, about south-west and by south. Nay, but I must not forget to mention one peculiar feature in the scene, without which no sea(l)-scape in Greenland would be complete. Away on our lea-bow, under easy canvas, was the *Green Dutchman*. This isn't a phantom ship, you must know, but the most successful of all ships that ever sailed the Northern Ocean. Her captain and owner has been over twenty years in the same trade, and well deserves the fortune that he has made by his own skill and industry. If other proof were wanting that we were among the main body of seals, the presence of that *Green Dutchman* afforded it; besides, yonder on the ice were several bears strolling up and down, those yellow monsters with the ease and self-possession of gentlemen waiting for the last dinner bugle. Skippers may err in their diagnoses, the *Green Dutchman* himself might be at fault, but the instinct and judgment of Bruin is infallible.

We were now in the latitude of Jan Mayen; the

mountain cone of that strange island we could distinctly see, raised like an immense shining sugar-loaf against the sky's blue. To this lonely spot come every year, through storm and tempest, in vessels but little bigger or better than herring-boats, hardy Norsemen, the southern ice, on which to bring forth their young. They here find a climate which is slightly more mild, and never fail to choose ice which is low and flat, and usually protected from the south-east swell by a barrier of larger bergs. The breeding takes place as soon as

(Drawn by W. L. JONES.)

to hunt the walrus for its skin and ivory, but by other human feet it is never trodden. It is the throne of King Winter, and the abode of desolation, save for the great bear that finds shelter in its icy caves, or the monster seals and strange sea-birds that rest on its snow-clad rocks. At this latitude the sealer endeavours to fall in with the seals, coming in their thousands from the more rigorous north, and seeking the seals take the ice, the males in the meantime removing in a body to some distant spot, where they remain for three weeks or so, looking very foolish —just, in truth, as human gentlemen would under like circumstances—until joined by the ladies. The seal-mothers are, I need hardly say, exceedingly fond of their young. At all other times timid in the extreme, they will at this season attack men with all the

ferocity of bears. The food of the seals in nursing season consists, I believe, of the small shrimps with which the sea is sometimes stained for miles, like the muddy waters of the Bristol Channel, and also, no doubt, of the numerous small fishes to be found burrowing, like bees in a honeycomb, on the under surface of the pieces of ice. The wise sealer "dodges" outside, or lies aback, watching and wary, for a fortnight at least, until the young seals are lumpy and fat, then the work of death begins. I fear I am digressing, but these remarks may be original to some readers.

"The *Green Dutchman* has filled her fore-yard, sir, and is making for the ice;" thus said the first mate to the captain one morning.

"Let the watch make sail," was the order, "and take the ice to windward of her."

The ship is being "rove" in through the icebergs, as far and fast as sail will take her. Meanwhile, fore and aft, everybody is busy on board, and the general bustle is very exciting. The steward is serving out the rum, the cook's coppers are filled with hams, the hands not on deck are busy cleaning their guns, sharpening their knives, getting out their "lowrie tows" (dragging-ropes), and trying the strength of their seal-club shafts by attempts to break them over their hardy knees. The doctor's medical preparations are soon finished, he merely pockets a calico bandage and dossel of lint, and straps a tourniquet around his waist, then devotes his attention exclusively to his accoutrements. Having thus arranged everything to his entire satisfaction, he fills a sandwich-case, then a brandy-flask and baccy-pouch, and afterwards eats and drinks as long as he can—to pass the time, he says—then, when he can't eat a morsel more, he sits and waits and listens impatiently, beating the devil's tattoo with his boot on the fender. Presently it is "Clew up," and soon after "All hands over the side."

The day was clear and bright and frosty, and the snow crisp and hard. There was no sinking up to the knees in it. You might have walked on it with wooden legs. Besides, there was but little swell on, so the movement of the bergs was slow, and leaping easy.

Our march to the sealing-ground was enlivened by a little linguamachy, or wordy war, between the first mate and the doctor. The latter began it—

"Harpooneers and clubmen," he cried, "close up behind me, here; I'm gaun to mak' a speech; but keep movin' a' the time—that's richt. Well, first and foremost, I tell ye, I'm captain and commander on the ice; d'ye hear?"

"*You* commander!" exclaimed the mate; "I'll let ye ken, my lad, that I'm first officer o' the ship."

"Look here, mate," said the doctor, "I'll no lose my temper wi' ye, but if ye interrupt me again, by ma sang, ye'll ha' to fecht me, and ye ken ye havena the biceps o' a daddy-lang-legs, nor the courage o' a cockney weaver, so keep a calm sough.—Now, men," he continued, "I, your lawfully constituted commander, tell ye this: there is to be nae cruelty, this day, to the innocent lambs we're here to kill. Mind ye, God made and cares for a' his creatures. But I'm neither going to preach or pray, but I'll put it to ye in this fashion. If I see one man Jack of ye put a knife in a seal that he hasna previously clubbed and killed, I'll simply ca' that man's harns oot [dash his brains out] to begin wi', and if he does it again, I'll stop his 'bacca for the entire voyage, and his grog besides."

Probably the last threat was more awful to a sailor than actual braining. At all events, it had the desired effect, for during the whole of that day I saw nothing among our men but slaughter as humane as slaughter could be made. Even then, however, there was much to harrow the feelings of any one at all sensitive. For the young Greenland seal is such an innocent little thing, so beautiful, so tender-eyed, and so altogether like a baby in a blanket, that killing it is revolting to human nature. Besides, they are so extremely confiding. Raise one in your arms—it will give a little petted grumble, like a Newfoundland puppy, and suck your fingers; not finding its natural sustenance in that performance, it will open its mouth, and give vent to a plaintive scream for its ma, which will never fail in bringing that lady from the depths beneath, eager-eyed and thirsting for your life.

Towards the middle of the day I strolled among the crew of the *P——e*. The men were wildly excited, half-drunk with rum, and wholly with spilling blood, singing and shouting and blaspheming, striking home each blow with a terrible oath, flinching before the blood had ceased to flow, and sometimes, horrible to say, flinching the unhappy innocents alive. All sorts of shocking cruelties were perpetrated, in order to make puppies scream, and thus entice the mother to the surface to be shot or clubbed. I saw one fellow—Pah! I can't go on.

Blood shows to advantage on ice. Here there were oceans of it. The snow was pure and white and dazzling in the morning, I leave it to the imagination of the sentimental to guess its appearance at eventide. The stout Shetlandmen, with their lowrie tows, dragged the skins to the ship. There were no regular meals any day during sealing. All-told fed and drank alike, *when* they could and *what* they could. There was but little sport in all this—a certain wild excitement, to be sure, quite natural under the circumstances, for were we not engaged in one of the lawful pursuits of commerce and making money? The bears were having fine times of it, for there was but little inclination on our part to pursue them, while there were seals to slay; and Bruin seemed to know this, and was correspondingly bold and impertinent, although never decidedly aggressive; for compared to seals men are merely skin and bone, and Bruin has a *penchant* for adiposity.

In ten days there was not a seal left, for ships had collected from all quarters—like war-horses scenting the battle from afar, or like sea-gulls on "making-off" days—to assist in the slaughter. By-the-by, what peculiar instinct or what sense is it, that enables those sea-gulls to determine the presence of carrion in the water at almost incredible distances? On making-off days—that is, idle days at sea—when, there being nothing else to do, the hands are employed in separating the blubber from the skins, putting them

in different tanks and casting the offal overboard, there shall not be a single gull in sight from the crow's-nest, even within ken of the telescope; but twenty minutes after the work is begun, the sea shall be white with the gobbling brutes.

The *Green Dutchman* was about full ship, while we were a little over half; and, better luck still for that lucky skipper, the ice seemed to open like the Red Sea to the ancient Israelites, and let him go free; while we, waiting inside but a few hours longer for the sake of about twenty old seals, got beset, frozen in hard and fast among large heavy bergs of ice. There we lay for a whole fortnight. Had we managed to get clear away, we might possibly have fallen in with another patch of young seals, and so completed our voyage.

In our rifle practice we as often as possible made Bruin the target. But a fortnight after we were beset, we were forsaken by the bears, and even by the birds, both of which always follow the seals. What a lonely time we had of it, for the next month, in the centre of that silent solitary pack, which, but for the ships that lay one here, one there, might have been mistaken for some extensive moorland in the dead of winter! And all the time there never was a cloud in the blue sky the bigness of a man's hand; the sun shone there day and night, but gave no heat; and the silence was like the silence of space—we could hear a snow-flake fall. Once a week at least, a gale of wind would be blowing perhaps hundreds of miles from us (it was always calm in the pack), and the great waves would roll in beneath the ice, lifting up the giant bergs, packing the lighter ice over the heavy, and grinding each other and our poor vessel with a noise like ten million steam hammers, and a like number of Highland pipers, playing and courting and thumping at once. We lived in constant suspense, not knowing the moment we would have to leave a doomed ship. Our traps were always packed and ready. One ship had gone under before our eyes, and another about three miles off lay on her beam-ends, keel exposed.

When at last the sea of ice broke up, and a lane of water was seen two miles astern of us, we had to complete a work of engineering that wasn't unworthy of the great Lesseps himself—the making of a canal to the water. But by aid of barrels of gunpowder to blast, and ice-saws to cut, and long poles to sink the smaller pieces under the pack, we succeeded at last.

We left that great pack, stove in the starboard quarter, with a hole in the port-bow blanket-bound, and a new rudder jury-rigged, and sailed away to the far north after the old seals.

These old seals are slain with the rifle, and have to be stalked. When the females join the males again they all travel north together, affecting mostly the point-ends of the pack-edge on which to rest, make love, and wage war. Seal-stalking tasks all the skill and powers of endurance of even the best sportsmen. On a fine sunny day, when the seals lie well, when the snow is crisp and dry, it is very exciting and enjoyable, unless you tumble through a "pussy-hole" in the "bay-ice." When a swell is on among the bergs, and the leaps you have to take endanger the loss of your rifle, if not your life, it isn't so agreeable.

"Canny" does it in seal-stalking—you must neither excite yourself nor show yourself. Your first care is to kill the seal on sentry. If you don't miss (his *brain*, look you, for the bullet *must* pierce the head) you may bag from five to ten or more on a single berg; then on to the next, dodging well behind the "hummocks."

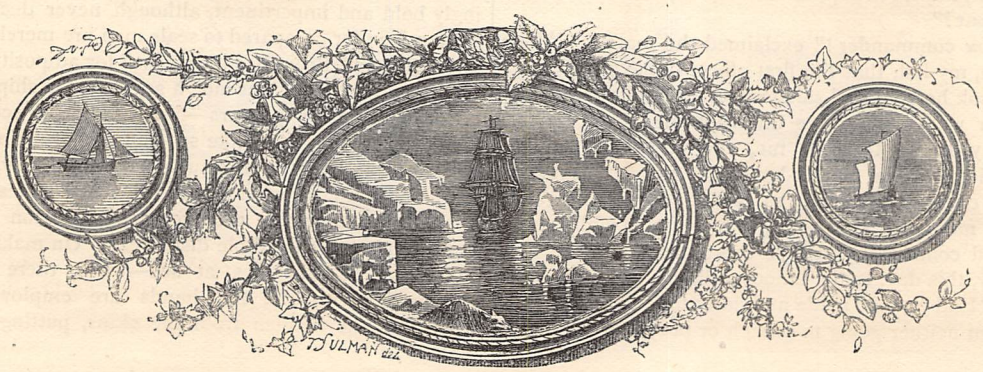
There are no want of seals if you happen among the main body. I have seen twenty square miles of ice literally covered black with seals.

You often come to bay-ice so bending and thin that it will not bear you upright, so over you go snake-fashion on your face; and to lanes of water which you have to ferry yourself across on a morsel of ice, with your rifle-stock for a paddle.

Towards the end of the season, just before we bear up for bonnie Scotland, seal-stalking becomes infinitely more trying and dangerous. Now you sink in the snow, and now the ice gets rotten, and is often undermined at the edges; so you are sure to get many a good ducking.

Boats, too, and "bings" of seal-skins, ay, and often men, are sometimes lost in the mist which towards the end of May and beginning of June envelopes the sea of ice in darkness and gloom.

On the whole seal-stalking is much more pleasureable than deer-stalking, for I've tried both, more than once, and trust I shall again. But in the name of all humanity let us have a close season, and put an end for ever to the sickening cruelties which are annually perpetrated on the poor lamb-seals by our blood-maddened Arctic seamen.



AUGUST.

WHO can think of this month without connecting it with grouse? And what pleasant visions does not that word at once conjure up? Rambles over the lonely Welsh hills where, in many a valley, rise the trout-streams so soon to be polluted by coal-pits and iron-foundries—on the bleak Yorkshire fells, from which some monster factory, with its myriad windows, is dimly descried—best of all, on the purple-waved moors of dear Scotland, with all the freedom and picturesqueness of their wild life! Marvellously as the red grouse has enriched and civilised Scotland, it is only in the last sixty years that its pursuit has become fashionable.

Should a quieter amusement be sought this month, it may easily be found in a trip on a yacht. Few things, for instance, are more pleasurable than lying becalmed in the long mellow evenings of this month off, say, Spurn Head (or any other headland will do as well), and watching the habits of the sea-fowl. They are unsuspicious, and approach man, as yet, with fearlessness, not having realised that the term of their legal protection ended on August 1st. So the cormorants fly swiftly by, in a line, over the oily surface to their fishing grounds further out at sea; a greater black-backed gull, that chartered robber, hovers round, sure that something will turn up for his omnivorous maw; the guillemots dive, near our craft, after the young whiting, and can be traced in their subaqueous course, so calm is it, by the ripples above; the terns hawk around, veritable sea-swallows, dive and bring up, by its middle, a young whiting, glittering like a bar of silver. This they throw up in the air in order to catch it head-foremost, then drop themselves, and if they miss, fling it up again until they succeed and swallow the dainty morsel. Meanwhile, the porpoises roll in wheel-like gambols up the estuary; grateful whiffs of country air and faint echoes of rural life float seawards, as the song and blithe laughter of the forecastle breaks upon a dream of home; far to leeward the eye passes

> ——— "up the beach, by the sandy down
> Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town,"

and rests upon a windmill, or a grey church-spire, or some familiar object of every-day life.

It is too hot at present to enter into statistics of oyster-fishing and farming. It is better worth while to point out the curious collection of objects to which oysters have attached themselves, and which Mr. Buckland has on view at the Museum of Economic Fish Culture, South Kensington. There may be seen examples of oysters adhering to those singularly-formed small pipes known to smokers as "plague-pipes," which are often dredged up off the Whitstable grounds. One specimen is also shown (and that a unique one) which is attached to a piece of coal; others have chosen still more odd locations, as fishermen's boots, whelks, crabs, a flat-iron, a spoon, an old tin box, an iron boot-heel, &c.

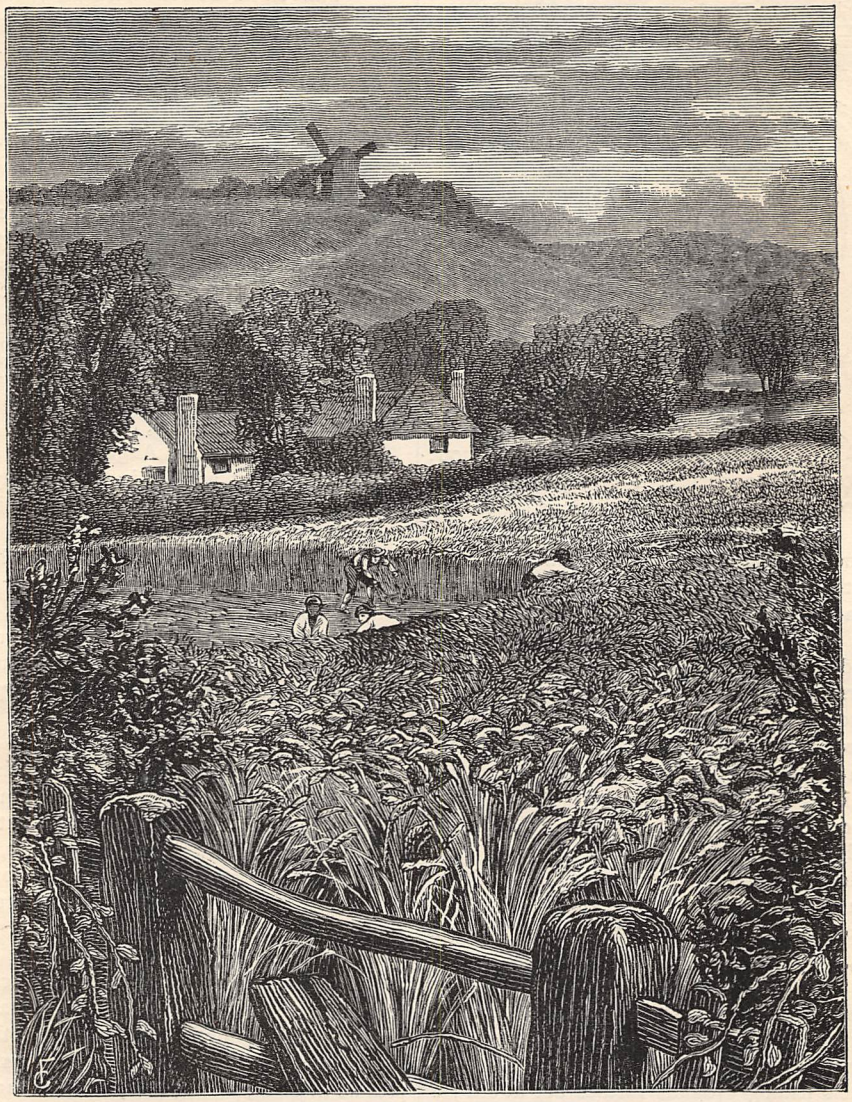
Towards the end of August, if the summer has been fine, harvest will be in full activity. Reaping-machines whirr on all sides, and fling out their sprawling arms over the golden corn as if never tired of clutching its treasures. The tender little hare-bell, which is emphatically autumn's flower on a chalky soil, waves its flowers on every bank. Apples and plums are fast ripening in the laden orchards. The nights are dark at eight p.m., and sometimes at sunset the "night rack comes rolling up ragged and brown," like the pall of summer. Still, the deeper beauty of autumn, and the hectic flush which passes over woodland scenery, and robes the country in glory, has yet to come. The sylvan year, whose lovelier features we have pointed out month after month lately, still awaits its apotheosis, and then we may draw the curtains and thrust logs on the fire, for Nature, like so many of her creatures, will have begun to hibernate.

If wet weather has lately prevailed, multitudes of mushrooms may be looked for in the meadows. From possessing many of the qualities of meat, mushrooms are exceedingly nutritious, to say nothing of their value in an epicure's eyes; 1874 was a year most prolific in them, and in every kind of fungus. These are commonly lumped together as toadstools, and prejudice, allying itself to ignorance, denounces them in a body as poisonous; the fact being that the larger "toadstools" of this country number about 750 species, of which only about a dozen are actually poisonous; however, the greatest caution is needed in their selection.

The fields and gardens are no longer cheerful with the songs of birds. White of Selborne remarks that August is by far the most silent month of the year. The termination of nesting cares also for the most part ends their powers of song, though many birds

which become mute about Midsummer resume their notes in September, as the thrush, blackbird, and woodlark. "Are birds induced to sing again," remarks that genial naturalist, "because the temperature of autumn resembles that of spring?"

Hollyhocks and dahlias will now require stakes affixing to them, or wind and rain will ruin them. the wintering crops of cabbage and cauliflower which are to come in next spring. Lettuces should also be put in for winter use. The giant Rocca onion, which frequently grows to over a pound in weight, must be sown now, and either transplanted or much thinned next March. It is quite equal to a Spanish onion, and well worth some trouble to grow it successfully.



"HARVEST WILL BE IN FULL ACTIVITY" (*p.* 543).

Any early-flowering bulbs may be put in for next season. Polyanthuses, daisies, primroses, &c., ought to be propagated now by division. Budding roses must also be prosecuted vigorously, and those budded in previous months be attended to, shoots of the briar nipped off, &c. Bedded plants require plenty of watering. Towards the end of the month, the bronze hues of autumn will appear on their leaves, warning the gardener to save what he wants while yet there is time. In the kitchen garden this is the time to sow

Celery should be carefully earthed up, and followed up week by week, if it is to attain any size. As for potatoes, let them be housed during the first spell of fine weather. All experience proved during the last few years that leaving them in the ground is only to invite disease which, whatever its nature may be, is certainly engendered by wet and thunder. Let fruit be also gathered, rather under than over ripe if it is to be stored; indeed, extreme attention is demanded this month for the orchard. M. G. WATKINS.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

KATE TAKES OFFENCE.

AT about six o'clock on the day he was expected, Clive arrived at Bloom Cottage, and received a very cordial welcome from Dick, and a sufficiently friendly one from Dick's sister. He looked tired, and had that pale, overworked expression which people luxuriating in country air and exercise recognise at once, and which woke a feeling of pity in Kate's kindly little heart.

"I am sorry I said anything against him," she thought to herself, with a quick remorseful twinge. "Poor fellow! he looks quite ill; and mama is always so kind and cordial to him. I must take her place, and try to keep him good-tempered. I dare say he won't quarrel if I am careful to avoid occasions."

He certainly did not seem inclined to do so. There was a sort of languor about him, which appeared to dispose him to rest gratefully in the kindly welcome and homely chit-chat which surrounded him at the cottage. Kate quite wondered when she saw his eyes following her about the room, with almost as pleased and pleasant an expression as shone so often in Dallas M'Kenzie's. She had not thought those hard blue eyes could look so soft; and then her mind went back to Bee Vanborough's story; and the young heart, just sufficiently touched itself to feel for others' romances, melted still more.

"Why does not that Mrs. Grey marry him?" Kate asked herself with a little indignation. "Bee must know better than that relation living at a distance; and if she does like him, it is her duty to say so instead of holding back and playing with him. A woman has no right to use her beauty to give pain; and I would just like to tell her so," added the younger beauty, with an energetic pat of Dottie's golden mane, as she lifted that small lady into her chair for dinner. She never guessed that Clive's gaze rested on her in genuine pleasure and admiration, untouched by any thought of other women. In town he did often find fault with her; and in his eagerness to see her perfect, according to his ideas of perfection, quarrelled with her for the thousand and one little imperfections which made her so irresistibly charming; but to-day she *was* perfect, even in his eyes. To-day, watching her as she flitted about in her simple linen dress, with the sunlight on her pretty hair—now seeing after the preparations for their homely meal, and making most ludicrous mistakes in the directions thereof; now tying up Madge's wind-loosened locks; and now stooping to tease and fondle her tiny sister—she became, as it were, the very embodiment of his own ideal of womanhood, the home sunbeam, and bright ministering spirit, unspoilt by tarnish of falsity or worldliness, which more men than Bernard Clive have yearned for in their inmost spirit.

Kate considered herself "frightfully sunburnt," and was rather uneasy as to whether Dick might not think she should have dressed for dinner in honour of his friend; but to Clive the slight tinge of brown on brow and cheek harmonised like the mellow glow of sunlight with the dancing eyes and rich-coloured masses of wavy hair; and as to the dress——Well, now I think of it, it is really a little hard and disheartening for our lasses, that let them dress their finest, stuff out their hair over innumerable pads and rolls, and deck their pretty figures in yards and yards of satin, or pyramids of frills and flounces, the very men for whom they take all this trouble never *will* think them looking so well as in a clean cotton gown—never will fancy any shape of the head so beautiful as that Nature has made for it. It is disheartening; but oh! young ladies, it is a most tender and subtle compliment to your own persons. The men may be fools, but they prefer *you* to your clothes—*voilà tout!*

This is a digression. Excuse it, and allow me to continue.

The evening passed very pleasantly. No business was talked of, after all; Clive even declining, on plea of fatigue, to go out for a smoke with his friend Dick; and at eight o'clock they were still sitting near the uncurtained window, Kate busy with her crochet, and Clive telling her something about Lady Margaret, who seemed to have been using him as a sort of adopted son during their absence, when a gentleman passed along the beach below them; and seeing, by the glow of lamp and firelight, Kate's white dress at the window, lifted his hat. Kate did not see him—she was looking at Clive; but she fairly started, his face turned so dark with angry surprise.

"Dick!" he cried sharply, and stooping forward—"look there! Isn't that the Canadian fellow—M'Kenzie? What business on earth has *he* down here?"

It was merely a hasty exclamation, somewhat imperiously uttered; but it fell like a bomb-shell into the little family circle, a moment back so happy and peaceful; and Kate's face glowed in an instant with

the deepest indignation, while George, who had been lying on the floor, trying to touch his forehead with the tips of his toes, as suddenly writhed into a kneeling position, with cheeks distended and eyes glaring with wrath. Dick did not answer for a second; but his sister saved him the trouble by drawing herself as erect as if she had literally and indeed swallowed the proverbial poker; and, turning upon the visitor with her customary promptitude—

"Yes, Mr. Clive—that is Mr. M'Kenzie," she said, her clear tones resonant of unuttered defiance. "Why should not he have business here as well as other people? Surely he has a right to come and go where he likes without——"

And here Kate began to remember the obligations of courtesy, and checked herself, swelling, like a ridiculous young turkey-cock, with the words she longed to have added.

Clive raised his eyebrows. To speak truth, he had been as much startled by the effect of his words, as his audience by the words themselves. M'Kenzie's appearance had surprised and annoyed him; and he spoke on the impulse of the moment, forgetting that Kate was present; but to have his words taken up by her, and flung back to him with such indignant warmth, was a sign to him that he had more warrant for annoyance than he supposed. It was like a gust of hail in your face on a warm summer's day—like a throb of sharp pain shooting across a healthy limb; and yet he did not feel as angry with the actual hand which dealt it as with the ideal Kate, who had once again disappointed him. He punished her by that look of calm astonishment before turning to Dick with—

"What has brought him down here, did you say, Bellew?"

"George, and the bother he gave, I believe," said Dick, trying to laugh, but looking rather embarrassed; while poor little Kate sat nearly petrified with angry wonder at being thus ignored. "He took George in, you know, when he came down here; and——"

"Took him in! No, I didn't know," said Clive, looking more disturbed than before. "What did he do that for? I thought you were all together down here."

"Really, Mr. Clive," cried Kate, unable to hold her tongue, however undignified speech might be, "I don't mean to be rude, but I think you can't be aware how funny your speeches sound. Surely you don't expect us——"

"Now, Kittie, be quiet," put in Dick, "or Clive will think I've not been taking proper care of you. He doesn't know as well as I what a volcano you are, always ready to go off with a fizz about nothing—nothing at all," added the brother, nodding his head at Bernard as if to apologise for Kate, or assure him that there was no special cause for her championship of the absent Canadian.

"Well, Dick, you needn't call Mr. M'Kenzie 'nothing,'" cried George, coming to his sister's side. "I'm sure he's a regular trump. He came down here on purpose to please me. I believe he'd do anything for me; and he's rowed Kate out three times, and carried Dottie out walking when she was tired, and read aloud those jolly Ingol—what's-its-name's legends all yesterday evening. Didn't he, Katie? You know the book I mean—about the devil who 'dragged his nerveless tail all along of the Red Sea shore;' and *we* all like him immensely—better than any one else we know. You said so to-day, didn't you, Kate?"

"A happy man," said Clive, with a curl of his lip, which brought the red blood burning into Kate's cheek. "Well, I think I must be saying good night. Dick, will you smoke your cigar as far as the inn with me?"

This of course meant, "Dick, will you come out and discuss this intruder where we can't be interrupted by Miss Bellew and George;" but though Kate so understood it, she could offer no remonstrance, and merely clenched her little hands together in impotent vexation, while Dick went to look for his overcoat.

Clive hesitated. He was quite aware that he had angered Kate, and that he was going to do so still more. It was his own fault; and yet it was for her sake, and to save her from pain; only no one but he knew that; and though he piqued himself on not "spoiling her like the rest of the world," he could not but feel to the very core the change from the bright soft cordiality of a few minutes back to the present wrathful coldness. With a wistful, almost pleading look in his eyes, he leant forward to Kate.

"Don't be angry with me, Miss Bellew. I was sorry to find Mr. M'Kenzie established here, because I don't think him a very desirable friend for you; but I had no intention of saying so when I first spoke, and less still of offending you."

"Offending me!" repeated Kate, too angry to see the appeal in Clive's eyes, and still further irritated by the unfortunate words; "you have only a little surprised me, Mr. Clive. I thought men were incapable of small jealousies, and also that ladies with mothers and brothers to take care of them were not expected to consult their young men acquaintances as to who were desirable friends for them."

Clive was silent for a moment.

"That is a most crushing reprimand," he said very slowly and quietly; "but provided that the mother is far away, and the young man acquaintance (not such a *very* young man either, Miss Bellew) finds the lady in perfect innocence adopting as a friend a woman of doubtful character, or a man of undesirable antecedents, I think most people would absolve him of officious interference were he to give her brother a word of warning on the subject."

"Which is what you would do in such a case, I suppose," said Kate half incredulously.

"Which is what I would do in such a case—yes," answered Clive coolly.

"And on the sole conjecture that, because you have seen Mr. M'Kenzie on the beach, Madge and I must have adopted him as an intimate friend? Mind," added Kate stoutly, "I do not say we have not."

"I am glad you don't. Thank God you are as yet as candid as you are imprudent and unkind," cried

Clive, losing self-control for one moment in ungovernable pain; and then he turned sharply away, and went out just as Dick called from the cottage door to know why he was delaying.

Madge and George had taken themselves off in disgust; but as soon as Clive was gone they returned, to find their eldest sister staring out of the window at the broad expanse of moonlit silvery sea, and giving vent every now and then to a suspicious little sniffle.

"Why, Kittie, you're crying!" cried Madge, taking a look at her. "What's the matter? Has Mr. Clive been vexing you? Why, your face is as red as fire, and your nose is all swelled—isn't it, George? Do look at Kate's nose. What *is* the matter?"

"I wish you would look at one another's noses," said Kate petulantly. "Nothing is the matter, and Mr. Clive is always vexing me and every one else. I never yet met such a disagreeable person."

"I like Bernard Clive generally," said George with the ponderous gravity of a judge—"at least I used to did; but I should just have liked to have punched his head jolly well just now. Calling Dallas M'Kenzie a 'fellow' indeed! I should like to know what *he* is! I say, Kate, I'm hungry."

"Hungry! just at your bed-time!" cried Kate, rallying herself, and rather ashamed of having betrayed her feelings before the children. "It's half-past nine; and to-morrow's Sunday. Now, George, I won't have you going to the cupboard."

"Only a little bit, Katie, there's a darling angel. Just look what a cavity there is here"—clasping his hands pathetically on his stomach—"I shall go into a consumption before we go home."

"A consumption of food, I suppose," said Kate satirically. "Oh! yes, I'm always a darling angel when you want to get anything out of me. And as to the cavity, that's a cram, sir, for your heart is all there and nowhere else."

"I wish it was a cram," grumbled George, "then I shouldn't feel so empty. "Aren't *you* hungry, Madge?"

Madge nodded, and observed in a modest aside that there was plenty of the currant tart left. "You gave such little company-bits at dinner, Kate."

"Why didn't you ask for more, then?" asked Kate, sighing but yielding, and reaching her hand to the bell.

"Because Mr. Clive said you must be tired of helping so many. How I do hate people to say that when one hasn't had half enough! I say, Katie, do you remember Eve thought he would want to marry you when he first came?"

"Yes, I remember," said Kate, giving her head a toss of disdain at the idea. "Eve was out in her guess."

"Oh, gracious! I hope you won't," cried George, looking up from his plate of pie. "Look here, Kittie, why don't you marry M'Kenzie? He's ever such a much better fellow; and then I'd come and live with you, and he could teach me to swim; and it's much jollier doing my Latin with him than with old Smith."

"What a goose you are, George!" said Madge, while Kate grew rosy-red and bit her lips. "As if Kate would have you to live with her if she was married! Nurse says it's a great mistake to go and live with young married people; for they never like being advised, and——"

"Madge, I do wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense," cried poor Kate in desperation. "How would you like any one to hear you? Now, have you both finished?"

"But, Kate, it is not all nonsense," persisted Madge, clearing the juice out of her plate with laborious care. "Mr. M'Kenzie does like you. I asked him, and he said so; and I asked him if you were not much nicer than Miss Marryatt, and he said you were nicer than any girl he'd ever met; so why shouldn't you get married?"

"Ah! why shouldn't you? There, now!" added George with clinching severity.

Kate took him by the shoulders and gave him a little shake.

"I wish you would go to bed, both of you," she said, half laughing, half crying. "I never saw such a couple of children for talking of what you don't understand. 'Get married' indeed!"—repeating Madge's phrase with vast scorn—"I suppose you think I am bound to marry every one who likes me; and that I have nothing to do but to order anybody I like to marry me. If that is the sort of way you talk to Mr. M'Kenzie, I shall not let you be with him."

"I'm going back to London with him, so you can't stop me," sang George, turning a summersault before making a bolt up-stairs to his bed-room; and Madge followed, after asking Kate if she were coming too.

"No," said Kate, "I am going to sit up for Dick, and tack the clean frills into your jacket. Martin has been too busy to do it."

Kate might intend to sit up for Dick; but as that young gentleman stayed out till past two in the morning, and she was already tired by a five miles' walk that day, her endurance was not equal to her intentions; wherefore, after a couple of hours of very lonely and unhappy expectation (Kate was never a lover of solitude), she betook herself to bed, making up her mind to be down early and ask Dick what Mr. Clive had said the first thing in the morning. What could he have to say against Mr. M'Kenzie, a man so gentlemannered, quiet, and intellectual—a gentleman older than himself, and equally well-born? Why, it was preposterous! it was a miserable jealousy and love of detraction. Kate almost hated Bernard Clive at the moment; yet she did not quite believe him to be what her accusations involved. It must be only his dislike to herself which made him set himself against the friends she cared for. "And yet why should he dislike me so much?" thought Kate. "I have never done anything to him. I would even have been friends with him if he would have let me; but he won't. He makes me rude and passionate whenever I see him; and when I am feeling quite sorry for him, and kind, he snubs me and speaks as if——Oh, I can't bear him; and I almost hope Bee's beautiful Mrs. Grey won't marry him; for I am sure he would make her utterly miserable."

With which charitable conclusion Kate fell asleep, and was not even disturbed by the sound of Dick's coming up-stairs, and banging-to his bed-room door with his usual thoughtlessness, at the unholy hour afore-mentioned.

She had forgotten in her arrangements for the morrow that, however early she might be down, Dick was by no means certain to follow her example; more especially as the day was Sunday, and he had been in bed so late the night before. As it turned out, he did not even get up for church, but had his breakfast sent up-stairs to him; and George, who had been over to the inn bright and early, reported that he had seen nothing at all of Clive, but that Mr. M'Kenzie had said he had had a very stupid day away from them all, and had sent Kate a cluster of roses from his friend's greenhouse.

Those roses did Kate good. It was not like her to "let the sun go down on her wrath," and to warm it up with the morning orb was wellnigh impossible. The bitterness of Clive's words faded with the night, and the heat of her own humiliated her. After all, he was a lawyer, a cold, hard man; but he might have meant well. Perhaps Mr. M'Kenzie had offended him once on a time; or perhaps had some discreditable relatives whom Clive (being, as she knew, terribly proud and stand-aloof) could not dissociate from himself.

"He might not have said anything if I had not been so touchy," Kate thought with mortified candour; "and then I dare say I irritated him to say more than he meant. No one could really dislike Mr. M'Kenzie who knew him; but they are so utterly unlike, it would be difficult for them to get on well. I must manage to bring them together, and make them like one another. But oh, how provoking not to be able to see Dick before going to church! Mr. Clive must have had a great deal to say to keep him out so late; but what a shame to say anything against Dallas M'Kenzie when he is so good and kind, and *so* different from other men!" and Kate fell to sniffing her roses with a second little glow of gentle indignation.

It is a common mistake in humanity to imagine that whatever is deeply interesting to us must as deeply interest other people. Kate was thinking a great deal about Dallas M'Kenzie at present; and therefore, like a little fool, she fancied everybody else's mind must be similarly occupied. And Dick, like Kate, was so taken up with his own less innocent and more complicated affairs, that he imagined Clive's visit must have reference to them alone, and was impatient to get out of doors to discuss them with him. His first question, as they turned into the village street, was an eager—

"Well, old fellow, and what about that girl?"

The only "girl" occupying Clive's mind at that moment was Kate. He was just thinking how pretty she looked even when she was angry, and wondering within himself whether he should judge her angriness as harshly as he had done if it had been evoked in his defence, not Mr. M'Kenzie's. He started when Dick spoke, and repeated "Girl?" half vaguely.

"Yes, you know whom I mean," replied Dick impatiently—"Fanny Greypole, *my* young woman, and be hanged to her! Have you seen her again?"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DICK'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CLIVE turned round, roused from his own thoughts in an instant, and putting them away, as was customary with him, answered promptly—

"Yes, I have. And now, Dick, what do you mean to do about her?"

Dick shuffled and swore. Poor fellow! it was not to be wondered at that he so often sought refuge in strong language, for there was nothing else strong about him—not even his passions. His very viciousness was so weak, that if the power of resisting it had not been weaker still, he might have been a most innocuous member of society. Unfortunately, however, the negative qualities permissible in a woman are not sufficient for the lords of creation. It is *possible* for her to pass through life without a single noble thought—a single virtuous or unselfish action—and yet neither be guilty of positive hurt to herself or those around her; but in man an utter impotence for good implies in itself a certain potence for evil, both to himself and those connected with him. Dick's career was a proof thereof.

"You will have to do something, I am afraid," said Clive quietly. "She evidently considers you as engaged to her; and as she has lost a good match on your account, the mother is as evidently determined not to let you get off scatheless."

Dick alluded to Mrs. Greypole in terms which, had that lady overheard, she might have been tempted to carry into application by proving that her "bark was worse than her bite."

They had reached the door of the inn, and were looking down the steep narrow street, with the moonbeams glittering on every point and inequality in the rough pavement, and sleeping in a broad splash of silver on the waters of the cove beneath. Heavy masses of black cloud were moving slowly across the dark blue sky, and had thrown a dark band of shadow athwart the middle distance of the scarcely breathing sea; but beyond that again lay a thin streak of white, in the centre of which floated a tiny barque, every spar, block, and rope of which seemed to have been fashioned out of frosted silver by a fairy shipwright. Here and there a faint twinkle of light just reddened the window of some cottage whose habitants were more wakeful than the rest; and in some distant yard a dog was barking at intervals in a short jerking way,

as if it wanted to get free; but otherwise all was very still—very silent; and the two young men in their well-cut clothes, and with their fair gentlemanly faces, looked strangely out of keeping with the primitive rusticity of the scene around, and the quaint old-fashioned porch, with its peaked roof and red-tiled floor, of the old hostelry behind them.

They were just passing an open door in the little whitewashed, raftered passage leading to Clive's room; and in the act of stooping to put his boots outside, his handsome features clearly relieved against the square of light behind, stood Dallas M'Kenzie.

"Ah, Bellew! Good evening. How are you all up at the cottage?" he said in his bright genial way; and then, as his eye fell on Clive, he bowed, adding more coldly, "Mr. Clive, I suppose. I heard you were expected to-day."

"Yes—I have been promising my friend Lady Margaret and her son here to run down every day this week," Clive answered as stiffly, and not sorry to show that his visit was not without due authority. "But I am surprised to meet *you*. What can have made you leave town just as the people are coming back to it?"

"Partly from a whim, partly as nurse," M'Kenzie answered, laughing. "The season and its votaries are not such potent charmers for me as for you young Londoners. Good night."

And then he went inside, and the two young men passed on.

"Do you like him?" Clive asked. "I suppose, since you are so intimate, you do."

"Oh, yes—pretty well. He's more a woman's man than one of *us*, you know—always looking after the girls and playing with Dottie, and that sort of thing. Rather he than I, say I, where children are concerned; but I expect he got tired of Master George, and came down here in the hope of getting rid of him."

Clive sneered slightly. His opinion of Dick's penetration was below mediocrity.

"Do you know anything about him and his antecedents?" he asked.

"I know he belongs to the M'Kenzies of Glen Ruthie, and was in the Royal Engineers till he sold out. You met him in America, didn't you? so you ought to know more of him than I do. What was he up to then? and is there anything against him?"

Clive hesitated. He did know more of Dallas M'Kenzie, much that was against him in his own opinion, still more against his forming an intimacy with the Miss Bellews, and perhaps (it was a horrible idea; but George had suggested, and Kate's blushes confirmed it) winning the affections of the eldest girl. Five minutes ago he had been prompt to speak his knowledge, and warn Dick against encouraging a friendship with the Canadian; but during those five minutes a multitude of considerations had occurred to his mind, and stayed him in the very act of speaking. These reports so prejudicial to M'Kenzie, how had he heard them? In a lawyer's office among lawyers, and therefore to be considered as in some sort confidential; and jested about in idle gossip at the bar of an American hotel! Again, might they not have been incorrectly stated; and therefore, if hastily repeated, to be upset as unworthy of credence, however well founded at bottom? Again, was his motive pure from beginning to end in thus raking them up again to the man's disadvantage, and when the latter was leading a life honourable and respected among his fellow-men?

These were three important questions.

To solve them in three seconds was impossible. Only this was clear to him. Until he could feel implicit confidence in himself, he ought not to ask Dick to put confidence in him, especially to the detriment of a third person.

"I do not know much of him," he said slowly. "I met him once or twice only. He had just returned from Mexico then; and there were some unpleasant rumours about him and a Canadian lady. It is possible, however, that they were totally unfounded. Go on with what you were telling me about yourself first. M'Kenzie will keep."

Dick obeyed, nothing loth. He always preferred the subject of himself to that of other people; and if there were anything shady against M'Kenzie, it would be easy to drop him any day. Of that gentleman's feelings, or of Kate's, or of the possibility of such feelings being connected with one another, Dick never thought: it was not his way. Leaning both elbows on the table, and filling himself a stiffish glass of brandy and water, he went full tilt into his own troubles as linked with the fascinations of Miss Greypole.

Shall I give you the story in his words? I think not: it might be less wearisome in mine.

Fanny Greypole was the daughter of a well-to-do grocer and churchwarden, and had been early sent to a "college for young ladies," and taught to play the piano and speak French, until Mr. Greypole's sudden failure and death brought her home to a new order of things, and a less pleasant one than the old. Fortunately the widow was a woman of energy. She at once gave up her house, sold the fixtures, and taking a less expensive residence, put an advertisement in the daily papers of "board and lodging for a respectable single man of good position, or two brothers."

"Fanny must be married off quick," said Mrs. Greypole, "and married respectable. There's nothing like boarders for falling in love; and 'taint easy to play the fool with a young woman when her mother's got you both under her own nose."

Good reasoning! Unfortunately, however, Fanny did not remain under her mother's nose as desired; and it avails little having a right theory if the practice be not in unison with it. Fanny was a rather superior, very pretty, and very self-willed girl. The first boarder, an unexceptionably respectable young man, fell in love with her at once; Fanny fell out with him on some trifle or another; Mrs. Greypole took the lover's part; and Fanny—took herself away. She went to Lady Caroline Beaumont at Daulish Park, the grand lady of the neighbourhood, and with whose house she had got well acquainted in her childhood,

during visits paid to her aunt, who had been for thirty years Lady Caroline's housekeeper; and she managed to establish herself there as part lady's-maid, part companion to the Hon. Miss Beaumont, a chronic invalid with a spinal complaint, which kept her a perpetual prisoner to the sofa, and not unfrequently to her room. For such a person something rather different from the ordinary h-dropping, idealess waiting-maid was really needful; and Fanny—who could read aloud and do hair with equal dash, who knew all sorts of songs, and could sing them in a very fair voice, who could make dresses, and chatter vivaciously—became quite a godsend to the poor sufferer, and was made so much of by her, that the young woman found her situation, albeit twanging of the menial, infinitely more agreeable than a shabby back parlour, plenty of housework, and mother's scoldings, in the dingy street of a dingy country town.

It became still more agreeable after the arrival of Mr. Dick Bellew, on a visit to Lady Caroline during one of his summer vacations.

Besides her attendance on the invalid, Fanny had the special charge of accompanying Master Alick Beaumont, a child of seven, too restless for the nursery and too small for school, in his rambles in the park; Lady Caroline having a well-founded suspicion that, if left to himself, he would immediately betake himself to make acquaintance with the new kicking horse in his father's stables, or the weeds at the bottom of the round pond. Dick went out one day to smoke a meditative cigar in the park also, met Miss Greypole and her charge—the former radiant in white piqué and pink ribands, the latter gambolling in front—fell into conversation with her, was fascinated by her shy vivacity of speech, and fell headlong in love with her bright eyes and pretty face.

It was the work of ten minutes, but it was effectual. Dick had no appetite for dinner that day; and next morning he put on a new tie, pinned a moss-rose-bud in his button-hole, and sallied forth into the park at an earlier hour of the morning than generally had the honour of seeing him out of bed.

Fanny returned from her excursion that day with a pink rose-bud in her belt; and Master Alick was seedy from an over-surfeit of sugar-plums, and "didn't remember" anything about his walk to amuse mama with while she was dressing.

Dick had at first taken Miss Greypole for a visitor, in right of her smart clothes and white teeth and hands; and when he found that she was "only Isobel Beaumont's companion" (I am afraid Fanny said nothing about the hair-dressing or lady's-maid side of the matter), he merely gave fuller vent to his admiration, unchecked by dread of interference or cashiering from aristocratic father and mother. He meant nothing, of course, but to thoroughly enjoy himself; but he did mean that, and in laying himself out for that end gave little thought to the character of the girl he had to deal with. In fact, the gentleman was too deeply in love just then to *think* much of anything, and made as great a fool of himself as young men of his ilk are in the habit of doing on such occasions. Now, Fanny was not in love at all. She had not even broken with the lodger at home, merely meaning to "bring him down a peg or two" by her absence, and assert her authority to rule once and for all by a severe exposition of the consequences of rebellion; but she was no less bent than her mother on making a "good" marriage; and being perfectly well acquainted with Dick's family and position, decided that he would make by far the better match of the two, and that to be Mrs. Bellew, and on visiting terms with the lady in whose service she was now living, was decidedly preferable to becoming the spouse of plain John Higginson, clerk in a wool-broker's office.

To this end she played her cards. I don't think I need enter into the particulars of the game. Those who have seen it played by a skilful hand require no description of moves equally hackneyed and efficacious; and for others I need simply remark that by a judicious use of her personal charms, and a judiciously alternated coldness, coquetry, and yielding, Dick was not only brought to the pitch of a direct offer, but (greater triumph still) to confirm that offer in writing.

"Playing with you!" he wrote, when lashed to desperation by Fanny's coquetries—she having first worked him up little by little to a perfectly rampant state of affection; then, when he ardently pleaded for some return, having told him that he was only playing with her, and taking herself off immediately afterwards for two or three days, during which she declined to see him, and eluded all his efforts at an interview—"*Playing* with you! Oh, Fanny! how can you wrong my affection so cruelly? I declare to you that I would rather have you for a wife than any girl living! For Heaven's sake, Fanny, have pity on me! Say you will love me, and I will sacrifice my whole life to you. What is life worth to me without you? You say I don't want you for a wife. My beautiful love, how could you utter those words so coldly, and go away without giving me time to deny them? Only say you *will* be my wife and my own, and I will be what I am now—yours unalterably and for ever,—DICK BELLEW."

An uncommonly foolish letter to be written by a young man *not* in earnest; but, as you may perceive, poor Dick was too far gone by now to remember whether he was in earnest or no; and he not only sealed and sent it, but having on their subsequent interview been informed of Fanny's semi-engagement to the other gentleman, whom she introduced under the title of a "young wool-merchant," he flew into a regular lover's passion of jealousy, repeated all his offers more fervently than before, insisted on his rival's immediate dismissal, reiterated the whole scene in a passionate letter written that same evening; and, on Fanny's promising to obey him, and assuring him that she had no sentiment warmer than indifference for Mr. Higginson, presented her with a very pretty emerald ring (bought with his mother's money), and put it on Miss Greypole's finger in true lover's fashion, and in company with a shower of kisses. *Then* Fanny was satisfied, and became so

sweet and amiable as to wind herself more closely into Dick's heart than before, though always keeping him on the tenter-hooks by rigidly adhering to that "respectability" which Clive had somehow recognised in her first appearance.

Also she did what neither Clive nor Dick would have suspected: she went straight to Miss Beaumont, and told her in strictest confidence, and with childlike joy and bashfulness, that she was engaged to Mr. Bellew, Lady Caroline's guest. Miss Beaumont, in strictest confidence, and without any joy at all, told her mother; and Lady Caroline, very quietly, and without giving Dick an inkling of the real cause, contrived to bring that young gentleman's visit to a speedy end.

Before even doing this, however, she, with a due regard to the hearts of her other male guests, told Miss Greypole that her daughter would be going abroad very shortly, and could therefore dispense with her services as companion; and that young lady, in writing to her lover, told him as much in very plain and rather pathetic language. Dick did not feel the pathos. It was not easy for him, poor fellow, to feel very much for even his best-beloved when she was away from him. However, he wrote an affectionate letter; and Fanny, who had grown very fond of the scapegrace after all, took it for more than it meant, and was content.

They did not meet again for six months. Dick's letters had dropped off in ardour, and grown few by degrees and beautifully less. He had been through two or three flirtations or similar *délassements*, and was indeed in a fair way to forget the Greypole episode as though it had never been. Its heroine, however, was not so minded. Dick might mean to ignore the past, but Fanny determined to recall it. She said no word of complaint, even to her fickle lover; but, after waiting patiently for a given time, wrote to an uncle at Oxford, a farmer with three handsome sons, that she was wanting change of air, and would come down, if he were willing, to try it at the farm.

Three days later, Dick, lounging up the 'High' for his afternoon stroll, met the enchantress looking prettier than ever, bewitchingly attired, and accompanied by the handsomest of the three cousins. Needless to say the effect. Fanny had managed, by tact as much as beauty, to pierce young Bellew's heart beneath the skin; and the wound had only partially healed. It broke out afresh at the unexpected rencontre with the young woman who had inflicted it, was aggravated by a judiciously blended show of cheerfulness and indifference on her part, and festered by jealousy of the cousin, until Master Dick found himself more hopelessly in love than ever, and renewing all his vows, protestations, and promises, till, just when he was gliding to the very verge of a private marriage, the handsome cousin, suspecting that he was only being made a tool of in the matter, proposed for himself—was refused—and Fanny had to leave the farm.

Of course, as soon as she and her witcheries were gone, Dick repented himself of his folly; and tried to drown the remembrance of it as speedily as possible, and in such a manner as to procure his rustication, and cover his mother with affliction. The former event, however, brought with it this consoling reflection—"She'll be sure to forget all about me before the year is over, especially as she don't know where I am." Unfortunately, Fanny knew his home address as well as the college one; and as Dick never wrote a letter without betraying something which he meant to hide, she managed to gather a pretty good idea of his doings and movements, until the sudden flight to Combe Regis baffled her just as she and her mother had determined to come up to London and insist on a fulfilment of the "engagement" which, since their last meeting, Dick had seemed entirely to ignore.

Such was the story of young Bellew's connection with Miss Greypole, not as told by Dick, but as deduced by Clive from the rival accounts of man and maid, sifted and weighed according to the experience of a legal mind. When it was finished he said drily—

"Well, Dick, as far as I can see you have made a consummate fool of yourself, and will have to pay for it."

"Why, you don't mean to say she'll bring an action about it, do you?" asked Dick miserably.

"That is just what I do mean to say, unless you settle it with her beforehand."

"What! Sue me for breach of——Oh! hang it all, old fellow; why, it would ruin me bag and baggage. You're out there. Fanny's a deal too fond of me for that."

"Fanny is fond of you in a certain way; but she is fonder of herself, her good name, and well-being. She will nŏt allow any of those to be damaged by maudlin sentimentality on her part, I assure you; and even if *she* were weak, her mother would be strong for her."

Dick again apostrophised Mrs. Greypole with the choicest hyperboles of endearment.

"I might just as well hang myself," he observed dolefully.

"As marry Miss Greypole?"

"Gracious! No, that's out of the question of course. If she were only a lady I'd marry her to-morrow; that is if I'd any tin to keep her on; but as it is——"

"Marriage is, as you say, out of the question. Then, Dick, let me advise you, as a friend, to tell Miss Greypole so plainly and honestly; show her that for your mother's and sister's sake you have not a right to damage your social position, even if you would wish to do so. Speak to her frankly. Tell her you've behaved liked a fool and a blackguard" ("Thank you," grumbled Dick) "and appeal to her generosity. If that doesn't answer, offer the mother what compensation you can; but for Heaven's sake keep it out of the police courts. That would be worse for your family than any *mésalliance*."

"Hang my family!" said Dick peevishly. "It is *I* who am to be considered first, I think; but no one ever gives a thought to that. Hullo! it's getting on

for two; I must be off. One word though, Clive: I'll bet you three to one that, before I've said half the things you've been suggesting, I shall be on my knees begging Fanny to be mine at any price. There's something about that girl perfectly irresistible."

"Then give me your word not to see her again, except in the presence of myself or some cooler head than your own. Write to her; or if you must see her let it be with a friend who can help you. Come, Dick, your promise on that."

"All right," said Dick; "I don't *want* to find myself spliced, I can assure you. Good night, old fellow; you shall write the letter for me."

And then Mr. Bellew took himself away, without another word having been said on the subject of Dallas M'Kenzie.

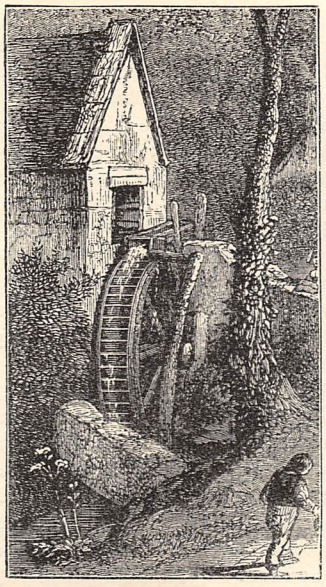
Left alone, Clive gave his mind to the latter, and thought about him long and steadily. The more indignant he felt with Mr. M'Kenzie for having inserted himself into an intimacy with the Bellews with any slur hanging over him, the more he felt that it was for any one rather than himself to betray him.

"I will wait," was his concluding thought, "wait and see for myself whether my suspicions are correct; and if I see anything to confirm them, I will go straight to M'Kenzie himself, tell him what I have heard against him, and give him the choice of disproving it, of breaking with the Bellews, or of no longer allowing them to remain in ignorance of his character. He is a gentleman and a man of honour in most matters; and even if we have a row about it, I believe he will behave fairly and above-board, if treated in a like manner. I hate underhand work."

"COME, DICK, YOUR PROMISE ON THAT."

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

MY HERO.



"I SHALL build the wall, Nelly."

"Why, uncle dear," I said, "how changeable you are! It was only yesterday you told me you had given it up altogether."

"Yes, I had yesterday, Nelly; but I've altered my mind today. I shall build the wall, and carry it right round the house, and have high gates, and a big key to lock 'em up, and keep it in my pocket."

"Why, whatever for?" I said laughing.

"Because," he answered, as he put his arm round me, and began stroking my hair in his dear old loving way—only it does tumble it so—"because it's quite time: else I shall come home one of these days and find it ain't home any longer, as some of these fellows have carried off my little housekeeper."

"Oh, uncle!" I said, turning all hot and red, as I bent down cutting Phil's sandwiches; "how can you talk such foolishness?"

"'Tain't foolishness, my little lassie," he said, watching me very hard; "it's nature, Nell. Murray put it to me plump and plain, yesterday—spoke right out."

"What about, uncle?" I said, feeling hotter and quite angry.

"What about, pussy!" he said chuckling. "Of course, you don't know. Told me like a man he loved you, and said he thought he ought to tell me so; for if he didn't, he felt as if he came to the mill on false pretences. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm sure, uncle," I cried angrily, "I never gave Mr. Oliver Murray the least encouragement. Oh! don't, uncle, you're coming off all floury on my dress."

"To be sure, I am, Nelly," he said laughing, "same as I have hundreds of times, like a jolly miller should. And so you've never given him any encouragement, eh?"

"Never, uncle," I cried indignantly; and, in spite of all I could do, the tears would gather in my eyes, and one fell pat on the bread-and-butter between which I was laying slices of meat.

"Why, you wicked young fibster," he cried laughing, "every look out of those eyes is an encouragement; every wave of that sunny brown hair; there's an encouraging dimple in that cheek, another in that, and one in your chin. Why, pussy, pussy, you're a wicked little encouragement to all the young men for miles round—from top to toe—and I don't wonder at Parson saying what he did."

"What did Mr. Wilson say?" I cried eagerly, for I loved our dear, gentle old clergyman, and many a time I had been round with him in his visits to the sick and aged in the village, where his benevolent face and silvered head were always welcome.

"What did he say!" laughed uncle, placing his great hand under my chin, and looking me full in the face; "why, that he should forbid you the church—have you locked out, because the lads were all staring at you instead of listening to his sermon."

"It's all nonsense," I said angrily, for I'm sure I never thought I was nice-looking, and what uncle said seemed to trouble me.

"It's all nonsense too about John Fleming, I suppose," said my uncle, watching me very narrowly. "Wonderful how fond that chap's got of me lately!"

"Has he, uncle?" I said, bending over the sandwiches.

"Has he! Yes, he has; he calls whenever he's going into the town, to see if he can do anything for me; calls of an evening to ask how the horses are; calls of a morning to tell me the price of wheat; hang him, he's always calling, he's so very fond of me—eh, Nelly? You've seen it, haven't you?"

"I—I've—I think I've seen that Mr. Fleming does come very often, uncle," I said, and I know my neck grew scarlet, as I tied the sandwiches up in a little packet, and though I tried so hard, I kept getting more confused—the more so that I knew dear uncle was watching me narrowly.

"Yes," he said drily, "I should think you had," and he sighed gently. "Nelly, my little lassie," he said, taking me once more in his arms, and speaking very seriously, "it's all very natural, and I don't murmur, though it'll be a black day for the old mill when my darling's taken away."

"Oh, uncle!"

"Yes, I say when my darling's taken away; but don't be in a hurry, my child. All isn't gold that glitters: many a good, true little heart has been won by a handsome face and smooth words, when, if that good, true little heart had had the wisdom to see it, there has been sterling worth and a more faithful love hidden behind some rough outside. It isn't the ruddiest apple in the orchard that's the best, Nelly. There's many a better one with a rough skin, that's better-tasted, and firm and sound, where your handsome, streaky fruit's bitter, mealy, and rotten at the core."

I couldn't help it now. I burst into tears.

"Has Noll Murray said anything to you, lassie?"

"No, uncle," I said angrily; "and if he did, I——"

"Should say no to him—eh, lassie?"

"Yes, uncle, of course," I exclaimed; but all the same my heart kept beating strangely.

"I'm a plain, blunt man, my dear," he said; "and

I tell you I'm sorry for it. Oliver Murray's a staunch, true man, well-to-do, and as open and honest as the day. Has Fleming said anything to you?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't—I was choking.

"Silence gives consent," he said quietly. "Well, my dear, it must come, I suppose, some day; but don't hurry, my child, don't hurry. I won't thwart you in your wishes, but if I must lose you some day, I should like to feel that you'd gone to a happy home."

I hardly know what followed, only that I threw my arms round his neck, and was sobbing on the honest, broad old breast, where I had so often cried myself to sleep when first he fetched me, a poor trembling little orphan, years before, to his own widowed home, where he had shared his love between me and his one child, cousin Philip, ever since. I know I sobbed and cried as if my heart would break, as I told him again and again that I loved no one but Philip and him, and that I never, never wished to go away from the dear old mill.

I was in the midst of one of my most passionate protestations, when some one cried—

"Hallo! what's the matter?"

I turned hastily away, for there was Philip, with his fresh, young, eager face and wide-open eyes, at the door, fastening his pony's bridle to the ring, while he came in to fetch his sandwiches and the puffs which I had made for him to take to school.

"Hallo!" he said again, "what's the matter; has cousin Nelly cut herself?"

"Here," said uncle gruffly, "you take your dinner, sir, and be off. You'll be late."

"Oh, no, I shan't, father," cried the boy.

"Then you'll be galloping the pony all the way, you dog," said uncle. "Now look here, Phil, you're about going mad over that pony. You cantered across the low meadow last night."

"Yes, father," said the boy, hanging his head.

"And you got jumping the ditch—now don't deny it, sir; there are the hoof-marks in the soft turf.

"I wasn't going to deny it, father," said the boy frankly. "It was only a little ditch, and Jack Sanders said I couldn't."

"Oh!" said uncle sharply; but I know he looked pleased the while; "and so then if Jack Sanders or any other chuckle-headed fellow dares you to do anything, you're to break your neck, eh? Now be off to school."

"All right, father," cried the boy; and the minute after there was the trampling of the pony's hoofs outside, and with my eyes now dried, I walked with uncle round to the front of the mill cottage, where we stood at the gate as, bright, happy, and eager in the sunny morning, the boy cantered along, and dashed down to where the glistening river ran bubbling over the pebbly ford.

"Look at the young dog!" cried uncle crossly, but with a smile on his face, as Phil drummed the pony's ribs with his heels, and galloped through the water, sending it splashing, flying, and sparkling in every direction.

I smiled up in uncle's face, and we went back into the house together, the pretty old place standing in its beautiful garden, with the busy water-mill and the wooden bridge about fifty yards away, while the bright little river ran noisily along its bed, after turning the great plashing wheel; and all round the great high Derbyshire hills shut us in from every blast.

"Don't be in a hurry, my child," uncle said seriously, as he kissed my forehead. "And now for business.—Why, hallo!" he said, tapping the barometer, "how the glass is going down! Rain, my dear, and lots of it, before long. Well, the river's very low."

He went out then, and I tried to be busy over the household affairs, but somehow I couldn't keep my thoughts off uncle's words; and when once I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, it was to see that my cheeks were red as fire.

At last I was sitting in the little parlour, working by the open window, feeling more at peace, when I heard footsteps which set my heart beating furiously, and a minute after there was a tap at the door, and John Fleming came in, after our homely, neighbourly style.

"Ah, Miss Wilmot!" he said; "I've just come back from the town. I thought Mr. Wilmot would like to see the paper. Isn't he here?"

Now, as John Fleming stood there, flushed with exercise, a fine, handsome, tall fellow of five-and-twenty, I couldn't help thinking what a picture he made of health and manly strength. My heart was beating fast, for I knew he professed to love me, and in my girlish way I was attracted to him, he was so attentive, so fond of waylaying me, and so tender and respectful in his ways; but, fresh from my conversation with uncle then, I could not help feeling that it was an underhanded way of coming to see me, to drop in with such an excuse, when he perfectly well knew that uncle was in the mill, as he always was at that time of the day.

"Uncle is in the mill," I said; and I meant to speak coldly, but somehow the words would not sound as I meant them to sound, and the next minute he had drawn a chair to my side, and was talking to me as he had never spoken before. He was calling me Nelly, and praising my beauty; telling me he loved me with all his heart, and that if I refused him he should never be happy again. And all the time his handsome face was bending over me, and when I dared to peer up in his eyes, they were looking so earnestly into mine that I grew fluttered, and trembled. When I tried to speak my voice was all of a shake, and I kept on thinking as he spoke of what happiness it would be to have him loving me through life as he said he would; and I'm afraid that my face betrayed this, for he kept on talking more earnestly each minute.

And still through all came dear uncle's words—"Don't be in a hurry;" and when I asked myself did I love this man, the answer did not come as it should have come, and I felt that I should like to run away, and cry all by myself, but he tightly held my hand.

"You know I love you, Nelly," he whispered, in deep earnest tones, and he tried to take my other hand, which I was drawing away, when I heard voices

coming, and I heaved a sigh of relief as John Fleming started up, looked through the window, and then gave his foot a stamp of vexation.

"Here's that lout Murray," he exclaimed, and he snatched up the paper he had let fall, and stood in the middle of the room, as uncle came in, closely followed by Oliver Murray, who gave a start as he saw Fleming, and then his frank honest face twitched, and I saw a cold grey shadow cross it, and I knew that he was suffering intense pain.

"Ah, Fleming!" said uncle quietly, "you here!"

"Yes, Mr. Wilmot," said Fleming, smiling; "I've brought you over the paper, that's all. Just off. Good morning.—Good morning, Miss Wilmot," he said, pressing my hand.

"Good morning, and thank you, my lad," said uncle quietly, his eyes fixed on me the while; and then, with a short nod to Oliver Murray, John Fleming went out, while our other visitor crossed to me, and shook hands in a quiet, grave way, and I could see now the pain I had caused shining out of his soft grey, earnest eyes; for had not this man, with all the tact of a gentleman, told my uncle that he loved me?—though, save in his grave, gentle way, and little kindnesses, he had never shown it to me.

I could not help comparing the two men—the one, tall, handsome, and *distingué;* the other, broad-shouldered and plain—as I said a few words distantly, in reply to his inquiries; and I saw his lip quiver as I read him through and through, as a girl may read any true, frank man; and he was saying to himself, "God bless her! may she be happy with him." And then, in spite of my outer coldness, the throbbing of my heart began again, as I could not help thinking how true and earnest and tender was this grave, grey-eyed man towards the woman who he felt was gone from him for ever; and my heart seemed to swell with a great pity for one who could be such a gentleman at heart.

"I think you're right, Murray," said uncle, tapping the glass again. "She's gone down again in the last hour or two, wonderful."

"I could hear the distant thunder as I came across," said Oliver, gazing at me the while; "they're having a heavy storm on the hills, and I thought I'd come and warn you."

"Thanky, my lad, thanky," said uncle; "we want water badly, but too much might do us mischief; however, we'll be prepared with open sluices, and the rest of it. Are you busy?"

"No, sir," said Oliver; "I came down prepared to help."

"Thanky, my lad, thanky," said uncle. "Murray will have a bit of dinner with us, Nelly—but, hang it, man, what's the matter? you look like somebody else. You were as cheery as a cricket as we came."

I dare hardly glance at him, but I did; and I saw the grave, pained eyes wander from me to uncle, and back again, and there was a terrible silence in the room.

At last he spoke.

"I've been took aback, Mr. Wilmot," he said, with a piteous smile; "I have been surprised this morning, and after what I said to you, sir, it has come upon me like a thunderclap. I'm not myself—I—Miss Wilmot," he said, making an effort over himself, and speaking calmly, as he came to where I stood, feeling *white* now, and took my hand, "we may be neighbours for years, so I think it better—to speak out plainly—said some words to your uncle yesterday—in ignorance—I did not know what I know now, or I would not have spoken. I meant to have—to have asked you to be my wife, for I was blind to everything—but the fact that I loved you very dearly. Now it is all over, and I say—God bless you! May you be very happy!"

He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it, as if I had been a queen, and my heart swelled more and more with the great pity that filled it even to bursting; and as he dropped it, and stood gazing reverently at me, I could hear no more, but ran up-stairs to throw myself on my bed, and lie there sobbing as if my heart would break.

I don't know how long I lay there, dinner and everything forgotten, but those two soft, tender, piteous eyes looking into mine, when I started up awake to the fact that the room looked very dark, that it was thundering heavily, and there was the sound of rushing waters.

I hastily bathed my eyes, which were now dazzled by the lightning, and smoothed my hair, to go down and find no one below; but out at the front the rain was coming down in a sheet, and the little river had swollen so that its frothy surface was level with the foot-bridge.

"Oh, miss, ain't it awful?" said a voice at my elbow. "Master's at the mill with Mr. Murray and the men, and they're afraid somethin' will be swep' away—oh!"

The girl—our maid—gave a shriek as a vivid flash of lightning seemed to fill the house; and for the next hour the lightning, rain, and thunder were incessant, though I never left the window for a moment.

Once, in the midst of it all, uncle and Oliver Murray came running up from the mill, drenched both of them to the skin, to fetch a screw-wrench and a couple of crow-bars; and the water streamed from them as they said a few cheery words, telling me not to be afraid, and then ran back.

Suddenly the storm seemed to be swept back towards the hills, the rain ceased as if by magic, the thunder grew more distant, and the lightning more rare; but as I hastily tied on a hat, and went out over the streaming paths, the sight of the little river was now terrific. The water was almost black, but covered with foam as it rushed along. The bridge was swept away, corn sheaves, dead sheep, loose hay, and trees were being whirled along, and if it went on swelling I could see that the mill would be in danger.

"Ah, Nelly dearest!" said a voice, "I've come to see if I can be of any help;" and turning, there stood John Fleming, well dressed, dry, and unruffled, as he threw off a macintosh.

Just then out from the mill came uncle and Oliver Murray, grimy, soaked, and with their hair clinging to their foreheads.

"Ah, Fleming! come to help?" said uncle grimly; "better stand aside, my lad; we shall soil you."

He laughed, and whispered something to me about Oliver Murray's appearance; but I turned away indignantly, as Murray smiled pleasantly, and said—

"Ah, I don't look much of a lady's man now."

"Oh, good heavens! I forgot that boy," cried my uncle, and he ran down a few yards to the edge of the stream, waving his hand frantically; for there on the other side of the swift current, now a hundred yards broad, came our boy Phil, cantering on his pony to where should have been the ford, but which was now a fierce torrent, fifteen feet deep.

"Back, Phil, back!" cried my uncle; and we all waved our hands to him; but the reckless boy, who heard nothing for the roar of the waters, made our blood run cold, for without a moment's hesitation he gave the pony the whip, dashed down the road, and plunged in to swim across.

I uttered a shriek, I think for the first time in my life; uncle gave a groan, and staggered back; Oliver Murray stood as if turned to stone; and John Fleming caught me in his arms and tried to turn me away from the dreadful sight; but I struggled from him, to see our darling wave his hand for help, as the torrent swept him and his pony out farther into the stream.

Once the gallant boy tried hard to turn the pony's head to swim back, but he was in the power of a torrent that would have mastered a hundred times the little Shetland's strength, and I knew that there was not a particle of hope.

We all ran down by the side of the rushing stream, and could now see the boy's despairing look, as he waved his hand to us, while John Fleming ran about crying—

"A boat, a boat!—Go back, Philip, go back!"

"Oh, uncle," I cried, catching his arm, "you must not—you cannot!" for he was taking off his coat.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" he groaned. "God help me, I can't swim a stroke!"

At that moment my eyes fell on Oliver Murray, and I felt again poor uncle's words, even in that horrible time of trial. The man was noble—handsome now, in the wondrous look that came over him; for while the spick-and-span, well-dressed rival ran calling for help, the other had thrown off coat, vest, and boots, and rolled up the dripping shirt over his great muscular arms.

One moment he was at my side, to catch my hand, as his bright grey eyes looked into mine, saying plainly, for I read them—

"Good-bye!"

The next moment he was running from us twenty yards down the rushing stream, where, with a dash and a plunge, he forced his way in, and swam boldly out to try and meet the drowning boy.

I pray Heaven I may never again see such a sight as that, though my heart throbbed with joy the while, as I saw my hero struggle on, now swept away, and whirled round in an eddy, now borne under in a whirlpool, while the pony battled bravely on in mid-stream, but without Philip, who was now swimming alone, but sinking—sinking as I watched him, unable to remove my eyes from the horrible sight.

It was like a hideous nightmare. I remember Fleming coming to me, to draw me away, and I believe I struck at him with my hands to keep him back. I remember seeing uncle running along, far out in the water, that threatened to sweep him too away; and I remember seeing our darling sink while Oliver was swimming far below. Then all seemed to be misty, dreamy, and confused, till I woke like one from a trance to hear the shouting of those by my side, for I could not have been insensible a minute.

"Yes!"—"No!"—"He'll never do it!"—"He's got him!"—"No, no, it's all over!—Oh!"

There was one deep groan in chorus then, and I dashed lower down the stream, to see low down in the rushing water a dark head and a pair of starting eyes, not twenty yards away from the edge. Then I saw the strong swimmer was spent, was being swept away, and that all was over, when the stream bore him against a standing tree, to which he clung, till a brave fellow swam to him with a rope, and I saw what seemed to be three bodies dragged ashore.

It was a hard fight for life even then, for both Murray and our darling were insensible when carried up to the mill cottage; but willing hands were about the doctor, and Mr. Wilson helped; and that evening I knelt by Oliver Murray's bedside, holding his hand, as I wept over it tears of thankfulness and joy.

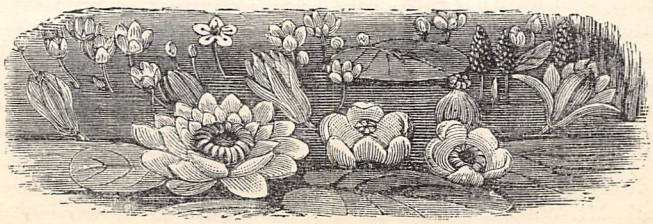
I don't think it was then, but two days afterwards, while I was his nurse—for he was very ill, cut and injured by the stones of the valley-side—that, in answer to a question, I told him he was mistaken about John Fleming.

"But you love him?" he said, in a faint whisper.

"No," I said, in as low a voice, "and I never could."

Need I tell you that I hid my blushing face in his two hands, that were stretched out feebly to me? or, more than that, need I say that for many, many happy years I have been the wife of Oliver Murray—my hero?

G. MANVILLE FENN.



A NIGHT'S WORK IN THE CHINESE WAR.

A VETERAN'S STORY.

EVER been in China, sir? Well, 'pon my word, you ought to go, just once, if only to see what a queer place it is. I've read somewhere of a country where everything grew bottom upwards, and I'm blowed if China ain't that style all over. It's just as if they'd laid theirselves out to do everything right contrairy-ways to what we have it. When you want to go into deep mourning, you put on white; and your compass points south instead of north; and the biggest insult you can put on a man is to take off your hat when you goes into his house; and when you're puzzled, you scratch your hip instead of your head; and old men fly kites in place o' boys; and men wear petticoats, and women trousers; and they hang fellows by their heels instead of their neck; and the vessels goes starn-foremost; and the language ain't got no grammar, nor no alphabet, nor nothin'. Fact, it's a place to make a man go stark starin' mad, blest if 'tain't; and I think I should, too, if I'd been there much longer.

But though I warn't there long, I saw some warm work, too, I can tell yer; for them Chinamen, although they do fight in a ramshackle fashion as 'ud turn any man's stomach what had been used to straightforward warfare, ain't altogether sich muffs as folk makes 'em out. They've got Rooshian guns now, and plenty on 'em; and I've heerd say as they've got Rooshian gunners to teach 'em how to handle 'em; and with the drillin' they got from the English and Yankee officers in the Taiping war, they know a thing or two now as they didn't know formerly; and some on 'em are brave fellows enough, for Asiatics. Then, you see, now that they Japanese (the very ones as they're most afeard on) have took to the new system, the Chinamen's got to follow suit, if only for fear of 'em. The worst thing about 'em is, that even when they do take up an improvement, they always go about it in their old left-handed way; and as for gettin' 'em out o' that into the proper shipshape style, it's as bad as tryin' to eat soup with a one-pronged fork.

"HE JUST MANAGED TO GIVE MY HAND ONE GRIP" (*p.* 559).

Well, sir, as I was a-going to tell you, this big march of ourn up country towards the end o' the war (as mayhap you've heerd on) was just about the nastiest bit o' work as ever I had. It rained cats and dogs pretty nearly all the time, and our line o' march was all through them precious rice-fields; and if you don't know what a rice-field's like, just imagine a dish o' soup a mile long, with a lot o' weggitables stickin' up

out of it every now and then—and there you are! The natives had abandoned their houses, and cut away with everything they had, so that very often we could get nothing to eat; and what with that, and the rain, and the mud, and the fleas, and our getting no fighting to amuse us (for we never fired a shot till the time I'm going to tell you about), we did have a sweet time of it, and no mistake!

But, 'pon my word (though it seems a queer thing to say), I think some of our chaps rather enjoyed it than not. You see, an Englishman must have his grumble, if he were Adam in Paradise—'cause why, it's his natur'; and so, when everything's a-goin' as wrong as wrong can be, and he can have a good big grumble with a clear conscience, why, then it sort o' refreshes him like.

At last we got near the spot we was bound for; and everybody began for to brighten up at the hidear o' gettin' some fightin' at last. You see, there was a big fort a good way up one o' the rivers, as kep' our gun-boats from gettin' any higher; and the game was for us to go in at it from the landward side, while the blue-jackets tackled it by water, so as to cotch it like atwixt two fires. But, o' course, we knowed that the gunboats 'ud make quicker work of it a-coming up the stream nor what we could do trampoosing through the mud across country; so we marched the most part o' the night, puttin' our best foot foremost, not to keep 'em waiting.

Well, sir, I think that 'ere night's work was just 'bout the worst I ever had. It rained all the time—not in a natteral fashion, but as if somebody had pulled a string, and let down the whole sky on yer at once; and there we were, splashing through the mud in pitch-darkness, with the wet rice-stalks a-switchin' our faces every now and again, and not a drop o' liquor among the lot on us. As to food, we hadn't tasted none for I don't know how many hours; so, just 'bout midnight, as we passed through one o' them little villages, my chum Jack Hardy whispers to me—

"Sam, old boy, I'm blowed if I stand this any longer. I'm jist a-goin' right into one of these 'ere cribs, to see if I can't find nothin' to eat. Here goes."

In he went. They was all much the same style was the huts—little hutches of bamboo and thatch, with a smell about 'em worse nor the worst pigsty as ever was. But in the fust he comed to, by good luck, the folks had been cookin' when the fright of our comin' scared 'em away, and there was a big iron pot on the ashes, jam-full o' them little round Chinee dumplings, hardly bigger'n marbles. Jack empties 'em into his knapsack (for o' course there warn't no time to eat 'em then), and on we goes again.

It might ha' bin 'bout an hour arter that, as near as I can guess it, that we heard the bang of a big gun somewheres ahead of us. At fust we thought we'd got within range of the fort (for it was that dark that you might ha' broke your nose agin the wall afore you see'd it), but presently cum another gun, and by the flash on't we could just make out a long low stockade, summut like a garden-fence, right ahead. Presently bang again, and one of our chaps says—

"That ain't a Chinee gun, anyhow."

No more it warn't, neither. It was our gun-boats a-pitchin' into the fort; and this 'ere stockade as we'd seen was the wall of the fort itself. So then our commandin' horficer (name o' Captain P——, and as fine a feller as ever stepped) passes the word to lie down and keep quiet till the fort's fire slackened, and then be ready to rush in. Then Jack whispers to me, "Time to lay the table, Sam," and he outs with the dumplings, and we finishes 'em all, every one on 'em.

So there we lay, sir, crouched down in the darkness among the wet rice-stalks, drenched right through to the very bones, and with the mud a-bubblin' up all round us—for though the rain had knocked off by this time, the ground was jist like so much tapioker. There we lay, I say, stiff and sore and shivering, watchin' the flashes o' the guns as the fort and the gun-boats banged away at each other, and longin' for the word to be up and at 'em. But pretty soon we had summut else to think of, for the flash o' the firin' showed the enemy where we were, and they begun for to give it us hot with their guns and ginghals (that's a sort o' heavy blunderbuss-like thing, summut like a two-year-old cannon, as takes two men to work it). Every now and then you'd hear a cry, and a sort o' slosh in the darkness, and know that there was another poor feller polished off; and that made us so mad to be at 'em, that our officers had enough to do to hold us in.

But we had light enough afore long, and no mistake, for, right in the teeth o' the firin', our blue-jackets had been and put off a boat to burn two junks as lay under the guns o' the fort. The fust grey o' mornin was just a-comin' in the sky, and I could see the gun-boat like a black shadow through the mist, and the flash of the launch's oars as they dipped and rose again. But the fire didn't catch properly, it only flickered and smouldered; and I heerd the lieutenant's voice sayin'—

"My lads, you've bungled that job somehow."

"Ax yer honour's pardon," says the coxswain, "shall we go back and do it agin?"

And back they went to set fire to 'em agin, with the shot tearin' the water into foam all round 'em. But jist as they reached the junks, the fire bust out at last, one great red roarin' blaze, fit to melt the very marrow in their bones. Then they pulled away as sharp as they could, but the glare brought 'em out as clear as daylight, and in a moment there was a reg'lar crash o' big guns and musketry, right upon 'em. Luckily most o' the shot went over their heads; but one rascal, hidden in the bushes, shot the bow-oar clean through the heart, so that he dropped dead without a cry. In a second the coxswain was into the water and up the bank to where the shot came from. The Chinee ran for his life, but the coxswain chased him right up to the very wall, and then I caught the glitter of his cutlass as it rose and fell, and down the feller went.

Just then I heard a choked kind of cry beside me, and there lay poor old Jack at my feet. I sprang to

pick him up, but it was no use; a bullet had gone clean through his breast, and he just managed to give my hand one grip, and then it was all over.

"Well," says I, setting my teeth, "if I live to get well in among 'em, I'll make 'em pay for this."

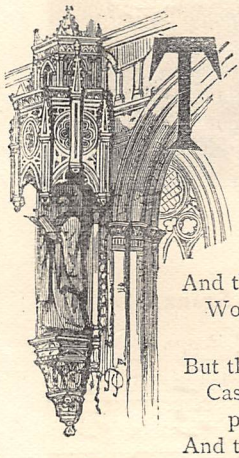
Jist then cum the word to advance, and it freshened me up in a moment, like a double ration. For'ard we all went like mad, and fust thing we knew was goin' splash into a big ditch, as took us well over the waist; but we floundered through somehow, scrambled over the stockade beyond, and got right in among 'em. And then we made short work of it, I promise you. Some of our officers tried to hold us in, but there was no stopping us *then*—we were just like madmen. It was all like a dream to me till I found myself leaning agin a gun, all alone, feelin' dazed and heavy, as if I'd just woke up arter a nightmare, and with my clothes all in tatters.

And when all was over, I cum across the coxswain o' the launch (him as cut down the Chinee on the bank), and I says to him, says I—

"Coxswain," says I, "didn't yer feel anyways narvous while you was a-runnin' right among 'em arter that feller?"

"Yes," says he with a grin, "precious narvous—*o' his escapin' me!*" D. K.

IN THE CATHEDRAL



TO the arched and lofty ceiling
Lordly columns rose around;
And the breathless hush of silence
Was not broken by a sound.

Through the stained and stately windows
Did the dying sunlight shine;
And the radiant faces on them
Wore a rapture more divine.

But the slowly sinking splendour
Cast long shadows through the place;
And the former glory faded
From each fair celestial face.

Then my poet-soul, indulging
In a reverie sublime,
Sought to wander back in fancy
Through the centuries of time.

Underneath the sculptured marble
King and captain slept around:
And I knew the place was haunted—
Knew I stood on holy ground.

When the pulseless heart no longer
Throbs with passion in the breast,
Shall the spirit share the quiet
Of that long unruffled rest?

Deeper grew the sombre shadows;
And my dreamy glance, the while,
Saw a knightly train approaching
Down the dim cathedral aisle.

From the helmets of the heroes
Crests and plumes were shorn away,
And the dust of weary marches
On their dinted armour lay.

They had fought at famous Hastings,
In the van of battle trod,
When the brave and princely Harold
Perished on the trampled sod;

Dying in the hottest fore-front,
Where the valiant ever die,
Where the chariots and the horsemen
Wait to whirl their souls on high!

And the glad "Te Deum" anthem
Rose in triumph from the band—
For the Norman banners floated
Over all the conquered land—

Whilst the organ pealed sonorous
Thunder from its throats of gold,
And the swelling storm of music
Through the vast cathedral rolled;

And the grand reverberations
Rang responsive all around—
Thrilled along the lofty columns—
Died in murmurs on the ground.

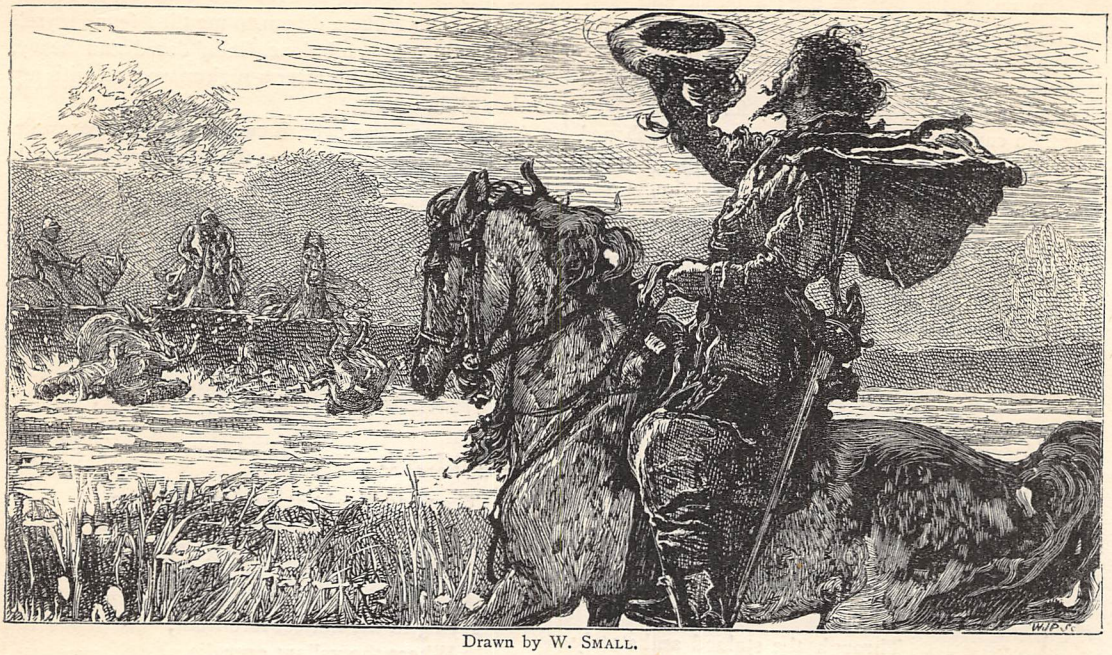
This was but a poet's fancy,
Born of passion and the brain:
Often does that dream of music,
Wondrous dream, return again.

Often, in the twilight musing,
Does the solitude inspire,
Till I hear the organ pealing
And the singing of the choir—

Till the gloom before me glitters
With the fitful gleam of steel,
And the sacred pavement echoes
To the ring of knightly heel—

Till my dreamy vision, looking
Down the dim cathedral aisle,
Sees in picturesque procession
Mail-clad heroes pass, the while.

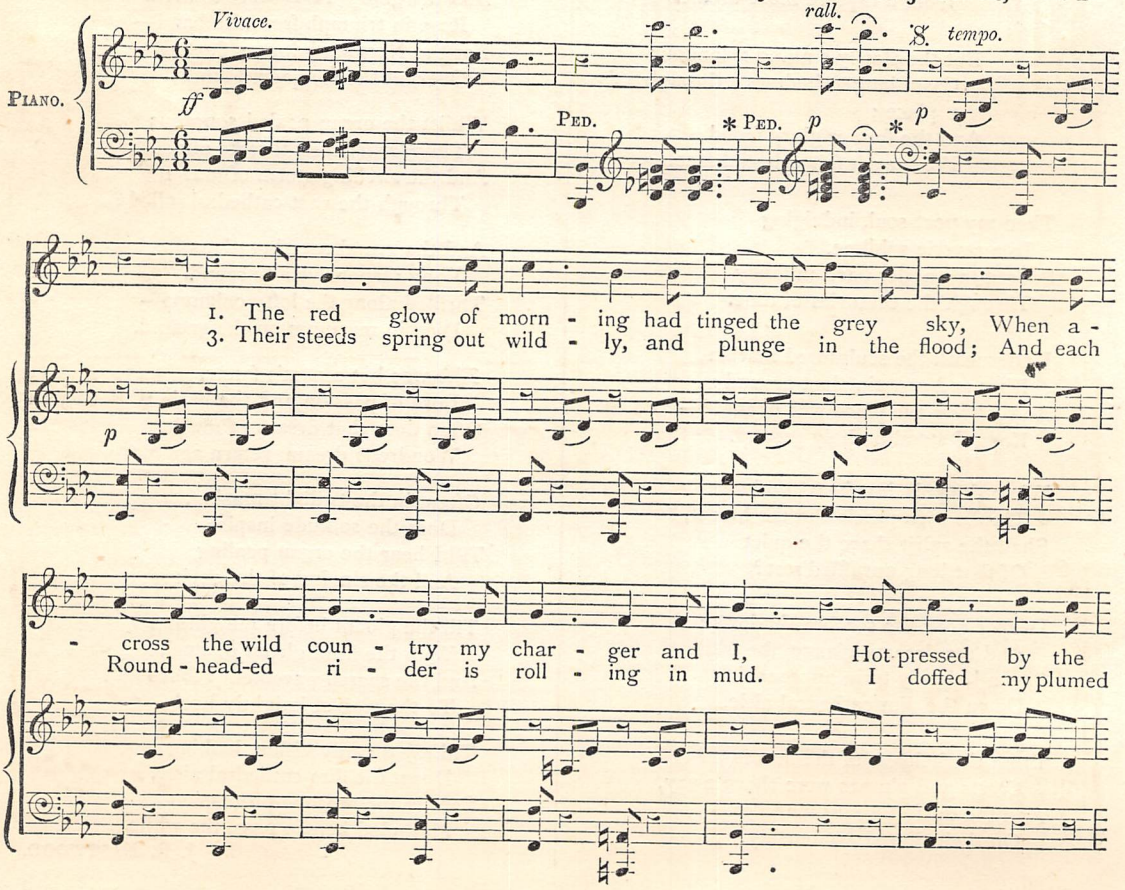
J. R. EASTWOOD.

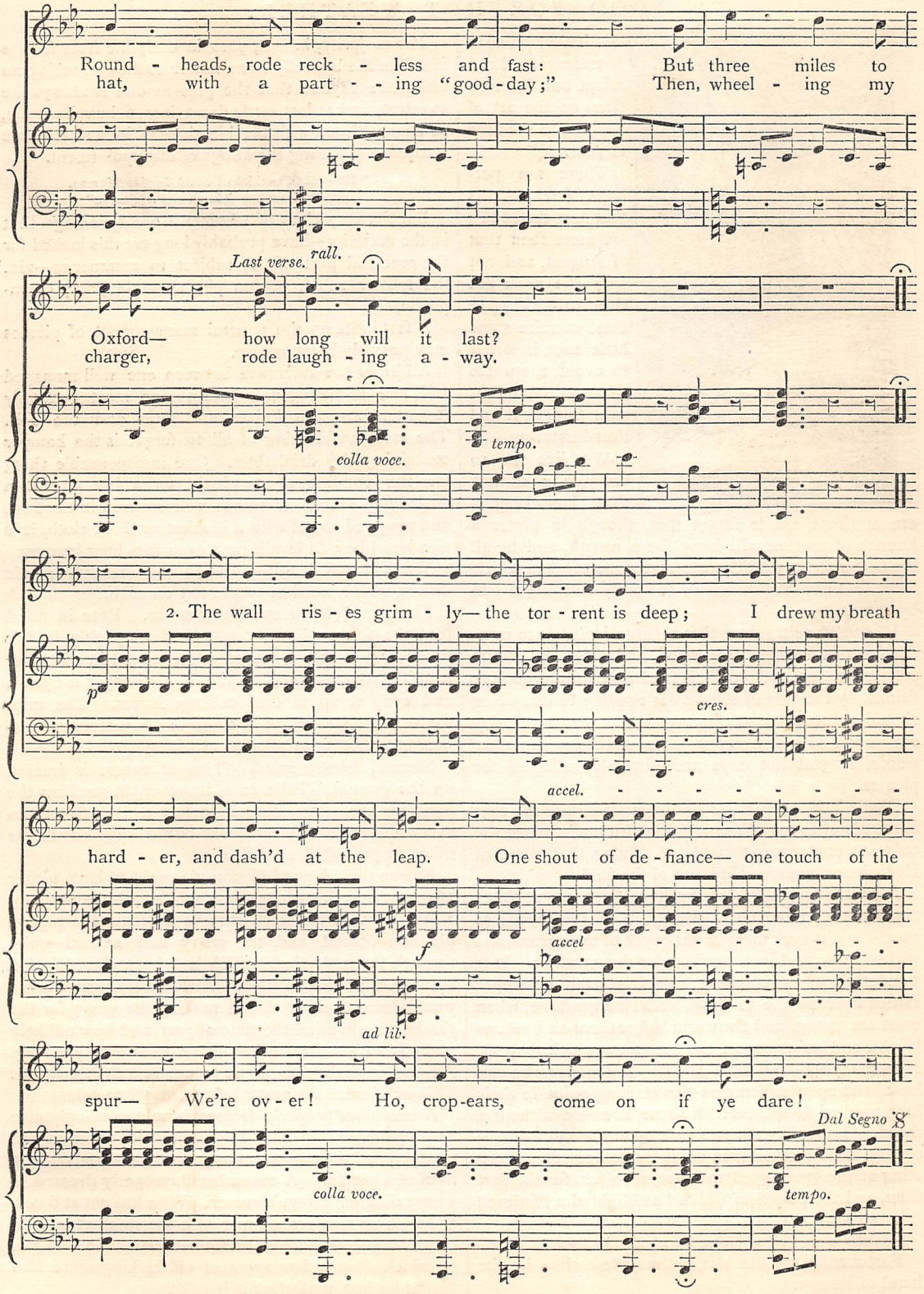


Drawn by W. SMALL.

The King's Messenger.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* HUMPHREY J. STARK, Mus. B.




Round - heads, rode reck - less and fast: But three miles to
hat, with a part - - ing "good-day;" Then, wheel - ing my
Last verse.
rall.
Oxford— how long will it last?
charger, rode laugh - ing a - way.
colla voce.
tempo.
2. The wall ris - es grim - ly— the tor - rent is deep; I drew my breath
p
cres.
accel.
hard - er, and dash'd at the leap. One shout of de - fiance— one touch of the
accel
f
ad lib.
spur— We're ov - er! Ho, crop-ears, come on if ye dare!
Dal Segno 𝄋
colla voce.
tempo.

FOOD FOR HOT WEATHER.

WE have hitherto endeavoured to adapt our observations on the art of cooking to the time of year.

There are perhaps few months that test the cook's art more than that of August, and not only the cook but the housekeeper must exercise some little tact, in order to avoid the waste that too often ensues from heat and thunderstorms.

We live in so variable a climate that housekeepers are at times apt to forget that, though in winter a haunch of mutton will hang for a month, and be all the better for it, yet there are occasional days in which meat that has been killed in the early morning is bad by sunset.

It is these sultry days that seem to invite us to wander forth into some shady wood, and, stretched on the soft green turf, eat cooling food and imbibe cooling drinks, by the side of some clear rippling brook. Nor should we necessarily, whatever be the weather, enjoy our lunch the less for a little society — in other words, August hot days are admirably adapted for picnics.

Picnic! the very name conjures up before my eyes hundreds of faces. Wonderful institution! almost the only one that seems capable of driving that curse of English society, formality, out of the field.

First, the unpacking of the huge hampers, at times necessitating almost the diving in of two heads at once—bright eyes meet under cover of the unromantic wicker-work, and look brighter for the meeting. It is wonderful, by-the-by, how stooping over a hamper causes most people to flush. Ah! happy time, when most are young, and the world before them as fresh, as bright, and as green as the grass on which they sit. How many staid old married couples are there who can look back upon a picnic as the starting-point in their long road of happiness! No rose, however, without a thorn. How many too can look upon the same festive occasion, and remember as if yesterday the sharp sting of the green-eyed monster, then felt for the first time, and the poison of which has blighted a lifetime!

> "Lift not the festal mask, enough to know
> No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe."

Fortunately, we are not all moulded alike by the hand of Nature.

The majority, in fact, pass in early life from face to face like the butterfly from flower to flower, seeing no difference beyond that the present one is always the sweetest, and at last settle down into a humdrum life, as unacquainted with the blessings of love as they are incapable of feeling the stings of disappointment.

> "How much methinks I could despise this man,
> But that I am bound in charity against it."

But the very class of whom we are speaking—that is, the majority—have probably long ere this looked for the practical part of the subject to commence—viz., the lobster salad, pigeon pie, cucumber, ice, champagne, &c.

A few hints on the general management of picnics may possibly be of service.

All know the difference between one well-managed and one ill-managed. The things most generally forgotten are the knives and forks and the salt. The most awful thing of all to forget is the hamper containing the drinkables. One indispensable thing for the comfort of a picnic on a hot day is a large lump of ice. If this is well covered in sawdust, and wrapped round with a blanket or thick cloth, it is wonderful how little will melt even in a long journey.

We will run hastily through the ordinary picnic dishes, with a word or two to say on each.

First, cold lamb and mint sauce. Bear in mind that the former is very apt to turn quickly in hot weather, especially if packed close, or put in a hamper near the top, exposed to the sun. Pepper the joint, and wrap it up in cool cabbage-leaves. The mint sauce must be put in a small bottle, a stone ginger-beer bottle being as good as anything.

Second, lobster salad. This of course is dressed on the ground. Take care, however, in packing the lobsters, that they do not impart a fishy flavour to everything else. A few hard-boiled eggs should be taken to garnish the salad.

Pigeon pie. A good pigeon pie ought to have plenty of gravy, and this gravy when cold should be properly a firm jelly. I recollect once in a picnic the pigeon pie had leaked, and the gravy had soaked quite through the table-cloth, which had been placed folded up near it in the hamper. Now, a very little trouble would have avoided this in making the gravy for the pie, bearing in mind the time of year, and how unlikely gravy is to set firm unless made exceedingly strong. All the cook has to do is to put in a little gelatine. This will insure the gravy being firm when cold.

A cucumber properly dressed is an exceedingly nice accompaniment to cold fowl and cold meat in hot weather, and perhaps never appears to better advantage than at a picnic. A cucumber improperly dressed is a very different thing, however. Who has not at times, at hotels or restaurants, met with the small glass dish containing thin slices of cucumber soaked in vinegar, on which float a few spots of oil, looking more like the fat on beef-tea before it is cold?

How utterly uneatable was the cucumber in question, simply because the waiter was too ignorant to know how to dress it! The cucumber must be sliced very thin, and of course all the green peel removed before slicing. These slices must next be placed in a dish with a good-sized pinch of salt, and then covered with fresh oil and well mixed up; they may now be peppered and mixed again, the vinegar in very small quantities being added last of all. The cucumber, being well covered with oil to begin with, will not soak up the vinegar and taste like sour pickle.

I have already given directions how to make claret-cup. When claret-cup is required for a picnic, it will be found best to take ready mixed in a small bottle some plain syrup, and also in another bottle a little sherry, brandy, and noyau, mixed in the proportions I named before. All, therefore, that is required is a strip of the peel from the cucumber and a slice of lemon to be added to a bottle of claret, the mixed wine and spirit out of the bottle next, a little syrup, a lump of ice, and two bottles of soda-water to finish with.

An exceedingly delicious, and at the same time unintoxicating drink, is some syrup of pineapple added to a bottle of soda-water and a lump of ice. Perhaps the most important element towards the success of a picnic is good temper and the absence of selfishness. Just as on board ship there seems a sort of mutual understanding that every one must be pleasant, so is there in these little happy gatherings. Of course, too, much depends on the selection of the company. Avoid asking those who invariably act as wet blankets on anything approaching to fun or merriment.

But however hot the weather we cannot have a picnic every day, though some may have thoughts on the subject similar to the little jockey boy, who wished it was Derby-day all the year round. We must eat to live, which is better than simply living to eat.

Mushrooms *au gratin* form a very good dish for hot weather, but as fish is eaten first I would remind those who suffer from heat, and consequent loss of appetite, that what is known as fish souchet is an admirable thing to start dinner with. Those who have dined at fish dinners at Greenwich, or still better Gravesend, as the latter is nearer the sea, will remember how exceedingly nice was the flounders souchet which generally constitutes the first course at those admirable little dining places like the "Old Falcon," at Gravesend. The neat-looking thin slices of brown bread and butter somehow make one hungry to look at them, so suggestive of the *real* white-bait to follow. The preparation of flounders souchet is very simple. First boil the fish in some water with a little salt till they are tender. Then take off carefully all the scum, and lift the fish one by one into a vegetable dish nearly full of boiling water, taking care in so doing not to break the fish. Throw in one or two sprigs of fresh green parsley, and the dish is complete. Hand round with the fish some thin slices of brown bread and butter. Eels souchet is very nice, and we described how to make it under the heading of turtle soup. When flounders cannot be obtained, those very small soles, sometimes called, I think, dabs, make a capital souchet; a large dish need not cost sixpence; but pray don't forget the brown bread and butter.

It is wonderful sometimes, by a little forethought, how a dinner can be improved. Out of the many hundreds who have enjoyed those fish souchets at fish dinners, I wonder to how many the idea ever occurred —I must have this at home.

Mushrooms *au gratin* form a more elaborate dish. For this purpose only large cup-mushrooms should be used. Suppose, then, we have eight or ten fine cup-mushrooms—and by cup I mean the top of the mushroom round, and capable of being made hollow. First cut off all the stalks, and peel them, and also peel very carefully the cup-like part of the mushroom, so as not to hurt the rim. Next scoop out the inside of these cups, and chop it up with the stalks of the mushrooms. Take a piece of shalot about as big as the top of the thumb down to the first joint, and sufficient parsley when chopped fine to fill a tea-spoon, and sufficient thyme to cover a shilling. Chop all these up together very fine, adding a little cayenne pepper. Next take some raw bacon and scrape it. It will be found that the fat will scrape easily, but not the lean. This latter must occasionally be cut in strips. Continue scraping the bacon till you have got about three ounces altogether. Chop the lean as fine as possible, and put it with the fat into an enamelled saucepan. Add the chopped mushroom, thyme, parsley, shalot, &c., and fry it all over the fire for a time. If the mass is too dry, it shows there is not enough bacon-fat; if it is too moist, add some bread-crumbs. Fill the cups of the mushrooms with this preparation, and shake over some fine golden-coloured bread-raspings. Place these cups in a covered stew-pan with some butter or oil, and let them cook very gently till the cup part of the mushroom is quite tender. They can be served either plain or with some rich brown gravy poured *round* them. It is rather a rich dish, and of course not one off which it would be possible to dine; but it is exceedingly good and savoury, and not nearly so troublesome to make as would be imagined from reading this recipe.

When there has been a large lobster salad or salads made, the cook is often at a loss how to utilise the lobster that is left. In the first place, lobster will not keep sometimes even one hot night. One very good method of using up any remains is what is called bashawed lobster. Take all the pieces of lobster left, and cut them up with a knife and fork; chop up a piece of onion, just about the size of the top of the little finger, and a small piece of parsley. Mix it with the pieces of lobster, and a very little anchovy sauce and cayenne pepper. Cut up a piece of butter into little pieces, and mix in, and fill the shell part of the lobster—*i.e.*, the two half-tails. Cover these shells over the top with some fine bread-crumbs, and shake a few fine bread-raspings on the top. Put the shells in the oven for ten minutes, or a little longer, and serve hot. Some fried parsley makes a good garnish in contrast with the red shell, and is also a great improvement to the flavour. This is a capital supper dish after a hot day, can be made early in the after-

noon, and only requires what the cooks call "popping in the oven."

Cook will, of course, maintain that the remains of a lobster or lobsters cannot be done this way properly. The reason is, lobster—and, in fact, shell-fish generally—has particular charms for the kitchen. Servants are partial also to cucumber, vinegar, liver and bacon, lamb's fry, roast pork and sage and onions, winkles, radishes, &c.—almost anything with stuffing, onions—in fact, generally it may be said that anything that possesses what is vulgarly known as the property of rising seems adapted to them.

The world, thanks to strikes, love of dress, drink, &c., is changing very rapidly. Where the class of servants is to come from ten years hence, adapted to small families of limited incomes, is a problem to be solved in the future.

A. G. PAYNE.

HARD PRESSED: A WOLF-STORY.

STOP, gospodin, stop! In the name of the blessed Panagia, rein up, and hear me! you will be glad to have hearkened, English lord!"

The crisp shining snow crackled beneath the hurrying feet of the speaker, as, panting and breathless, he came bursting through the brushwood, and emerged from the pine-copse into the road, not a pistol-shot from the two pillars of red granite brought from the Ural that decorated the extremity of the avenue leading to the country house hard by. With some difficulty the driver of the sledge—a tall manly young fellow, whose fair hair and ruddy cheeks contrasted forcibly with the swarthy sallowness and black elf-locks of the Russian moujik who had thus suddenly accosted him—brought the fiery horses to a check.

"Why, Isaac, my good friend," he said smiling, "what news have you for me that brooks no delay in the telling? Has some bear killed a man, and does nobody dare to traverse the forest road until I settle scores with Bruin, with the aid of a brace of leaden pills from the big rifle? or have you been so unfortunate as to be again at a misunderstanding with the gendarmes? If so, I——"

"Excellency," interrupted the man, with a vehement earnestness which made itself felt, "I am here to-day to pay a debt. We Russians have a memory tenacious of kindness, and the poor vagabond, Isaac Paulovitch, has not forgotten that but for your intercession he would have tasted, before this, of the black bread and the knotted thong in Jitomir gaol. I've run, to-day, nineteen versts through the snow, to warn you that the foreigner and the gentleman who travels the Vasilkof road this night carries his life in his hand. I knew you to be on a visit at the baron's, yonder. *He's* in no danger, but woe to every castle from the Dnieper ferry to Boguslaw and Skudra, for they will be, one and all, in a light flame before moonrise!"

"There is a rising, then, among the serfs?" asked the young Englishman eagerly.

"There is," answered the man called Isaac, with a nod. "The people of twenty villages have sworn the great oath on the Gospels to root out all these Sobieskis and Jagellons, and the rest of the unbaptised Polish counts and princes that wring the withers of the poor. Out on the noble scum that suck the fatness from the land! and, though he is no Pole, but Russian, and orthodox, on a tyrant like the Count Galitzin."

"Do you mean Count Nicholas Galitzin, of Czerngorod?" asked the young man, growing pale as he spoke.

"That do I," replied the moujik. "A heavy account he'll have to settle, the proud——"

But before the sentence was concluded the young Englishman had slackened the reins of his impatient steeds, which darted off at once, like arrows from the bow, and, to the ineffable surprise of the garrulous Isaac, the whole equipage rapidly disappeared along the road leading to the very district to which his warning had reference.

"Gone like a glance of the sun; and never a 'Thank ye' or a copeck for my trouble in scampering these weary leagues to bid him beware!" muttered the Russian, half ruefully, half resentfully. "Well, if the mad lad comes to harm, his blood, anyhow, won't lie at the door of Isaac Paulovitch. And now to make the best of my way to Wincentowka before the plunder begins; that Sobieski castle must be worth the sacking!"

Meanwhile, Edgar Marston drove on at furious speed, the sledge sweeping easily and swiftly over the hard-frozen surface of the snow, and the horses bounding along the more freely for the pleasant music of the tinkling bells that adorned their lofty collars. Many and anxious were the thoughts that crowded thickly through the busy brain of their driver. It never occurred to him to doubt the correctness of the information volunteered by Isaac, whom he knew well as a shrewd, slippery vagrant, half poacher, half pedlar, but an excellent guide on sporting expeditions, and who seemed to be really grateful for Edgar's intervention, on more than one occasion, to shield him from the capricious severity of Russian justice. That mischief was brewing he had himself for some time suspected, since a dangerous spirit was abroad among the peasantry.

In the course of a three years' residence in Southern Russia, Edgar Marston, who was manager of the Land Bank at Vasilkof—a post of trust to which he had been appointed through the influence of relatives of his, wealthy members of the British Guild of merchants at St. Petersburg—had gained a thorough insight into the condition of the province in which he lived, and knew the bitter hate which the Ruthenian peasants entertained towards the landowners, most of whom were Polish nobles who had won their estates when Poland was a wide-spreading kingdom. He knew, too, that although Count Galitzin was neither a Pole nor a Catholic, he was personally obnoxious to his late vassals for a hundred arbitrary acts and petty exactions, and he trembled lest he should not reach the

lonely manor-house in time to give warning to its inmates of the approaching peril.

"And Anniette is there!" said the young man to himself half unconsciously, as he encouraged the mettled horses to do their best. Yes, that was the secret of Edgar Marston's eagerness to give timely notice of the coming storm to those beneath the roof of the Galitzin castle. He had fallen deeply in love with the count's young and pretty daughter—the Countess Anniette, as she was called, in compliance with that courtly Russian rule which bestows titles on all the members of an aristocratic family—and he knew that his love was reciprocated. He had, indeed, been formerly on terms of intimacy with Count Galitzin's household, although, on proposing himself as a suitor for Anniette's hand, he had been met by a decided refusal.

Count Galitzin, whose large but ill-cultivated estate lay on the bank of the Borysthenes, but a few miles from Vasilkof, and who owed money to the financial corporation of which Marston was the representative, had other views for his daughter than to bestow her on a young foreigner who was neither rich nor titled, and the visits of Edgar, formerly a welcome guest at Czerngorod, had for some time wholly ceased. He was, however, aware that Anniette, with her parents, had for several weeks been residing at the château, and his first impulse was to hurry thither and preserve her whom he loved from the blind vengeance of the half-barbarous serfs now on the eve of revolting.

The short winter's day was nearly spent, and when Edgar reached the outskirts of the village of Czerngorod, the sun had sunk beneath the black screen of sullen pine-trees that marked the boundary of the forest; while through those trees glared an ominous ruddy light, and shouts, shots, and a roar as of an excited crowd came confusedly to the ear.

"Heaven help them! the castle must be already on fire!" exclaimed the young man, as he saw a tall column of smoke, streaked by fiery showers of sparks and burning flakes, rise high in the air. "What, by this, may be the fate of those within!"

And, as he dashed onwards, with brows close-knit, and hands that grasped the reins so tightly that every muscle stood out like cordage, ghastly stories recurred to him as to the cruelties perpetrated in such servile revolts as that which had then taken place.

Well did Marston know how quickly the mind of the Russian peasant, not naturally cruel, becomes heated to the most passionate frenzy of hatred against the race of his oppressors, and how often, in a Slavonic Jacquerie, the innocent have been made to expiate wrongs with which they had nothing to do. His apprehensions were, however, destined to be promptly relieved, since, as he drove past the low boundary-fence of the count's gardens, he heard his name called, and saw Anniette Galitzin herself come running towards him from amidst the darkling clumps of shrubs. Her dark hair was hanging loosely over her shoulders, and her little feet, in their dainty Paris shoes, sank at every step in the deep snow, making it evident that in her alarm she had darted forth from the burning manor-house, having merely the time to snatch up the short hooded cloak, lined and trimmed with costly fur, which she wore.

"Mr. Marston—Edgar!" she exclaimed, with a terrified earnestness, "oh, pray, save me! Take me with you before they seek me out to kill me. I feel half dead, already, at the very sound of their savage shout and trampling feet. Papa, thank Heaven, is safe at Vasilkof, where he and my dear mother went but yesterday, leaving me here alone with the German governess; and, when the peasants broke in, Mademoiselle Herzen thought of nothing but her own safety, and fled into the woods, and——"

By this time Marston had sprung to the ground, fastened the reins to a projecting bough, and by a vigorous effort had succeeded in tearing away a portion of the ill-kept fence, so as to establish a gap through which a slender figure might pass. Yet a minute, and Anniette was seated beside him in the sledge, speeding rapidly away from the pillaged castle.

The road, which had hitherto traversed a cultivated district, at this point plunged into a dreary tract of forest land, so that the black pine-trees soon barred out the light of the dying day, and little could be seen except the white snow that gleamed from between their boles. A chilly breeze sprang up, and the evening grew perceptibly colder; but the sledge was well provided with wraps, and Edgar was careful to draw a heavy furred pelisse around the trembling form of the young countess, while, in fond and soothing words, he strove to calm her agitated nerves. She was safe. Within an hour or two he should be able to place her, on their arrival at Vasilkof, under the care of her parents, and that before the alarm of the revolt of the serfs should have spread itself. The horses went well; the distance was trifling, and——

What interrupted Edgar's speech was a fierce snarling cry, accompanied by the quick pattering of feet among the withered leaves and the snow, and then a long-drawn whining howl, that seemed to issue from fifty throats, while dark objects began to glance, phantom-like, between the trees.

"Wolves! wolves!" cried Anniette with a shriek of terror, but already the affrighted horses had set off at a mad gallop, swerving from side to side of the road in a manner that threatened to upset the sledge. Again there burst forth that horrid cry; and while Marston exerted his skill and strength in maintaining a mastery over the snorting horses, Anniette, looking fearfully back, announced the unwelcome tidings that they were pursued.

"You must be cool, dearest one, now, for both our sakes—for mine," said the young Englishman, as he cast a glance at the dark specks dotting the snow. "You can drive well, I know. Only keep the horses to the road, and all will yet be well."

As the young countess took the reins, Edgar stooped for his trusty rifle, and levelled it with deliberate aim at the foremost wolf, now bounding far before the rest. The huge brute rolled over on the crimsoned snow, with a cry of rage and pain that was answered by the

yell of the hurrying pack; and then succeeded a hideous medley of confused sounds, followed by a period of silence.

"Have they given up the pursuit?" asked Anniette, with white lips, as Marston reloaded his piece.

"No, no!" answered the young man, shaking his head. "The creatures have but paused, as is their custom, to devour their wounded comrade. It is but an instant's breathing-time which——"

He fired both barrels, as he spoke, into the thick of the advancing pack.

Then ensued a terrible contest of speed between the gallant horses, wild with fear, and the wily and savage denizens of the Russian woods. Four more shots from Edgar's unerring rifle brought down as many wolves, but they were now too near, and too eager in their ravening fury, to be beaten off. The winding of the road, too, enabled some of the leaders of the pack to gain upon the fast-flying sledge, and, with a rare audacity, to endeavour to overleap its sides, while Edgar, flinging down the gun, slashed at the broad paws and hairy throats with the keen blade of his heavy hunting-knife, and succeeded, though with difficulty, in disabling the two foremost of the assailants. The third, slightly hurt, slunk howling away; but, a few yards in the rear, the clamour of the remainder of the fierce drove told how ruthlessly the chase was maintained.

"There is but one thing to be done!" muttered Edgar Marston, with a groan, as he cast a despairing glance along the road, and noted that already two of the gaunt pursuers were nearly abreast of the sledge; "Vasilkof, as I reckon, is but three versts from this, but before we cover the two miles that lie between us and safety, yonder yelling brutes will drag down our horses, and have us at their mercy. At any cost, Anniette must be saved, and the wolves delayed."

He rose to his feet as he spoke, and looked to right and left. Close to the roadside, on the left, grew a mighty beech-tree. Could he set his back to that tree, kill or cripple the first of the furious wolves, and swing himself up among the lower branches, out of reach of the others, he might have yet a chance of life, while the sledge would gain so much vantage-ground that it could not easily be overtaken. Yes, the desperate venture must be risked.

Hastily the young man kissed Anniette's cold cheek, and bidding her be of good cheer, since he had devised a stratagem that would outwit the wolves, he struck the straining horses sharply with the whip, and, with his hunting-knife between his teeth, took a clear leap over the low brushwood, and fell on his hands and knees at the foot of the beech-tree.

"Edgar! Edgar!" cried the agonised girl, as vainly she expended her strength in the effort to rein in the terrified horses. On they went like the wind, while the hellish clamour of the exulting wolves told that they had desisted from the chase, to crowd around an easy prey.

Goaded by terror, the horses flew, arrow-swift, along the narrow road, which fortunately at this part of its course became straighter than it had hitherto been, and the light sledge was hurried along as if it had been a feather-weight over the frozen snow. Vainly did the young Countess Anniette call aloud on Edgar's name, vainly did she attempt to check the onward rush of the galloping horses. It would have been beyond the strength of the most powerful arm to have restrained the affrighted animals, almost maddened by the neighbourhood of the wolves behind, and her slender white wrists were quite inadequate to the task of holding them back. A whirl of confused thoughts passed through the girl's brain as with relentless speed the sledge darted on, farther and farther from the spot where Edgar Marston had sprung out to confront what appeared to be inevitable death.

"For me! for me!" Anniette murmured, as, after a last despairing effort to rein in the unmanageable steeds, she cast a glance back at the white road, now gleaming, as the sledge emerged from the woodland into the open country, in the first rays of the newly-risen moon.

Of the dread pursuers she now saw and heard nothing, but she shuddered as the remembrance forced itself upon her of the probable cause of the disappearance of the wolves. Her lover—could she doubt it?—had purchased her safety with his own blood. Their four-footed foes had been too many for mortal valour to have prevailed in the unequal contest against their numbers. She was safe—safe—for now she was among fields and cultivated lands again, out of the gloomy forest, and there before her lay Vasilkof, the moonbeams gleaming on the burnished copper domes of its churches; but she scarcely realised the fact of her own escape, so busy was her fancy with the peril of him whom she loved.

On, on—trees, hedge-rows, patches of coppice not yet cleared away by axe and mattock, cattle-sheds and sheep-folds, farms and cottages, seeming to pass by Anniette's vision like objects in some bewildering dream. A vague impression of some abiding sorrow oppressed her, as, with unflagging speed, the swift troika wafted her towards the lights of the town, the merry tinkling of the Valdai bells attached to the arched yoke sounding, as though in mockery of her aching heart, through the frosty air. The scared horses needed no urging to strain every sinew in the race, as, snorting and gasping for breath, they dashed into the wide straggling main-street of Vasilkof.

In the spacious market-place or public square of the town a crowd had collected, in the midst of which the light of a number of torches fell on glistening bayonets of steel and the bright brass mountings of military accoutrements. A column of the flat-capped grey-coated infantry of the Russian line was preparing to march, while a cavalry escort encompassed two or three carriages, mounted on sledge-runners, and to each of which three or more horses had been harnessed. Sundry persons in authority, as their civil or military uniforms denoted, were bustling to and fro, some mounted and others on foot, while the drums rolled, and the trumpets of the Cossacks sent their shrill summons through the streets, as though to call the laggards who yet lingered to the muster.

"Halt, there! halt, I say!" called out a sentinel roughly, as the sledge that bore Anniette swept like a whirlwind across the market-place, scattering to right and left in dismay all who barred its frantic course. And then followed a Babel of loud outcries of surprise, alarm, and pity; for the picture that was then presented to the gazers, in the ruddy glare of the torchlight, was not one readily to be forgotten. In the sledge, still mechanically grasping the reins, sat the terror-stricken girl, her face white and rigid, her dark hair streaming loose, for the furred hood of her mantle had fallen back, and her beautiful head was uncovered.

"SLASHED AT THE BROAD PAWS AND HAIRY THROATS" (*p.* 567).

There were some who strove to catch at the bridles of the horses as they went by, but fruitlessly; nor did the frightened animals desist from their wild career until they darted into the wide yard of their master's house, situated at the opposite extremity of the town, where, with heaving flanks and trembling limbs, they came to a stop at last, and stood, with dilated nostrils, and feet firmly planted in the snow, in front of their stable door.

Among those who had been present when the sledge crossed the square had been the old Count and Countess Galitzin. They had recognised their daughter's pallid face as she was hurried past, and within a few minutes the half-fainting girl was in the arms of her parents, and surrounded by friends and well-wishers, who seemed disposed to welcome her as one risen from the dead.

"We were about to set out for Czerngorod," the count explained, when Anniette appeared to be sensible to her mother's caresses and endearing words, "with the escort with which the kindness of his Excellency the Governor had provided us, hoping—but hardly daring to hope, my lamb—that you would have been spared in the first outbreak of the fury of those benighted serfs, of which the news reached us but an hour ago. Troops are about to march for the scene of the revolt, but, since you are safe—though through what marvellous piece of good fortune I cannot conjecture——"

"It was through no such fortune," interrupted Anniette piteously; "it was his life—his gallant, noble life, dearer to me than my own, that he gave to save me—wretched me! Yes, I am safe, but at what a price!"

And here a darkness came before her eyes, and her voice failed, as she sank fainting back into the arms of her mother; but soon, as if nerved by the recollection of her lover's danger, she roused herself to tell, in broken accents, what had occurred, to indicate the place where she had left him, and to implore that rescue might be sent thither without delay.

Like wildfire the news flew through the crowd, for the whole population of Vasilkof had collected in the

streets, and women wept and men grew pale at the news, while the exclamations of bystanders evinced the horror, admiration, and sympathy which Edgar Marston's intrepid self-devotion had evoked. The young English manager of the Land Bank was popu-

Borysthenes, "that there were three packs of winter wolves, each fifty or sixty strong, in the woods between Tripolitza and Wincentowka. This must be one of them; and one man might as well try to toll the Giant Bell of the Kremlin as to confront such a drove

"EDGAR MARSTON, PALE, LIVID, AND EXHAUSTED" (*p.* 570).

lar in the town, and even had he been a stranger, the deed he had done would have sufficed to raise him to the rank of a hero. But, ready and willing to render assistance as were all who heard the story, the most sanguine could not venture to express a hope that aid could arrive in time to be of service to him.

"I heard a peasant tell but yesterday," said a grizzled old noble, known as the keenest sportsman in the district, and who seemed in the excitement of the moment to forget the havoc that was probably going on in his own manor-house, which lay nearer to the

of the hungry brutes. Depend on it, all we can do is to give Christian burial to what these four-footed fiends have left of him."

In spite of these dismal vaticinations, it was determined that not an instant should be lost in carrying help to Edgar Marston, if human help could indeed avail; and about thirty gentlemen, some in sledges and others on horseback, set off at a rapid pace, escorted by twice as many of the mounted Cossacks, the Governor having decided to delay the marching of the column until sure tidings should arrive as to

Edgar's fate. The distance was rapidly traversed, and as the exploring party entered the forest, a wild mournful sound came floating on the night wind.

"They are there yet, the pack of them," cried old Baron Jagellon, spurring his horse and handling his gun. "Push on, and let us pepper some of their grey hides, at any rate."

But wolves are cunning as well as fierce, and when the rescuers came in sight of the great beech-tree around the foot of which the pack had gathered, howling and whining over some object at first indistinctly visible, their querulous cry changed into a note of alarm, and they huddled themselves together among the chestnuts and birches, with their bushy tails drooping, and their bright eyes shining through the darkness like points of flame. An irregular discharge of musketry succeeded, while the Cossacks lowered their lances, and dashed forward with their shrill "Hurrah!" as though charging against human foes. Neither lance nor bullet did execution among the wolves, who, fairly cowed, slunk off into the recesses of the woods, while the headmost horseman checked his wiry steed but just in time to prevent horse and rider from falling headlong into a deep but narrow pit dug at the foot of the huge beech-tree.

"Holy St. Sophia of Kiew! blessed St. Stephen of the Steppes! what wizard's work have we here?" exclaimed the soldier as he wheeled his horse. "My name isn't Dmitri if I did not hear a groan from out of yonder open grave!"

"Grave, forsooth!" returned Baron Jagellon, hastily dismounting; "it is a bear-trap, such as peasants set in likely spots, near where the honey of some swarm of the wild bees that dwell in hollow trees is sure to tempt Bruin to the pitfall. And, as I live," he added, after listening for a moment, "there is some one down there, and alive—young Marston, for a thousand gold eagles!"

And when, by means of a rope hastily constructed by linking together stirrup-leathers and buff-belts, a Cossack was lowered into the pit, the truth of this conjecture was confirmed, for Edgar Marston, pale, livid, and exhausted, but to all appearance unhurt, save for a bruise upon his right temple, was drawn forth from it. The bystanders crowded round him, but he was faint and weak, and it was not until he had swallowed a portion of the fiery corn-brandy from the baron's hunting-flask that he was able to speak.

Edgar's story, when he was able to tell it, was a simple one, and had already been anticipated by the matüred sylvan experience of the baron. When he sprang from the sledge, it had been with a full conviction that he was about to save Anniette's life at the sacrifice of his own. He had, however, made a desperate effort to reach the great beech-tree, in the poor hope that, by setting his back against it, and making vigorous use of his hunting-knife, he might gain time to grasp one of the lower boughs, and draw himself up beyond the reach of the wolves. But to his consternation the treacherous surface on which he alighted, and which was composed of rotten branches coated with moss and dried leaves, gave way beneath his feet, and he was precipitated into the narrow pit below, receiving as he fell a blow on the head from a projecting stake, which stunned him for the moment; and when he recovered his senses it was to hear the furious yelping and howling of the disappointed wolves that raged around the brink of his prison, and to see by the uncertain light their lolling tongues and gnashing teeth, as they bent over the edge and vainly tried to seize the prey beneath them.

The tale is told. The prejudices which had induced the Count and Countess Galitzin to object to Edgar as a suitor for their daughter's hand, melted like snow in the sun when their hearts were touched by the generous self-sacrifice of the gallant young man, whose praises were on every lip. Edgar and Anniette were, not long afterwards, happily married; nor have the parents of the latter had any reason to repent their change of purpose, since the name of Marston is mentioned with respect, as that of one of the richest among the English mercantile community in St. Petersburg, and it is due to his son-in-law's timely help and judicious counsels that the old count's château has been rebuilt, the mortgages on his estate cleared off, and that the Czerngorod property, well managed and tilled by a contented peasantry, is no longer an eyesore and a source of peril to the security of the province in which it lies.

As for the German governess, she was eventually found in a forester's hut in which she had taken refuge, little the worse for her adventure, in consequence of which, however, she returned to Dresden, fairly disenchanted with Russian existence.

MILTON.

GLANCING in love at Death's long muster-roll
Of those who in past centuries have wrought,
With earnest mind and pure unstainèd thought,
To raise and elevate the human soul
Away from earth, to contemplate that goal
Which lies far hid beyond thick veil of night—
No name, O Milton, shines with nobler light
Than thine upon that everlasting scroll.
From out the depths of thy great love to fight
Against Oppression's mighty hosts—to free
A nation born to glorious liberty—
These earlier aims but nerved thy hand to write,
And strive, with fire-tried heart and purer pen,
"To justify the ways of God to men."

G. WEATHERLY.

THE NEXT PUBLIC-HOUSE.

LET us take a look inside two or three of the public-houses, taverns, "gin-palaces," which are to be found "at every hand's turn" to allure the working man, the idle man, the unemployed, the over-worked, the cadger, the tippler, the confirmed drunkard. Look! there is a wretch going for "a gin-crawl," a horrible but emphatic phrase to denote the fatal habit of repeated dram-drinking at two or three different gin-shops in a particular neighbourhood.

It is a terribly significant fact that those who are addicted to this form of intemperance are mostly people who, to use the common expression, have seen better days. The poor, ruined creature who is shambling round the corner, with a furtive glance to see whether he is observed, was once "respectable." The shiny, threadbare black coat, fastened up to his collarless neck with alternate pin and button; the patched, dusty boots; the crumpled, limp, greasy hat, distinguish him altogether from the costermongers, the roughs, the street hawkers and hucksters, who are talking and swearing in the larger "public bar," just as the faded shawl, the ragged, dingy gown, and the weedy bonnet distinguish the woman who has just come out, and is now hurrying away—as though she tried to pretend to herself that she had not been inside that fatal door—from the loud, red-faced, bare-armed viragos who are laughing and chattering in a knot round the barrel which, in the absence of a seat, is perhaps provided for customers to lean against.

These latter people make no secret of their drinking. With them, unhappily, the public-house or the gin-shop is an institution where they spend an enormous proportion of every shilling which they earn so hard. The women know where to send their children to "find father." The man going home and finding the "missis" out, goes to look for her, probably not in the best of tempers, and, unless he is easily mollified, there is a quarrel, which, having been inflamed by previous potations, is perhaps only allayed by the intervention of friends, and another "quartern" and "three outs"—that is to say, a quarter of a pint of gin or rum, and three glasses, each of which holds precisely a third, and so includes the pacificator in the amicable arrangement. Is it any wonder that the neighbourhood where these people live should be often disturbed by screams and oaths; by the sound of blows; and sometimes by the sudden summoning of the police; by the breaking open of a door; the sight of scared faces of children, the spectacle of a man standing half frenzied, of a woman lying a mere senseless heap in a corner, or upon the stairs, where she has been murderously stricken down?

These people are altogether different to the silent, shrinking, blue-skinned, blear-eyed creature who slinks in at the quiet entrance round the corner, leading to the private bar, and holds the door so that it may shut gently, and not attract attention. There is a deferential manner in his asking for "two-penn'orth," with a deprecating motion of the head, as though he would say, "Appearances are against me; I am rather above this sort of thing in general, so don't be hard upon me." The barmaid knows him well enough. Probably, he has but just come from the tavern on the other side of the road, where he has been through the same performance, and this is his third or fourth glass of raw spirits since breakfast-time—if he has had any breakfast, which is a doubtful matter. He was a decent clerk once, most likely, or an employé in some place of trust, or he may have been a small tradesman who failed in business, or a lawyer's clerk; who can tell?

The few people who know him, or have contrived to lead him into conversation, speak of him as a remarkably well-informed man, "when he's all right;" and probably they will at once qualify this exception by adding, "not that he's ever exactly drunk, you know."

He is not to be confounded with the cadger, who lurks about the bar, on the chance of being asked casually to have something to drink by somebody who

has reached the hospitable stage of inebriety—the degraded wretch who wears the rags and remnants of broad-cloth, and assumes a kind of defiantly humble, smirking air, to hide the cynical ruffianism that is ready to be displayed whenever it may show itself with safety. He may sometimes assume an air of sudden indisposition, and simulate hurry, as he asks in a whisper for a dram; but this is not that he may obtain it from some generous sympathiser. The most pitiful characteristic of the "gin-crawlers" is that they maintain the homage that vice pays to virtue, or degradation to respectability, by keeping up a constant pretence, which deceives nobody — unless, indeed, it is a part of their lost condition that it ultimately befools themselves. They will even go to the length of passing the gin-shop, as though they had no intention whatever of entering; will suddenly look up as with a sudden reflection that it would be as well to know what o'clock it is; will stealthily open the door and peep in with an air of being strangers to the place, and so will slide to the bar as though they had inadvertently slipped in through the chink while peering overhead for the clock. They will go to the same public-house three times in a morning, and yet preserve a stolid pretence of having come in quite briskly for the first time; but they will seldom, if ever, have two drams immediately one after the other at the same place, and will never have a double quantity at once. And so with blue drawn skin, pale haggard faces, fleshless bodies, sunken eyes, and cold bloodless hands, they flicker to the socket till the day comes when there is a dead man or woman discovered in a bare room without food or fire, or when a parish funeral goes out from a house where a quiet lodger leaves nobody to mourn for him, or perhaps leaves wife and daughter, little the worse for the loss of his scanty earnings—or rather of the balance which was left when he had finished his daily rounds.

A "GIN-CRAWLER."

LOOKING IN.

There are other habitués of the gin-shop, however—poor pallid creatures, who belong indeed to the working classes, and are mostly among the underpaid — those who follow humble callings in foul and pestilent streets, where there is lack both of air and water. It is sad enough to see some of these people, when they escape from cheerless, fœtid lodgings, to the nearest solace, to be found only a few doors off—to note the frequent kindness with which they speak to each other, and the maudlin uncertainty of temper whereby it too often changes to a wrangle, and to fearful imprecations.

The rapidity with which even a small quantity of poisonous fiery liquor will carry these underfed, thin-blooded people through the various stages of inebriety is a remarkable feature of "the next public-house;" and should it be a large and busy tavern, with a brisk evening bar-trade, the variety of its cus-

EN ROUTE TO THE POLICE STATION.

tomers is scarcely less surprising: even decent-looking girls, who ask for what they want in a whisper, and drink it among themselves with a giggling affectation of shame—or it may be a real sense of impropriety in entering such a place—are among the occasional visitors. They are servants, not of the highest class, who have been for their day out; and you may see some old unabashed woman with them, to whom they are standing treat—the charwoman to whose house they go to change their plainer attire for holiday finery, and to change back again on their return. Then there are omnibus conductors and drivers, cabmen, policemen off duty, and others whose avocations, including exposure and long hours of work, are thought to need the amelioration of drink, and whose labour is, if that drink be spirits, made harder and harder by the loss of nervous energy that comes after the deadly draught has spent its force.

But who can describe the habitués of "the next public-house" in a page? Let us for a moment consider what can be done to mitigate this plague of intemperance, to allay this mad thirst for strong drink—what can be put in its place, and how the conditions that lead to half the drunkenness in our great towns may be ameliorated.

It is not intended here to enter into the question of total abstinence, or to reopen the already vexed arguments on the subject of moderate drinking. My own unalterable conviction is that the first means for procuring a real diminution of intemperance will be the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, the provision of air and water, the opportunity for having clean homes and clean bodies. I will venture to affirm that the habitual drunkard is scarcely ever an habitual bather. I will go further, and declare that a daily ablution of the whole body, and attention to personal cleanliness, go so far to produce self-respect, that those who form the habit of observing both are very unlikely to drink to excess, while the actual physical condition produced by the free external use of fresh water is in itself a corrective to the craving for liquor.

It is useless to lose sight of the now admitted fact that alcohol, even though it may be at a deadly cost to the springs of life, does mitigate the otherwise constant uneasiness, the sense of want and of sickness, that comes of insufficient or bad food, and a vitiated atmosphere. To deny this is to call in question an almost universal experience, that may be said to have been founded on instinct, and to refuse to accept the physician's established remedies for a class of disease having a close resemblance to this low, feeble state of health—and for which even temperance prescribes ammonia, chloric ether, carminative tinctures, and aromatic gums or herbs.

Let us not forget, either, that the habit of drinking saps the energy which has been already depressed by foul air and water—the denial of the right to wash and be clean. We want a gradual improvement in those London slums of which we have already written—the free use of the whitewash brush, an urgent demand that local authorities shall do their work in drainage, and in enforcing a more ample—or, at all events, a more regularly copious supply—of water; and we want at least a hundred more buildings in London where not only men and boys, but girls and women, may have hot and cold, and even swimming baths, that cleanliness may become luxury and necessity—a duty and a pleasure.

We were to have had a floating bath in the Thames, lying off the Embankment; but another summer is nearly past, and there are few signs of the completion of such a good and desirable provision. I believe that good baths in every district would do more towards the restoration of the health of the people, and therefore more in the cause of temperance, than all the meetings that have been held for advocating temperance principles in the past two years. But, alas! there are no signs of such a movement. Water to wash is not attainable by a large section of the community which needs it most, and water to drink is qualified by "something to kill the animalculæ," on the strength of the continued reports of impurity in about three-fifths of the supply furnished to the Metropolis.

As to the Embankment, the very mention of that great causeway, which might be made one of the finest boulevards in Europe, but which remains, like many of London's open spaces, a chaotic example of the results of undecided authority—the very mention of it leads one to ask, "Why must the thirsty Londoner, who declines the tepid draught at one of the few dingy fountains left to decay in the summer's sun, be committed to strong heady or fiery potations? How is it that so few London restaurateurs—and among them only a dozen or so of Italians, who keep little stuffy shops in some of our main thoroughfares—have made the provision of really enticing, cool, pleasant beverages a feature of their business! Even the sale of light wines—of cheap claret, which, mingled with twice its measure of water, is a grateful draught to the thirsty Parisian—has not been promoted; and the bottled lemonade, soda-water, and other aërated drinks of "the next public-house" are so ruinously dear, that it is to be surmised the price is kept up in order to maintain the claims of gin and beer. Now aërated water, if produced with a proper machine, costs next to nothing, and iced water very little, while the fruit essences, of which delicious beverages can be made, are cheap enough (the Italian confectioners sell a glass of fresh lemonade for a penny), and offer a very pleasant variety of flavours. Strangely enough, too, the chemists and grocers in some neighbourhoods will send out soda-water, lemonade, and seltzer for half-a-crown a dozen, and so must buy them of the makers at considerably less. Why should not a whole series of temperance restaurants or cafés be opened in London?

The Thames Embankment, when it has its floating bath alongside, gay with striped canvas and flying bunting, will need something to balance it on the land side. Where are the "kiosques," the pavilions, the light, pretty structures that were once talked of? On a Paris boulevard the loungers may sit at little tables

on clean wooden rush-seated chairs, and sip groseille, or orangeade, coffee, or one of a dozen pleasant refreshing drinks. In Venice, Madrid, Naples—almost all the cities of Europe—there are bright, attractive cafés, where men and women may take temperate refreshment for the cost of a very few pence, or may slake their thirst for a penny or twopence without poison to blood or brain. Why should not the great new highway by the river be a boulevard where, in the chairs beneath the gay awnings of sundry cafés, tired and thirsty pedestrians could obtain tea, coffee, fruit, and summer drinks? The very existence of such places would be an attraction, if they were pretty and well-ordered, and there is no reason why that glorious French institution, the Crêmerie, should not have a place. There are two or three in the neighbourhood of Soho, and they would drive a rare good trade if they came out from those dingy purlieus, and had a bright little white-tiled, cool, dairy-like place by the river, with clean stone pans and polished milk-pails, cups of milk, glasses of whey, soft, delicate little loaves, cakes of "galette," and new eggs. I shall be told that I dream. Perhaps so; but only by the reality of other drink than beer and gin being provided for those who also need air and water, shall we get beyond "the next public-house."

THE GATHERER.

16,000 Miles of Apple-trees.

We are not such great growers of fruit as we might be, and as we really ought to be, considering the health-giving properties belonging to this branch of the vegetable kingdom. One who has the welfare of the human race at heart, has lately cast eyes on our neglected railway sidings, and it has occurred to him that they might be utilised by the growing of apple-trees. This is largely done in Belgium and Holland. Anywhere between Maestricht and Mechlin, for instance, you may see the espaliers kept low and neatly trained on wires. "Ask the station-master," says our philanthropist, "if the fruit ever gets stolen. He'll smile and say, 'Some does, perhaps; but there's enough left to pay the orchard company a good dividend.'" Surely we, too, might have limited liability railway-orchard companies. There are, by the statistical tables of 1873, over 16,000 miles of railways in the United Kingdom, and any one caring for such questions may set to work to calculate how many trees could be grown, and how many apples there would probably be, in a good season, for each of us.

Bottled Light.

Countless accidents, as every one knows, arise from the use of matches. To obtain light without employing them, and so without the danger of setting things on fire, an ingenious contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are kept. Any one may easily make trial of it. Take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass, and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus: fill the phial about one-third full and then cork it tightly. To use this novel light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The empty space in the phial will become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. When the light grows dim, its power can be increased by taking out the cork, and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the phial. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands in order to increase the fluidity of the oil. The apparatus, thus prepared, may be used for six months.

Voting by Electricity.

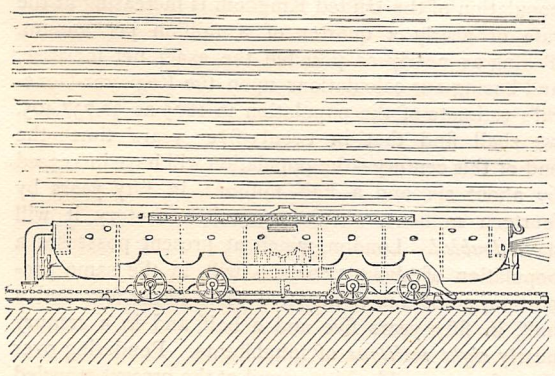
M. Martin, the French electrician, has invented a plan by which the votes in legislative and other representative bodies may be made and recorded by means of electricity. Upon the desk of each representative or delegate is fixed a small box containing two buttons, or levers. As one or the other of these buttons is pressed, there immediately appears, opposite the deputy's name, on a list at the Speaker's table, a piece of white or black paste-board, as the vote may be in the affirmative or negative. The board containing this list may be either exposed or in view of the clerk only. When a member desires to abstain from voting, and is willing that this intention be known, he can press first one and then the other button, and thus offset an affirmative by a negative vote.

Growth under Trees.

How to clothe the ground under trees is sometimes a troublesome problem to the gardener. But, after all, a very little attention will enable him to do it successfully. The most valuable plants for the purpose among evergreen shrubs are the holly, yew, privet, and butcher's broom, and among frailer subjects we may name the ivy and the periwinkle, both of which endure shading and starving with remarkable good-nature. There are many useful plants suitable for the foreground that are seldom thought of. Should the shade not be very thick, and the soil be a good loam, violets and lilies of the valley will thrive. For very bad cases, we may fall back upon three serviceable plants, all of them British weeds. First of all is the dwarf elder, *Sambucus ebulus*, which in early spring presents a rich carpet of emerald-green. The next is the sweet woodruff, *Asperula odorata*, spreading like a green cushion, and covered in May with snow-white flowers. The last is the enchanter's nightshade, *Circœa lutetiana*, an elegant little herb. These three will stand both shade and drip, and will make pleasant-looking verdure where other plants, that have constitutional objections to shade, would die of sheer starvation.

Railways at the Bottom of the Sea.

When railways on land were first talked of, the projectors were credited with being visionary enthusiasts. What then is likely to be thought of those who seriously propose to have railways under the sea? A submarine carriage, of a most ingenious construction, has recently been invented by Dr. J. M. A. Lacomme, of Paris. He proposes to use it for crossing the Channel, and for navigating deep rivers and canals. The carriage is made of galvanised iron, and is hermetically sealed. As its lightness, compared with the surrounding water, would cause it at once to rise to the surface, it is attached to a heavy eight-wheeled truck, which runs on a line of rails laid down under the ocean. It is not fastened so securely, however, but that in the event of an accident it could be at once detached, and allowed to ascend to the open air, when it would be easy to make for the nearest port. The motive-power is supplied by two screws

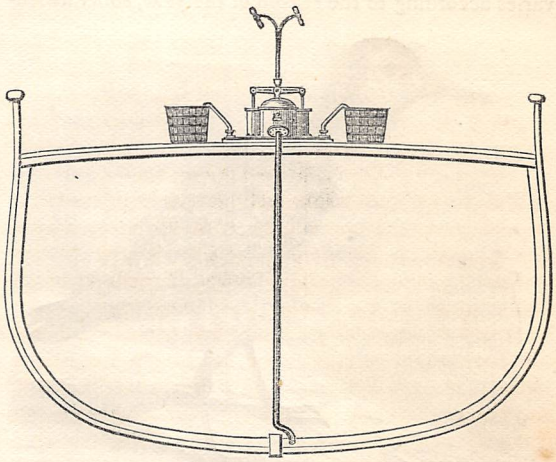


driven by means of compressed air. An enormous quantity of air is distributed through the interior in numerous pipes, for the benefit of the crew and passengers. We might enter still farther into details, and describe the electric light at the bows, which is to illuminate both the road and the interior of the vessel; the entrance for the passengers, hermetically sealed when all are aboard; the strong glass windows, out of which one may see the marvels of the deep; the raft carried on the roof, and the divers' chamber at the stern. The inventor seems to have forgotten nothing, unless he has overlooked the wayside stations at which sportsmen and others may alight to enjoy the pleasures of deep-sea fishing!

The Fire Destroyer.

About twenty-five years ago a good deal of public attention was attracted to an invention called the Fire Annihilator. It was an ingenious contrivance, whose object was to extinguish fires by pouring into their midst streams of carbonic acid, sulphurous acid, and other gases which do not support combustion. Admirable as it was in theory, the invention proved of little value in practice, at least in the case of ordinary fires, where the air had free access.

The fundamental idea of the Annihilator has now been taken advantage of by two Scottish inventors, Dr. Paton and Mr. Harris, to whom we are indebted for the use of the accompanying diagram, for the construction of what they term the Pyroletor or Fire Destroyer. It is intended to be used on board ship, where fires generally occur within a confined space. The design of the apparatus is to fill the hold or compartment in which the fire has arisen with carbonic acid gas in a dry state. Thus, not only will the fire be extinguished, but the cargo, even though consisting of the finest goods, will not be damaged, as would of course happen if water, steam, or any compound were mixed with the gas. The construction of the pyroletor and its action are



very simple. A small pump draws a chemical mixture from a tub or bucket, whilst a second small pump draws another mixture from a similar vessel. Both mixtures meet in a generator or mixing chamber, and instantaneously pass into a separator, whence the dry gas passes through suitable piping to wherever the fire may happen to be. The advantages of the contrivance will be apparent when we state that a pyroletor of moderate size, wrought at ordinary speed, will so charge 1,326 cubic feet of air in one minute that combustion within that space will be impossible. To fill a vessel of 1,280 tons with the gas (making allowance for the space usually occupied by the cargo) would, it is calculated, take only twenty minutes.

Sweet Perfumes.

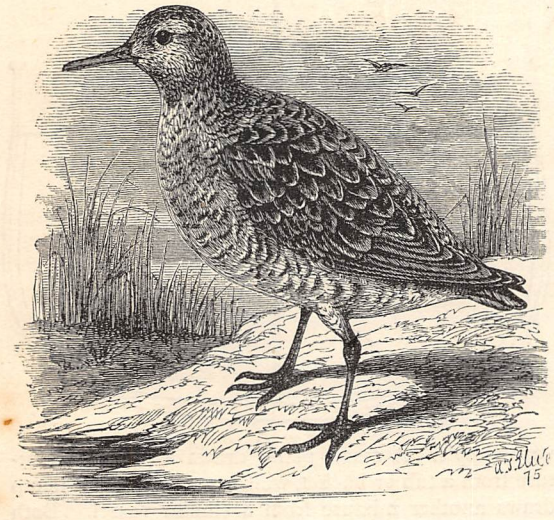
Few people are aware of the commercial importance of perfumes, and of the extent to which their manufacture is now carried on. The flower-harvest of the district of the Var, in the south-east of France, includes no less than 1,475,000 lbs. of orange-blossoms, 530,000 lbs. of roses, 100,000 lbs. of jasmine, 75,000 lbs. of violets, 45,000 lbs. of acacia, 30,000 lbs. of geranium, 24,000 lbs. of tuberose, and 5,000 lbs. of jonquil. A well-known perfume manufacturer at Cannes uses annually 140,000 lbs. of rose-leaves alone, and other perfume-laden flowers in proportion.

It is remarkable that the perfumes obtained from the flowers named above are the types of nearly all flower-odours. Thus, if we blend jasmine and orange-flowers, the result is a scent like sweet-pea; and

when jasmine and tuberose are mixed, the perfume is that of the hyacinth. Violet and tuberose resemble lily of the valley. By blending primary odours we also obtain all the various bouquets and nosegays, such as "frangipanni," "white rose," and "sweet daphne."

Flying to the North Pole.

If our Arctic explorers reach the North Pole—as we hope they will—they are not unlikely to find a bird perched on the top of it, similar to that represented here. The knot, or *Tringa canutus*, is a little creature with many interesting peculiarities. In appearance it is between a snipe and a plover, and its plumage varies according to the season of the year, sober ashen-



THE KNOT.

grey characterising it in winter, whilst in summer the feathers assume a bright Indian-red tint. It has fine taste in regard to climate, preferring bright bracing days, with sunshine, but not too strong, and a moderate breeze—just such as may be met with in England in April and October.

Large flocks of old and young knots arrive on our shores from the north in the latter part of the year, and stay till November brings frost and fog. They have no liking for either, so they fly off southwards, and remain in the south till the weather on the shores of the Mediterranean grows too hot for them. About the end of March they return to England, and at the same time to Denmark, Norway, Iceland, and the Northern States of America. But they do not stay, for the summer most to their mind is the brief one of the far, far north, beyond the very highest latitudes frequented by our whalers. There they have their breeding-place, "to the northward of all things." Some, however, loth it may be to leave civilisation so far behind, establish themselves on the shores of Hudson's Bay, where their eggs are laid on tufts of withered grass.

Having learned this much about the knot, we are in a position to appreciate the following remarks made regarding it and its haunts in the official Papers published in connection with the present Arctic expedition :—"We may fairly infer that the lands visited by the knot in the middle of summer are less sterile than Iceland or Greenland, or it would hardly pass over those countries, which are known to be the breeding-places of swarms of water-birds, to resort to regions worse off as regards supply of food. But the supply of food must depend chiefly on the climate. The inference necessarily is that beyond the northern tracts already explored, there is a region which enjoys in summer a climate more genial than they possess. It would be easy to summon more instances from the same group of birds, tending to show that beyond a zone where a rigorous winter reigns there may be a region endued with a comparatively favourable climate. If so, surely the conditions which produce such a climate are worth investigating."

Our Numbers By-and-by.

Upon the authority of the Registrar-General, the population of the United Kingdom is increasing at the rate of nearly a quarter of a million per annum. Taking as nearly as possible the exact net increase, and basing our calculations upon the Registrar-General's estimate of the population in 1875 as 32,737,405, we shall find that in twenty-five years' time—the end of this century—the population will have increased by about six and a half millions, in fifty years by fourteen millions, while in another century it will have *doubled*. London, which at present possesses a population of about 3,800,000, will, in the same proportion, possess in twenty-five years about four and a half, in fifty years five and a half, and in a century nearly *eight millions* of inhabitants. Pondering over these figures, and looking round at the present crowded state of the metropolis and country, we need have no fear of depopulation through emigration.

New Ventilation for Mines.

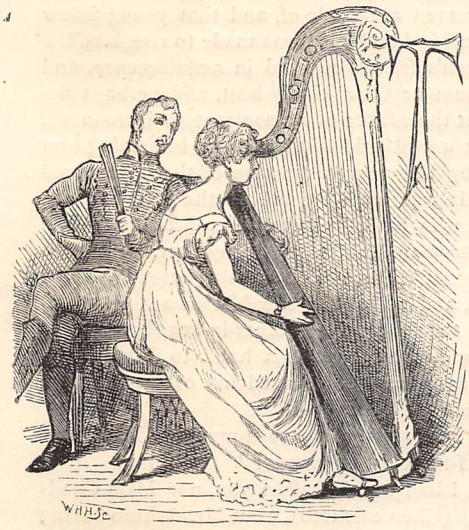
The ventilation of mines is a problem as important as it is difficult. We hear from the Creuzot mining-district of France that a new contrivance has been introduced there, by means of which the ventilation of coal-pits and the hoisting of the mineral to the surface are secured at one and the same time. The apparatus consists of an air-tight iron tube, extending from the top to the bottom of the main shaft. A closely-fitting piston is adjusted within this tube, and to the piston an ordinary lifting-cage is attached. When a cargo is to be sent to the pit-head, air is forced beneath the piston by means of suitable fans, and the mineral is immediately shot up to the surface. The air which thus acts as the motive-power is drawn directly from the mine, and so is generally very foul in character. Its exit occasions the entrance of a like volume of fresh air from without, and in this way the pit is thoroughly ventilated. It is calculated that, by the apparatus now in use, each elevation of the piston results in the removal of at least 70,000 cubic feet of foul air. Valves and doors are so arranged as to admit of the proper removal of loaded cars.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

EVENING: INDOORS AND OUT!



THE two-miles-and-a-half-long procession was not the only popular demonstration which made the Coronation of George IV. memorable in the annals of Manchester. There were no telegraph wires to flash intelligence to the supporters of Queen Caroline that she had been repulsed from the Abbey gates, and driven thence to die broken-hearted and uncrowned. So, in the absence of a cause for indignation, loyalty, or its substitute, contrived to add a pendant of disorder and excess only to be recorded as the dung-heap out of which grew flowers of promise.

As in most of the private houses along the line of route, a cold collation had been prepared for the refreshment of the friends who crowded Mr. Ashton's open windows. But no calculation had been made of the space the unwonted pageant would cover, or the time it would occupy in passing; and Mrs. Ashton, having discovered that such sight-seeing in the dust and glare of July was parching and fatiguing, issued orders for tea to be handed round when the last banner disappeared, and before her less intimate friends should rise to depart.

In giving these orders, she unwittingly stirred the kitchen fire to a white heat. Lavish hospitality was a characteristic of the time, and when a family of good position professed to keep "open-house," it was generally equal to the most extravagant demands. But, as a rule, Mrs. Ashton had little leaning towards impromptu parties, and Kezia considerably less, preferring those grand and formal receptions which involved elaborate preparation, and placed imaginary feathers in the caps of mistress and maids.

Kezia herself considered the honour of the house involved in everything under her control being "in apple-pie order;" and the surprise which put her on her mettle, put her also in a fume.

Recalled from the window—whence her head had been poked far as the farthest—to provide tea and its concomitants for an indefinite number of strangers, she accompanied her erratic movements about her domain with explosive outbursts of spleen at "bein' takken unawares when nowt's ready to hand."

"Here's missis bin an' ordered tay fur th' whole boilin' of folk up-stairs; an' theer's Cicily an' t'other wenches a' agog ower th' crownation, an' not worth the toss of a pancake!"

She jerked out her anger in the ears of Bess Hulme, who, seated on the settle, had just lulled to sleep Mrs. Walmsley's crying baby, which (neglected by its gaping nurse) had commemorated the day by a fall from a high bed.

Bess made a temporary couch for the baby in a snug corner, and quietly came to Kezia's assistance; then Ellen Chadwick, intuitively perceptive of kitchen troubles, busied herself in bringing reserves of china, glass, plate, linen, and sweetmeats from closets and store-room, Cicily and Dolly came down in due time, and the credit of the establishment lost nothing in Kezia's hands, even though there was an influx of visitors and a supper to provide.

That was Mr. Ashton's affair. He had tired of his processional march in the broiling sun by the time they had skirted Ardwick, and defiled into Chancery Lane. The two friends by his side, Mr. John McConnell and Mr. John Green (both cotton-spinners with whom he dealt), being of the same mind, they had fallen out of the line in Ancoats Lane, and turned down Lever Street to the house of the latter, to refresh themselves with something less dry than snuff or road-dust.

Mr. Green was the uncle of Henry Liverseege, the artist, fragile of form and spiritual of face, but the latter was then only a genius in his nineteenth year—with fame and an early grave dimly foreshadowed. They found him on the door-step, with his fussy and fidgety though kind-hearted aunt, just back from Mr. Gore's in Piccadilly, whence they had seen the show.

The gentlemen's requirement, "a draught of ale," was soon supplied, accompanied by a spasmodic comment on the "grand display," and the exhibition of a pair of the loyally inscribed fillets she had secured as the smallware-weavers passed.

"By-the-by, that was a wonderfully effective banner of yours, Mr. Ashton," interposed the thin voice of Liverseege. "Who painted it?"

"A young fellow in my employ, who occasionally designs for us," answered Mr. Ashton, handing his snuff-box to the group in rotation—"quite a self-taught artist!"

"Indeed! It was not much like an amateur's brush. I should like to know him. You see I do something in that way myself." The young painter, conscious of

his own latent power, was sensitively alive to undeveloped art in another.

"Would you? Just so! Then you shall! Come along, all of you, and finish the day with us. Mrs. Ashton will find us a dish of tea, and I am sure, Mrs. Green, she will be proud to see you also." Turning to the gentlemen, who had by this time emptied their talboy glasses, he added, "And I think I have a few bottles of rare old port waiting among the cobwebs for us to drink the King's health."

It was a period of much pressing and many excuses, but the excitement of the day had so far destroyed ceremony that even Mrs. Green, who was somewhat punctilious, after a little nervous trepidation anent the fitness of her last new cap for company, consented, and accepted the arm Mr. Ashton gallantly offered to pilot her across the crowded streets, along which the tail of the procession had only just trailed.

Graciously, though with her natural stateliness, Mrs. Ashton received the new-comers; Mrs. Green, finding the company generally in morning visiting dress, was at ease about her cap; the tea was exhilarating; the viands toothsome; the wines excellent; there was one common topic for discussion; the ice of ceremony had thawed hours before; and genial Mr. Ashton, having locked the doors to prevent the escape of a guest before the supper he had bespoken, was thoroughly in his element.

Mrs. Ashton was not quite so much at ease, though she was too well-bred to manifest her disquiet, which had two sources. In the first place, the presumptuous salutation of Augusta by Lieutenant Aspinall had jarred a sensitive nerve. In the second, Mr. Ashton, generously impulsive, had introduced Mr. Clegg to their friends, and *as* a friend of whom he was himself proud.

She thoroughly appreciated Jabez, and equally contemplated his advancement; but she was for "making no more haste than good speed," and considered it more prudent to raise him by insensible degrees. And as she watched her husband, radiant with good-will, cross the room with Jabez (discomposed at the very doorway by the wondering eyes of Augusta), and present him to Mr. Green and Mr. Liverseege, thus ran her thoughts:—

"Dear me! William is very inconsiderate! He will turn the young man's head, and insult our visitors at the same time. I hope Mrs. Clough will not recognise him. How indignant she would be if she thought we expected her to associate with one who once wore her son's cast-off clothes! Certainly he is well-conducted, and worthy in all respects, but—people don't forget such things! If Mr. Green and Mr. McConnell only knew William was introducing our Blue-coat apprentice what would they say?—I am glad, however, to see young Mr. Liverseege so affable with Jabez."

To her surprise, at this juncture, Mr. McConnell drew his chair close to Jabez and Mr. Liverseege, and attributing the evident embarrassment of the former to the newness of his position, endeavoured to dissipate it by taking part in the conversation, to which quiet Mr. Green occasionally added a word.

The lady, who was so afraid of touching the dignity of her friends, had not heard her less exclusive lord whisper to the two cotton-spinners, "I'm afraid I've committed a grave misdemeanor in Mrs. Ashton's sight, by bringing young Clegg amongst our party; but kings are not crowned every day, and I thought it a good opportunity to bring a worthy lad out. You and I"—and he tapped his snuff-box—"know what Manchester men are made of, and that young fellow has good stuff in him! He was made to rise, sirs."

Mr. Ashton's friends nodded in acquiescence, and willing to humour their kindly host, and perhaps desirous to test the calibre of an aspirant so introduced, wittingly or unwittingly did their part in helping him to "rise" by the very distinction of their prolonged attention. It was an act quite in the way of John McConnell, who had already given a lift to his rising young countryman, Fairbairn the engineer.

Presently Mr. Chadwick, beckoning attentive Ellen to his side, and using her shoulder as a support, involuntarily seconded his brother-in-law by joining the group, and, putting out his hand to Jabez (who rose at his approach, and offered his own seat to the paralytic gentleman), said—

"Wha-at inter-rests yo-you so m-much, M-Mr. Clegg, th-that you f-forget old f-friends?"

"No, sir, I had not forgotten you, nor Miss Chadwick either" (Ellen coloured), "but Mr. Ashton having honoured me with an introduction to Mr. Liverseege and these gentlemen" (bowing to them), "I was not at liberty to break away, had I felt so disposed."

"We were discussing the influence of art on our local manufactures," added Henry Liverseege, and thereupon the subject was resumed, Ellen necessarily in close attendance on her father, standing there with sparkling black eyes, an animated and attentive listener, well pleased that Mr. Clegg's merits (as seen by her) had at length found recognition.

Meanwhile, Augusta, the centre of a group of young people, indulged in sentimental chit-chat, and trifling with her fan, and human hearts, completed the enslavement of her last admirer, a fair-haired Mr. Marsland; while Jabez, from his distant seat, looked and longed in vain.

Cards were as a matter of course proposed for the amusement of this extemporised party; and in filling up tables for whist or loo, Mrs. Ashton's fears for the sensibility of her friends were forgotten.

They were utterly put to the rout by a loud rat-tat-tat at the street-door, followed by the entrance of Mr. Clough and the Reverend Joshua Brookes, the latter less vigorous than of yore, but in a state of unusual excitement.

His loud voice was heard before he was seen. "Hogs, sir, hogs! They are no better than hogs, sir!" he was saying even as he came into the drawing-room.

He appeared too much ruffled to respond composedly to the kindly greetings of his many friends; even Augusta, who put forth her little white hand with her most winning smile, attracted no more attention than a hurried "How d'ye do, lass? How d'ye do?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Brookes? you seem——"

He interrupted Mr. Ashton's inquiry with—

"Matter, sir? Waste and riot, intemperance and indecency are the matter. These old eyes have seen that which is enough to bring a curse upon the coronation and a blight upon the town."

Conversation was arrested, flirtation forgot its part, cards were laid down, save by three or four inveterate players, and young and old were alike on the *qui vive* crowding round the speaker.

"Permit me," said Mr. Clough, commencing an explanation. "I suppose you are all aware that the new market in Shude Hill is the chief station of the nine appointed for the distribution of meat, bread, and ale to the populace?"

"Populace, indeed!—the very scum and dregs of the town—say rather the lowest, roughest rabble!" broke in old Joshua.

"Well, Parson, for the credit of our working population, let us hope so," chimed in Mr. Clough, resuming—"Whilst Mr. Brookes and I were at tea in his sanctum, Tabitha ran in breathless to tell us that the platform erected for recipients in front of the storehouse had given way, that several persons were injured, and one had been killed on the spot."

"Ah!" said the Parson, drawing a long breath between his teeth, whilst Jabez, unobserved by either, drew nearer to listen, and the ladies put up their hands in horror.

"It was not our most direct route, but either curiosity or compassion took us round by Shude Hill Market on our road hither, and never shall I forget the scene that we witnessed. Loaves and junks of meat were being pitched high and far amongst the crowd from the warehouse doors and windows, as if flung to hounds."

"Hounds, sir!" burst in impatient Joshua, "don't slander the better animal. Only the commonest curs would have yelped and scrambled and struggled and fought for their rations, as did the human beasts we saw clutching and gripping from weaker women and children that which had fallen within their reach, or trampling in the mud underfoot the food they were too greedy or too drunk to devour. Aye, mud, for the very kennels ran with ale thrown in pitchers-full amongst the people, to be caught in hats, and bonnets, and hollowed hands, as if it were rain in an African desert. Ale! the atmosphere reeked of ale! Men, women, and children of all ages carried it away, or drank it from all sorts of vessels; reeled, hiccoughed, and staggered under their burden, or sank down by the wayside; whilst others, shouting like maniacs, drained the half-empty mugs. I tell you, sirs, Captain Cook never fell in with greater savages. Even death and disaster in their midst had not awed them! Ugh! I say again they are hogs, absolute hogs!"

As Joshua paused to take breath, and sank into a chair, Jabez modestly put the question to the excitable chaplain—

"Do you not think the distributors are most to blame for this wanton waste and excess, to say nothing of the loss of life? Surely the arrangements of the committee must have been defective."

The Parson's harsh tones softened as he put out his hand to grasp the speaker's.

"Aye, Jabez, lad, is that thee? I'm glad to see thee *here*"—and he laid an emphasis on the word—"Aye, the distributors are answerable for——"

But the personal recognition had created a diversion. The question Jabez had mooted was talked over by separate knots of individuals in different quarters of the large room, whilst Mr. Clough, to Mrs. Ashton's amazement, yes, and gratification also, shook the salesman warmly by the hand, and congratulated him on his apparent success. Moreover, he bore him away to Mrs. Clough, at the loo-table, and called her attention to the change time had effected in the old tanner's foster-child, in the most cordial manner.

Thanks to Mr. Ashton, Mr. Clegg had truly got his first foot into Manchester society that coronation-day, and his old hopes might have revived, had not a disturbing element crept into the room during the denunciatory oration of his clerical friend.

John Walmsley, not finding his wife at home when released from yeomanry duty, had come in quest of her, bringing with him two of his comrades; and when Mr. Clegg retired from the loo-table with a bow, his eye fell first on the conspicuous figure of Captain Travis, in the silver-and-blue glory of uniform, bending deferentially to address Miss Chadwick; and in another moment on the elegant Adonis he had dragged from icy death, toying with Miss Augusta's carved ivory fan, and whispering low to her, whilst she hid her India-muslin robe and too eloquent face behind the screen of her convenient harp, and drew her flexible fingers lightly across the chords.

The lustre of that evening's introduction was dimmed for Jabez. Augusta scarcely looked at him as she brushed past to supper, leaning on the arm of Lieutenant Aspinall, her white dress in strong contrast to his dark uniform; and no doubt his pain was pictured on his face, for Ellen Chadwick sighed, as she too passed him with her martial cavalier, and half turned to look pitifully at him as she went.

There was no lack of ladies, so Mrs. Ashton paired Mr. Clegg off with a chatty damsel of thirty or thereabouts, and he did his best to listen and make himself agreeable, but not even the novelty of his situation could keep his thoughts or his eyes from wandering where they should not.

Along the whole course of the procession the Manchester Yeomanry had been greeted with more hisses and groans than cheers. This had chafed their noble spirits, and on disbanding they had sought consolation in the wine-cup, which temperate Jabez was not slow to observe, although their degree of exhilaration was not then considered a disqualification for the drawing-room or for the society of ladies.

Mr. Ashton's strong home-brewed supper-ale was not a sedative, yet still Augusta smiled on Laurence, in spite of her mother's frowns, driving Mr. Marsland to desperation, and Jabez to despair.

Indeed, he was glad when the repast was over, for then Joshua Brookes rose to depart, sober as when he sat down, and the Chadwicks also. He had thus an

opportunity of escaping from his torment, by offering his escort to tottering Mr. Chadwick and the Parson in succession, if the latter did not object to the slight détour. Jabez foresaw that Mr. Travis was ready to do Miss Chadwick suit and service; but in offering his arm to assist the slow feet of the disabled father, he little dreamed how gladly the daughter would have made an exchange, nor, had he been wiser, would he have thrust himself in big Ben's way, any more than would Mrs. Chadwick, who openly favoured the "personable and unimpeachable" captain.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

CLOGS.

LEAVING the Chadwicks at their own door, where Captain Travis would fain have lingered had he been encouraged, Jabez and he fell back as guards to their reverend friend, whose excitability might otherwise have involved him in some unpleasantness, so disorderly a riff-raff occupied the streets.

Turning down Church Street, they pursued their dimly-lighted way along Cannon Street (so named from dismounted cannon captured from "rebels" which served as corner posts), through Hanging Ditch to Hyde's Cross; thence, past the deserted Apple Market, and Dr. Smith's ancient labyrinth of a house, to the Parson's less antiquated domicile in the corner by the Grammar School and those College-gates which had been the portals of peace and promise to Jabez, and not only to him, but hundreds besides.

The excitement of old Joshua had been toned down amongst the wax-lights and pleasant faces around the Ashtons' well-spread supper-table, and at first he was disposed to be conversible after his own peculiar manner. They had purposely avoided Shude-Hill Market by an ample circuit; but stragglers of both sexes from the scene of riot lay maundering or asleep in their path, or crossed it at every turn, in all stages of inebriety and disorder; until the natural irritability of the chaplain (increased by failing health) broke forth in loud-voiced indignation, ending in a wail that he was "getting old and powerless," or he would "rise like another John Knox, and denounce the wickedness rampant in the land."

"A good man lives there, Jabez," said he, pointing to the black-and-white home of the head master, where lighted windows told of hospitality awake, "a good man, but for whom I should not be alive to tell you; but there are those in the pulpit, my lads, whom the Church ought to spue out, lest they poison the flocks it is their duty to feed. Can the stream be pure if the fountain be polluted? And how shall we rebuke the gross excesses of the untaught rabble, whilst chambering, gluttony, and drunkenness defile the high places of the land? Ugh! There wants another flood to wash Europe sweet and clean! The sin on the earth was not greater in the days of Noah!"

They were crossing the space before the two closed gates when he paused for lack of breath; and Travis, with no thought but to change the subject, observed to Jabez, over the head of the panting pastor—

"How quiet this little nook of ground is now! Yet to me, and no doubt to you, Mr. Clegg, it is haunted by ghosts of old times!"

That set Joshua off again.

"Ugh! to hear a lad of five-and-twenty talk of old times! What's the world coming to? Ghosts indeed! It had like to have been haunted by ghosts of something more than old times, as Jabez and I know to our cost. I've never been right since the young ruffians had me in their clutches! And mark you, my lads, and think of it when you have young ones of your own to rear: there's no worse sign for a country or a family than when the young jibe and jeer, mock and scorn their elders. When grey hairs fail to command respect, virtue, principle, and religion are at their lowest ebb."

He stood within his own gate as he said this, and as Tabitha opened the door for her master, he checked all reply with—

"There! you've had a sermon for nothing. Ugh! you'll forget it when the old man's back turns. Good night, lads! See you steer clear of brawls, and give drunken fools a wide berth."

Leaving the young men so abruptly dismissed to retrace their steps towards Hyde's Cross, it may be as well if we throw a light on some of Parson Brookes' dark allusions.

Time had not smoothed the old man's eccentricities, nor modified the antagonism between the Grammar School boys and the ex-master. They were always at war, and there never was wanting a *casus belli*. The previous September he had been more than usually irritated by a lampoon which began—

"O Jotty, you dog,
Your house we well know
Is headquarters of prog——"

the purport of which was to fix on him the stigma of inviting a friend to dine, and regaling him with a black-pudding only.

Lashed to fury, he burst into the Grammar School when the first and second-form boys were assembled in the afternoon to rehearse the speeches which, according to custom, they were to deliver in public at the annual commemoration in October. He braved them in his hottest style, winding up with "You are a set

of blockheads! I would not come to hear your speeches if you would pay me for it!"

There was a general cry, "Turn him out! Turn him out!"

But Jotty would not be turned out. He stuck himself in the doorway with his legs against the doorpost, and his back against the door itself, to the extreme risk of broken limbs, whilst his young and vigorous opponents brought their strength to bear upon the door to force him out.

With such odds he was sure to be overcome; but driven into the yard, he fought with his antagonists like a mastiff at bay, and they, like the cowards they must have been to have assailed in a body an old man (under any provocation), by sheer force of numbers bore him backwards to the wall, and but for the opportune arrival of Dr. Smith, would have repeated the outrage perpetrated on Jabez Clegg eight years before.

He might well say Dr. Smith had saved his life. Such a fall, whether in high or low water, to so old a man would have been certain destruction. They broke his heart, I think, if they did not break his limbs; for he never was the same man afterwards. Even old Mrs. Clowes used to rally him on his frequent "fits of the dumps."

Whether Jabez and Ben Travis had or had not lost sight of the Parson's homily, they went linked arm-in-arm, the rich yeomanry officer and the unpretending smallware-salesman, just as nearly nine years previously the big raw-boned youth, with a heart large enough to match his frame, had linked his arm in that of the poor Blue-coat-boy, as a friend and a protector, when as yet his admittance into society was undreamed of.

Where the four roads met at Hyde's Cross, a staggering Charlie (as the watchmen were called, much as at this day they are Bobbies) passed them with his horn lantern and staff, and his rattle in his belt, proclaiming, "Past ten o'clock (hiccup)! and a fine moonlight night."

The two stood for a moment, then animated by a desire to ascertain if Joshua Brookes had spoken sooth, or in his spleen exaggerated, they turned up Shudehill, all alive with people who were ordinarily at that hour in bed, and made their way to the market.

Exaggerate! Joshua Brookes had seen but in part, and painted but in part. Every avenue to the market was a scene of debauchery. Hogarth's print of "Gin Lane" was feeble beside it. The distribution of food was over, but that of drink continued. The oil-lamps of the street, the dying illumination lamps, and the misty moonlight showed a picture of unimaginable grossness; whilst their ears were assailed with foulness which would have shocked a hardened man of the world, how much more these inexperienced young friends!

Children, men, and women, their clothes torn or disarrayed, lay singly or in groups on the paths or in the gutters, asleep or awake, drunk, sick, helpless, exposed; there was fighting and cursing over the ale yet procurable; there were loaves in the gutters, and meat trampled in the mire: food which, properly distributed, would have gladdened many a poor, hard-working family too self-respecting to join that clamorous mob.

The two young men turned away sick and disgusted.

"Henry Hunt, in advocating the disuse of excisable liquors," said Jabez thoughtfully, "may only have designed to cripple the Government; but surely no one could witness scenes like these, whether Whig or Tory, without feeling that some restriction on drink is absolutely necessary for the safety of the State, and the comfort of the people."

"You are right, Mr. Clegg," responded Travis heartily. "Men of all politics ought to meet on this ground. I shall see how far my little influence goes to check intemperance henceforth. Something must be done, and that promptly."

"Whatever I can do to second you, you may depend on; though beyond our own warehouse my opportunities are small," said Jabez, "still, if I can influence one within our walls, that one may act on two outside, and so we may prevail in the end."

"Yes," added Travis, "and if this night be not eloquent in its protest against drink, all humanity must be equally debased and brutalised."

Some caution had been necessary to cross the Market, so as to avoid insult; the captain's bulk and uniform rendering him conspicuous, and his corps being in anything but good odour. They had kept well within shade of the pillared piazza which extended along the side to their right, and, stunned by the uproar of brawling and fighting crowds, picked their way between degraded humanity in heaps on the pavement, crushed hats and bonnets, torn caps and shawls, boots and shoes which had done duty as drinking vessels, sodden meat and bread, and had much ado to avoid splashing through puddles of ale and other abominations. They had emerged into Oak Street, glad to have got tolerably clear of the clamour and brutality, when a cry from the direction of Tib Street, "Watch! help! watch!" fell on their ears in tones which had a strangely familiar ring to Jabez.

Hastening on at a run, they came upon a decently dressed man struggling against three or four drunken ruffians with heavy clogs on their feet. They had got the man down, and were vociferating with oaths not to be repeated here—

"Gi'e him a lick wi' thi clog!" "Punce him well!" "Shut up his tater-trap fur him!" "Purr him i' th' bread-basket!" "Fettle his mug wi' th' clog!"

Before Jabez and his companion could prevent it, a heavy thud, followed by a groan, told of a brutal kick; the two only dashed amongst them in time to arrest the other clogs, already on the backward swing for force, and saved the prostrate man by turning the fury of the savages on themselves. The cowardly brutes, however, stood little chance against sobriety and skill, backed by the muscular frame of Jabez and the Herculean one of Travis, even though they carried weapons of offence on their feet, and plied them vigorously; and before a droning watchman hove in sight, to spring his rattle for assistance, they were overmastered or put to the rout.

Most thankful was Jabez for the impulse which had

directed their steps that way when, on raising the fallen man, the light of an adjacent oil-lamp projecting from the wall fell on his blood-stained face, and revealed Tom Hulme, who had been drawn into that unusually disorderly neighbourhood by like curiosity with their own, and been set upon without provocation.

He walked with pain, and they supported his steps to the Infirmary, not finding Mr. Huertley, on whom they called, at home. But so fertile had that evening been of serious injuries, he was some time before he could obtain attention. Thirteen far more urgent cases had preceded his. At length his head and cut lip were plaistered up, a reviving draught administered, and after some examination of bruises and poking and pressing of his body, three of his ribs were pronounced "broken." His defenders were disposed to smile at the surgeon when, besides an embrocation for bruises, he prescribed "a succession of oatmeal poultices applied internally"—in other words, a cushion of as much oatmeal porridge as the patient could consume, to press the crushed ribs gently into position.

It was, however, not much of a laughing matter to Tom Hulme, or to loving Bess, who looked aghast at this deplorable termination of a day's jollity.

Nor was there a trace of mirth on the face of Jabez as, at parting with Ben Travis on the Mosley Street door-step, he gripped, more in pain than pleasure, the big hand extended so cordially.

It was after midnight, but from the open windows of the still lighted drawing-room the thin quick ears of Jabez had caught the sound of Augusta's melodious voice blending with that of Laurence Aspinall in a popular duet, although the notes of the latter were neither so clear nor so steady as they might have been.

The pallor on her foster-son's face Bess attributed to tender-hearted sympathy for her injured husband; but Jabez hurried away from her oppressive thanks to the solitude of his own chamber, where he could bury his face in his quivering hands, and unseen wrestle with emotions of which she had no conception.

Never had he known a day so chequered. The same sun which had looked down at noontide on the triumph of his amateur brush had beamed on Augusta Ashton's conscious cheeks, as she accepted his rival's familiar act of gallantry without so much as a frown. The evening had made a man of him—lifted him into a new sphere—brought him, so to speak, nearer to his divinity, within the radius of her smiles, the music of her voice. She had put her small white hand within his, and blessed him with a word or two of shy recognition; but Laurence Aspinall had again come like a cloud between him and his sunbeam; her sweetest smiles, her softest tones, were for the intruder; her arm had rested willingly on his, her voice had blent with his in sentimental song, and darkness once more shut out hope from Jabez.

"Common sense might have taught me that my love was folly, presumption, madness!" he argued with himself; "that the heiress of a wealthy man would not stoop to her father's Blue-coat apprentice. But oh!" he groaned, I had hoped to raise myself step by step nearer to her level—to make myself worthy of her as a man, if I had not riches to lay at her feet. She is young, and what might I not accomplish with industry ere she came of age? but *now*——"

He tore his neckcloth off, and cast it from him, stripped off coat and vest, and flung them aside, as though they held his passionate folly, and he had done with it, then sank into a chair, the very impersonation of listless hopelessness.

He had gone through all this struggle once before, and thought he had overcome his weakness; but at the touch of the enchanter's wand love had blazed up afresh, and was not to be smothered.

His reverie was broken into by the tread of many feet on the staircase below and the murmur of voices calling one to another; the hall-door shut with a clang, and then a light foot came tripping up the stair alone, and from heart and lips dropped unconsciously the soft refrain of that too well-known duet. She, too, was carrying to her chamber memories of the night, and bearing the burden blithely.

He listened until a door closed upon step and song. Then, as if its echoes pierced his soul, he set his teeth and clenched his outstretched hands in mute agony.

There was more than hopeless love in this—there was jealousy also.

Then he murmured half audibly, "If he were only worthy of her I could bear it better; but to see her cast her heart at the feet of one who will trample on it is beyond mortal endurance."

He started to his feet. A bright thought irradiated his face.

"Coward that I am! I am quitting the battle without striking a blow. I am myself unworthy of Augusta if I surrender her to a heartless profligate without an effort to save her. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Women have stooped lower, and lowly men have looked higher ere now. I am making way, but I must make money too, if I would look above me. Father and mother look on me with favour, and why not the daughter? She may learn the worthlessness of the fine gentleman in time. Courage, Jabez! Work with a will: do your duty. Miss no opportunity, and the gold and the goddess may both be yours in the end, and honestly won."

He sprang into bed fresher and lighter than he had been all day, the prayer of that other Jabez rising from his heart with the fervour of old times.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

THE Palace Inn on the north side of Market Street Lane was the last relic of that cramped thoroughfare to disappear at the bidding of Improvement. Possibly because its many eyes and bald red-brick face looked out on a space so much beyond the twenty-one yards assigned by Act of Parliament to the regenerated street, that the improvement committee had no powers

to meddle with it; for surely its historic associations were not sufficient to protect it; Prince Charles Edward had been hospitably lodged and entertained beneath its roof by its owner, Mr. Dickenson; he had harangued his devoted followers from the stone plateau of its double flight of steps, with his hand perchance on its smooth rail of unornamented iron; but in isolated dignity rather than palatial pretensions lay its chief safeguard. Be that as it may, fourteen or fifteen years elapsed between the first act of demolition for widening (at the shop of a Mr. Maund), and that last feat of narrowing, which blocked up and darkened history (as represented by the Palace) with common stone warehouses for every-day merchandise. Alas! Clio and all her sister Muses *must* succumb when Mammon is on the march!

But Mammon had only got his first foot in the street on that Thursday morning in July, which blushed at the doings of the Coronation night, and the Palace Inn yet held its head high as beseemed its historic state. The open space in front was enlivened by the newly-painted London-stage-coach, the "Lord Nelson," the fresh scarlet coats of coachmen and guards, the assembling of passengers and luggage, the shouting and swearing of half-awake ostlers and porters, the grumbling of the first-comers (shivering in the raw air) at the unpunctuality of the stage, the excuses of the booking-clerk, the self-gratulations of the last arrival that he was "in time," the dragging of trunks and portmanteaus on to the top, the thrusting of bags and boxes into the boot, the harnessing of snorting steeds, the horsing of the vehicle, the scramble of the "outsiders" to the top by ladder and wheel, the self-satisfied settlement of the "insides" in the places they had "booked for," the crushing and thrusting of friends with last messages and parting words, the crack of the whip, the sound of the bugle, the prancing of horses, the rattle of wheels, and the dashing off up Market Street Lane of the gallant four-in-hand amid the hurrahs of excited spectators.

Every morning witnessed a somewhat similar scene of bustle and excitement at five o'clock, when the London coach started, but every morning did not see Jabez mounted on the box-seat with the coachman. Nor did every morning see the coach an hour behind time, or the driver's face quite so red, or the spectators so heavy-eyed, or so much handing up of horns and glasses to the passengers, to be returned empty, or leave Mr. Ashton standing there when the "Lord Nelson" had bowled away.

That Coronation Day had much to answer for.

When Tom Hulme should have risen at four o'clock to return home, his bruised limbs were so stiff and sore that the soldier, who had borne the fatigue of many a campaign, who had bivouacked on the battle-field after a forced march, and been ready with the sun for the day's duties, had to confess himself "fettled" by Lancashire clogs, and unable to stir.

There was no alternative but to acquaint Mr. Ashton. The mill could not be left without a manager.

After the night's unwonted dissipation, Mr. Ashton slept heavily, and was with difficulty roused.

When once he comprehended the state of affairs, he was on the alert.

"It's a bad business!" said he to his wife as he dressed in haste.

"There is nothing so bad but it might be worse," was her consolatory reply. "Never bewail a loss till you have done your best to repair it. Can you not send Mr. Clegg to Whalley for a few days?"

"My dear, your counsel is invaluable, but I fear there is not time to catch the coach; it is twenty minutes past four now."

"It is sure to be late this morning, and Jabez will catch it if it is to be caught," was her quick rejoinder.

Bess had already awakened Jabez, and he, fully dressed, met Mr. Ashton at his bed-room door with "Can I be of any service, sir?"—a prompt commentary on Mrs. Ashton's declaration.

A few necessaries hastily crammed into a carpet-bag; a bowl of milk and a crust of bread as hastily swallowed; and Jabez, accompanied by Mr. Ashton, was on his way to the Palace coach office, confident they were in time, not having heard the guard's bugle, or met the coach.

There was, however, barely time to claim for Mr. Clegg the place already booked for "Mr. Hulme" (Mrs. Hulme's was forfeited), and for him to take his seat, before they were off in a canter, and Mr. Ashton's business mind was relieved.

As the manufacturer, thinking that the mill-hands at Whalley Bridge would not be left altogether to their own devices, stood within a short distance of the high steps, looking after the vanishing coach, a party of roisterers came swaggering out of the inn, hallooing with all their tipsy might.

One in advance of the rest, observing an elderly gentleman below, pointed him out to his companions as fair game, and leaning over the rail to steady himself, cried out—

"Halloo, old fogey! are you a Tory or a Radical? D—— me, take your hat off before gentlemen!" and, suiting the action to the word, extended a riding-whip he carried, and jerked Mr. Ashton's hat off into the dust; whereupon his worthy comrades set up a loud guffaw in admiration of the feat.

Naturally Mr. Ashton, his brief reverie disturbed, stooped to pick up the fallen beaver, and making due allowance for the unwonted occasion, turned to remonstrate good-humouredly with an excited stranger who had evidently drunk the king's health too frequently.

It was not with more surprise than annoyance that he recognised four of the hilarious party in the doorway and on the steps of the inn, which had apparently been open the night through. Not one of the four was in a condition to recognise him, although two of them, John Walmsley and Laurence Aspinall, had supped overnight at his own table; although the third, Kit Townley, had good reason for remembrance, and Ned Barret was anything but a stranger.

Loud laughter hailed the fall of the hat. A second attempt to "uncover the obstinate old fogey" was made, but dexterously avoided by Mr. Ashton in his

absolute astonishment stepping backward beyond range.

"Young gentlemen, do you know whom you are insulting?"

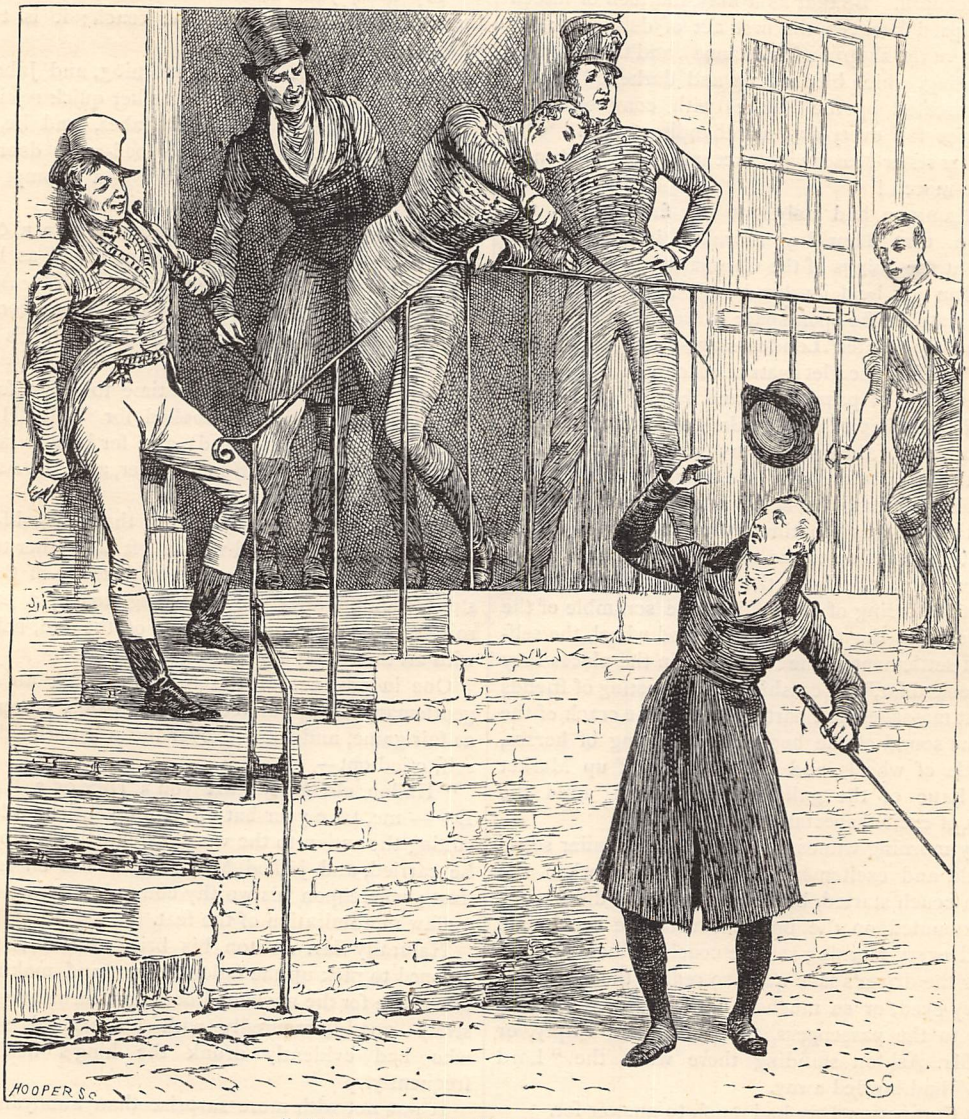
There was another laughing chorus. Aspinall almost toppled over the rail as he leaned forward, impotently striking out with his whip.

"I protest the old rad's remarkably like—like the

for good-fellowship; and it was considered a fine thing for a boy of seven to "toss off a glass like a man;" so the genial old gentleman was inclined to allow some latitude for the special occasion.

But they had touched him on a tender point. The light mention of his darling daughter's name roused his blood.

"John Walmsley," he cried angrily, looking up,



"JERKED MR. ASHTON'S HAT OFF" (*p.* 583).

lovely Augusta's snuffy old dad," drawled out he, in a sort of tipsy-wisdom.

"Just so!" appended Walmsley, mimicking the old gentleman's peculiarity.

Mr. Ashton, though a reasonably temperate man himself, was not so greatly shocked at these young carousers as we might be. Long usage blunts sensibilities. It was a glorious distinction to be a three-bottle man; the inability to drink a solitary bottle of wine at a sitting was a sort of disqualification

"what brings you, a married man, with these young rakes at this hour of the morning?"

"Pray wha-at brought y-you here, old fogey?" hiccoughed Aspinall, answering for the other.

One of the ostlers—Bob, the ex-groom—squeezed between the rollicking fellows to whisper in the ear of Laurence. He was impatiently thrust back with an elbow.

"Tchut! don't believe it. Old snuff-an'-tuppenny's fast in bed, shure sh a gun. I know b-better. I say, you——"

But "old snuff-and-tuppenny" had turned on his heel, too wise to enter into contention with a set of inebriated boobies, though not proof against the disrespectful epithets of Laurence, or the derisive laughter of his boon companions.

His irritation half emptied his snuff-box before he got home, so often he tapped smartly on its golden lid, and so often his finger and thumb travelled between it and his nose with a touch of ruminant displeasure.

Neither he nor Mrs. Ashton was disposed to overlook the fact that Kit Townley and Ned Barret—scapegraces by repute—were of the party, nor that Augusta's name had been familiarly used in their midst.

"'Birds of a feather flock together,'" said the lady; "and if Mr. Aspinall's son associates with that reckless and dishonest Kit Townley, he is a very unfit friend for John Walmsley, and still worse for our dear Augusta."

"Just so; for a dashing blade with a handsome face, who sports a uniform, talks poetry, and sings sentimental songs, is just the fellow to take a silly girl's fancy, before she is old enough to think. I know I regret I ever brought him *here*," said Mr. Ashton seriously, as Augusta came in the room to breakfast, entering at the door behind her mother's back.

"Well, William," observed Mrs. Ashton loftily, her hand on the china coffee-pot, "you can imagine *my* annoyance when John and Mr. Laurence walked in arm-in-arm last night, after the liberty he had taken in the morning—kissing his hand to our daughter from the public procession in the face of all our friends, as if Augusta had been a flaunting barmaid. I was most indignant!"

Augusta said, "Good morning," and took her seat with a heightened colour. Such a construction of the gallant officer's salute had not occurred to her, and native delicacy took alarm.

Mrs. Ashton continued to pour out her thoughts along with the coffee. It was fit Augusta should know her sentiments on this head.

"It would have been a breach of hospitality to resent it before our friends, and not good policy either. But I shall put a stop to his visits henceforth."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Augusta, dropping her hands at this climax, "you cannot mean that!"

"Yes, my dear, I do. If Mr. Aspinall has depraved associates, he must be depraved himself; and I am sure my daughter"—she drew herself up proudly—"would not choose her friends from those of Christopher Townley."

Augusta's colour suffered no decrease. She paused as she was taking her dry toast from the silver rack, and half-hesitatingly remonstrated.

"Of course I should not wish to associate with Mr. Townley's friends. But papa may be mistaken. I do not think Mr. Aspinall would mix with them. People meet and mingle at coach-offices who are strangers."

"Just so, my dear, but——" interposed her father.

"Why, mamma," the persistent young lady went on, "no more perfect gentleman enters our doors than Mr. Laurence Aspinall. His manners are most refined. Then he talks enchantingly, and sings divinely. And"—this she thought conclusive—"is he not intimate with Charlotte and John?"

"Just so," quickly answered Mr. Ashton, glancing across the table at his attentive wife, "and all the worse for Charlotte and John. I shall have a word with them on the subject. I called in Marsden Square on my way home, and found Charlotte with red eyes. John had not been home all night"—and Mr. Ashton battered the top of an egg whilst delivering what he regarded as a crushing argument.

Breakfast and the discussion were unusually prolonged; the only impression left on the young lady's romantic, impressible, and inexperienced mind being that her parents were unaccountably harsh to her, and unjust to Mr. Laurence, in her eyes the beau ideal of a man. Such a figure and such a face could only enshrine divinity. And if he was a little wild, so were all heroes at his age.

Mrs. Ashton was a woman of her word. The door in Mosley Street was closed against Mr. Laurence Aspinall, and James was incorruptible.

But the teaching of Miss Bohanna's library being that Love was far-seeing and parents were blind, it followed that Miss Augusta (who would have resented any supposition of wilful disobedience or intentional disrespect towards the good father and mother she loved so dearly) met the fascinating gentleman (always by chance) either at her cousin's in Marsden Square or in her walks abroad, and scented billet-doux came and went between the leaves of four-volumed romances which Cicily carried to and from the library.

One of these fell into Mrs. Ashton's hands, and finding her advice contemned, she took measures to check this premature and clandestine love-making, as she thought, effectually.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

AT CARR COTTAGE.

TOM HULME was most anxious to get back to Whalley Bridge and the mill, and motherly Bess was equally uneasy to return to her poor little Sim, afraid lest he should tax his grandfather's strength over-much, or meet with some fresh accident. Yet more than a week elapsed before her husband was fit to travel, and in the interim Mr. Ashton had himself gone thither to ascertain how the new substitute filled the post.

He was still at Carr Cottage when the "Lord Nelson" stopped at the end of the avenue, and Jabez, with fragile Sim mounted on his shoulder, trotted down to the gate to welcome Bess and her invalid home.

They had travelled inside, but John Loudon MacAdam had not yet been appointed "Surveyor of Roads," and Tom Hulme had suffered severely from the jolting of the coach.

Bess clasped her child tenderly and held him up for his father's kiss; but she put him down to walk on before them (he could not run), whilst she and Jabez helped the injured corporal to ascend the steep incline.

Old Simon, who seemed to have got a new lease of

life from the invigorating country air and occupation, had already breakfasted, and was in the bean-field, gathering the first ripe pods for a dinner of beans and bacon.

"Eh, Tum, lad!" said he, as he entered the house-place, and saw his son-in-law's pale face against the blue-and-white check cover of the arm-chair, "whoi, thi feace is as whoite as a clout! Thah'll noan be fit to wark fur one whoile. Thah's nobbut fit fur t' sit under th' sycymore tree, an' look at th' fleawers, an' watch me put th' garden i' fettle."

"Just so," said Mr. Ashton, bringing his pleasant face in at the door; "I think Mr. Clegg will have to do duty for you a while longer. And don't distress yourself about it, Mr. Hulme, for I fancy a little fresh air will do *him* no harm this hot weather; he has been overworking lately."

"You are very kind, sir," responded Jabez, "but I trust a few days' rest will set Mr. Hulme on his feet again."

But Tom Hulme had received unsuspected internal injury, and many weeks went by before he was stout as before—weeks pregnant with fate for Jabez; and not Jabez alone.

Factory hours were long, but the summer days were longer, and he was glad after work was over to ramble away through the valley of the Goyt, following the winding of the stream, or over the larch-clad hills above Taxal, whence he would return with the rising moon, bringing pockets full of the crisp brown fir-cones for Sim to play with. In the pine-woods, alone with nature, he could give vent to his emotions, or indulge in meditation at his will.

Mr. Ashton had, however, found him other occupation for his spare hours.

The landlord of the "White Hart," bearing in mind that Mr. Clegg had come under his roof first as a travelling artist, had expatiated to Mr. Ashton with much pathos on the deplorable condition of the inn sign, not without sundry broad hints that Mr. Clegg's temporary residence on the spot was a glorious opportunity not to be neglected.

Mr. Ashton had smiled, said "Just so," taken a pinch from the immense snuff-box lying on the bar-parlour chimney-piece, then fallen back upon his own, gone away, and forgot the dingy sign altogether, until another hint from his tenant refreshed his memory.

As he stood at the inn door waiting for the Manchester coach, an upward sly glance of the jolly host's caused him to say to the young man by his side, "Do you think you could manage to paint a new sign for the 'White Hart,' to oblige Chapman and me?"

Jabez hesitated, not from unwillingness.

"I'm afraid, sir, to attempt. It's not in my line, and——"

"Oh, you can do it well enough. Remember the banner."

"I've no materials here, sir, else——"

"If that's all, you shall have them in a day or two."

In a few days an easel, a new sign-board, and colours were sent by the Buxton carrier, and Jabez set to work, to the especial wonder and admiration of little Sim, who delighted to stand by his side, and grew rebellious when "bed-time" was announced. Jabez was, however, but an untaught artist, and his painting hours were few; the *couchant* hart was rubbed in and wiped out over and over again before he was satisfied even with the outline; but then it grew and grew in fair proportion under his brush, until he felt there was something in him beyond the region of tapes and braces.

The graceful animal, resplendent in golden collar and chain, looked mildly out from the easel in the parlour nearest to the passage (used, when the family was there, as an eating-room), and little Sim gravely reported to his elders it only wanted "gass, an' tee, an' ky," when the inmates of Carr Cottage were startled by the arrival of unexpected visitors.

It was the second week in August; the air was heavy with the perfume of clove carnations, honeysuckle, mignonette, lavender, musk, and mint. Golden sunflower and crimson hollyhock were in their glory; bees and wasps hovered over balsams and China asters, or hid themselves in the blue Canterbury-bells or the amber nectary of the stately white lily. Fruits were ripe for the gatherer, grain was falling under the sickle.

Bess, in a fair white muslin cap, a large check apron over her dark chocolate-and-white print gown (her blue bed-gown days were over), was moving quietly about the house-place, preparing their early breakfast, no longer restricted to oatmeal porridge.

Tom, looking worn, but clean and neat as loving hands could make him, leaned back in his soft arm-chair, and watched her with well-satisfied eyes. Little Sim was already in the garden with his grandfather, helping to pick raspberries and currants for preserving.

The tall oak-cased clock struck seven, and then, true to time, the guard's bugle announced the coming of the coach from Manchester.

Instinctively Bess went to the door, as was her wont, when the coach came in.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Eh, Tum! aw declare t' cöach is stoppin' at ar gate! Happen theere's a parcel or summat for ar Jabez."

And off she set past the kitchen window, and down the avenue, with the light foot of a younger woman.

Before she reached the avenue gate, the stuffy vehicle had yielded up three ladies and two bandboxes, and the guard having unlocked the capacious boot (a kind of closet at the back), dragged thence, with much superfluous puffing and straining, two hair-trunks of moderate dimensions.

"Yes—there stood Mrs. Ashton, grandly calm; bright-haired Augusta, tall, slim, and, it must be added, unamiably silent; and Ellen Chadwick, whose black eyes had an absolute glow of expectancy in their depths.

Bess put up her hands in amazement.

"Eh! Mrs. Ashton, madam! You han taken us unawares! An' theere is na a bit o' fresh meat i' th' heawse; an' th' butcher's cart wunna be reawnd agen

till Setterday ! But awm downreet glad to see yo' an' th' young ladies" (she dropped a respectful curtsey) "an a' lookin' so weel. Aw wur afeared yo' wur no' comin' this summer."

"Never mind the butcher's meat, Mrs. Hulme; having come to Carr we must do as Carr does; I do not doubt we shall fare very well," said the stately lady reassuringly. "I trust we shall find your good husband free from pain, and Mr. Clegg and your family in health."

Bess thanked Mrs. Ashton for her kind inquiries, but somehow she boggled over the "Mr. Clegg." She was proud enough of his advancement, but to her he was still "Jabez;" and he did not seek to be otherwise.

There was a difficulty about the luggage, no men being about.

By this time old Simon was nearly down the hill, little Sim following at his heels, his face, hands, and pinafore stained with fruit.

"I run for Joe," cried crippled Sim, as Bess tried the weight of a trunk, and Ellen interposed.

"Well, yo' see as heaw o' Moore's folk are eawt i' th' fields cuttin' whoats [oats]. Feyther an' me con carry one on em atween us. They're noan so heavy."

Mrs. Ashton would not hear of it.

Just then little Sim came back with Joe—his most particular friend, to whom he was chief patron—a drivelling idiot, a man in frame, a child in heart and brain. He was a pitiable object, the scoff of the rabble, but he had sense enough to know his protectors. At the instance of the four-years-old child, he shouldered the box with a vacant chuckle; and Sim, loaded with an oval pasteboard bandbox, waddled after him as fast as his deformity would permit.

Before the travellers could reach the top of the avenue Jabez Clegg was with them, the other trunk upon his shoulder. He had heard at the "White Hart" of their arrival, and had almost sacrificed the dignity of his position in *his* desire to run.

There were more greetings, accompanied by a cordial shaking of hands; and Bess and Simon looking on saw with pleasure, not unmixed with pain, that the foundling they had adopted and reared had mounted far above their heads, albeit in rising he had drawn them up too.

He breakfasted, not with them in the house-place, but with the new-comers in the parlour; and Bess herself waited upon them, her little maid being off in the harvest-field gleaning for a bed-ridden mother.

She heard him conversing freely, if deferentially, with the lofty Mrs. Ashton on topics and in a language her dialectal tongue could never compass.

She saw him turn to answer the arch sallies of Miss Ashton, and the quieter observations of Miss Chadwick, and noted that the dark eyes of the latter kindled when he spoke, and her cheeks had a warmer glow, as if they caught their hue from the flushed face of Jabez.

Breakfast over—little Sim had sat on the door-step to share his with Crazy Joe, whilst Ellen and Augusta retired to unpack—Mrs. Ashton graciously accepted the escort of Mr. Clegg to the mill, and they trod the avenue and the high-road side by side, discussing business matters, her dignity losing no whit by the companionship. Mrs. Ashton was one of those who can lift up without stooping.

Clouds never lingered on Augusta's face; she had been transported thither, as she said, "with no more ceremony than a bale of twist," but she put off her displeasure with her travelling bonnet, and danced into the kitchen airily as a sylph, to help Bess out of the quandary caused by their advent.

"I am afraid our arrival has been very inauspicious," Augusta said, "but I can assure you I was not consulted, and am not to blame" (she had certainly not been consulted—blame was another matter). "And now what can I do for you, Mrs. Hulme?"

Augusta tucked up the sleeves of her peach-coloured gingham dress, borrowed a linen apron from Bess, who confessed to being "raythera heavy hond at paste," and soon the matron was at ease respecting pies, and tarts, and custards.

Simon Clegg brought in a dish of trout fresh from the stream; the larder supplied savoury ham and eggs, the garden furnished peas; so Mrs. Ashton was not far wrong.

It was but a spurt on Augusta's part; her tender impressionable heart had melted at Mrs. Hulme's first look of dismay, but the impulse over, there was no more tucking up of sleeves or handling of paste-pins.

Fortunately for their digestion, Ellen Chadwick had no less skill, since, quiet as she was, she seemed to lack an outlet for superabundant energy, and, unobtrusively restless, helped Bess she hardly knew how, or how much.

Augusta wandered about cottage and garden, or sat for hours under the shade of the great sycamore-tree, singing low-voiced plaintive ditties; feeling herself the most ill-used and wretched being in existence, separated from her adorable lover; and the more she brooded, the more discontented and melancholy she became.

It was all very real and very much to be deplored. No knife cuts so keenly at the heart-strings as the sharp edge of a first love turned in upon itself; and Augusta was as much in love as ever was maiden of seventeen.

Mrs. Ashton went daily to the mill, but a casual remark of Mrs. Hulme's on "Miss Ashton's mopin' an' malancholy" aroused the attention of the energetic mother, and she did her best to counteract morbid fancies with long sharp walks in the early morning (extending, on one occasion, as far as Shawcross Hall, where she astonished her relatives by an informal visit), and a repetition of the dose in the evening, when Mr. Clegg made one of the party, thus unconsciously adding fuel to the fires which, unknown to her, consumed alike her niece and her warehouseman.

At the end of ten days, Mrs. Ashton returned to Manchester, leaving the girls behind. She had extorted a promise from Augusta that she would not write to Mr. Laurence Aspinall, and relied on that

promise being faithfully kept. Moreover, after some debate with herself, as they walked from the mill together on the last afternoon of her stay, she committed her daughter and niece to Jabez Clegg's care.

"You are a very young man for so important a charge," she said, "but you are steady as old time, and of your integrity and fidelity we have had many proofs. Miss Ashton's health demands a prolonged stay on this breezy hill-side, but I fear she feels it dull after Manchester. If you will endeavour to amuse her when you see her drooping, I shall consider myself your debtor, sir; and should anything *unusual* attract your notice, I depend upon your calling our attention to it."

"I feel honoured by the trust you repose in me, madam," replied he, a grave consciousness of his own danger stirring at his heart; "you may depend on my watchfulness over Miss Ashton and her cousin."

But of any danger to Miss Ashton beyond that arising from a sensitively delicate frame, which might need the sudden summons of Dr. Hull to allay the fears of parents anxious for their only child, he had no suspicion or perception. He had no more clue to Mrs. Ashton's hidden meaning than she to his secret emotions. It had been wiser to have been more explicit.

Without that charge he might have made it a point of honour, if not of duty, to hold aloof from the young ladies lest he should be obtrusive: as it was, the more he pondered, the more he became satisfied that it was only a delicate way of giving sanction to a companionship which he might otherwise have regarded as presumptuous.

Accordingly, he constituted himself their cavalier after business hours, fulfilling to the letter his instructions to endeavour to amuse Augusta whenever he found her drooping, well rewarded if he could win back a smile or a peal of the rippling laughter he heard so oft in her school-girl days. His attentions to Miss Chadwick were tinctured with the profoundest respect, but there was no effort to entertain or be agreeable; on the contrary, it was Miss Chadwick who kept the light shafts of her cousin's wit within bounds when they were likely to wound—as they did sometimes.

The White Hart, to Sim's disquiet, would have suffered long from dearth of herbage, had not thunderous clouds emptied their reservoirs amongst the hills, until brooks became rivers, and roads almost impassable. Then Jabez resumed his brush, Sim clapped his thin little hands with delight, whilst the sedate young lady of twenty-four, and the bewitching damsel of sweet seventeen, varied the monotony of piano, book, or embroidery-frame with an occasional criticism of his work.

It was a time fraught with intoxicant delight, but of terrible temptation to Jabez. The frequent fits of languor which bowed Augusta down like a drooping lily, made her only more dangerously dear to him, and it needed all his strength to remember that she was his master's daughter, and confided to his care.

If he thought of Laurence Aspinall now, and his fascination, it was only as a butterfly beau, for whom no sensible maiden could entertain a permanent liking.

Not even when, turning back one forenoon for something in the closet which he had forgotten, he found her in tears on the low ledge of the open window at the foot of the staircase.

"Good gracious, Miss Ashton, what is the matter? Are you ill? Is anything troubling you?"

"Nothing," sobbed she, the clear drops falling faster.

"Nothing! oh, Miss Ashton, this cannot be for nothing," and he sat down on the window-ledge beside her, not daring so much as to touch her hand, his own were in such a quiver.

"Miss Ashton—Augusta, you told me your troubles when you were a school-girl, am I less worthy your confidence now? Can I do anything to serve you? I would lay my life down to save you pain," and the earnest tenderness of his voice spoke volumes.

She had subdued her emotion. Gathering herself up with a reflex of her mother's stateliness, she said haughtily, "It is nothing, sir; I am better," and swept past him up the staircase, leaving him to set his teeth and turn away with clenched hands, alike exasperated at his own loss of self-command and grieved for her grief.

On the narrow landing which ran parallel with the staircase like a balcony, Augusta found her cousin Ellen, with one hand on her side, leaning against their chamber door-post, as if for support, with closed eyes and pale lips. She had been "overcome by the heat"—so she said.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE LOVERS' WALK.

JABEZ held a responsible post, and had no more leisure than other business men for emotional indulgence. He hurried out of the cottage, and down the avenue, shutting up his bitter feelings within the doors of his heart as he went. But the process closed his eyes and ears to external sounds, and the old postman, with his long tin horn, which had been echoing through the straggling village a full quarter of an hour, passed him in the avenue and said, "Good day," without so much as arresting his attention.

At the mill he found letters waiting—one, which had been post-paid as a double letter, conspicuous amongst the wafered business communications, not only because of its thick, gilt-edged paper, and crimson disc of crested wax, but from its curious folding, as if to baffle prying eyes.

It was signed "Ben Travis," and was so long, it went into a pantaloon pocket, to be read when his multifarious duties allowed him more leisure.

When the hands were dismissed at noon, and the one clerk had left the counting-house, he took out the voluminous epistle, which was dated September 10th, and certainly found therein matter of interest. Amongst a few preliminary items of news, he learned that the excesses of the Coronation night had created so much disgust in the minds of thinking men, that many of those who had denounced Henry Hunt's advocacy of abstinence, and at the public expense had formerly disseminated printed laudations of good brown

ale, the "old English beverage," as "a cheering and strengthening drink," no longer branded the water-drinkers as "enemies to the corporeal constitution of Englishmen," but had given their countenance to social gatherings whence intoxicating liquors were excluded. Travis himself was doing what he could to promote these temperate meetings, and looked for the earnest co-operation of Mr. Clegg on his return to Manchester. (And he did not look in vain; though neither of the young social reformers saw in advance how universal would become the temperance movement of which this was the unpretending precursor.)

The letter went on to say—

"Miss Chadwick and her fair cousin were spirited away mysteriously. At first I blamed myself as the unhappy cause. I have since discovered my mistake, through a quarrel between Mr. Walmsley and Mr. Laurence Aspinall, when both were slaves to Bacchus —*In vino veritas!* I suppose you know that Mr. Aspinall the elder is a martyr to the gout, and has been driven by his enemy to the Buxton baths. The cause, I have heard, was a gentlemanly debauch in a fit of passion or wounded pride. His son joins him to-day. I scarcely think he will call on your young ladies after what has occurred."

"What has occurred!" repeated Jabez, "what can he mean by that? I wish correspondents would be more explicit!"

He pondered over this sentence, but could make nothing of it, and after reading a little way, came to the real object of the letter, prefaced as it was with much circumlocution.

"It may seem strange that a great, big, burly fellow like myself should be such a booby as to seek the intervention of a third person in an affair of the heart. Yet, if I have any insight into your nature, I think I may confide in you, and depend on your good offices. After so many months' dangling and craven hesitation, I summoned up courage to make my pretensions known to Miss Chadwick. I know I did it clumsily and ungracefully: the very strength of my passion fettered my tongue. I shall never forget the pitiful look of the sweet girl as she burst into tears, assured me of her esteem, but declined my suit. Her tears unnerved me, and I had not power to plead my own cause. Do not despise me, Clegg: neither Samson nor Hercules was any stronger. I cannot resign myself to that verdict. I would throw myself again at Ellen's feet, and beseech her pity, but that I dread its repetition. Can I count on your good offices to move her in my behalf? I know the value Miss Chadwick sets on your opinion, and how highly she esteems you, or I should not think of asking this. The trust I repose in you is the best proof I can give of friendship. Do not hesitate to tell me the worst. I trust I am brave enough to bear my fate—when I know it. Mrs. Chadwick does not believe her daughter's decision final."

This was a disquieting letter. Mr. Travis had been his firm, true friend, in spite of difference in position and fortune. He had overlooked that difference from the first, but would Miss Chadwick, his employer's niece, overlook it if he stepped beyond privileged bounds? From the depths of his own conscious heart he felt for his friend; but how to approach so delicate a subject to serve him was perplexing. He never thought of shirking the trust.

It was late when he got home to dinner. Ellen and Bess were both on the look-out for him. He quickened his pace, fearing some evil to his beloved Augusta, whom he had last seen in tears.

"What an anomaly is woman!" he thought, as he found her fingers rattling over the keys of her piano in accompaniment to the merriest ditty he had heard from her lips since she was a child.

There was a strange sparkle in her eyes, a vivacity in her manner so opposed to her sadness, that he asked himself if he had been dreaming before, or was dreaming then.

She blushed over her willow-pattern plate as she took her seat, but, after that first token of susceptibility, chatted with a volubility unusual to her, and curiously in contradistinction to the silence and reserve of Ellen Chadwick.

In the morning he had debated whether that secret trouble came within the category of "unusual" things Mrs. Ashton required to be informed of; and, behold! it was gone.

She rallied both Jabez and Ellen on their gravity, and at length, as if on a sudden inspiration, asked, playing with her green-handled two-pronged fork—

"Shall you be very busy at the mill this afternoon, Mr. Clegg?"

It was an unusual question. He answered—

"Rather. Some bales of twist have come in from Messrs. Evans, of Darley-Abbey Mills. I must see them unpacked, and compare the twist with samples. But your motive for asking?"

"Oh, if you are busy——Well, perhaps after tea will be better: it will be cooler. I wish you would just take Ellen a good long walk: I found her fainting with the heat this morning."

Ellen coloured vividly.

"Augusta!" she remonstrated.

"And yourself, Miss Ashton?" questioned he.

"Oh, I have a heap of clear-starching to do. My frills and laces are in a woeful plight. I shall be clap-clap-clap all the afternoon, and this sultry weather prohibits ironing until there is a cool evening breeze to fan me through the window. Without it I should be as likely to faint as Ellen."

Miss Chadwick made light of her faintness, and objected, if not too strenuously, to be so disposed of; but Augusta, in her old wilful way, insisted; and Jabez, with his friend's letter on his mind, was not likely to throw opposition in the way. So, notwithstanding his recent rebuff, he was once more "Miss Ashton's humble servant to command."

After an early tea, which was but a fiction to all three, Augusta was left behind, busy with a box-iron and her lady-like laundry of lace and muslin in the house-place, whilst Ellen Chadwick and Jabez went rambling with the winding waters of the translucent Goyt, under umbrageous trees on pleasant mountain slopes, where foxgloves nodded, and horse-tail grasses bent before

them, and only an occasional reaper or gleaner crossed their path.

Had those two been incipient lovers, no more embarrassing silence could have fallen upon them. If Jabez, her junior by two years, had had a tussle to keep his love within bounds, there had at least been a glimmer of hope in the distance, and the struggle was upwards. Ellen had been trained from her childhood to keep her naturally strong feelings under control; but there was a war in her breast between maidenly shame and unsought, hopeless love, and the two hacked at each other and at her heart in the rayless dark, and the struggle was downwards.

Here she was, for the first time, alone with the man she loved with all the strength of a strong heart, with the newly-gained knowledge that he "would die to save her [cousin] pain;" and he, conscious of a sacred and delicate mission, all unaware of her secret love for himself, was perplexed how best to approach the subject, and take advantage of the opportunity so afforded him.

At length—"I had a letter from my friend, Captain Travis, to-day," he began.

With little perceptible emotion, she replied, "Indeed! I hope he was in good health. You are honoured in your friendship, sir. Mr. Travis is a noble gentleman, and I esteem him highly."

This paved the way for him to expatiate on Ben Travis's many good qualities. He told the story of the big raw-boned youth's first patronage of himself, and found an attentive listener as he traced the growth of their friendships upwards, and related favourable anecdotes which have no place in this history.

But no sooner did he begin to plead his friend's cause with all the warmth of young friendship, than her entire manner changed.

Her colour came and went; she panted as if for breath, and gasping out, "Oh—h! Mr. Clegg, for mercy's sake, don't—don't!" was seized with a sudden faintness for the second time that day.

A lichen-covered old tree-trunk, shattered and uptorn in the late thunderstorms, was at hand; he seated her upon it, bringing water to revive her from a runnel near; but any attempt to renew the subject only seemed to give her exquisite pain, and he desisted on her telling him in a suffocating voice, "Honour forbids that I should listen to Mr. Travis; I—I—love another."

Something in her tone or manner told him that her love was as hopeless as his own for Augusta; and nothing could be more respectful and gentle than his bearing towards her on their homeward way, thus adding fuel to the fire which consumed her.

The evening shadows were fast closing in when they reached the cottage; and she, with a simple inclination of the head, left Jabez on the threshold, and passing through the parlours, carried her overmastering emotions upwards to her room, to be grappled with in the silence of the night.

"Wheere's Miss Ashton?" asked Bess. "Hoo said it wur too hot to bide ith' heawse, an' hoo put her irons deawn, an' efter tittivatin' hersel' oop a bit, went eawt a-seekin' yo'."

In some surprise, not unmixed with alarm, for the hour was late—as times and country went—and the harvest brought rough strangers into the neighbourhood, Jabez set off at full speed down the avenue, and ere he had reached the first brook, saw her lithe figure advancing buoyantly; and, if his eyes and the gathering mist did not deceive him, a second figure parted from her at the gate.

She was the first to speak. "Whichever way did you people ramble off?"

"Oh, down by the Goyt, Taxal way, Miss Ashton," answered Jabez.

"Ah! and I went up the Buxton Road; we were certain to miss."

"I thought I saw you part from some one at the gate? Could I be mistaken?" half questioned her interlocutor.

"Oh, Crazy Joe! that was all!" and he took her reply in all sincerity, not believing Augusta Ashton capable of untruth.

A day or two went by, during which Jabez wrote to tell Ben Travis he "must arm himself with fortitude"—that "the world was full of disappointments"—that "Miss Chadwick loved elsewhere"—but there was "something more for men to do than die for disappointments or blighted love."

And yet another day or two, during which Augusta's moods were as variable as the gusty shadows of the sycamore; changing from wild exuberance which rallied Ellen on her depression, and condescended to play or dance for Sim, to a moping, moody melancholy, enlivened by frequent showers. She was given to snatch up her hat and "run out into the garden for a breath of fresh air," but she generally came in panting as if the "run" had been literal, and sometimes she would be found in the house when supposed out of it, and *vice versâ*.

The White Hart had not yet walked away, although Jabez considered it complete. It waited Mr. Ashton's coming and his verdict, and stood on the easel in the dining-room.

The morning post had brought a message to Simon Clegg concerning fruit and vegetables for the Manchester home, and having sought him in the kitchen-garden to deliver it, Jabez entered the house at dinner time by the lower staircase window (frequently used for entrance and exit). His passage through the best parlour was arrested by voices in the room beyond, one of which he knew too well. It was that of Laurence Aspinall.

His painting was evidently under free criticism, and had been for some time. There was some jesting at the sign-painter.

"You see, Miss Ashton, what a few touches can effect!"

The speaker had apparently made free with Clegg's colours and brushes, and there was a murmured sound of assent from Miss Ashton.

"Well, Barret, *Nec scire fas et omnia; Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* What say you?"

"Yes; let the cobbler stick to his last. If this Clegg would be an artist, let him stick to his brush; if

a tradesman, let him keep to his trade. If a man means to succeed, he must never flirt with two trades together. It's just as bad as wooing two women at once."

Jabez heard no more. The blow which had been aimed at his art-pretensions drove him back by the way he came, and he paced the long terrace parallel with the "Lovers' Walk" for fully half-an-hour. When he turned the corner of the cottage, and went in at the front door, the critics were gone, but Aspinall's "few touches" remained. They had indeed given life to the White Hart. Henceforth the "cobbler" resolved to "stick to his last!"

Ellen Chadwick had been away, with little Sim by the hand, to take some substantial comforts to Meg's bed-ridden mother. She appeared annoyed when she heard of their masculine visitors from Buxton.

Her evident displeasure set Jabez wondering what Travis meant by "after what has occurred," and he wrote that afternoon for enlightenment, sending his letter as a packet by coach, there being no second post.

It has been said that the cellarage of the cottage was only accessible by flights of steps in the portion of the weed-grown Lovers' Walk which lay at the windowless back of the long low building, where nettles grew so thick and rank that even the square trap over one set of steps was half hidden by them. The path was rarely used; the farmer having made a nearer cut from the farm-yard to his ancient dwelling.

Tom Hulme was slowly recovering, under the care of a Buxton doctor who came thrice a week. He could walk about the garden with a stick, but there was no sending him to the dank cellar for anything. The doctor had ordered him port wine, and Bess, who kept the key, had asked Mr. Clegg to fetch a couple of bottles from the cellar.

Tea was over, but he fancied there was sufficient light to guide him without a lantern.

He had got the wine and was approaching the cellar door at the foot of the sunken steps, when he heard the sound of voices coming along the walk from the direction of the moor.

Every pulse in his body seemed to grow still as he recognised the tones of Augusta Ashton and Laurence Aspinall, and heard with deepening anguish the unmistakable sound of kisses interchanged.

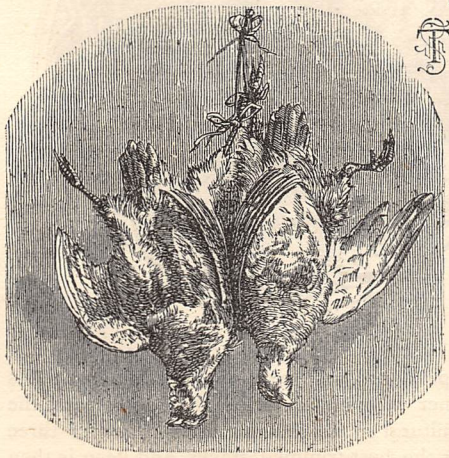
They had apparently paused close to the stair-head for that embrace; and then he heard—and thanked God that he was there to hear, though that hearing blighted every hope he had—his rival, with every argument which passionate love or skilful sophistry could employ, persuade her to elope with him the following night.

Backwards and forwards they walked in the gathering dusk, but never beyond the length of the premises; and now and then they stopped, and drove him mad with their caresses. The place was so retired and lonely, precaution was neglected; and Jabez, chained to the spot as it were, gathered that proposals for her hand, made by Laurence himself, and afterwards by his father for him, had been peremptorily rejected by Mr. Ashton, who was set down as a despot and a tyrant for refusing to surrender a silly girl of seventeen to a rake of two-and-twenty. He heard her tell that Jabez Clegg had found her sobbing at their separation, even whilst her darling's letter was at the gates. And he learned that the elder Aspinall not only countenanced this secret courtship, but had furnished funds for the proposed elopement. This generosity was set against the cruelty of her own parents; her affection, her pride, the romance in her nature were appealed to, but still Augusta's better angel held her safe, until, coward that he was, Laurence terrified her with a threat to "blow his brains out" if she refused him.

She wept her assent upon his breast, and then Jabez, already half-stunned, heard the details of previously concocted arrangements for their elopement and marriage at Gretna Green, with his father's sanction.

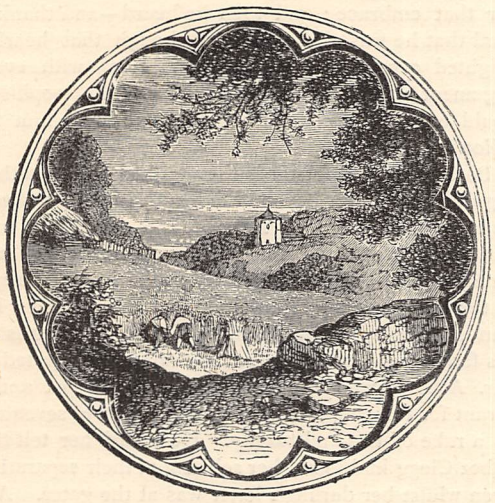
END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

SEPTEMBER.



THE first of this month is the most welcome day in the calendar to many a country gentleman and many a hard-working man of business in the City. It is not every one who can afford a moor, or who is intimate with a person so blessed; but almost all who are fond of shooting, even if they do not possess an acre of their own, must know friends who own broad acres, and are only too glad to ask acquaintances to shoot over them in their company. For partridge-shooting is eminently a social sport, and when pleasant fellows have shot during the noonday sunshine with an old college-friend or mess-room companion, the snug dinner, and the cozy fireside chat after it, are rendered doubly grateful by the chill afternoon hours and early-gathering mists of September. The stubbles of the present day are very different to those of thirty years ago. The reaping-machine cuts them much lower and more uniformly than did Irish sickles in the past, but partridges still choose them for their favourite haunt, even if they are occasionally driven in rough weather to shelter under the hedges, themselves cut to regulation height in every well-garnered district, very different

to the picturesque hedgerows of departed farming days. Like every other art, partridge-shooting has had to adapt itself to the changed times. If we read with satisfaction that Sir Roger de Coverley possessed a room piled with guns of divers forms and fashions, wherewith he had "made great havoc in the woods,



and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks," it is with some trembling for his character as an orthodox sportsman that we soon after hear of his having "in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season." That word "taken" almost looks like trapping, but we gladly give the worthy knight the benefit of the doubt. It was not until the second half of the century that the refinement of shooting birds flying was introduced. A poem called "Pteryplegia, or the Art of Shooting Flying," published in 1767, enables us to approximate to the date of this improvement. The flint-cock fowling-pieces lasted well into the present century. That celebrated sportsman, Sir R. Sutton, is said to have been the last man to use them. They gave way to the percussion-cap guns, which in quite recent times have in their turn yielded to breech-loaders. Almost more pleasant than dinner after shooting, is luncheon during shooting; not the formal meal, with hot viands and champagne, spread by powdered flunkeys in some pre-arranged stack-yard, which is very well for cockney gourmands; but the honest crust of bread and cheese, washed down from the little beer-keg or the pocket whiskey-flask. This is the true sportsman's lunch, and is taken in any impromptu shelter, the lee side of a fence or inside the plantation. Hunger is in this case the only, but the best, sauce.

As for the partridges, it is touching to hear them calling to each other in all innocence at eve during the week which precedes "the first." They almost seem to give themselves airs, and to presume on the protection man has rendered them since their birth. How kindly too does the keeper daily shoot down hawks and trap those horrid weasels! Every arrangement is made for their comfort. Alas! what a bloody morning is at hand for them when "the first" dawns, a very massacre of Glencoe in its certainty and swiftness!

Another rural sport which begins in September is cub-hunting. It bears the same relation to hunting proper, as practising at cricket with a professional bowler does to playing in a match. None but enthusiasts care to ride in the dusky mists of an autumnal morning amongst covers wet with dew, while the young dogs are being broken in, but these early-risers report that it is a pleasant and jovial pastime. An old sportsman relates with great glee that he once engaged to meet the hounds at a cross-road, some eight miles from the kennels, during cub-hunting. He gained his position in the dark before morning broke, and heard, ere long, the tramp of hounds and horsemen advancing to him. At the appointed spot, the huntsman observed to his comrade, "Mr. So-and-so ought to be here now." "And here Mr. So-and-so is," exclaimed our friend, delighted at his own punctuality, as he rode forward out of the darkness. The great recommendation of cub-hunting seems to be that it insures a good appetite at breakfast; hence it probably had no small share in the rise of the proverb, "As hungry as a hunter."

Thatching of stacks is a rural occupation very general at present. The condition of a district's farming may be fairly divined from the construction of its wheat-ricks. What wretched, rickety objects are they on small holdings, or in parts of the country where tall hedges and narrow fields prevail! Amongst the precarious harvests on the Borders, the stacks are jaunty, little, and circular, rising to a peak, with straw bands wound over it in ornamental spirals. The huge rectangular stacks of a Lincolnshire farm-yard are emblematical of its large farms and immense fields,

where the story is told of a farmer observing that "his turnips looked well, except about a hundred acres in the corner of one of his fields." In some parts the local agricultural society offers a prize of two or three guineas for the best-trimmed stacks, and keen is then the emulation among the yard-men. The six monster

stacks in a competing farm-yard are accurately built, and then trimmed, next all projecting straws are cut level with a hook, bits are clipped off here and there, and all refuse around the yard carefully swept up. The judges drive round to inspect the different stack-yards—on which occasion they have excellent opportunities for testing the sherry and cigars of the district—and the winning collection of stacks will be found almost mathematically correct, with such beautiful precision have they been built.

The bright mornings and sunny noons of this month are especially delightful as being the last gleams of summer, fraught with a melancholy beauty, because they are so soon to give place to the angry storms of autumn. The sparrow-hawk often becomes very bold at this season, when she must find sustenance for her young, and may be seen in the country skimming over farm-yards with an eye to young chickens. In August, 1874, one of these fine birds, attracted by the sparrows in the ivy round our house, swooped fiercely through the glass of the drawing-room window, and was picked up mortally injured from the floor, but still sufficiently ready to use his beak and talons. We have known another of these birds, in a similar way, dash through a nursery window to attack a child's bare arm, who was sitting close to the glass. Probably the bird took it in the uncertain glare for a canary or some other domesticated pet. Other cases of this habit are also on record. Pheasants too have been known to fly through windows at night, attracted by lights within, and the keepers of lighthouses constantly find birds so killed in the gallery surrounding the lantern. A woodcock in this manner once broke the thick plate-glass surrounding the arrangement of

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CUTTING THE FIRST SHEAF.

lights at Flamborough Head Lighthouse, being doubtless borne on in the teeth of a strong north-eastern gale. Mentioning the birds of this month, reminds us that partridges are not uncommonly picked up by the plate-layers on railways, having been killed by flying against the telegraph wires.

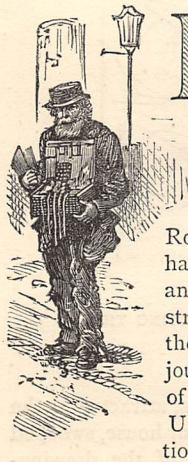
The herring fishery on the eastern coast is generally in full activity during this month. Few fish are more capricious, however, both in their coming close to the land from the deep water to spawn, and in their preference for certain spots, when others seem to our eyes equally favourable to them, and are yet deserted.

The chief employments in the garden at present are gathering and storing fruit, preserving that left on the trees from the attacks of wasps, and taking up potatoes. It is essential that these be well protected from frost when placed under shelter. Multitudes of those who stored potatoes last autumn, lost them during the severe frost which closed 1874. Bulbs for next spring must be planted at once. It is just possible that roses budded even thus late may succeed. They have no fiery summer heats to withstand. Bedding plants begin to look yellow and miserable, but hollyhocks and dahlias, to say nothing of asters, will maintain their beauty until the first sharp frost.

In the kitchen-garden the crops intended to stand during winter must be attended to. Celery will require its final earthing up. Some place a draining tile over each root, and then roughly pile up the soil. This plan possesses the undoubted advantage that none of the earth can penetrate to the crown of the plant. Cabbages, parsnips, and beet must be taken up and carefully stored when their leaves turn yellow. Apples are best preserved by placing them on shelves in a dry room, taking care that they do not touch each other, and occasionally wiping off the moisture from them. As for pears, it is better in the northern parts of the kingdom to gather them some time before they are ripe. This precludes all danger of their being bruised in falling by the severe gales which must be expected this month. They can then be "smothered" in the orthodox fashion. Of course, it is not pretended that these pears can acquire the flavour of a Jersey or French pear, but they are not utterly ruined, as too often happens if suffered to remain on the tree.

The mulberry's leaves are beginning to fall early in the month. Whether its fruit is liked or not, its fine head of foliage and the picturesqueness of it, when it attains any age, ought to insure a tree being planted in every garden. We have known persons who made it a sacred obligation to set a little one in every garden they successively possessed. M. G. WATKINS.

"UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD."



IT would be difficult to conjecture why this large metropolitan thoroughfare should have been selected, years ago, from amongst all others, as the place peculiarly the scene of tippling and impecuniosity. But though the fact of going up and down the City Road would appear in those days to have exposed the way-farer to trials and disasters which passengers in other streets were free from, we can assure the reader that at the present day a journey may be made from one end of the road to the other without any Ulysses-like precautions against temptation; and there is so much to observe in the strange, varied, straggling street, that he may be amply repaid for the trouble of his peregrination, if he can manage to perform it without going "in and out the Eagle."

On commencing his walk something quite unique, so far as our experience goes, will strike the observer, in the collection of stalls which stand out against a background of black wall, as they have stood, for they alone know how long past. We have doubted whether they ever realise any money there, or whether a grateful parish renumerates them as public ornaments, and so keeps them there to hide the hideous dead wall, and prevent it from thrusting itself too obtrusively on public notice; but having watched them closely for some time, and never having seen anybody buy anything of them, we are inclined to favour the latter hypothesis.

Old tools, old books, old music, and old cartes-de-visite of public characters would appear to be the staple imports of this strange little colony, and it is presided over by suitable old men and women. The wave of advancement will no doubt one day sweep them all away, and we shall perhaps speak of them to our grandchildren, as amongst the more singular of our metropolitan reminiscences.

A most modernising feature of the City Road is the tramways, and, like most settlers in a new country, they find the march of improvement rather impeded by the aboriginal inhabitants, selectly represented in this case by the drivers of coal-wagons, in which the City Road abounds. These gentlemen can date their journeys up and down so far back, and have performed so many of them, that there would appear to have taken birth in their minds an illusion that they are the hereditary owners of the soil, and at liberty therefore to perform their journeys after the manner of a triumphant street procession. It is most distressing to witness an excited tramway-car driver endeavouring, by means of a shrieking whistle, to persuade the obstinate round hat and shoulders of a coal-wagoner in front, that they must move out of the way and allow the tram-car to pass with its load of passengers, all quite as intent on reaching the City as the driver himself, and equally disinclined to "wait for the wagon."

Progress a little further up the road reveals that the

stall-keepers we have spoken of previously are not alone in their endeavours to make a living from the kerb-stone. That peculiar class of philanthropists who go about with little stools, which they mount in retired spots, and proceed to fill purses with shillings and sell them for one of those coins, is duly represented here. The gentleman we see as we come up is young to have been smitten with the desire of enriching his fellow-men, and would seem to have made but little use of his shillings on his personal improvement, before he commenced to distribute them to the public on such liberal terms. However, he is bent upon his object, and is remonstrating violently with the crowd for not availing themselves of his benevolence.

"Well, I never see such a lot as you in all my born days," he says; "there ain't one of yer as knows a bargain when yer see one. Now just observe me, and if you see anythink unfair or under'anded in me, I'll forfeit 'alf a sov'rin to the first man as calls a policeman to take me in charge." At this point he is attentively regarded by a young Frenchman in the crowd, whom he in turn looks at sharply now and again. "There's the purse, ain't there? there's nothing wrong there, is there? I put in a shilling—see—will you give me a bob for it now? No. Very well, here goes again. There's that, and that, and that—that makes four shillings, mind yer—and there's one more to make it up a crown"—click goes the purse—"and now who'll give me a bob for that lot? Here, feel it, take it in your hand, sir"—to a man who stands near him; and having thrust it into his hand he turns suddenly upon the Frenchman—"Now buy it of *him* for a shilling, if you can't trust me! Give me the money—there you are—give him the purse, sir—now you're right, and don't show the people what you've got."

Disregarding this piece of advice, however, the Frenchman opens the purse, and is greeted with a roar of laughter from the crowd as he takes out two half-pennies.

"How much have you got?" says the unblushing philanthropist from his stool; "two 'a'pennies—well, that's twice as much as I meant to give yer."

And strangely enough the sympathy of the crowd is all with the ready-witted, impudent rogue, and not with the dupe, who slinks away blushing crimson—a wiser man, let us hope, and capable of warning a compatriot against our insular perfidies.

And now we come to the bridge, flanked by a long advertising hoarding, which is plentifully covered with announcements of various kinds. What an illustration of the transitory nature of our schemes and projects these street advertisements are, and what a magic-lantern-slide view of life they present! Commercial, literary, artistic, dramatic failures and successes all shout to the public from these stations for awhile, to be covered up soon by others equally eager for notice. We may inspect some of the theatrical announcements, as being specially applicable to the abode of the drama we have just passed. This is patronised a good deal by the youth of the neighbourhood, who, being constituted on precisely the same principle as their more fashionable brothers and sisters in wealthier parts of London, delight in the gallery of their native theatre in the same way that their aristocratic contemporaries enjoy a box at the Haymarket or Covent Garden.

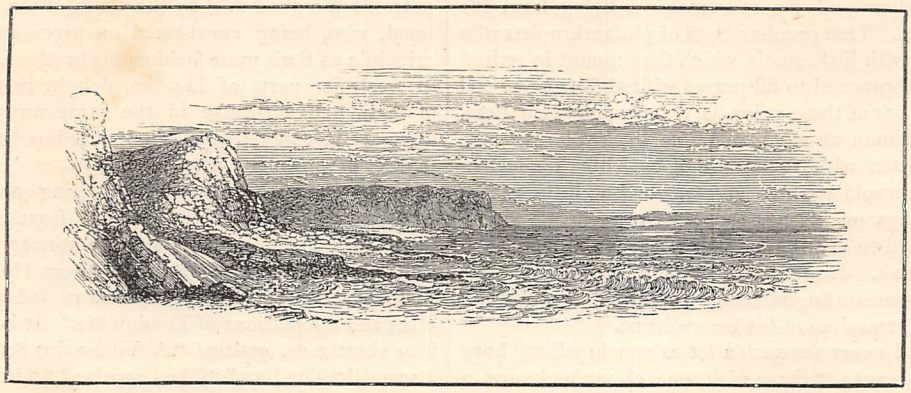
Let us read the play-bill fluttering on the wall, and see what kind of intellectual feast is provided for them. The piece playing is "a stirring and sensational Drama," entitled "Ran away from Home," being "the adventures of a poor country lad among the vices and temptations of London life." It is all divided into short acts, entitled "A Villain in Peril," "The Escape," "The Plot," "The Disguise," "The Eve of the Murder,"&c. &c., and would seem to be of an exciting nature.

While on the subject of theatres we may as well go down the road again a little way, to notice the Egyptian Hall of the district, where the strangest vagaries of nature, and we dare say triumphs of art too if all were known, are exhibited in the shape of individuals who have more legs and arms than usual, or who weigh a trifle under a quarter of a ton, or who are spotted all over after the manner of leopards. The gentleman who constitutes the present attraction is distinguished by having one half of the anatomy of his ribs exposed to the public view—according, at least, to the illustration of him on a waving green curtain in front, where he is represented as standing on an inverted beer-barrel, with all the crowned heads of Europe walking round him, with umbrellas in their hands and astonishment in their faces.

We should not omit to notice the great grimy wharf on one side of the bridge, divided by the narrow black canal which flows sluggishly on through London. Coal, sand, Bath stone, salt, and other heavy goods are lying about the wharves, or are being unloaded from the ugly barges at the water's edge. Hard work, too, it must be—to keep passing in and out of a barge over a narrow plank, with a sack-load on your back every time. All the buildings and offices on the wharf are of a shaky, tumble-down appearance, with patched-up roofs and broken windows; but well-dressed clerks, and sleek-looking managers and employers, may be seen coming and going, so we suspect a deal of money is made in these hovels, in spite of their poverty-stricken look.

And now, as we turn our eyes towards the Angel again, we see we have arrived nearly at our journey's end, for the road is becoming quite smart with its rows of trees and trim gardens in front of the balconied houses—as if indeed it had seen the folly of its former ways, repented of its lapses from respectability, and was brightening itself up before entering busy Islington.

A. H.



A Song of the Sea.

Words by J. HUIE. *Music by* WALTER H. SANGSTER.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Agitato.

1. The wind blows o - ver the
2. The sea is shin-ing, the

curl-ing sea, The white waves break on the shore,
wind is low, The white waves moan on the shore,

It's oh for the voice that is
I list - en and hope and

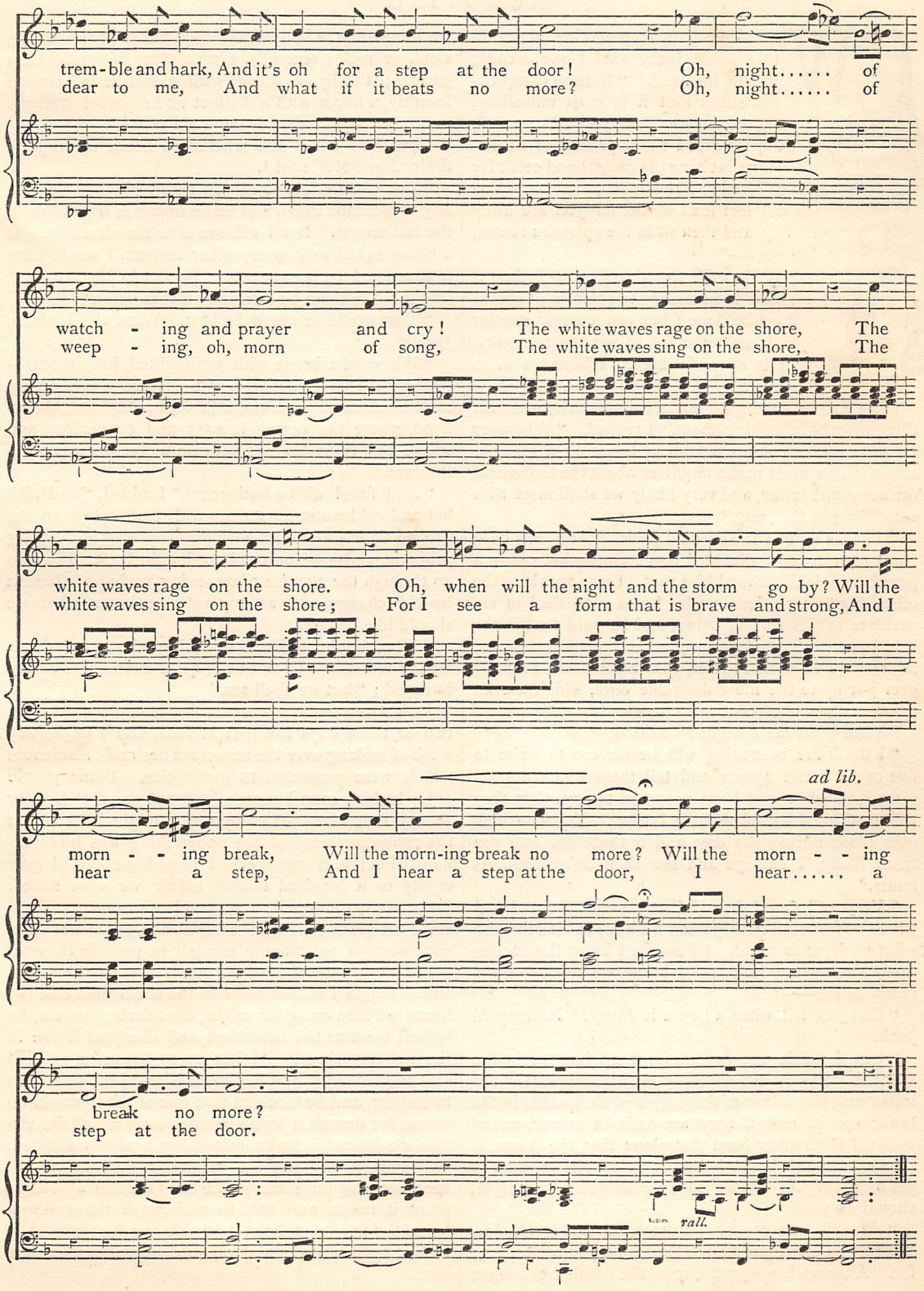
8ves.....

sweet to me, And the step coming in at the door.
fear to know, And I dread to look be - fore.

The wind is ris - ing, the
It's oh for a form that I

sea is dark, The white waves dash on the shore;
fain would see, The white waves foam on the shore;

At the long - lived thun - der I
It's oh for a heart that is


trem-ble and hark, And it's oh for a step at the door! Oh, night..... of
dear to me, And what if it beats no more? Oh, night..... of
watch - ing and prayer and cry! The white waves rage on the shore, The
weep - ing, oh, morn of song, The white waves sing on the shore, The
white waves rage on the shore. Oh, when will the night and the storm go by? Will the
white waves sing on the shore; For I see a form that is brave and strong, And I
ad lib.
morn - - ing break, Will the morn-ing break no more? Will the morn - - ing
hear a step, And I hear a step at the door, I hear..... a
break no more?
step at the door.
rall.

REMOVING.

"WE really cannot stop another winter in this house, Jack," said I one evening to my husband. "It is so damp below-stairs that it is most unhealthy. During the summer it may be all very well, but I quite dread the approach of winter, knowing that it means coughs and colds for the children and rheumatism for me. You do not feel it as we do, for you are away all day, and then sit in the up-stairs rooms, but we——"

"Well, well, my dear," said Jack, "if it really is necessary to remove, of course it must be done; but you cannot wonder that I am reluctant to see the necessity, for it is an awful bore. Where are we to move to?"

"We had better employ our evenings during the next three months in looking about," I replied. "Wherever we see a notice put up outside a house in a suitable situation, we must make inquiries about the terms and the accommodation, and very likely we shall meet with something in that way."

"That is no use at all," said Jack. "It would be a good plan in some places, I don't doubt, but not in a populous neighbourhood like this. I was speaking the other day to a gentleman who has a good deal of experience in this sort of thing, and he said that in the healthy, well-drained parts of almost all large towns, houses are in such request, that notices are scarcely ever put up to the most desirable ones, which are let through agents before the old tenants leave."

"Then what must we do?" said I.

"I think the best thing will be for me to write to five or six house agents, and tell them what rooms I want, and what rent I am prepared to pay, then they will send me a list of suitable houses. You can look over these during the day, and if there are any you think likely, I can go and see them after business hours."

"Very well, I will do so," I answered. "But I had better understand clearly what we have to look for, and what we have to avoid. Of course I know the accommodation we require; and I know we don't want a damp house——"

"Can you tell when a house is damp?" interrupted Jack.

"Yes, I think our experience here has taught me that. I shall examine carefully the bottom parts of the walls, and the colour of the edges of the boards in the lower rooms, and if they are dark in colour, or feel moist, I shall know from that alone that the house is damp. But this house is built on clay. If we were to get a gravelly or chalky soil, we should be all right, should we not?"

"At any rate we should stand a better chance. Now let us see if you understand what you are looking for. After we have got the requisite number of rooms, we want—first, a house built upon either gravel, chalk, sand, or rock; secondly, a nice piece of ground for a garden; thirdly, a house with a southerly aspect; fourthly, a house with a distinct and separate drainage properly connected with the main sewer."

"But how can I tell whether a house is properly drained or not?" said I.

"You can notice, when you enter, whether there is any unpleasant smell, and make inquiries if possible of the last tenant. But I will see after the drainage. If a house suited us in every other respect, I would have it examined by a competent person before we went into it. We must be satisfied on that point."

"That would be much the best. What else is there, Jack?"

"We want a house with well-lighted, lofty rooms—with a good water supply—with chimneys that do not smoke—situated in a respectable, healthy neighbourhood, where the access is easy and convenient, and where the taxes do not bear an undue proportion to the rent."

"And fitted with a bath-room," I added, "and with hot and cold water up-stairs—with the kitchen on the ground floor—with all the windows opening and closing properly, and——You need not laugh, Jack. If we do go through the agonies of removing, we hope to benefit by the change, and at any rate we know what we should like."

"What we should like is one thing, what we shall get for the rent that will suit us is quite another," said my husband; "but we shall see."

Jack wrote to the agents as he had proposed. In two or three days the lists arrived, and I began my work of looking over the numerous desirable residences which were presented to our notice. Some people enjoy looking over houses; I cannot say that I do, or at any rate, whatever enjoyment I might have felt at the commencement of the undertaking was quite exhausted before it was over. I must have looked over eighty or a hundred houses before we were suited. Some were too small, some too large, some too dark, some too glaring, some too expensive, some not quite good enough, some damp enough to provide rheumatism for every member of the family who lived in them, and at length I almost came to the conclusion that the house we then occupied might, considering its rent, be looked upon as the healthiest and cheapest house in the neighbourhood. At last every house on my list was crossed out excepting three. These Jack was taken to inspect, and he decided that one of them would do for us, for though it by no means possessed all the virtues we desired, it was commodious, healthily situated, well-drained, and not too expensive. As it had not been done up for some years, the landlord agreed to paint it inside and out, to whitewash the ceilings, paper the rooms, and put it into thorough repair. We took it upon a lease, and rejoiced that that work was over.

"I wonder what is the best way to set about removing," said I to Jack. "Do you remember when the Grahams moved, how quickly they seemed to be settled in their new home? It was like magic. I should like to know how they did it."

"You had better call upon Mrs. Graham and ask her," said Jack. "I am looking forward to the time with great dread, I assure you, and the more quickly it can be done the better pleased I shall be."

Accordingly I called on Mrs. Graham; when I told her we were to move, she congratulated me very heartily, and said that she felt sure we should like the change.

"And how are you going to set about moving, my dear?" she asked.

"That is just what I wanted to get your advice about," I replied. "Of course it is a great undertaking for us, with our family. When you came into this house you were so quickly settled and comfortable in it, that I felt I could not do better than adopt your plans, if you would tell them to me."

"That I will, and with pleasure. First of all we had every chimney swept in the new house, then we had done to it whatever whitewashing and paper-hanging was necessary——"

"Fortunately for us, the landlord is going to do up the house throughout," I interrupted.

"That is good, and will save you a great deal of expense and trouble. If you can arrange it, I should have the chimneys swept before the men commence operations."

"Of course I can. And when they have finished, I am going to have the house cleaned thoroughly from top to bottom."

"And after that, have all the carpets, with the exception of the stair carpets, fitted and put down."

"The carpets put down before the furniture is taken into the house?" said I.

"Certainly," answered my friend. "You asked the reason why we were so quickly settled. That was the principal cause. You see, when you are removing you have to put up with a certain amount of discomfort, and I think it is much better to go through that at the old house than at the new one. Besides which, it is much easier to plan and put down carpets in an empty room than it is when the furniture has to be moved backwards and forwards. Therefore, I had all the carpets taken up in good time, thoroughly shaken or cleaned, and afterwards taken to the new house, planned, and laid down."

"How did you manage about making the carpets and fitting them to the new rooms, then?" said I. "Did you employ an upholsterer?"

"I employed an upholsteress, who did the work, I believe, quite as well, and at about half the cost that an upholsterer would have done. I can recommend to you the one I employed, though there are plenty of these women about. They go out working at so much a day, and will make and plan carpets, hang beds, cover mattresses, make curtains, or do any of the kind of work that upholsterers usually undertake."

"And of course whilst the woman was at work you were without carpets at home?"

"Yes, but we were accustomed to the rooms, and the furniture was all in its place, so that we were not very uncomfortable; and we made up our minds to put up with what discomfort there was for the short time that was necessary. Whilst the carpets were being made, the furniture was cleaned and polished, and repaired where it was required. Then, when all was ready, we hired a large van, had the furniture put into it without any packing, taken to the new house, and put at once into its place."

"Did not the men spoil the carpets with their boots?"

"Wherever the men had to step, we covered the carpets over with dust-sheets or brown paper, and they were not at all dirtied. It is necessary to look after the men, and see that they do put each article into its right room. They are rather partial to popping things down where it is most convenient, and when this is allowed, it makes a good deal of work afterwards. A responsible person ought to be in the house when the van arrives, and as each article is brought in, ought to give directions which room it is to be carried into."

"I can see it will be very quickly arranged after that," said I.

"I have no doubt," said Mrs. Graham, "that if you do your moving like this, and are tolerably energetic about it, even with your little family, you may be so far settled at the end of the second day, that a stranger coming into the house would not know that you were new-comers. How are you going to manage about the blinds?"

"I don't quite know what will be for the best," I answered. "We have Venetian blinds to fit all the windows in our present house, but they will not do for the new ones. The out-going tenants have good blinds, which were made for the windows, and which they would sell at a reasonable price; but it seems such a shame to buy new blinds, when we have all those old ones."

"I know it does, but that is one of the expenses that *must* be. If you can buy blinds that fit at an inexpensive rate, you will find it cheaper to do so than to have the old ones altered. Indeed, you are likely to lose more money by trying to use them than by selling them even at a sacrifice. Perhaps the people who are coming into your present house would take them off your hands."

"Yes, they might. It is not pleasant, though, to try and push a number of fixtures upon any one."

"If it is an advantage to them you need not mind. At any rate, I am quite sure that things may often be bought very cheaply in that way. I bought the carpet in this room of the lady who lived here before us. The room is a good-sized one, and the carpet is Brussels, and in excellent condition; yet I only gave four guineas for it."

"Four guineas! I should think it cost fifteen or sixteen."

So it would have done if I had had to buy it at a shop, and have it fitted down. But very likely it would not have come in nicely for a new room, and it was

better for the lady to sell it, even at a loss, than to have it cut up to waste. If the tenants have not left the house into which you are going, I should certainly advise you to inquire whether there are any carpets, &c., to dispose of. You will, in all probability, be able to purchase canvas for the hall, gas-fittings, or blinds, at a much cheaper rate than you would get them at a shop. Of course I am supposing that the people are clean, and the things are good. Carpets three parts worn would be dear at a very low price."

"And you do not pack anything?"

"Nothing of the household furniture. The large vans which are at present used will take most things just as they are, and they can be carried in them from one house to the other. I think it is best to leave the packing even of the glass and china to the proper men. It is their business, and they will be more likely to avoid breakages than you will with all your care. If I were going from one part of the country to another, I should not pack the furniture."

"Should you not?"

"No. I have had a painful experience on that subject. Some years ago we removed from one town to another, a distance of about two hundred miles. We decided to bring everything with us, very foolishly as we found afterwards; for if we had sold the heavy common things, we could have bought new furniture with the money that we paid for the carriage of them."

"I FAIRLY BROKE DOWN."

"And I suppose you packed everything?"

"Yes. We got estimates from three or four people in that line of business. One of them advised us very strongly to have our furniture put unpacked in the ordinary way into the trucks which they used specially for the carriage of furniture by rail, and assured us that there was very little fear of its being at all spoilt. Another as strongly recommended us to have everything bound round with straw, and said that, though a little more expensive, the plan was much safer. We, feeling very desirous to take all the care we could, adopted the latter plan, and very much we regretted it."

"Why?"

"Because, first of all, it was such a trouble to get all the straw off again. Instead of being able to carry the things to their places, they had to be put into a back yard to have the straw carefully removed. Then the surface was so much dulled that it had to be polished again and again before it was fit to be seen; and, besides, it was the more expensive plan of the two."

"But if you had employed the other people, your things might have been more spoilt."

"I think not. Some friends of ours had to move to a distance shortly afterwards. They profited by our experience, and adopted the other plan. Their removal was managed so cleverly that the only injury they sustained was the breakage of one cup. Perhaps they were particularly fortunate, but still that was the fact."

"Well," said I, rising to take my leave, "I am very glad to think we have not to move such a distance as that. For I expect, manage it as cleverly as you may, it is a very uncomfortable time. Does not the old proverb say that 'three removes are as bad as a fire?'"

"Yes, it does," said Mrs. Graham laughing. "But for all that, when it is done with forethought and care, I do not think a removal is any worse than a thorough spring cleaning. Of course, I have had my troubles and perplexities, and I remember that even the prospect of my first "move" so distracted me that I fairly broke down and cried; but experience is a wholesome teacher, and I shall be delighted if mine will prove of a little use to you."

It proved invaluable.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

A PASSING CLOUD.

MY love and I fell out one night,
And foolish words were spoken;
We quarrelled o'er some trifle light—
An idle speech, a fancied slight—
For this two hearts seemed broken.

We parted both in angry mood—
Full darkly loomed the morrow—
Parted that sad eve in the wood,
We two whose love so long had stood
The tests of time and sorrow.

But long before the eve had sped
We both at heart relented,
And wished those angry words unsaid ;
Too late ! too late !—the time had fled
When we should have repented.

So it by some kind fate befell
We both in sadness hastened
Where, led away by adverse spell,
Two hearts that loved each other well
Had yet each other chastened.

Yet when appeared the morning light,
A ray of hope seemed beaming :
The chance that life might yet be bright,
That those harsh words of yesternight
Were not beyond redeeming.

When there we came with hearts of pain,
The time was past for scorning ;
And we who parted in disdain
Full penitently met again
With kisses in the morning.

G. W.

MUTINY ON BOARD.

I COMMENCED my medical career with exceptional disadvantages. My parents were dead, and I had not a friend or relative willing or able to help me; I was cast entirely on my own resources, which were a diploma, a respectable wardrobe, and twenty pounds in cash—the balance of the capital which had sufficed for my education. Feeling desperately the necessity of exertion, I applied to all sorts of people, rushing into the presence of bigwigs, who ought not to be approached without proper introduction, and outraging them with demands for surgical employment. I should say I sometimes received as many as five snubs and rebuffs in a morning. At last I fairly broke down in the presence of a haughty young Admiralty clerk, who was perturbed and melted by my distress, when on my asking him to tell me how I could get into the Navy, he replied—

"Suppose you apply on a pwopper form through the pwopper channel.——Look here," he said, calling me back: "leave your name and address. Surgeons are wanted for things sometimes in a hurry."

Two days afterwards I received a letter, informing me that a surgeon was required for the *Alecto*, which was to sail for Sydney on the following Sunday with a cargo of convicts, and that if I applied in person at a place and hour named, and answered certain questions satisfactorily, there was little doubt but what I should get the appointment.

There was no medical employment on earth that I would not have jumped at, blindfold, just then; so I made my application, was accepted without any difficulty—with rather an ominous alacrity indeed; and after such poor preparations in the way of outfit as my ignorance suggested and my slender means could afford, I went on board the *Alecto*, which was lying off Greenwich, and found myself in medical charge of a captain, two mates, a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, in some mysterious capacity which I never rightly comprehended; twenty sailors, an officer of marines and his men, and 250 convicts.

The naval lieutenant was the only man on the quarter-deck when I went up the side.

"I am the surgeon," I began, advancing towards him; but before I could say another word, he asked abruptly—

"Can you play at chess?"

"Yes—a little," I replied.

"I'm thankful, vera thankful for that. Shake hands, sir. The marine body, Mr. Phipps, no cares for the game; and how should we surveeve sich a protracted and tedious voyage without chess? My name is MacNab, and I hope we shall be friends, sir."

I said that I hoped so too, and we engaged in a conversation which was the reverse of inspiriting. I gathered from Mr. MacNab that the skipper had been unfortunate in former voyages—that his mates were ruffians—that the crew were very poor types indeed of the British sailor—that the ship herself was a rotten old hulk that ought to have been broken up years before.

I went down to my cabin, which seemed absurdly small, and low, and dark; got my portmanteau there, and tried to make arrangements for future comfort. Then I studied the printed instructions I had received, as to how often I was to inspect the convicts, &c., and wondered what was to be done if they were refractory, and who had authority over me to prevent me shirking my duties; for I had sole command, it seemed, in my particular department.

When I returned on deck, I found the captain and Mr. Phipps there. The former had a red nose and watery eyes, which explained, perhaps, why he had been unfortunate with his ships; the latter was a gentlemanly fellow enough, but desponding and taciturn, his silence being of the less importance that when he did talk he generally grumbled, which did not add to the cheerfulness of so small a party. His only solace was in making pen-and-ink sketches, at which he was very clever; landscapes, with chiaroscuro effects, involving an immense amount of time and labour, being his principal *forte*. Both he and MacNab were disappointed men; but the Scotchman was the better philosopher of the two.

We four supped together, and in due time I went to my berth, and found out how to get into it. I felt like a toy put away on a shelf in a cupboard, for it was my first experience of ship accommodation. When you have learned to lie on your back and not want to move all night—to take enough oxygen into the lungs while on deck to last for the time you are below, and to be indifferent to cockroaches running over you, you get on a great deal better.

On reaching the deck next morning, I found that we were under sail, and dropping down the river, which had grown very wide.

It was not long before we were fairly in the Channel, and the pilot got into his boat and left us.

There was a nice breeze, but the sea was perfectly smooth, and the ship glided through the water with a delightful glibness; so that I felt I ought to be doing something towards learning my duties while I was able, and confided to MacNab that I should like to hold an inspection of the convicts, who were all gathered on the main-deck in charge of their warders and the marines, who mounted sentry over them with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets.

I found that I had made an official application in the right quarter by accident, for MacNab immediately said—

"At what time? at once?"

And when I replied in the affirmative, gave certain sharp short orders, the result of which was that in less than ten minutes a warder came up to me, touched his cap, and reported—

"All ready, sir."

And following him, I found the convicts drawn up in lines, bare-footed. My inspection of them was a mere form, for, of course, they were sent on board sound and clean, but I made certain suggestions with regard to the sanitary arrangements between decks, where their hammocks were slung, and these were promptly attended to where practicable. When I had done MacNab challenged me to a game of chess, and fortunately we proved to be very evenly matched. He was quite right in relying so much upon it as a resource; how we should have got through the weeks without it I cannot imagine; we played at least six hours daily out of the twenty-four.

When we got into the broad swell of the Atlantic I had a week's sea-sickness, during which MacNab had the best of me at chess, and after I was well I began to have some trouble with the convicts. What schemers they were! Their one great object was to get a glass of grog or wine, which could only be done by my order, and they regularly studied the complaints for which I prescribed such medical comforts, and either simulated or managed to produce them artificially. Greenhorn as I was, they imposed upon me rarely at first, and just as I was getting up to their dodges we passed the Equator, and there was a good deal of real sickness, which gave them the advantage again. As time went on I became familiarised with the rogues, and learned to look upon them as fellow-men who had gone wrong, rather than as wild beasts. I talked to them freely, learned many of their histories—at least their own versions of them—and took considerable interest in some of the narrators. Most were ignorant debased creatures, either born and bred to prey on their fellow-creatures, or recruited from the most neglected ranks of society; but there were one or two exceptions—notably, a man who passed under the name of Williams, who was gifted with rare abilities, and had the manners and address of a gentleman. His face would have afforded an interesting study to a physiognomist, the upper part being highly intellectual, the lower half betokening unbounded sensuality. His crime was forgery of bank notes. This man never condescended to try and trick me, as the others did; neither did he sulk, like some of the better-class convicts, or protest his innocence, which was the almost universal custom. He was civil, somewhat subdued in manner, and glad of my conversation. He had yielded to the temptation of trying to make his fortune in too great a hurry, had failed, and was content to pay the penalty, he said. Though a "lifer," he by no means despaired of his future. He was informed that with good conduct he would soon be a free man within the limits of the colony, and had perfect confidence in his ability to earn a comfortable livelihood if he had that chance. And what did the country matter? Life could be made as enjoyable in one place as another. He would not go back to England to be cut by all his relations and former friends if he could.

Plausibly as Williams always talked, I mistrusted him. I noticed that he had established a considerable influence over the other convicts, and constantly surprised him speaking earnestly in corners to groups of five or six of them. On my appearance these conferences broke up, and in spite of all affectation of indifference, I was certain on more than one occasion that anxiety was felt lest I should have caught some word in passing. And I knew, without being able to prove it, that secret signs were exchanged between Williams and at least a score, whom I could have pointed out, habitually.

Another convict who evidently had some power with his fellows was Lloyd, a Welsh sailor who had stabbed another in a quarrel, and narrowly escaped the gallows.

But it was natural enough that an experienced sailor should obtain the hearing of landsmen during a voyage of such length, and I never suspected him of striving to influence the others with any sinister designs, as I certainly did Williams.

But soon I had no time for idle speculation and suspicion: the sickness, a fever, attended by symptoms which were unfamiliar to me, increased. Soon there were a score of convicts, several seamen, and one of the marines down with it.

A man died, was sewn up in his hammock, and launched from the gangway with a shot at his feet, MacNab reading the service over him. During the ceremony one of those phenomena which make sailors so superstitious occurred. As the body touched the water the wind sank, and in half-an-hour there was a perfect calm. In many minds a calm at sea is associated with all that is peaceful and beautiful; in mine it is a horrible nightmare.

For a week we lay on the broad, smooth sheet of glass, without a speck in sight to break the monotony. Glass? Molten silver rather, for the heat was so fearful that I sometimes imagined that it would seethe. The sun seemed like a mass of white-hot iron close above us, and the pitch oozed and boiled between the planks. Poor Phipps could not go on with his sketching, for the perspiration dropping from his forehead blotted his work, and even MacNab's ardour for chess relaxed. But I had little time to play with him—under such aggravating conditions the fever raged. Deaths were of daily, sometimes of hourly occurrence; we soon had to cast the bodies overboard without ceremony.

On the fourth day the captain and one of his mates sickened, and the shattered constitution of the former caused him to sink at once. Then Phipps took the fever, and though it was a mild attack, he was so feeble as to be unfit for duty.

Such of the convicts as escaped the fever began to hold their heads erect, and look you full in the eyes as they passed, as though they felt that death was bringing us all to an equality.

The sixth day was the most oppressive of all—it was literally difficult to draw breath, and though I escaped the fever, I was knocked up for the first time. To do my work amongst the dying and the dead was a physical impossibility for me; I threw myself down under the awning on the quarter-deck, and lost all consciousness, probably remaining in a state of torpor for hours.

I was roused by the most tremendous crash I have ever heard, and found myself in darkness, but only for a moment; the next, sea, sky, and ship were lit up by a violet glare, while a zigzag line of fire, so intense that the eyes ached at it, flashed, and left the gloom more profound than ever. And again came that awful thunder, compared with which the loudest ever heard in Europe is a whisper. That moment of fierce light revealed to me men in the rigging, taking in the sail which had been spread to catch the slightest breeze; and a spar hanging awkwardly and all awry. Also MacNab and the mate who now acted as captain standing near me.

"We shall never be able to manage without help, we are so terribly underhanded," said the latter.

"Weel then," replied MacNab, "we will pick half-a-dozen of the deevils, nae more. One I ken has been a sailor, and——"

Another flash and deafening roar, which drowned his voice.

"Eh, Mr. Glover, lad," he said, when the lull came, "are ye there? Ye had better just go below. Your work is done, and ours is beginning. There will be breeze enow to blaw the fever away presently, and ye will be in the way."

I had often determined, if there were a storm, to remain on deck and see it; the freshness of the air too was delightful to breathe; but fatigue overcame all else, and I was glad to take MacNab's advice. Imagine what I had gone through that week, in such a climate, with patients dying by dozens in my youthful hands, many of whom I felt could have been saved with better nursing, and you will not wonder at my prostration.

As I reached the cabin stairs the rain came down in sheets; there was a booming, roaring sound; the ship heeled over and raced through the water as the storm came down upon her. A flash of lightning showed me that the sea was already white with foam.

I went below, made a hearty meal off some salt beef and biscuit I found on the table, drank a stiff glass of rum and water, and turned into my berth to renew my nap, weariness drowning the sense of danger.

How long I slept, or what happened in the time, I do not know. When I awoke, the ship was rolling heavily, and there was a continuous, ominous sound, thud, thud, thud, thud, accompanied with the pouring of water, which caused me to hurry on deck, where a scene of terrible confusion met my eyes, for it was broad daylight. A mast had gone; the deck was littered with cordage and broken woodwork. All was confusion, authority in abeyance; convicts, sailors, marines were mixed up together, hurrying to and fro, or working at the pumps. The gale had abated, was dying out in fact, but there was a leak which could not be discovered, though, in consequence of the number of hands to relieve one another in pumping, the water did not gain upon us. Finding I was not wanted there, I went below again to attend upon Phipps, who had been left I knew not how long, and was too weak to help himself much. The fever had left him, but he was low and desponding, and asked me to read the Bible to him, which I did.

After a time I heard MacNab come down, and went into the saloon out of which our private cabins opened to speak to him. I found him loading his pistols.

"The leak has been found and stopped," he said, "but I dinna like the look of the convicts; some of them ha'e got arms, I fear me."

While he was speaking shouts and shots were heard above, and he rushed to the cabin stairs, I following him. Directly we reached the deck we saw a body of convicts coming aft, headed by Williams, who had a musket in his hands.

"The game is up, lieutenant," he cried; "you had better surrender."

MacNab's answer was a pistol shot; Williams staggered, but recovered himself, levelled his musket, fired, and MacNab fell dead in my arms. In a moment I was knocked down, bound, and thrust aside to be a helpless spectator of crimes I could not move a finger to prevent. Some of the ruffians rushed down the cabin stairs, and returned, dragging poor Phipps with them. With brutal jests they bore him to the lee bulwarks, one took his shoulders, another his feet, and they tossed him alive into the sea. All the sailors or marines who were sick, or had been wounded in the struggle, were in like manner thrown overboard; the remainder were gathered together in a body, and Williams, who had evidently been elected chief, made them a speech, offering them their lives if they would join them heartily. Most of them shrank from the horrible death before them, and acceded, but a corporal of marines stood firm.

"You will all be taken and hanged within a month," he boldly said, "and I had sooner drown with honest men than swing with thieves and murderers."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was shot dead.

"And now, lads," cried Williams, "I know what you are all thinking of—the rum!" (cheers). "Well, every man shall have a tot, and a few at a time shall have a skinful. But most of us must keep sober to manage the ship, so I have set a guard over the spirit room, and any man who tries to force it will have his brains blown out. I will tell you what I propose to do, if you agree. There are some islands near where we are with the best climate, the finest fruit, and plenty of food without working for it. We will make for one of these, land everything out of this rotten old ship, and then scuttle her. You have made me your captain, and I appoint Lloyd my chief officer. He is a sailor, and knows where these islands are, and how to reach them, so he will sail the ship."

Loud acclamations greeted this address, and the assembly adjourned to the grog tubs.

I was not long left unmolested; a knot of fellows gathered round me, and discussed what they should do with me, and one at last suggested that I should be made to swallow the contents of my medicine chest, which was forthwith brought up for the purpose, and some calomel pills were actually forced into my mouth. How I wished that I had been a homœopath!

While I was struggling, a man came up.

"What are you doing with the doctor?" he asked excitedly; "didn't the captain say he wasn't to be touched?—He wants to see you, sir, down in the cabin," he added civilly to me. My persecutors slunk off, grumbling, and my deliverer cut my bonds and led me to Williams, who had been shot in the shoulder, and wanted his wound attended to. I managed to extract the bullet, and when he was easier he said—

"I am sorry for all these horrors, doctor, I swear I am. But you know the men I have to deal with, and how slight my hold is upon them. You have been kind to many of them, and are useful besides, so I managed to save your life, but when I said a word for the others they would not listen, As for MacNab, he fired at me first, or he would never have fallen by *my* hand."

"You are responsible to God and the law, not to me," I replied.

Ought I to have refused to tend his wound? Was it my duty to beard and upbraid him? I do not know; life is sweet, and I wished and tried to preserve it, excusing my pusillanimity at the time by the thought that my testimony, if I survived, might bring the whole body of rascals to justice.

I quite understood the tenure upon which my life was held, in spite of Williams' plausible speeches. There were many sick, and several wounded, both by the storm and in the fight when the vessel was seized, and they needed my services. When they thought they could do without me, I should be silenced for ever, together with every other probable witness against them. Meanwhile, the ship was kept on her course towards the Friendly Islands, under Lloyd's management, and on the third day land was sighted.

That evening a sailor who had joined the mutineers on compulsion, and had been hurt, came to me and said—

"I beg pardon, sir, but would you dress my wound on deck, where every one can see us."

I saw he had a reason, and consented.

"I've something to say, sir, and don't want to be seen talking to you in a private way, for fear of making them suspicious. Bill Hicks was at the mast-head on the look-out last watch, and he saw something he did not report, and that's a British frigate, round the headland of that there island. Don't start, sir. There's only us of the old crew knows it; and we've had a boat ready to lower for some days; it's that one on the port-side, next the mizzen-mast. We mean to lower that quietly at nightfall, and let it tow behind; and then, later, such as can will get into it, cast off, and row for the frigate. If you like, sir, you had better lie down in the boat, and be lowered with it. Say you want a quiet read, or sleep, or something, if you're seen. There's a risk, of course, but not a big one. Lloyd's half-drunk now, and will be quite after a bit, and so will most of the others; for now they have got to the islands, they think it's all right. There's only that Williams."

"I can manage him," said I; and we parted.

Williams' wound was painful and his pulse feverish; so he gladly swallowed a soporific which would keep him quiet for some hours.

At the proper time I got into the boat indicated, the only men who could possibly see me being those at the wheel, who were both old members of the crew, and were prepared, when they knew that Lloyd was quite overpowered by drink, to alter the course of the ship, and steer for the headland where the frigate had been seen. All went easier than had even been anticipated. When I had been stowed away half-an-hour, the boat was lowered, and in a very little while three men stole into it, cut the rope by which we were towing, and when the ship had forged far enough ahead to prevent the phosphorescence of the oar-dips attracting attention, began to row in the direction of the headland.

In two hours' time we turned it, and saw the lights of the frigate, against the sides of which, in another hour, the boat grated.

"Who goes there?" challenged a sentry.

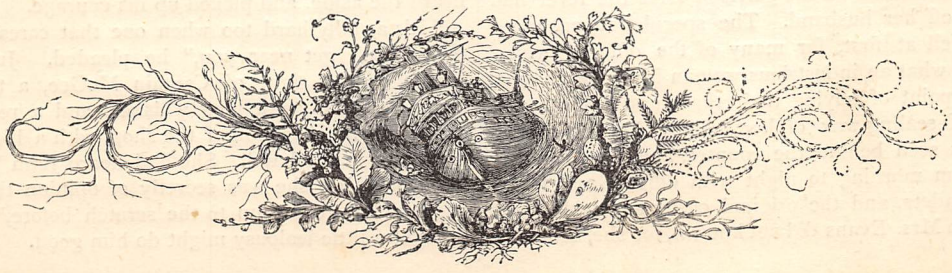
"Medical officer escaped from a convict ship which has mutinied."

I will not dwell on the joy with which I stood upon the deck, or on the heartiness of my reception, when I had made my report.

The frigate weighed, and stood out to sea at once; and in the early morning came up with the convict ship, boarded, and took her without resistance.

My evidence sufficed to clear the seamen and marines who had been forced into a pretended compliance with the projects of the mutineers, as also, some months afterwards, to secure the execution of all those who had taken a prominent part in the murder of my poor friends, MacNab and Phipps, seventeen of whom suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Sydney.

LEWIS HOUGH.



BIBBS: A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THERE was no doubt about it, John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He had quarrelled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care if she *was* pretty, that was no reason why she should let half-a-dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time and, leaning on their elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter, cadets and officers too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to the ball that was coming off next month. To be sure, he was only a common cavalry soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character and a good trade at his back, and moreover, his father had died not long since, and there was the cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible. Jennie acted as shop-woman for her sister, Mrs. Evans. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs. Evans had only managed to get a few pounds' worth of things with what had been subscribed for her in the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, for many of the officers' wives, knowing what an industrious woman Mrs. Evans was, made a point of buying their tapes and cottons and sticks of sealing-wax of her. Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning to night with officers and frisky young cadets, and the original customers took flight—though Mrs. Evans did not know it, for she, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jennie, worked hard at the dressmaking (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it).

The officers were not profitable customers, for they only went to flirt with Jennie under the excuse of buying a penny paper, or perhaps asking for a time-table. Jennie made the most trim and pretty and obliging of shop-women, and the place itself was always a pattern of neatness; but the officers' wives did not care to go and buy their threads where they were evidently interrupting a flirtation, and so the business continued to fall off, and Mrs. Evans began to get quite unhappy about it. Jennie, pretty, kind-hearted, thoughtless Jennie, had no idea that she had anything to do with it, or she would have sent every one of her admirers off at a pace that would have astonished them. She had been only too delighted, after her brother-in-law died, to come from Devonshire and live with her sister at Woolwich—not only because she was very fond of her sister, but also because she had wished many times to see John Weare again. She had made his acquaintance when her brother and he—for they had been in the same regiment—were stationed at Plymouth, and she had paid them a flying visit with her father. John had told her then that he was tired of the service, and wanted to settle down, and she inwardly thought that he could not do better than ask her to settle with him. He had been very attentive when she came to Woolwich, and gradually established himself on the footing of a lover, till he found the shop always filled with the officers and cadets. At first he was shy of appearing before his superiors, then he got jealous, and at last angry, for he felt and knew that they meant her no good, and besides it was doing real injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind, and told the coquettish Jennie what he thought, and was snubbed for his pains.

"If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are much mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or wrong. I know for myself."

"Well, Miss Jennie, I didn't mean to give offence. I only told you what I thought."

"Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself," she said with a little toss of her pretty head—"unless they had been nice ones," she added. He heard the aside, and picked up his courage.

"It's awfully hard too when one that cares for you really can't get near you," he pleaded. Just then Jennie caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man, with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop, with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She had heard John Weare's last words, but she was secretly of opinion that "he ought to have come up to the scratch before," so she thought a little jealousy might do him good.

"Oh! here comes Captain McGee," she said in a delighted tone.

"Well, he's just the biggest blackleg in the service, Jennie, and if you take my advice, you'll send him off sharp."

"I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare, and telling stories about the captain; he is always very polite to me," and she smoothed her pretty hair and arranged the trifles on the counter.

"Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt."

"And he's bringing me some flowers."

"Now look here, Jennie, are you going to take them?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go.

"Jennie, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off, but you must choose between him and me. If you are going to keep on talking to him, I shall never come in the place again, so which is it to be?"

"The captain."

"But I am not joking. I'll never see you again."

"No more am I joking, so good-bye."

"Good-bye"—and he went.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HE kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him, she might send for him, or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low.

"If she'd cared a dump about me, she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman," he thought.

The idea of not being cared for, even to the extent of a dump, was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over, and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye however turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jennie. He went back to the barracks in a dejected frame of mind.

"It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service, and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, all along of that Captain McGee too. And the fruit in the garden [of the cottage] all ripe, and no one to pick it."

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

"Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare," she said, but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable.

"She can't care a rush for me," he thought, and marched all over the town, and nearly to Greenwich and back, in his excitement.

The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evans' eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

"Bibbs," said John Weare, "come and have some fruit," and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage, and stuffed him with gooseberries till he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside, and stood him on the table, and sat down before him.

"How old are you, Bibbs?"

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

"Five and a half. Is that your sword up there?"

"Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibbs?"

Now he knew Jennie had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

"Auntie. She's going away soon," he added. "Let me look at your sword now."

"Where's she going to?" he asked in consternation.

"Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword."

"Why is she going?" he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

"She's ill, I think; and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over her silver thing you gave her, and kissing it like anything."

The "silver thing" was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton Fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants, in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

"Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night," he said.

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she! John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

"Crying over her silver thing!" said John Weare. "I'll go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her, and beg her pardon."

And he went, and Jennie met him, and pouted, and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down, and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute; and then Jennie contradicted him, and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dunlop, the colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her, in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away because of Jennie's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers who were always in the way; and how she had been

so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she had determined to go back to Devonshire.

"But you won't now?" he said, as they leaned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. "You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?"

It took a long time to talk her into it (about three-quarters of an hour), but then she was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown all his flowers out of the window.

"And it really was all through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?" she asked.

"HOW OLD ARE YOU, BIBBS?" (*p.* 607).

"Certainly."

"Why, but for him I might never have seen you again."

"Perhaps not."

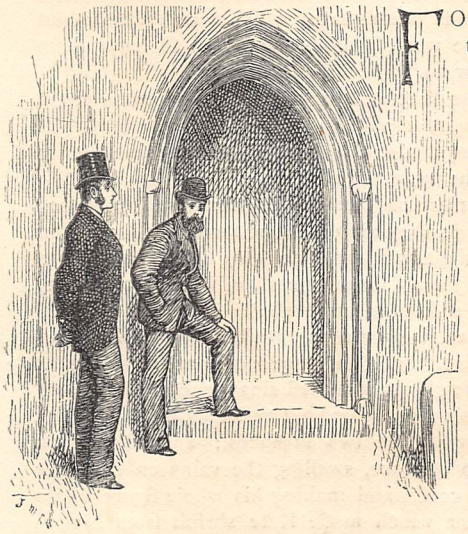
"I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home," she thought. And she did; and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking-horse, which he delights in to this day.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE QUARREL BY THE SHORE.



FOR the first time in her life, Kate was suffering from an attack of real girlish embarrassment, at the idea of meeting a gentleman—two gentlemen, in fact; and during the process of putting on her bonnet for church, she wished very heartily that she could send the children without her, and copy Dick's example by staying at home.

"But if I were to let those dreadful children go without me," thought Kate, with a prophetic shiver, "Heaven only knows what worse things they would say to them. How I do wish boys were not so silly, and men so disagreeable, putting such nonsense into one's head! I only hope they will both have overslept themselves, like Dick."

And then the first chimes of the bell began, and Kate had to hurry down-stairs, and see George's fingers into his gloves, and help Madge in a frantic search for her prayer-book before they started.

I don't know whether it was the rapid walk up-hill, or the confusion of seeing her last hope unverified, but certainly Kate's cheeks were glowing, and she had never looked lovelier in her life than when she came into view of the two gentlemen waiting in the churchyard for her arrival. Clive was nearest; but he was apparently engaged in contemplating the view from the hill, while M'Kenzie, who stood on the church steps, was palpably and unaffectedly looking out for nothing but the party from the cottage; and as Kate's eyes, passing Clive, met his, and saw the brightening recognition in them, over all her face, and even over the little shell-like ears and round throat, there stole a tender, exquisite blush, vivid and delicate as that in the heart of a moss rose-bud—the virginal banner of submission, and as such read only too accurately by the man of whose nearer presence she was as yet unconscious. In that fleeting blush, that almost imperceptible droop of the proud little head and saucy eyes, Clive learnt that his last night's suspicions were correct. Kate's heart had yielded to a master's touch, and that master was Dallas M'Kenzie. More—in the way in which her gaze, while going to his rival as a bird to its nest, passed *him* without even a flicker of recognition, he learnt her entire indifference to himself, and the hitherto unguessed-at strength of his own passion for her. It was only a moment, and yet long enough to teach a man three lessons bitter enough to rankle through a life-time—lessons which, if they had only been remembered and acted on, might have saved him many an hour of after-pain, without increasing the poignancy of this.

Clive was a proud man, and no sign of what was passing in his soul showed in the hard, stern lines of his face, as, disdaining to press his prior claim of friendship where it was not recognised, he moved aside at once to give M'Kenzie precedence, and would indeed have merely greeted his friends with a bow before passing on into the church; but Kate had seen him by now, and remembering her good resolutions, she took her hand from M'Kenzie, stretching it out to the young barrister with a smile more cruel in its sweetness than her previous ignoring.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she said, looking up in his face with laughing eyes, which swept the bitterness from his heart like breath from a glass; "keeping my brother out till two o'clock this morning, and preventing his getting up for church, as a good Christian should! We don't allow of such hours in Combe Regis, Mr. Clive, and I am very angry. I wonder you are up yourself this morning."

"But, you see, I am so fond of the country, I don't like to waste more minutes of it in sleep than is positively necessary; and I think it was Dick who made me late, not I him," said Clive, smiling involuntarily, poor fellow! under his queen's brightness.

She shook her head rebukingly.

"You should never throw blame on the absent ones, Mr. Clive. We must hear Dick's account before I decide who was in fault. Hark! the bell has stopped: we must go in;" and then, having kept Clive at her side till they were at the door, she allowed him to follow her into the pew, and take his seat at her side, without betraying, by word or sign, how far rather she would have seen M'Kenzie in his place. Clive was pleased and surprised, M'Kenzie cheerful and indifferent. *He* had not seen the blush which roused such a tempest in the barrister's soul, but Kate was only too conscious of it, and while hating herself for the weakness, became childishly timid lest M'Kenzie should be aware of it as well. She was quite grateful for the excuse to turn away to Clive, and by devoting herself exclusively to him, distract attention from her *gauche* confusion of a moment back.

Poor Clive! After all he had not so much cause for gratitude as he imagined.

They all walked back to the cottage to dinner as soon as service was over; but Kate had forgotten her

blush by now, and M'Kenzie was at her right hand, chatting in the familiar way of an old friend about "our" walk the day before yesterday, "our" boating adventure, and the place where "we" left off in "Ingoldsby." There was nothing in all that he said put together which might not have been cried at the Town Cross with impunity, but it all implied the pleasant confidence of intimacy; and Clive, who had no share in the "us" and "our," felt shut out and put on one side. The sore, jealous feeling rose again in his breast, mingled with a sense of indignation against his rival; but when he looked at Kate's face, so radiant with innocent happiness, at the expression in her eyes when they rested on M'Kenzie, so soft and liquid, with a trustful love as yet unknown even to herself, that indignation became deepened and strengthened into a purely unselfish passion—sorrow for her, that such love and trust should ever be wasted, and anger against the man who could wrong it by even a shadow of deception. "And to win her love by the pretence of being one thing, while in reality he is another, is such cowardly deception," thought Clive. "No one but a blackguard would trade on a girl's innocence, and her brother's thoughtlessness. Pray heaven he be not teaching *her* deception too! Surely if Lady Margaret knew of his intimacy here she would have made some allusion to it—would have wished to know something more of the man with whom her daughter was thrown, and have taken some precautions against the imperilling of her peace of mind. She can never know, or she would have taken better care of her daughter."

Clive's own passion had faded out of his mind amid these thoughts. His whole heart was filled with Kate, her happiness, and her innocence, to the exclusion of himself, and his own wishes. He was fretting and fuming within himself because no one took proper care of her; or considered her interests with sufficient zeal; but just then Kate turned round and smiled upon him, rebuking him with playful imperiousness for being "so silent," and once again the lover resumed his place, and with clenched fist and set jaw Clive muttered to himself—

"She shall not be given up to him so easily. If she hated me she could never speak to me in such a tone, and if no one else will take care of her, I will. I should be a coward indeed if, loving her as I do, I were to shrink from being that guide and protector because she has given me so little encouragement to declare my love."

It was the resolve of a moment; but as it passed it gave his face its harshest expression, and his voice, as he answered Kate, sounded so gruff and short, that she involuntarily repented her of having tried to be sweet to such a disagreeable man; and even M'Kenzie lifted his dark eyes and looked at him half inquiringly.

"You are abstracted, Mr. Clive," he said aloud, and more with the object of softening the edge of Clive's ill-tempered manner to Kate than of roughing it against himself. "Do legal complications even follow you down to such a quiet little nest as this? Why don't you copy my example, and fold away your cares with your London coat, not to be opened till your return?"

"Do you find it so easy to leave your cares behind you?" said Clive, turning to him, a peculiar light in his eyes—a peculiar inflexion in his voice. "I should have thought there were some cares no man could fold away with his coats—cares which *would* follow him wherever he went, whether he willed to leave them unopened or no."

Either the tone or the words touched some chord which brought a shade over M'Kenzie's handsome face. His eyes met Clive's with an angry question in them, and he answered sharply—

"Every man has some such troubles, I suppose; but so long as they are not to be remedied, I consider that he is right and bound to bury them out of even his own sight as far as possible, instead of raking them up to sadden other people."

"The dead rise sometimes without being raked up," retorted Clive, "and ghosts are occasionally unpleasant visitors—the ghosts of buried sins especially."

M'Kenzie's eyes flashed out suddenly till their black depths glowed like two furnaces; and the blood rushed into his face, swelling the veins on his brow like purple cords, and making his whole figure dilate in a manner which made Kate shrink from him in involuntary alarm.

"What do you mean?" he asked, voice and lips quivering with rising passion.

"My dear Mr. M'Kenzie, don't excite yourself, or you will frighten our young hostess," said Clive coolly. "We ought never to lose the command of our temper in polite society. *You* alluded to the legal complications weighing on my mind—didn't you? I was referring to certain of those very complications which had come within my experience. Surely you couldn't have taken my words as applying to yourself?"

The words were more soothing than the tone, which savoured of the sarcastic. M'Kenzie, however, had had time to recollect himself, and repent of his late violence. By a stupendous effort, terrible even to see in one whose passions were naturally so strong—an effort which drove away every vestige of colour from his face, so lately suffused with rage—he mastered his emotion as suddenly as it had mastered him. There was even a smile visible under his heavy moustache, as turning to Clive, he said, all trace of anger gone from his voice—

"Miss Bellew knows what an excitable backwoodsman I am; but indeed, Mr. Clive, you speak so ambiguously at times, that, setting apart my long absence from English society, I may be excused for not always being sure of what you do mean. I don't expect I am any different from other men in having many a buried fault to regret; yet I could hardly (as you say) suppose *you* to be alluding to them."

He spoke so frankly, and in such a tone of good-humoured dignity, that for a moment Clive felt rebuked, and staggered in his suspicions. Only for a moment, however. The next, his common-sense asserted itself, and told him that that blaze of passion

had never been evoked if his words had not hit home to some secret sore.

The day, which ought to have been so pleasant among a party of young people thrown together in this impromptu picnic-like fashion, but which was in reality full of constraint and awkwardness, and an odd feeling of thunder in the air, ready to burst at any moment, came to an end at last. Kate had intended to divide her attentions impartially; but Dick monopolised Clive; and as the latter made no effort to break away, but rather seemed to avoid her than otherwise, she was, as it were, thrown upon M'Kenzie; and indeed, after the first, felt rather glad that fate had so willed it; for, whether from some reminder contained in Clive's words, or other cause unknown, he had fallen into one of those depressed moods which made Kate's heart yearn to him, with that wistful tenderness which seems part of the maternal instinct inherent in every woman from the time of her first doll. Once he said, in answer to some remark of hers—

"I am not sure that I shall stay in England. Sometimes I think of returning to America for good."

And then Kate's cheek grew suddenly pale, and her great eyes round with involuntary dismay.

"You don't mean it? Oh! surely you would not go away from all your friends again," she said in a quick anxious voice, which betrayed quite unconsciously to herself what such a going away would be to her; but which Clive heard, and against his own will understood at more than its right meaning.

"Why not?" said M'Kenzie, smiling half sadly. "I have not so many friends as you think, Miss Bellew—none, at any rate, to whom my going or staying would make any difference."

"That is what *you* think," said Kate warmly, "and perhaps you don't count us; but, Mr. M'Kenzie, we should care—all of us. Do not think of going. England is much pleasanter than America, and, besides, it is your home. I thought you were quite happy here. Why should you want to go travelling away again?"

"Lucky fellow you are, M'Kenzie!" Dick said lazily—"able to go off to Australia or Canada at an hour's notice, and with not as much bother as I have to go through if I want to come up to London from Oxford. That's the good of having no family ties and that sort of thing."

Clive was leaning back in an American chair, playing at cat's-cradle with Dottie, who, perched on his knee, with her little pink, plump legs dangling far from the ground, was laughing up in his face, as her fat fingers blundered through the mesh held in those long and strong ones for her delectation. His blue eyes flashed out in a keen glance over her head, as he spoke in answer to Dick's remark.

"Perhaps, Dick, Mr. M'Kenzie's family ties are *in* Canada, in which case neither we nor Miss Bellew could wonder at his being anxious to return to them. A man must always feel in rather a false position when living apart from all his natural belongings.—Don't you agree with me, Mr. M'Kenzie?"

He raised his voice a little at the last words, fixing his eyes in an unspoken challenge on M'Kenzie's face; and the latter met them fully and defiantly. It was the first clash of steel in a duel to the death; but he who had delivered that preliminary feint was cool and collected, while there was an angry flush on his antagonist's brow—an agitated break in his voice, as he guarded.

"My natural belongings are confined to a few Scottish relations, who care as little for me as I for them. Family ties of my own I have none—here or in Canada."

A pause. Dottie found the cradle slipping with miraculous gentleness on to her fingers, and was lifted lightly to the floor, with a kiss of congratulation on her skill.

"Dick," said Clive, rising to his feet, one hand still on the little golden head, "will you write that letter you want me to take back with me to-morrow? I may start early, so I should like to have it as early as may be. Suppose you do it now while I'm having a smoke on the beach. Miss Bellew very rightly disapproves of late hours; and you're such a lazy fellow, you won't stir while you've an excuse for *idlesse* in my company."

He spoke to Dick, but he looked at M'Kenzie still. "I will go with you," said the latter in answer to that look; and Clive nodded. After all that had only been the preliminary sharpening of the weapons. The real duel was to come; a duel with no seconds and no witnesses: a duel not for life or death; but for sweeter than life and sharper than death—for honour or dishonour.

And even innocent, light-hearted Katie felt a cold shiver of some impending evil creep over her warm young limbs, and dim the roses in her fresh fair cheeks, as she listened, anxious but uncomprehending. Yet there was a smile on each man's face as he turned to her before going out.

"What time do you have tea, Miss Bellew?" said M'Kenzie. "Eight? Thanks. We won't keep it waiting; but I'm sure you'll be glad to get rid of us for a few minutes, after devoting yourself to us so kindly through the whole day."

"Wherefore we won't inflict ourselves on you a moment before eight," added Clive.—"Dick, you lazy beggar, you'll want all that time to get your letter written, and I shan't show till it is."

"That's nonsense," retorted Dick. "It'll take ten minutes at most; and if you're not in by then I'll come out and join you.—I say, Kittie, where the dickens is the ink?"

* * * * *

"Fortunately ten minutes will be more than sufficient for what I have to say," said M'Kenzie, as, after descending to the beach in silence, they turned an angle of the cliff which shut them out of hearing of even any "little pitchers" who might be in the gardens above. "I've no doubt that you can guess what it is, Mr. Clive."

"I am waiting to hear," said Clive. "But if you mean I guess you have *something* to say, you are more than right. I hope as well as guess it."

His tone was aggressive, almost insolent; and

M'Kenzie's hands, clasped behind his back, tingled and clenched each other as in a vice before he replied.

"Your manner to me to-day has been unpleasant enough to warrant such a hope. It may be attributable to a young man's jealousy, and however causeless such a feeling in the present case, I could excuse it were it only confined to a short and ungracious manner——"

"In other words, you would carefully avoid taking hold of it as long as I gave you nothing to take hold of," said Clive slowly and calmly. "You are magnanimous, Mr. M'Kenzie. I'll relieve your mind of one scruple, however; I am not actuated by any feelings of jealousy whatsoever. To say I was not aware I had cause for them, would be rude when you so plainly imply the reverse; so——I don't say it."

M'Kenzie's eyes flashed. "I believe you wish to insult me," he said hotly. "You have thrown out more than one hint and insinuation to-day reflecting either on my honour or general character.—Stay, sir! let me speak. I don't believe that our friends have understood your innuendoes, but——"

"I agree with you," said Clive. "Wanting the clue which *you* possess, they have not even perceived the innuendoes which you understood, and complain of."

"*Complain!* You mistake, sir. I do more than complain; I demand an explanation on your part for the past, and an apology for your present language. Excuses are, I see, wasted on you."

"Entirely," said Clive, "seeing that I am here to force the explanation; only it is to come from you as well as me. Excuses! Why, confound it! I think you ought to be grateful to me for having led you to speak to me yourself, instead of saying what I had to say to our friends yonder. Do you think that if I pleased I couldn't have made them understand the drift of my discourse as well or better than yourself? Dick Bellew is one of my nearest friends. He trusts his most private affairs to me as to an elder brother. What was to hinder me from speaking to him about withdrawing his sisters from your society, and giving him my full reasons for such a caution? Of my own free will I have spoken to you instead; and that you understood me at all is the best proof of the justice of my suspicions. You say I have been uncivil to you; I don't deny it. You want an explanation? Take it.

"Four years ago, before I entered at the Bar, I had occasion to go to Canada. I arrived at S. Louis-sur-Eaux, a little town on the borders, just as a wedding party was leaving the church—Mr. M'Kenzie, you grow pale: do I interest you?—I did not see the bride's face; it was looking from me and hidden in her veil; but that of the bridegroom was turned full on me, and though I've no doubt he never noticed my presence, I could have sworn to him anywhere in after-times—I could swear to him now. *You*, sir, *and no other man!* Two years later I again crossed the Atlantic, on my first legal business. At the bar of a New York hotel I heard a certain Mr. Dallas M'Kenzie spoken of as an eccentric bachelor, a woman-hater and misanthrope. He was discussed openly among a dozen men, and as openly the reason of his avoidance of women was given in half-a-dozen words—Some affair with a lady! Female society had cut Mr. M'Kenzie: Mr. M'Kenzie had revenged himself by cutting it.—Stop! Excuse me; you asked for an explanation, I have only given you part of one as yet. I met the gentleman in question at a men's dinner-party. We travelled together for two days by rail: I found him a pleasant companion, a polished gentleman; in fact I liked him; *but* I noticed he spoke of himself as a bachelor. If marriage were discussed he joined in the question simply as an outsider, and to inveigh against it; and *I*, remembering the new-made wife I had seen on his arm that day at S. Louis-sur-Eaux, wondered within myself. Accident solved my wonderment. In a lawyer's office I happened to mention my late travelling companion by name.

"My friend nodded.

"'M'Kenzie! H'm—ha—yes, I've met him; very pleasant fellow, superior and—but a man with daughters and all that, you know, must be careful. You've heard——'

"I said I had.

"'Ah! that's not all there is to hear: I suppose no one ever told you he is married?'

"I said I was aware of it.

"'In Canada; quarrelled with his wife, and separated from her since, I believe. It was hushed up, fortunately for him; but a man with daughters, you know—one *must* be careful.'

"I agreed with him. Two years later I again met the gentleman in question, this time in England and at a ball at General de Ponsonby's. I meet him often now; I hear him spoken of as a bachelor, eligible and estimable in all respects; I find him domesticated on terms of the greatest intimacy with the sons and daughters of a lady who honours me with her friendship and confidence; I see him winning the regard of a young girl as innocent as she is inexperienced; I see him trading upon her guileless trust, flaunting his false plumes, and acting——"

"A LIE! Do you hear me? A foul, cowardly, slanderous lie from beginning to end!"

M'Kenzie got no further. By a perfectly frightful effort at self-control, belied by his white, churning lips and quivering hands, he had forced himself to listen for a given time. Before Clive had finished that control broke down; and like a tiger he turned upon his accuser with clenched fist as in act to strike, and pale, infuriate lips, hurling the fierce invective of denial at the latter's head.

That denial was never finished.

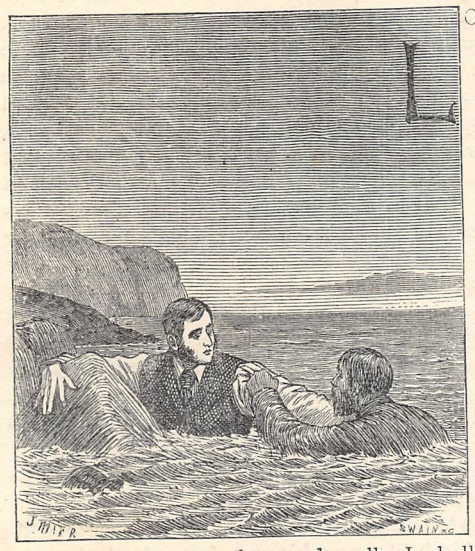
The tide had risen, so that they had left the beach, and were pursuing a narrow path hewn partly by nature, partly by the hand of man, out of the face of the cliff. Below them, at the distance of two or three feet, rippled the purple waters of the Channel, stretching away in long waving lines of ever-deepening violet to the horizon. The sun had set, and the two men and the water were in shadow; but over the horizon floated

one long cloud like a streak of blood, and all the eastern sky was suffused with a faint rosy light; while far above their heads the towering cliffs were stained with a crimson glory on their summits—the last reflection of the descended orb of day. There was just room on this path for two men to walk abreast with comfort. Higher up it narrowed, and became a mere thread where one could hardly find space to set his foot, but here was room for both; and M'Kenzie had the inside and was slightly in advance. In that burst of fury he turned with a kind of spring on Clive. The latter started aside, involuntarily lifting his arm to avoid the threatened collision; and without word or touch, by the sheer impetus of his own unthinking passion, M'Kenzie stumbled, and went headlong into the rising waters below!

One sharp agonised cry, and then—a dead silence; but far, far overhead a gull flew past with a long wailing note, as if to carry the echo of that cry to heaven; and into the holes and caverns of the cliffs the waves rushed with a solemn thunderous roll, as though the sea were firing a funeral salute over the ex-officer's grave.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?"



LONG ago I heard a woman say to her son, in a fit of irritation, "If you will persist in going out of doors bareheaded in a tropical country, you will get a sunstroke; and really I shall not be sorry, for I am sick of warning you."

That same day her son was brought home to her, struck down like a log under the burning noonday sun. Before another morning he was *dead;* and I, going into the darkened room, found a miserable, maddened woman, crouching beside the corpse, with tearless eyes and parched, chalky lips, which murmured over and over again in ceaseless refrain—

"I told him I would not be sorry—not sorry—not sorry. Yes, I told him so—that *I—would—not—be—sorry.*"

They brought her home afterwards—to a lunatic asylum in her native country. I believe she is living still, a harmless maniac, ever reciting the same monotonous litany of despair.

While Clive had been telling his story to M'Kenzie, his acute eye had noted accurately the signs of fury rising and fermenting in the latter's breast. Once, when the Canadian attempted to interrupt him, the thought did cross his mind, "I wish we were on *terra firma*, for this passionate fellow is quite capable of pitching himself or me over the edge if he is worked up;" and again—"Prevised is prevented for me. Let *him* take a cold bath if he will: it will cool his passion—*I* shan't prevent him."

Now, five minutes later, the thought had come to pass, and M'Kenzie had gone face-foremost into the purple curling waves, his passion cooled in one stupendous splash.

The water was not five feet deep at this part, and to a swimmer would but have been the "cold bath" Clive had called it. That M'Kenzie could swim, and swim well, he happened to know; and after the first start and gasp of surprise he came to the edge of the path, bending over and stretching out his hands, in the full expectation of seeing M'Kenzie rise dripping from his "douche," and of hauling him, discomfited and humiliated, on to dry land again.

He was disappointed.

Up, almost to touch his finger-tips, leapt the waves, breaking in little showers of foam and spray against the cliff. He could see the brown tangled seaweed floating like a mermaid's web beneath their glittering surface; here and there an out-jutting rock standing up like the fangs of some deceased sea-monster; a dead bird gliding swiftly past, the bloody hole still visible on its upturned breast, ere it was whirled out to sea by the powerful current sweeping round those rocky shores; but—*no M'Kenzie!* If the gnomes of the sea had dragged him down and pinioned him within their twilight palaces beneath, there could not have been less sign of him or his existence.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Clive; "the man must have stunned himself against the bottom;" and only waiting to jerk off his coat and boots, without thinking of danger to himself, or of his late animosity to the missing man—without thought of anything, in fact, except that there was something to be done, and he must do it, he swung himself over the edge of the path into the waters which had gulfed and hidden the Canadian. As he did so, his foot struck against a naked hand firmly clenched over a sunken rock, dislodged it from its hold, and in the same moment a dark, heavy body, with outstretched limbs and black, dripping hair, rose heavily to the surface, amid a perfect whirlpool of bubbles and marine débris. The shock almost knocked Clive off his feet. Had it quite done so, the sea-gulls might have sung a requiem over both of them; for as to swimming, the clever lawyer could do about as much of that as most inland-reared young fellows, or—twelve-inch shot! By a desperate effort he recovered himself, and in the same moment made a clutch at M'Kenzie, who, opening his great black eyes with a glare of returning consciousness as the cold breeze smote upon his face, caught at the outstretched hand, and fastened on it with a grip which threatened to drag both men to the bottom.

"Hold hard, if you please," said Clive. He spoke quite coolly, though it was only by an almost superhuman effort of muscular strength that he could keep his footing against the current alone, and this frenzied clutch threatened to shake him off it altogether. "You're all right. Put your feet down instead of your head, that's all."

"Save me!" cried M'Kenzie faintly. His head was bleeding from a cut above the temple, and his grasp loosened from weakness and bewilderment.

Clive took advantage of it to wrest his arm free, and in the same instant caught a firm hold of his antagonist's collar, while with the other hand he braced himself against a protruding fang of rock. To move thus impeded, and with the water up to his breast, was impossible. It required all his strength to hold M'Kenzie's head above the waves, until the latter was sufficiently recovered from his second attack of faintness to recognise where he was, and be able to assist himself. When that was achieved, the rest was easy. With one stroke of his arm, the Canadian was under the lee of the cliff not three yards distant, and in another minute had scrambled—half-drowned, with the blood oozing from his forehead and mingling with the sea-water on his face in purple streaks, but otherwise uninjured—on to the path whence his passion had hurled him down. Clive tried to follow, but that last powerful strain had done for his strong right wrist for the present. His first effort to grasp the cliff to which he had floundered wrung from him an involuntary cry of pain; and yet it did not hurt him half as much as the necessity of letting his rival help him up. *That* turned his lips white, and made him wince as no physical torture could have ever done.

M'Kenzie, however, guessed nothing of the feeling. Equally impulsive in his gratitude as in his anger, he would, had he been a Frenchman, have flung himself into Clive's arms, and hugged him in a transport of emotion. Being an Anglo-Saxon, he spared Clive that demonstration, and, instead, inflicted on his left hand (the only available one) a grip to which his drowning clutch had been but child's-play.

"You have saved my life," he said hoarsely. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"Pray don't try," said Clive, looking away from the earnest eyes, and releasing his hand as quickly as he could. "You've no cause for thanks, I assure you."

"Not when you jumped in and hauled me out when I was disabled from helping myself? Why, my dear fellow, I might have been drowned but for you. I suppose I hit my head against one of those confounded rocks, for——Ah! if you hadn't helped me, where should I have been now?"

"At the bottom," interrupted Clive, almost rudely. "Excuse me if I don't join in your rejoicings. *As* I happened to be on the spot, I was compelled to remember that there is such a thing as being accessory to another man's death, without actually assisting him to it. Believe me"—and he spoke with a savage earnestness which disdained pretence—"if I could have chosen, fate would have planted me twenty miles off, and saved Kate Bellew from the intrigues of a——"

"Blackguard!" suggested M'Kenzie, as Clive broke off with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and began pulling on his coat.

The Canadian did not speak angrily. A furrow of pain and natural mortification had come upon his brow at this second repulse, more churlish than the last; but wrath was not to be aroused a second time that evening. Do you not think that angry tongue of the second Henry was slow and careful for many a day after the blood shed before the high altar of the cathedral at Canterbury had ceased to redden the marble steps, and the corpse of the murdered archbishop had been carried away out of sight of friend and enemy alike? M'Kenzie went up to the barrister, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You think me that, and worse?" he said. "Has your legal experience never taught you that before deciding on a case you should hear both sides of it? Look here, Clive"—and though he smiled there was an echo of past pain and sorrow in his voice, which touched his rival in spite of himself—"you have given me the outlines of a story which any man might resent to hear told in connection with himself. Do you *want* to hear the true one? Twenty minutes ago my pride was up, and I wouldn't have told it you, first because neither you nor any other man has a shadow of right to ask it from me; and next because, if you had had the right, I would not have owned it when claimed in such a tone; but since then you've risked your life to save another's, and that other's a man you disliked and despised. Confound it, Clive! Can't you see that, however *you* repudiate his gratitude, *he* must feel that you've done a better thing than if he were a friend of yours? I never thought to speak of that which has darkened my whole life to any living being, man or woman. Don't you know yourself that you'd rather cut your heart out than tell some things to your nearest and dearest friend? You are no friend of mine; but I'm going to tell you now; and when we get to the hotel I'll show you full proof of the truth of my words. Only"—and here the pain in his voice deepened till it grew so hoarse as to be hardly intelligible—"when I've told you my story, don't say anything. You can't do *me* justice without speaking of—of other people. Don't do it."

Clive was sitting on a hummock of sandy earth, pulling on his boots over his wet feet. He looked up keenly and quickly into the dark Southern face, which even through sea-water, blood-stains, and agitation showed so handsome and earnest; and as he did so an uncomfortable sense of being in the wrong, of having allowed prejudice to make him insolent and unjust, began to dawn upon his unwilling mind. Indeed I think it was this very reluctance to accept the suggestion, which showed him that in truth he would have preferred to find M'Kenzie the scoundrel he believed him, that though he asked for an explanation, it was the last thing he desired; for when he spoke it was sharply and hurriedly, as if to get the better of his smaller self before it got the better of him.

A great man once said, "It is only a coward who can boast he has never been afraid." An honourable

man is generally more conscious of his deceitfulness than a knave.

"Keep your story to yourself," he said almost roughly. "*I* have no right to hear it, as you say; and I don't want to hear it, if I had."

M'Kenzie smiled a little bitterly.

"That is all very well," he said, "but, my dear fellow, excuse me—after what you've said, the matter can hardly rest here—with honour."

"I know that," said Clive shortly, as he rose to his feet, "and that's why I ask you to give me your word as a gentleman that there is no truth whatever in these imputations against your honour. Can you do it?"

"Yes! Truth in them! They are the foulest lies."

"Then—excuse my pressing you, I only want Yes or No—there is nothing, on your word and honour against you which need prevent your going up in all honesty to any lady (we won't mention names), and asking her for her daughter's hand?"

"On my word of honour, nothing."

Clive turned round. There was a pale set look in his face.

"That will do," he said. "I am satisfied" (but he didn't look it), "and apologise; though——"

"Go on," said M'Kenzie quietly. "You are *not* satisfied, and I can see it. Go on."

"Well, if I'm not," Clive answered bluntly, "it's just this: I meet you here as a bachelor disclaiming all connection with family ties; and yet when I first saw you it was most certainly with——"

"My wife!" said M'Kenzie. He spoke firmly; but that it was difficult for him to speak at all was evident. "Mr. Clive, when a man has lost something which was more precious to him than his own life, he is not fond of talking of it. You are right. I *had* a wife—once. I have nothing now but a memory—she is dead."

Clive turned to him abruptly, and held out his hand, the best part of his nature touched to kindliness and generosity.

"Forgive me," he said, his voice softening for the first time—"and thank you. I won't ask any more. I'd no right to ask that, but——Ah, well! I've been in the wrong all through; and all I can do is to repair it. There's this comfort for you," and he tried to speak cordially and gladly, "she—they, I mean—never shared my suspicions down there; and if I've done you harm with Dick by any hint or warning, I'll undo it before to-night is over."

M'Kenzie saw through his late opponent at that moment, and felt half amused and half sorry for the young fellow who was trying to make the *amende honorable* to him. They had turned homewards, and were walking swiftly under the shadow of the cliff, so as to keep warm in their drenched garments. The red stain had faded out of the sky, and off the downs. No human being was in sight, no sound but the roll of the waves smote upon the ear. Only out at sea a long line of fishing-boats dotted the horizon; and twilight, soft, grey, and shadowy, hung over all, like the veil of a young widow over a face from which the sunshine of happiness has been banished for a time. M'Kenzie laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"I think there is no necessity for you to say anything," he said good-naturedly. "If our friends didn't share your mistake, what need for enlightening them? And as for Miss Bellew——"

"Pray don't say anything about her," Clive interrupted hastily. "Her name should never have been mentioned at all. Bad form on my part; and I'm awfully sorry for it; but I know her—all of them, better than you, and when I thought you were deceiving her—them——"

"You came to the rescue, like a knight of chivalry," said M'Kenzie smiling. "Well, my dear fellow, I quite agree with you that, in general, young ladies' names are best left unmeddled with, either for attack or defence; but as it has been done on this occasion, we may as well not leave the subject unfinished. You think that I am in love with Miss Bellew, and that I'm doing my best, not without success, to make her in love with me, eh?"

Clive bit his lip. He had wronged the Canadian, and repented of his wrong; but he never felt nearer to hating him than at that moment.

"I don't think that you are in love with her—now," he said in his harshest voice. "If you had been, you could never have said that."

"You are quite right," M'Kenzie answered good-humouredly. "And now that I have been so frank with you, be the same with me. If I am not in love with her, you are. Am I not right also?"

Clive bit his lip again. There was a slight inflexion of amusement in the other's voice, which stung through all his reserve like the barb of a poisoned arrow. Not to reply, however, would have been only a more humiliating form of assent; and denial never came into his head. It *is* strange, but with some men truth, even on the subject of love, seems more natural than a lie!

"What if you are?" he said curtly. "I've been a fool, I own it; but at least I've not prosecuted my folly to any one's harm but my own."

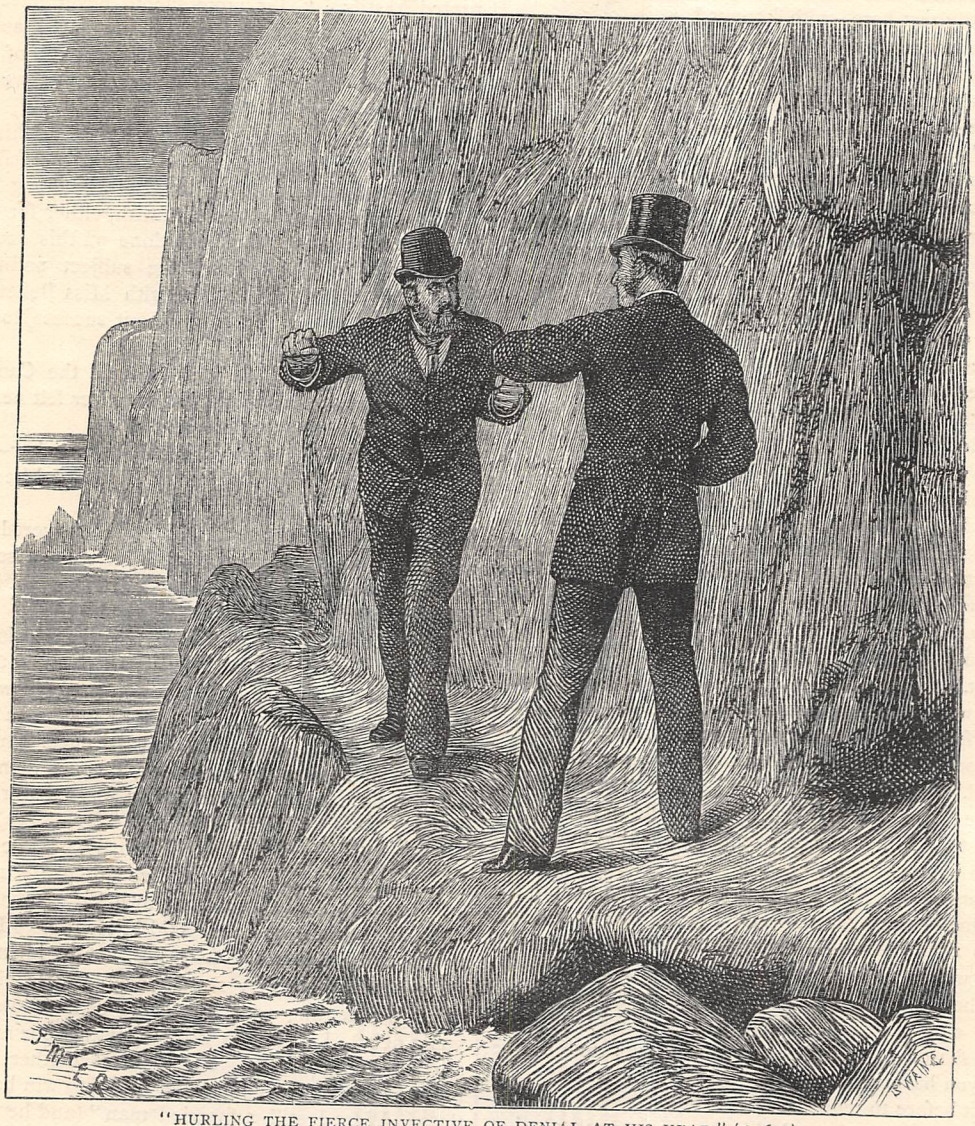
"I don't think you have," said M'Kenzie. "It seems to me, though, that the folly lies, not in loving Miss Bellew (who is a very sweet, lovable little girl), but in not prosecuting your love. My dear fellow, I owe you a debt. Let me pay it by relieving your mind. I am not your rival, as you think. I neither wish to marry Miss Bellew; nor have I tried to win her affections. Were I still a married man" (and he sighed), "I could not be more innocent on that subject, and I haven't the least reason to suppose that she is any less so. So far from caring for me in that way, I fancy she is as yet free from all thought of love or lovers. Indeed, to me, one of her greatest charms is that frank, childlike—I was almost saying boyish innocence. It seems a pity to disturb it at all; but if you love her, as I see you do, why may not she see it also; and why don't you tell her so?"

"Tell her!" repeated Clive in a sort of dismay. He was still bewildered at this second enlightenment.

It did not seem credible (though he had been so unwilling to admit his own love even to himself) that another man should be thrown with Kate, as M'Kenzie had been, and not care for her: a man, too, to whom she had shown such sweet favour as to the Canadian! and then he remembered the blush she had given the former that morning, with a fresh sick feeling of pain.

"You've thought so, have you?" said Clive. "Then give me credit for non-interference."

"What, when I've told you there is no interference in the case! I like the little girl much—very much. She is quite charming; but as to the idea you suggest, it is all nonsense. That sort of thing has been over with me for many a year."



"HURLING THE FIERCE INVECTIVE OF DENIAL AT HIS HEAD" (*p.* 612).

"Not quite such a fool, foolish as I am!" he said.

"But, my dear Clive—excuse my calling you so," said M'Kenzie laughing—"it seems to me that you are rather foolish in this. How can you tell whether she likes you or not unless you ask her? Take the advice of a man a good deal older than yourself, and let her see a little of your feelings. Girls like to be courted. It is their prerogative to be served then, as it's their duty to serve us afterwards; and you rather seem to avoid her than otherwise."

"Perhaps every one is not as well aware of that as you," suggested Clive. Very undemonstrative himself, he had looked on M'Kenzie's confidential, almost caressing manner with women as rather *prononcé* love-making. The latter broke into a laugh half sad, half merry—

"I think most women have a sort of instinct on that subject," he said. "They know when they are loved, at any rate. We don't; that's why we have to ask them. Take my advice now, and ask her. As for

me—look here—I shan't even see her again. I've no change of clothes with me, and I don't want to get a rheumatic fever from wearing these wet ones; so I shall just go to bed while they're drying, and you can take my excuses round to the cottage for me. I shall send them a line in the morning to say I am summoned up to London on important business, and that I left you to bring George up later. You won't mind looking after the little chap, will you? He'll lean his head and arms out as far as he can in every tunnel, and try to jump out ten minutes before the train stops at every station, and drum the devil's tattoo on your feet for the rest of the way; but perhaps you'll have a brother's right to keep him in order by then. Deuce take it, Clive! I'm not at all sure the bonny little lassie doesn't like you more than you fancy, for the very reason that she's so confoundedly careful to hide it."

"I thought you considered her so childishly innocent," said Clive; but his heart would brighten in spite of himself, and the stern mouth softened into a smile. "M'Kenzie—I hope this isn't generosity on your part."

"Generosity! My dear fellow, I don't pretend to be over-virtuous; and if I were in love with Katie Bellew, neither you nor any other man should have the ghost of a chance from *me* till I had tried my own fate and—failed. I'm going to have a stiff glass of hot brandy and water, and go to bed. Let me recommend the former to you before going up to the cottage; and don't ask me to congratulate you till to-morrow. I shall be asleep before you come back."

Clive nodded.

"I won't awke you. Good night, and thanks," he said, turning away in his short manner, and going into his own room, M'Kenzie looking after him for a moment, a slight, kindly smile lurking under his moustache.

It did not take Clive long to change his clotnes, even though he had but one hand to do it with. He had no past to look back on; and cool as he might be in all outward seeming, it was not in the nature of a young fellow, with any blood in his veins at all, to go through an hour such as that which had just ticked out its last minutes on the old church-clock, and not feel its excitement still seething in his brain, and making every pulse in his body quiver with latent fire. The man whom he had thought a scoundrel had satisfied him that he was equally to be respected, and more to be pitied than himself: a gentleman against whom he had no right to warn any one; and who was as free to woo and win Kate Bellew as he, Bernard Clive, if he so pleased. But, on the other hand, it appeared that he did not so please, that so far from being Clive's rival he was anxious to be his friend, and to aid him in his suit. Two enemies had struggled together for life or death, and grown friends in the strife. A duel had been fought, and either party had been at once victor and vanquished. An apparently insurmountable barrier to his love had proved the veriest cobweb of imagination; and—it had all happened in an hour! Little wonder that he bungled hurriedly over his dressing, and only waiting to bind a wet handkerchief round his now stiff and swollen wrist, set out for the cottage.

M'Kenzie had seen through the love which he had hardly admitted to himself, had implied that Kate saw through it too, and laughed at him for faint-heartedness. That accusation at least they should be mistaken in. He might be a fool, but at least he was no coward; and perhaps after all Katie might care for him a little.

It had come on to rain and blow; but he did not heed it as he strode along the steep, dusky street, and finding the cottage-door hospitably open (as was the wont in Combe Regis) passed into the passage, and knocked at the parlour-door within. A voice from inside—Kate's, but sounding unlike her usual tone—answered, "Come in;" and Clive tried to obey. He had forgotten, however, that his right hand was useless, and was making a second bungling attempt to turn the handle with his left, when it was suddenly wrenched round from inside, and Kate stood in the open doorway before him. There was no one else in the room; and the candles had not yet been lighted; but as she stood there, framed in the dark doorway, and cut out as it were against a background of red firelight, with her thick curly hair tinged with red upon the crown, and faint red reflections among the shimmery folds of her white muslin, he saw that her face was deadly pale, and her glance rested on him with an expression of repulsion more intense than he had ever seen in any human face before.

"*You!*" she said in a sort of whisper, more expressive of deadly, sickening terror than even a shriek could be—"and *alone!*" Her eyes went out into the dark passage as she spoke, as if in search of something, and then fixed themselves on Clive in almost fierce appeal.

"Where is Mr. M'Kenzie?" she asked—"Mr. Clive, what have you done with him?" and involuntarily she put out her hand and laid it, with a grasp wonderfully powerful for such baby-fingers, on Clive's arm.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

YOUR PREJUDICES

AND what is a prejudice? It is simply a prejudgment; and it is astonishing how very often these mental deliverances are bigoted blunders. Prejudice prevents that fair estimate of men and things which is essential to the possession of honourable character. It is often only the result of indolence and ignorance. What should we think of a judge at the criminal assize who sentenced a prisoner before he heard the evidence? We should decidedly object to his prejudgment or

prejudice. And society has a perfect right to be severe and sarcastic on *your* prejudices. Besides, how many old prejudices you have had to swallow, my friend—think of that! How many ladies objected to the Underground Railway! You never should catch them, they said, risking their precious lives in that dark, hideous drain-pipe! But they risk them there often enough now, and step out to visit the "Zoo," or to do a little Tottenham Court Road shopping, pretty cheerily.

How delicious too, my dear male friend, were the "frog dishes" in France, that you never would, could, or should touch! the fact being that you helped yourself so freely as to spoil the next diner's help. In art, too, you could not admire a certain picture at all, at all, till Mr. Ruskin praised it. Then you found your mind in a quick state of "tack."

The fact is this, people nurse their pet prejudices. It saves so much time and trouble to say of a leader of a certain party, "Oh, he's an ass!" It is easier far than to allow his policy to have been in some respects wise and beneficent.

I remember a friend of mine being immensely angry with Mr. Froude's historical treatment of Henry VIII. "I hate to have my demons spoiled," he said. And so I felt too. It is hard to have some of the thick flakes taken off the oil paintings of your detestable ones.

Prejudice! Remember what multitudes among even thinking men thought of Cromwell till Thomas Carlyle illumined the history with his splendid genius. People, however, who are fond of prejudices detest to give them up. They have aired them at so many dinner-tables, and dosed their children and their friends with so much of the essence of their dislikes, that it is rather an uncomfortable experience to give them up. Having been accustomed to curse, it is hard to be obliged to bless.

We cannot help all our prejudices, you say. Certainly not; but we can keep them a little more to ourselves, till we are wiser and more enlightened. Even the critic I have already mentioned, in his later notes, has altered some of the opinions expressed in his "Modern Painters" about the Florentine school; so, at least, I understand, and if one so wise, and scholarly, and sublimely skilled as Mr. Ruskin can do this, then I would especially say to my younger reader, don't be so sweet upon your prejudices—they make you look sublimely ridiculous when you least think it. Shut them all up for a time, with amber and lavender, in the sliding drawers of your mind; they will bear keeping.

Prejudices are often associated with envy and dislike of others who happen to be more fortunate than ourselves. That must be a brave nature which can honour the work of one who is not liked.

Leyden, who had a quarrel with the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," once said to Sir Walter Scott—

"You may tell Campbell that I hate him, but that he has written the best poetry that has been written for fifty years."

Scott faithfully conveyed the message, and Campbell replied—

"Tell Leyden that I detest him, but know the value of his critical approbation."

How differently some of us might have been tempted to speak! for prejudice blinds our minds very often to the real merits of those whom we have a dislike to.

Of course it is correct enough to say that we may have a prejudice in favour of anything, as well as one against it; and in this sense many of our prejudices are very disappointing. Imagination has often painted a better picture than the realistic one that we have gone to see. Photography is a clever art, but somehow or other even that makes beauty often exceedingly plain, and downright ugliness pretty. It is funny, that! You have been prejudiced in favour of some one by a photograph, but the actual! Take care, therefore, ye bachelor-tribe, inclined to make advances and to get introductions, after gazing on some entrancing photograph; "things are not always what they seem."

May I not here remark how often prejudice against mere appearance gives way, when we find the plainest of our friends so beautiful in character, so considerate at heart, so courteous and refined? The best companions are not always those whose manner is most attractive at the first. Why, I heard a man say once—

"My wife did not like me at all at first—not at all, sir. I mean when she first saw me."

And yet perhaps a happier couple never lived.

I hope your prejudice, my friend, is not a pet political or religious one, of the sort that can see no good in any one, however wise or clever or good, that does not belong to your particular party.

There are some people who wear spectacles of this kind, and looking through these, some objects are all bright, and some all dark. This never is the case in real life. Our heroes are not gods; our most admired schools of art or music, or philanthropy or politics, all have their flaws. People are dogmatic in more domains than theology; and some people talk of their prejudices as though they were as unquestionable as the axioms of Euclid, and as certain as the Copernican theory of the universe.

I trust also that your prejudices do not reveal your combative disposition. Some people carry fire-arms in this way at half-cock. I admit that it *is* startling to see the universal fighting that is continually going on in nature, from the surface of a leaf to the vast bosom of the mighty deep. Fish and mosquitos don't bark, but, my word! they do bite. Well, you remember the old nursery rhyme—

"But, children, you should never let"—

yet—here are you with your prejudices all ready—the powder charge is in, and the slug is ready to let fly at that "shallow and conceited fellow" who differs from you! There is a good deal of this sort of assassination in railway carriages, and one excellent use of newspapers is to keep them up before you like a kind of rampart—to ward off the shot and shell of some fellow-traveller charged to the nozzle with prejudices! Of course I do not mean to affirm that people should

not have earnest convictions and principles : no man is worth a straw that is double-minded. No one respects a Pyrrhonist or a universal sceptic ; we all honour the man of ability in mind and character : but modesty is always beautiful whether in dress, or mind, or countenance. Firmness in steel, or temperament, is an admirable quality, and is compatible with a good deal of flexiblity ; but prejudice is other than firmness, it is blindness and obstinacy combined, and requires a good dose of sarcasm with a few grains of ridicule to purge the constitution of its ignorant influence. Pit prejudice against prejudice, and what a Spanish bull-fight spectacle you have ! One man's prejudice acts like a red flag upon another man's, and they go to work tearing each other to pieces with alarming gusto. Some people call this sort of thing argument : they like what they call an "intellectual tournament." Poor souls ! truth cannot live in this kind of heated atmosphere. How different it all is when we read the table-talk of the higher and nobler minds ! When an Irishman was asked at a veterinary examination what he would do with a broken-winded horse, he naïvely replied, "Get rid of it as quickly as possible." Bravo, Erin ! I cannot close better than in regard to your prejudice to recommend you, of whatever nationality you are, in this respect to act the Irishman.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT.—III.

WHENEVER I make a first call upon new people—by "new" people I do not allude only to newly married couples, but to those with whom I am just then forming an acquaintance—well, whenever I pay a visit of this description, I invariably scan the outside of the house as I approach it, not for the mere purpose of discerning whether it is the one of which I am in quest, but that I may gather from its appearance an idea as to the character of its inhabitants. As a rule, the inference I there and then draw turns out to be a correct one.

Do I hear some one say—

"A most unfair test, for how can the tenant alter the architecture of his habitation, which too often, alas ! exhibits execrable taste ? Bricks will look dull and dismal, and stone ofttimes cold and bare ; as for the absence of paint on the window-frames, and varnish on the door, surely the landlord ought justly to bear the blame."

I might suggest in passing that the planting of a slip of ivy, or jasmine, or climbing rose, or Virginian creeper would quickly hide the vituperated bricks, and completely metamorphose the ugly stone erection. Try the experiment.

But apart from any ornamentation of this kind, the consideration of which hardly lies within my province, I boldly assert, and I wish to call particular attention to the fact, that a house may have an ugly, even a shabby exterior, and yet may look bright and attractive, and on the other hand a house upon which architect, builder, and painter have bestowed taste, skill, and care, will look dull and unattractive if the dwellers in the edifice do not pay due attention to certain little matters. Let me demonstrate this.

My eyes involuntarily glance at the windows. Do the panes of glass shine and glitter, or do they look dim and blurred ? And what about the blinds ? Do they appear to be tolerably clean and straight, or are they discoloured with dust, and drawn awry ? And then, is the little glimpse one gets of the white curtains satisfactory ? These are the little matters which attract my attention as I approach the door.

Now, it seems a simple thing to clean a window, but in truth all those who essay do not succeed, for the glass looks dim and streaked afterwards, instead of being bright and clear. Do not tell me that this failure is owing to the quality of the glass, for, excuse me, it is not. I suspect that the window-cleaner is not up to the work. I should imagine that the boy or the maid has plunged a washleather into a bowl of water, and soused the panes, with an idea that that process was the proper one. It is this error of rubbing a very wet leather over dusty glass which causes the effect one so often sees. Let a duster be first used, and when the glass is tolerably free from dust, then let a damp washleather remove all specks and spots, and lastly, let a soft dry cloth give the finishing rub. The windows will then reflect a proper amount of credit, and will cheer the passers-by with their bright sparkling panes.

Of all the necessary fittings of a house, the blinds are, I think, the most troublesome, therefore it behoves us to keep them presentable for as long a time as we possibly can. I will show how it is possible to preserve a tidy appearance for many months. Of course the sun will discolour them, and smoke will blacken them, in a measure, but the rays of the sun and the fumes of the smoke are accountable for but half the mischief which is usually set down to them. Just induce the servant to make a practice of rolling up the blinds to the very top before she begins to sweep the rooms ; for if they are not out of harm's way, the dust will settle on the fabric, and the damp air will fix it there. And just induce the servant to make a practice of using the cords to draw down the blinds, instead of grasping hold of the material with fingers which most probably are not clean. Besides, the continual handling takes away the stiffness of the linen, as well as its purity of colour.

With respect to crooked blinds—those which persist in rolling themselves up awry—why, that fault is traceable to the manner in which the blind has been prepared, or else nailed on to the roller. If you wish

to guard against the vexation of having untidy, badly-fitting blinds, I counsel you to make use of the following directions :—Never attempt to tear the material, but always cut it straight, for an edge which has been torn will be considerably stretched and widened. If you cannot get the exact width of the window, then choose a width which will allow of the material being turned down on each side, for a blind having a hem on one side and selvage on the other always gives trouble. Be particular to nail it in a straight line on the roller. Bear in mind that it is essential to be exact and precise in all these details. The easiest and pleasantest way out of these household difficulties is to send for an upholsterer, and let him undertake the job; but then the expense would be doubled, to say the least, and after all the task is not beyond our accomplishment if we make a vow to be very particular in our measurements.

And now a word about the white curtains. Muslin curtains are often allowed to remain up much longer than is desirable, because of the apprehended difficulty and expense of having them renovated or of purchasing new ones. Pray take them down if they are soiled, for the "getting up" is not such a serious matter. I so very often hear my friends complain that muslin curtains washed at home always look limp and languid after the process, instead of being stiff and starched. Perhaps some kinds of muslin will not retain starch. No, dear people, that is not the reason. I expect you iron the curtains? Then don't in future. Directly they have passed through the starch, spread them out on the floor of a spare room, or, if the day is sunny, on the grass-plat. The edges must be pulled even, and the curtains stretched out to their full size. The more quickly they dry, the stiffer will they be, and for this reason a damp day is not an advisable one for this process of curtain stiffening.

Well, we have criticised the outside appearance of the house. I have not passed any remark upon the steps, but I will make one, although what I am about to say is a matter of taste. For my own part, I never admire white steps. I like clean steps, of course, but I think that the sand-stone looks better than the white. Every footmark shows itself on the latter, so that an hour after being washed the steps look very untidy, but when scoured with stone they will look respectable for at least one day, and who expects them to remain so for longer, I wonder?

Now let us glance at the interior. What is the *coup-d'œil* when the front door opens? Does the entrance hall or passage suggest the idea of brightness, or of gloom? The furniture has nothing to do with the matter. I direct my eyes to the floor-cloth and the brasses. Too often I find these have not been kept in good order. Floor-cloth should have a gloss upon its surface, even although the beauty of its pattern may have been partially worn away by the treadings of many feet.

When I see one dull and shineless, I conclude that it has not had fair play. Ignorance has scrubbed it with hot water and a scrubbing-brush one day out of seven, and the remainder of the week it has not been touched. This is quite enough to account for its wretched appearance. Prohibit the hot water and the brush, provide a flannel to be kept for this special service, and order clean cold water. Let these be used every morning, and by degrees the original gloss will return and remain, if this simple attention is paid daily. The cloth should not be made very wet, and on busy mornings a dry one may be substituted, as doing its work more expeditiously.

Brass handles and stair-rods ought to be "as bright as bright can be." How is it that these are dull? I dare say they have been lately cleaned. I suspect that bath-brick is the cause. I know it is a common notion that that dust cleans brass, but I am decidedly against it, and for these reasons, that the metal never wears its proper golden hue when it has been rubbed with bath-brick, but assumes a sickly yellow, and, moreover, it never retains its brightness. Rub them with bath-brick one day, and the next they will have assumed a blackish hue, and the day after that will look worse still. This is vexatious with stair-rods because it is a trouble to take them out constantly. The chemist will supply you with a paste which is admirable for the purpose, nor can it be called an extravagant help, for a small pot will last many months. The tiniest bit put upon flannel, and rubbed over the brass, will give a polish and brilliancy which is most satisfactory in every way. E. C.

CHALLENGED!

BY ISABELLA BANKS.

MY trusty rapier, shall I meet
This common brawler of the street?
Or fling his challenge in his teeth,
An honest soldier's arm beneath?
There is no tarnish on thy blade,
No spot upon my name;
No man can say I am afraid,
No man belie my fame.

Ne'er have I drawn thee in a cause
Opposed to honour, truth, or laws;
Ne'er have I drawn thee on a foe,
Lacking good reason for the blow;
A woman wronged, a comrade pressed,
A rogue to put to flight;
But never was thy point addressed
Unto a baser fight.

Ne'er did I draw thee on a friend;
Ne'er urged a stripling to his end;
Ne'er thrust my sword in tavern fray;
Ne'er picked a quarrel by the way:
Oft has my temper like thy steel
Been sharply touched and tried;
But men must think as well as feel,
And turn hot wrath aside.

Yet we wear swords for use, not show,
And thou hast served me well, I trow ;
Hast helped mine arm to save my
head,
Or I had lain amongst the dead :
For men, of whatsoe'er degree,
Make foes as well as friends ;
And proud the athlete well may be
Whom such a blade defends.

I who know every trick of fence,
Supple of wrist and limb,
To meet on whatsoe'er pretence
Would be to *murder* him.

To God, to country, and to throne,
I owe the life I call mine own ;
And duty bids me guard that life
From lawless feud, assassin's knife ;

And hold I it a sacred trust,
As I would keep thee free from rust,
To see thy surface has no stain
Of blood which brings the curse of Cain :
And better let this braggart boast
Amongst his ruffian brood,
Than let thy blade with his be crost,
Ensanguined with his blood.

I hold not honour on his breath,
Nor holds he power of life or death—
I who have fought in tented field,
And never yet was known to yield,

It may be by my trusty steel,
But not in dual fight :
New wounds cannot an old one heal,
No wrong can make a right.

I will *not* meet the senseless wight
Who sent his challenge overnight ;
Mine shall not be the crime and shame
Of murder with another name.
And *so*, my shining blade, I'll keep
My honour free from stain ;
No mother for her son shall weep,
By me in duel slain.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE feast of St. Partridge is once more upon us, but dress is not to be forgotten, even if for awhile *le Sport* is in the ascendant.

There are many changes to chronicle. Among the most notable is the fashion, which is gaining ground, of lacing the dresses—morning gowns as well as evening—down the back; and when this is found to be too inconvenient, simulated lacings, or ornaments resembling buttons and loops, are adopted. The bodices are still made inordinately long, the basques whale-boned, and fitting the figure closely, just like corsets. The newest style of trimming these is with horizontal rows of braid, about half an inch apart; or, in lieu of braid, cross-cut bands of the material folded and stitched. Each of these rows terminates in a loop, thus forming a fringe at the edge. Navy blue or black Indian cashmere, with silver braid arranged in this manner, is extremely stylish.

Cream-colour, now so popular in all materials, threatens to be superseded by a new and equally delicate shade, "écume de mer," or sea-foam, a greenish-white hue, which looks best with black velvet trimmings. Pond-green is another favourite shade in Paris, a combination of prune and green, which looks particularly well with scarlet. Crêpon d'Asie is superseding crêpe de Chine, and, according to the present extravagant taste, is mostly worn covered with passementerie.

The skirts are cut much the same as last month, and elastic is now generally used for tying them back, instead of strings, which gives the wearer a better chance of moving a little without so much discomfort, heretofore a difficult task.

Another feature of the season is the introduction of a new bodice, not unlike the Louis XIV. hunting jacket, and very becoming to a good figure. It has long basques—almost as long as a short tunic—large pockets at the side, and a sash round the waist.

For early autumn wear, costumes of cashmere and silk, and soft check basket-woven woollen materials, are still the prevailing fashion in England; but in Paris white camel's hair serge, a somewhat costly investment, finds great favour. We are rather fond of black and white, too; so, in lieu of this more expensive fabric, we affect white flannel and white serge over black velvet, and gold braid is introduced with good effect on many such costumes.

The so-called washing dresses are not as yet discarded for the season. Most of those now in wear last a long time without having recourse to the wash-tub, as after that process they are of little service. For *les eaux* the French are indulging in wonderful vagaries, which will be forgotten by them a month hence, and will never find favour here—the latest being dresses so short, they come barely below the ankle. A more reasonable French mode are pretty grey batistes, trimmed with either pink or blue cambric and with English embroidery—indeed, English embroidery is quite the rage on either side of the Channel, and dresses in both white and écru are greatly adopted, as well as trimmings of the same on silk.

That polonaises are no longer worn is not quite true to the letter, for some of the most charming Parisian dresses have the bodices and skirts cut in one in the front, more especially the Juive, which is very well worn over a skirt of a contrasting colour, and is generally embroidered, the tunic forming plaits at the side and a pouf at the back. Another similar design is in the form of a pinafore, the tunic and stomacher-bodice in one, so cut that without fitting the figure it defines it. It is generally made in the finest book-muslin, with a plastron of lace introduced for the front, and frills of lace round it. It drapes gracefully at the back, and has a scarf of muslin brought round to the front.

The favourite embroidery on all sorts of dresses is either worked with coloured silks, on silks the same shade as the material, or with beads. Frenchwomen have appeared in cream-coloured satins embroidered in pearls, and light blue crape embroidered in straw; and during our London season some of the best-dressed people at Hurlingham, and other fashionable resorts, wore white and black dresses embroidered in the tiniest steel beads, which shimmered most effectively as they walked.

Notwithstanding that a few strong-minded people have been writing on the subject of abolishing mourning as it exists now, there seems at present no chance of this time-honoured observance being done away with, and there are fashions in mourning as in other matters of dress. Deep mourning changes but slightly, crape and paramatta, with as little ornament of any kind as possible, being the rule. The crape should be merely put on in straight, deep flounces, with no fulness, or with bias bands, and no heading. In the next degree the crape is headed with a triple fold of crape, and subsequently with jet.

A variety of new and light materials, suitable for summer, have of late been introduced, such as "barège d'araignée," which is crape-like, but not transparent, though very thin; Byzantine, which is more silky-looking; and taffetas, slightly thicker. All three are made of wool and silk, and they each blend well with

crape. Most of the styles of making ordinary dresses are reproduced for mourning, such as double and treble tunics, with a series of runnings down the front, and a full frill forming coquillés at the back. Plissé trimmings are much worn, both in material and crape, but in the latter they get very soon out of order.

A useful travelling dress for mourning consists of a black serge skirt, tunic, and bodice, made with perpendicular bands of braid as a trimming all over them.

For evening wear tulle and jet are adopted, and grenadine for deeper mourning. Of course in very deep mourning full-dress toilettes cannot be required. A pretty make for a demi-toilette dress is a series of cross-cut flounces to the waist, at the back of the skirt, each bound with crape or satin, the front froncé, and separated by bands of black satin covered with blonde insertion, thickly beaded with cut jet.

Widows'-caps are each year more becoming, especially those made of tulle, with a point over the forehead, and long lappets at the back.

In bonnets, the introduction of a netted drapery, edged with fringe at the back, is the latest novelty. The Princess of Wales appeared in a brown one, on a white straw bonnet trimmed with brown, at Hurlingham one fête-day late in the London season.

Hats are almost superseding bonnets, and in the country the latter are never required, except for church. English people affect the Rubens shape of hat, the French the Cavalier—so it is said—but in good truth there are a great variety worn everywhere, and in England especially a hat-bonnet finds favour which has a diadem front turned up with black velvet—white muslin and a feather being the usual trimmings. Gauze veils of a long length are attached to many hats; they come from one side, crossing the face, and the end floats over the shoulder.

Felt hats, and even felt bonnets, are being largely prepared in Paris.

Caps are still worn, the newest shape being "La Normandie," a mere cross-cut piece of crape lisse, bordered with lace and ribbon, which just covers the coronet, and falls at the top of the plait at the back, or at the top of the marteaux, for hair-dressing just now is in a transition state. Nearly everybody wears the hair waved over the forehead, but at the back, except that most people have abjured false hair, everybody dresses it differently. In Paris a plait or cable of hair encloses a succession of carelessly arranged marteaux —viz., soft curls rolled on the finger, and pinned down to the head—and three short curls droop from it quite at the back. Nets, too, are coming in again. This will be comfortable for travelling; indeed, many of our present fashions are well adapted to the requirements of *mesdames les voyageuses*, more especially the soft brown woollen materials now so general, the dust-brown shades being the best; and the Swedish gloves, another fashionable mania, which has much increased since the Princess of Wales has appeared in them on all occasions. For evening wear they are made buttonless, and reaching to the elbow; for day wear three buttons are worn, or even five. For country wear, however, the French thread gloves with five buttons are the most serviceable; they will wash over and over again.

White gloves are now only worn at weddings; cream has superseded them on ordinary dress occasions; the glove should match the dress exactly, so should the parasol, which is often made from the same piece as the dress. A Parisian novelty this season are black parasols edged with thread lace, small enough to attach to the châtelaine or suspend from the wrist by a chain, the handles being either ebony or bamboo.

During the warm weather people gave up wearing mantles for full dress, fichus having quite replaced them, either made of muslin or antique lace, which just passed over the shoulder, and were knotted in front. Now, however, they are necessities in every wardrobe, and cashmere is the favourite material, made short at the back and long in front, some having sleeves like an elephant's patte, but mostly merely rounded and finishing off in straight ends in front. An appliqué design in either merino or cashmere on a net foundation, the pattern marked out with braid, is also a favourite kind.

A propos of luxury, I don't know what Monsignor Dupanloup will have to say further on the subject of *le luxe effrené des femmes*, but Frenchwomen, among their other extravagances, are adopting garters which cost four pounds and five pounds the pair, made of costly lace and satin. On the other side of the argument, however, the summer dresses have been simpler than the spring ones, and it is to be hoped that the winter ones will follow the same good example.

Rotten Row lost its prestige of fashion this season, and Prince's, Hurlingham, and that part of Hyde Park in the rear of the Achilles Statue, on Sunday afternoons, Ascot, and Goodwood were the best resorts to judge.

Next to these resorts, the Opera concerts were a good criterion. The best singers are proverbial for their good dressing, so that some description of the toilettes they adopted on such an occasion may not be out of place.

A handsome brunette, who sang like a nightingale. appeared in a trailing blue silk, with cream-coloured Surah trimmings, the bodice opening in front with revers, having a little bouquet on one side. A Russian prima donna wore a light primrose silk trimmed with blue, and a mantle and bonnet of the same. The skirt was very long and clinging, with no attempt at crinoline or tournure, the foundation being primrose, with a scarf of blue tying back the skirt. The great Swedish artiste had a black silk, with a tunic and bodice of black and white brocade, a violin back of plain black being introduced; the bonnet was white chip, with a white ostrich-feather and black trimmings.

A silver-grey silk was made with crossway folds up the front breadth, describing a point in the centre; and a very charming and fresh-looking toilette, adopted by an Italian, was a pink silk covered with pink satin-striped gauze, made with little flounces edged with lace, and a tunic of the gauze, the bonnet matching exactly.

HOPE DEFERRED.

THE tender trouble of her eyes
Is born of hope deferred ; the tears,
In witness of her grief, arise
From day to day, through all the years.

And often in her sleep at night
Are visions beautiful to see ;
And in the darkness there is light :
And this is half her misery.

For dreams of vain delight are one
With weary waking thoughts of pain,
For when the happy night has gone
The dreary morning comes again.

And joy and sorrow fill her eyes,
When friends surround her ; sudden tears,
When quiet and alone, arise
From day to day, through all the years.

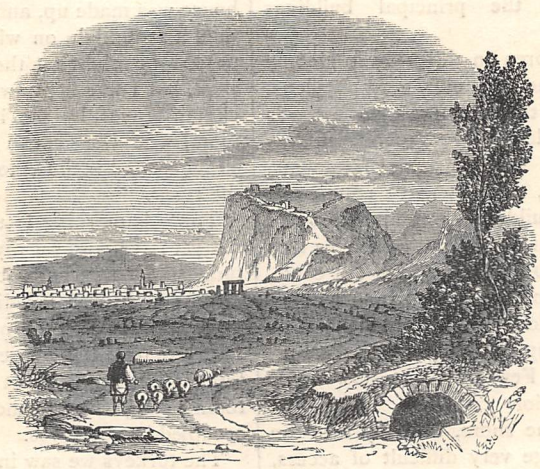
J. R. E.

GREECE AND ITS ISLANDS.

A TRIP TO NAUPLIA, IN THE MOREA.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

ALTHOUGH not in the regular track of summer tourists, there are now such frequent facilities for reaching Greece, and so many of our own countrypeople and Americans are to be found who have seen the Acropolis and the other lions of Athens, that this modern town, most inopportunely planted among the grandest ruins in the world, and flirting its formal streets and new buildings in the face of the student of antiquity, has become almost familiar to the Western world. Thanks to illustrated papers and pictorial journals, assisted by the photographic representations so easily obtained, most readers have some general notion of the external appearance of the land of Homer and Ulysses, rendered, perhaps, more familiar to us Englishmen by the poetry of Byron than by the histories, poems, and dramas of the great men of antiquity.



ACROPOLIS, CORINTH.

But the real charm of Greece does not lie near the streets of Athens, and the route for which tickets are supplied by the great excursionists will not enable those who use them to see more than the external surface of the country—indeed, they will hardly become familiar even with the coast-line. The dread of brigands, also, although they have really not been active now for several years, still hangs over the country; and trips into the interior, or even to Marathon or Eleusis, are not undertaken without a sense of danger. Only a year ago an escort was suggested and provided for a small party who wished to drive across Attica, thirty miles from Athens, through an inhabited and perfectly quiet country in the direction of Cape Colonna. There is not really any danger in this trip, which I have frequently made alone, but the Government would not risk the chance of a repetition of the terrible slaughter that occurred a few years since, which will not easily be forgotten by the British public, and still less easily fade from the recollection of the official representative of England in that country.

Circumstances required me to reside in Greece during a large part of the past year. My residence was on the south-east coast of Attica, just opposite the long, narrow, uninhabited island of Macronisi, while the smaller but more fertile and inhabited island of Zea was always in sight from the rising ground behind the town. Not far off was the picturesque island of Andros; while at a short distance, and a little to the north, was the important and rich peninsula of Eubœa, or Negropont, connected with the mainland only by a bridge, and often in the latter part of the year white with snow, almost to the sea.

The fine group of islands of the Ægean Sea were thus our near neighbours, and a short trip by sea brought us to the much more celebrated and better-known islands of Chios, or Scio, Patmos, Samos, and many others. From these there is easy communication with Smyrna and New Ephesus, on the mainland of Asia Minor.

In this classic spot it may well be supposed that time passed away quickly, for the *genius loci* would alone prevent tedium. My occupations were far too numerous and absorbing to allow me to think much of other things than those immediately before me, but I had occasion to visit the Peloponnesus, to travel over part of the mainland of Greece, and to examine carefully some of the Turkish islands inhabited by Greeks, as well as the part of Asia Minor lying between New Ephesus and Smyrna. A few reminiscences and reflections connected with these visits may possess an interest for the general reader.

The country on the eastern side of the Morea or Peloponnesus is not very accessible, but is extremely interesting. It can be reached by taking advantage of a steamer which plies regularly between the Piræus—the port of Athens—and the head of a large gulf, which, if it joined the Gulf of Corinth (which it would do if a canal were cut through the three miles of land forming the narrow Isthmus of Corinth), would convert the Morea into an island. This steamer stops at Kalamaki, and after receiving the passengers and goods brought from the Ionian Islands and Patras—who are landed at Corinth, and conveyed across the isthmus by a regular service of carriages—returns immediately to the Piræus. From Kalamaki there is a horse-path on the eastern shore of the isthmus, past the ancient city of Kenchræa, entering a wild and narrow gorge, which opens into the more inhabited part of the Peloponnesus. Kalamaki itself is worth a visit, although there is but little and very bad accommodation. Near it, on the northern shore of the gulf, are some curious remains of ancient volcanoes, and several remarkable solfataras, or emanations of sulphurous vapour at a

very high temperature, resembling the Grotto dei Cani, near Naples. Attempts are being made to obtain for economic use a large quantity of sulphur, collected in the rocks near the crevices and open fissures that allow the sulphur vapours to escape. Not far off there are marks of ancient volcanic rocks, and these extend to a considerable distance on the other or western side of the Gulf of Corinth. The Acropolis, or ancient citadel of Corinth, shows a considerable quantity of ancient lava, or basalt, especially on the western side. Old Corinth, that celebrated city, which was once the pride of Greece, has been at various times injured and was in recent years totally destroyed by earthquakes, and shocks have been experienced in recent times up to the present day. Numerous slight shocks have also been felt at Kalamaki within the past year, though not to such an extent as to throw down the low houses, which are the principal buildings there.

The first entry to the Morea on this side is gloomy enough. Of the city of Kenchræa, once very populous, and the port of Corinth on the side of the gulf towards Athens, there is nothing left above ground. Coins, pottery, and occasionally some marble fragments, however, have been found, and extensive remains of ancient foundations of buildings extend out some distance beyond the present shore-line, and show that there has been a considerable subsidence of the coast, but this is all; and it is not easy to imagine a more complete scene of desolation. There are still a few fishermen inhabiting a couple of miserable huts, and this is all that remains. Few travellers now make this their way into the interior.

Once past the line of the shore, the way into the interior lies through a gorge very difficult of access, and in parts really dangerous, but gradually more and more densely clothed with vegetation, consisting chiefly of pine-trees, of which the intense and vivid green, contrasting with the deep blue sky overhead, gives great interest to the landscape.

As the horses carefully pick their way over the rough, narrow, and precipitous path, it occurs to one now and then what would happen if another party were advancing in the opposite direction. Several times, indeed, we did meet strings of horses conveying families from one point to another, and though this did not happen in the worst places, it was curious to see the ingenious way in which the difficulties were met and safely overcome

Here and there also are comparatively open spaces: In these there are generally springs, with large open basins of great antiquity, used, as they probably had been for the last two thousand years and more, for washing the linen of the nearest village. The village was not to be seen, but the maidens and mothers were not wanting, and were following their avocations with little regard to the passing travellers.

Certainly there is at present in Greece little of the beauty which was so tempting in Homeric times, and which caused the destruction of Troy, and the production of the greatest poem the world has seen. Female beauty among the lower classes is now so exceedingly rare that not only was I never fortunate enough myself to find any, but no one with whom I communicated on the subject had any better experience.

My route led me through wild and difficult country for several hours, until at last we emerged into tableland of much less picturesque beauty, though easier for horse and man.

In a village among some hilly ground, entirely without trees and partly cultivated, I and my companions passed the night. The people were hospitable, but could certainly have provided very little for our supper. Fortunately one of my companions, a most genial professor in the University of Athens, had taken precautions, and had brought with him an ample supply of food. We ate it in true Oriental fashion, lying on our cloaks, on a low dais about eight inches above the general floor of one of the two rooms of which the house was made up, and from small round tables less than a foot high, on which the food was piled. We passed the night on the same spot. My companion slept, but I was kept awake, as I often am under such circumstances, by the lively little inhabitants of the room, who were much excited by the arrival of a stranger, and inclined to profit as much as possible by the event.

Towards morning I turned out, though the sun had not yet risen, and sat myself down among some noisy turkeys, leaning against a ruined building near the house; and there, if I did not get sleep, I at least obtained immunity from my tormentors.

In due time the house-full of people turned out. I think there were about eight sleeping in the inner room—men, women, and children—and four in that occupied by ourselves.

The turkeys we saw in the village looked so tempting, that my friend was induced to purchase one for our eating at a future meal. Certainly for size and whiteness our bird could not have been equalled in Norfolk, but when it came forth as food the case was not quite so satisfactory. No deal board could have been harder, and teeth were of little use in the attempt to masticate it.

The habits of the villagers of the interior of the Morea are very simple, and even rude, but they are well inclined to do their best for the stranger who visits them. They are very patriarchal, and the head of the family is a person of great consideration. The women seem to occupy a low position, and do not mix with the male members of the group. All travel together gipsy fashion, and as they dress very much in sheepskins made into long pelisses, with the fur inside, their appearance is rather uncouth, and more picturesque than pleasing.

Once past the fringe of hills on the coast, my path lay through valleys half cultivated, and narrow gorges not cultivated at all, to a very remarkable open valley, opening to the sea nearly opposite the island of Ægina, and not very far from Nauplia. The country here is very much broken and is picturesque. It is remarkable for indications of volcanic action, and also for deposits of copper ore, recently laid bare by a Greek company. Their head-quarters are in an old

(Drawn by JOHN LAWSON.)

"AND HERE WE'RE HAND-IN-HAND AGAIN,
WITH MORE THAN THE OLD GLADNESS."

"THE OLD HOME" (*see p.* 627).

convent, a picturesque and rambling place, which served me as a shelter for the night. I found, however, that though situated on a hill, and apparently very dry, the manager of the mines was lying on a sick-bed, greatly reduced by the insidious malaria fever which is unluckily too common on all parts of the Grecian shores, whether of the mainland or the islands.

The towns of Greece rarely possess any interest to the traveller. Often they are not even on the site of ancient towns bearing the same name, but even when they are they contain no mark whatever of their former importance. The ancient towns were built round isolated hills, if there was a possibility of such an arrangement; and the top of the hill, or Acropolis, was made into a fortified enclosure, within which the women and flocks could be sheltered, in the common event of the landing of an enemy.

Nauplia* offers little that can interest the general traveller. It is a place of some local importance, as it enjoys steam communication with the Piræus and the ports of the Morea. It is also not far from Ægina, of which the only present production consists of pottery of ancient form and good material, exported to all parts of Greece. The water jars, with two, three, four, or sometimes six handles, are seen in all the little towns along the coast, where they are brought from time to time in "caiques"—a kind of barge with picturesque sails, used throughout the East to convey all kinds of goods from place to place. In a country where there are no roads, and which has a very extended coast-line, this arrangement is convenient. The caiques represent the gipsy carts, loaded with baskets, mats, and sundries, still seen in many parts of England, but they also carry nearly all kinds of goods, and are indeed the chief and in some cases the only means of carrying bulky or heavy goods. They are thus very important, and doubtless serve to keep up the maritime character of the population. Now, as in ancient times, the constant communication with the outer world enforced by this incessant circulation by sea, renders the inhabitants of the islands, and of the coasts of the mainland, far more quick and intelligent than those who cultivate the valleys in the interior. Education is now extended to the whole of the juvenile population, but the effects of it are much more rapidly shown on the shores than in the interior of the country. It must be remembered too that a large proportion of the men now living, and having influence as the fathers of families, were actually slaves under the Turks in their youth or early manhood.

* In its origin the name of Nauplia is identical with that of Naples, and means the new city (Nea-polis), called in Italian Napoli.

THE OLD HOME.

AH! yonder, 'midst the beeches green,
Like some half-hidden glory,
Still stands before our gladden'd eyes
The house, rose-wreathed and hoary,
Where first, dear wife, I saw thy face,
Like some sweet, heavenly wonder,
And found in thy pure soul a love
That death can never sunder.

And here we're hand-in-hand again,
With more than the old gladness;
Though in our life, dear love, we've passed
Through sacred, holy sadness;
When little eyes grew dim, and o'er
Our hearth Death's hush descended:
But grief's divine, for how our souls
In love it stronger blended!

Yes, gladder than when o'er us dawned
The light of love's young vision—
Revealing vistas green and gold,
And far-off fields Elysian;
Romance came up on hurrying wings,
But left on pinions fleeter;
But stern, true life with love has been,
Dear wife, to us far sweeter.

Mark the quaint parlour's windows still,
With roses dancing round them—
Unchanged as when, in summer eves,
We oftentimes have found them,
When, hand-in-hand, in joy we came
From wandering o'er the meadows,
While in the dusk those beeches green
Threw deep and solemn shadows.

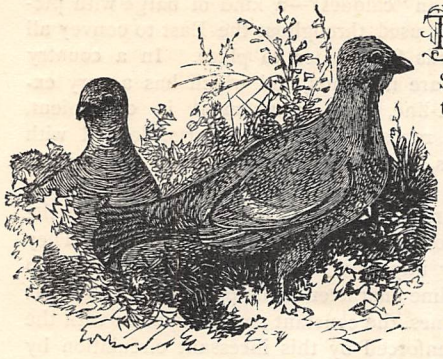
We shall not enter the old house—
The charm would then be broken;
We shall not lose the glorious joy
We had at what was spoken
In yon dear room, so quaint and old,
When even the fire-light glistened
With merry gleam, and from the walls
Stern heads approving listened.

Around the rose-wreathed garden bower
The humming wild bee hovers;
We'll go and sit in the old place
Where we sat, happy lovers;
Perchance some memory of the past,
On radiant wing, shall reach us,
And, as it sinks into our souls,
A nobler faith shall teach us.

Dear wife, the lilies, as of old,
Amongst their sword-leaves glimmer;
If they are less bright than of yore,
'Tis that our eyes are dimmer;
But yet affection's gaze is bright,
Though we are young no longer;
While Time carves wrinkles on our brows,
Our love grows all the stronger.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

GAME AND GRAVY.



THE month 'tis now September; the season has begun when English customs give us game, when dinner's almost done. Now for my own part I think we often rather waste our game in this country, by bringing it in when really everybody has dined; or if some one has reserved himself for that course, he probably finds he gets such an exceedingly small portion that he runs considerable risk of going home hungry.

I recollect an old story of a notorious gourmand, who was asked to dine with a so-called friend, who played upon him the following cruel practical joke. A little soup and fish were followed by a plain leg of mutton, and the gourmand was informed that he saw his dinner before him. He accordingly gorged freely, while his host scarcely tasted a mouthful. The leg of mutton was, however, followed by a splendid haunch of venison.

"It was cruel not to tell me," said the guest, with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks.

The story does not sound like a true one, and we trust for the sake of human nature it is not; but it exemplifies our point in saying, or rather asking, is it not a mistake when game is cheap and plentiful to leave it quite to the last?

I must say I admire the good, honest, English hospitality of the North. It may be called the Black Country, but as long as black is associated with black-cock and grouse, long may it remain so.

Nowhere do you get grouse in such perfection as in the neighbourhood of the Moors. They have not yet arrived at that depraved state of appetite in which it is considered the right thing to send game to table nearly putrid; nor, as a rule, do you get one, or at the outside two, mouthfuls put on your plate by an elegant waiter. Elegant waiters are all very well in their way, but we prefer grouse.

Now game, whether grouse, partridge, pheasant, or woodcock, requires careful cooking, and above all things good gravy.

By good gravy we mean that which will assist, and not counteract or destroy, the flavour of the game. Weak beef-tea or rich turtle-soup would be alike wrong; and it will, we fear, be too often found that cooks fail very much in adapting the gravy to the occasion. Roast goose with sage-and-onion stuffing would bear a gravy which, so to speak, would kill the delicate flavour of a partridge.

Game served as a salmi, which nine times out of ten means game cooked before and warmed up, requires quite a differently flavoured sauce to game proper—*i.e.*, game not too fresh, and at the same time not at all high, roasted to a turn and served quickly.

In cooking game I fear we cannot learn much from that nation of cooks, the French. I am such an admirer of French cooking, as a rule, that I wish to speak with the greatest diffidence, but did you ever taste any game, never mind of what kind, at any foreign hotel or restaurant abroad, to compare with the game we get at home?

I say hotel or restaurant, as I have had no experience of French country private houses.

Whether this is owing to the game itself being of inferior quality or flavour—as is undoubtedly the case with red-legged partridges, when compared with the ordinary English ones—or to other causes, I cannot say, but simply record the fact.

There is no doubt that a large class of men enjoy their food when game is in season more than at any other time.

The class to whom we refer are those who live for the greater part of the year in London, and as a rule never move a mile except in a hansom; to such the 12th of August is the commencement of what may be termed their annual training, the exercise they take during the next three months probably saving them from the inevitable gout and dyspepsia which would necessarily follow a town life such as theirs without such intervals.

What a change! First, the early rising—and there are thousands whom nothing but hunting or shooting will persuade to get up early—the substantial breakfast, the glass of bitter, the gun examination, the struggle into the heavy greased shooting-boots, and then the tramp through the heather. What with the exercise and the bracing air of the Moors, lunch is approached with feelings which, by contrast, approximate to what we should imagine the alderman's would have been, had he carried out the famous doctor's recipe—viz., to live on a shilling a day, and earn it.

Let us hope the hungry sportsmen may not meet with the disappointment that occurred to a shooting party on the Moors, an incident we have referred to before. The first brace of grouse shot were sent to a neighbouring farm to be cooked for lunch. The farmer's wife, however, had them *boiled*, and stuffed with sage and onions.

There are various ways of cooking grouse, but only one which we consider to be worthy of consideration, and that is what we term grouse *au naturel*, or in other words plain roast, with good gravy and fried bread-crumbs, or bread sauce.

To overpower the delicious flavour of a good grouse with strong sauces, seems to us as cruel a waste as to mull good 1848 La Fitte claret, and mix in cinnamon and sugar.

As an instance, however, of what cooks may come to, we will mention an Italian method of spoiling grouse—the ingredients for this extraordinary dish comprising mace, garlic, brandy, macaroni, tomato sauce, and Parmesan cheese.

Imagine what a dish this Italian cook and our farmer's wife could manufacture between them!

Game, in fact, should be treated exactly like a good haunch of mutton. No one would keep a haunch till it is *high*, but yet every one knows that the longer it is kept the more tender it becomes. In a large number of London shops the game for sale has already been kept too long, reminding one of the story of the man who arrived home after a day's shooting, who had however been driven to buy a brace for appearances, the look of which called forth the remark from his wife—

"THE BRACING AIR OF THE MOORS" (*p.* 628).

"Well, my dear, it is time they were shot, for they are getting very high."

The next point to be considered is the actual cooking. We will suppose the birds ready trussed. They should be wiped inside, but never washed.

All game requires a brisk fire, and plenty of basting. It is the custom among French cooks to fasten a thin

The first point to be considered with regard to game is, how long should it be kept.

When game is bought, it is of course impossible to say how long it has been killed, except from appearances. As a rule, the first symptom of discolouring, or the faintest smell of being high, shows that the birds are ripe for cooking. We would, however, allow a pheasant a longer time than either a partridge or a grouse. A thoroughly fresh pheasant is more tough than a fowl.

slice of bacon over the breast, in order to prevent the bird being too dry. Indeed, they go so far as to send it to table with the bacon still on. In my opinion this spoils the flavour altogether, giving it what may be termed a greasy taste. If bacon is fastened on at all, it should be removed before the bird is taken down; the breast should then be basted with a little butter, and frothed and browned before it is sent up.

With regard to the time that it takes to cook game, it is difficult to lay down any general rule. The time of course varies with the size of the birds. Young, small partridges want about twenty-five minutes; good-sized partridges as much as thirty-five minutes; small grouse will take a little over half-an-hour, and good-sized ones require three-quarters; pheasants require from thirty-five minutes to an hour, or even more, according to the size.

The principal thing, however, for the cook to bear in mind is to adapt the time to the period of dinner when the game will be required. Herein lies the great secret of game being properly cooked. Have you not often at a large dinner party had game completely dried up, the outside skin being quite hard? The reason of this is that the game was ready for table about the period you were finishing your soup. The fact is, cooks, especially young and inexperienced, get nervous about time, forgetting that it is quite as bad to have things dried up as to have them underdone. It would be a good plan were the housekeeper to give the following directions to the cook:—Do not begin to cook the game till you send up the soup. Suppose the dinner to consist of soup, fish, entrées, and joint, followed by game, there is ample time to cook grouse, or even a small pheasant, by putting them down as soon as the soup is served. In any case tell the cook never to put down game until it is known that dinner may be served. The late arrival of some important guest should never be the excuse for overcooked game. It would be far better to have a slight pause in the middle of dinner than to have things spoilt. Besides, a pause after soup, fish, entrées, and joint is never objectionable.

Another important point is the basting. Game should be basted directly it is put down. Ordinary dripping is quite good enough to commence with, but it will be found an improvement if during the last five minutes a little butter is used instead. Baste quickly with a little butter, and froth it at the same time, shaking a little fine dried flour over the breast out of a flour-dredger. When this is done, let the game be sent up immediately. Treat it, in fact, like a soufflé, which everybody knows, or ought to know, requires a running man for a waiter to be served properly.

In making bread sauce, it will be generally found that cooks make it a long time before dinner—in fact, putting in the bread-crumbs, so to speak, to soak in a saucepan, with an onion, in a little milk. The result often is that the milk all dries up, and the sauce gets burnt; a fresh lot has to be made in a hurry, and a sort of bread poultice is sent to table. There is, however, a good deal of difference between bread sauce and a bread poultice. The way to make the former is as follows:—Have ready some dry bread-crumbs, put these in some milk, or, still better, cream, and boil them, with an onion and a few pepper-corns, for about ten minutes; take out the onion, add a pinch of salt and a little butter, keep stirring till the butter is dissolved and well mixed in; add, if you like, a suspicion of nutmeg, and the sauce is finished. Take care in taking out the onion that it does not break, as it is extremely disagreeable to have a piece of onion left in the sauce; it is apt to get into the mouth by mistake, and give notice of its presence by a crunch which is not at all pleasant.

With regard to gravy for game, what is required is that it should be good and strong, yet without any predominant flavour. For instance, some cooks like to add mushroom ketchup to gravy. This, when the gravy is intended for roast goose or fowl, would be unobjectionable, but should certainly be avoided when the gravy is intended for game. Again, the flavour of garlic should be guarded against. There is an old proverb which says, "It is a pity to spoil the ship for a ha'poth of tar." So, too, it is a pity to spoil a brace of grouse for the sake of a little gravy beef, and recollect a little and good is better than plenty and poor. Equal quantities of good gravy beef and knuckle of veal should be used; of course, less gravy beef is necessary where extract of meat is used. The gravy may be thickened with a little brown thickening, but not too much. A very little arrowroot may be used, but the gravy for game should be by no means thick, yet at the same time it should look of a rich dark colour.

To make a salmi of game: it is almost always the case that the game has been previously cooked; take, therefore, any game bones or trimmings that can be got, and place them, with a bay-leaf, to stew as long as possible in some gravy similar to what we have described, which is simply good strong stock made from gravy beef, knuckle of veal stewed with an onion in which a few cloves have been stuck, a head of celery, a carrot and turnip, and a large handful of parsley, flavoured with pepper and salt, &c. After stewing all the game bones, you can strain off the gravy from them and the bay-leaf, make the gravy a trifle thicker with a little more brown thickening, make this gravy hot in a stew-pan, and then add the remains of the game cut off as neatly as possible; let it soak in the gravy, but do not let it boil; about a quarter of an hour before serving, add a wine-glassful of Madeira, or good golden sherry. A pale dry sherry is not nearly so good for the purpose. It is in reality the addition of the wine that makes the gravy into the salmi sauce—just as in nearly all the French restaurants in London it will often be seen in the bill of fare, something with sauce Madère, which simply means some ordinary gravy to which has been added a spoonful of sherry.

To make fried bread-crumbs—the best accompaniment to grouse—a clear fire is necessary. Get an enamelled stew-pan, and put a little butter in it (about an ounce), then get some bread-crumbs, stale and not too fine, throw them in the butter, and keep stirring

till they begin to change colour; as soon as they do, remove the stewpan from the fire, but keep on stirring; the process of cooking, as we have said before, goes on some time after the stew-pan is removed. As soon as they are sufficiently brown, place them on some blotting-paper in order that all the grease may be soaked up.

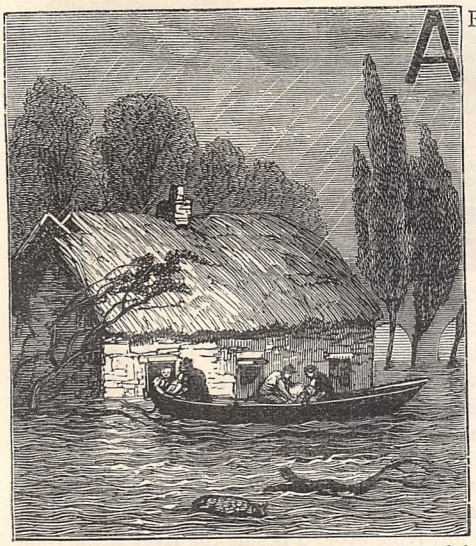
The blotting-paper can be placed in front of the fire, and the bread-crumbs tossed lightly about with a fork. The bread-crumbs can be made hot in the oven when required for use, but should not be allowed to remain in too long, as they are apt to get too hard and crisp, and thereby get converted into tooth-breakers.

As we have said before, game, at any rate in this country, is far too good a thing to be left to the last, and then to be brought forward only in mouthfuls. The fact is, we are all of us to a great extent creatures of habit. We, as a rule, do what other people do, without reasoning whether it is right or wrong, good or bad, but simply because we shrink from drawing out a line for ourselves, or because we fear to be thought eccentric. For instance, take an ordinary party of, say, ten persons at dinner at the present season. We cling to soup, fish, entrées, and joint, and follow up with game, served in the same course with sweets, the latter often being expensive to make, and uncared for by the majority. Suppose we change our dinner into, first, a little good clear soup; secondly, a good haunch of mutton, well kept and well cooked, and let this be followed by some game in sufficient quantity. When we are by ourselves, we own probably we could manage half-a-grouse after "a cut off the joint." Why therefore not save the money too often wasted over second-rate entrées and sweets intended more to please the eye than the palate, and spend it in giving a dinner which, if not quite in the fashion, will at any rate please?

Were this done, you might be certain of one point, that your house will be considered one at which it is worth while dining.

A glass of champagne cold, but not frozen, at dinner, followed by a good bottle of claret, say Château Margaux (which may be placed on a top shelf in the kitchen during the day to bring out its flavour), after dinner, will have the effect of sending home your guests enabled to say from their hearts, or at any rate their stomachs, "I have dined." A. G. PAYNE.

FAMOUS FLOODS.



A FLOOD is one of the most terrible calamities that can befal an industrious people. Think of it; picture a province, but yesterday the scene of busy life, and to-day overwhelmed by an inundation. No matter how it has arisen; there is the dark water rolling on in its strength, bearing everything before it. The harvests in the fields, the grain in the granaries, and the wealth in the warehouses are swept away; cattle and furniture, carts and wagons, bridges and farm-buildings—all are alike to the pitiless flood. Horsemen ride about, warning bewildered peasants to fly for dear life; boats pass to and fro, picking people from the tottering house-tops to which they cling. Some are overtaken by the waters; children are drowned in their cradles, mothers in their efforts to preserve their offspring. Some perish by mishap, and some by stupidity. And when the torrent has spent its rage, nothing will remain of all the smiling land but vast sheets of water, dotted with the roofs of houses and the tops of tall trees. Imagination, even stretched to the utmost, fails to conjure up the scene in anything like its real gloom and desolation.

The late floods, which have made such havoc in France, have suggested to us to gather together a few notes regarding disasters of a similar nature which have happened since the beginning of the century. We need not go abroad to seek examples of misfortune: floods, as well as fires, have often come knocking at our own door. Only eleven years have passed since about two hundred and fifty lives were lost and £327,000 worth of property was destroyed at Sheffield, by the bursting of the Bradfield Reservoir, eight miles above the town. It was on the 11th of March, 1864, and at midnight—for a great catastrophe thinks nothing of the treachery of surprising men in their sleep.

The low-lying part of Sheffield, and the country for twelve or fourteen miles round, were flooded. Entire villages were swept away, huge manufactories, mills, and warehouses fell before the roaring torrent. In the town itself the scene was heartrending. People who were in the streets when the flood first came hurrying down told that in the stillness of the night there was suddenly a loud, long, and terrible roar. It increased in intensity, and as they stood listening and wonder-stricken, there came sounding above the roar a sudden hissing noise, as of waters dashing on a rock. This

was quickly followed by piercing shrieks, first distant and then drawing nearer, until up the street in every direction, away from the flow of the river, there ran hundreds of persons in their night-dresses, some dragging little children by the hand, others half dressed, tripping and falling; and from many the same terrible exclamation came, and nothing more—

"Oh, God! the flood! the flood!"

For the sufferers by this terrible event much sympathy was excited, and £52,751 was collected by April of the following year.

Several years before—on the 5th of February, 1852—a flood of a somewhat similar nature, and much more destructive to property, happened at Holmfirth, a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, not far from Huddersfield. The embankment of the Bilberry Reservoir, situated above the village, gave way, and the whole mass of pent-up water, about fifty feet in depth, was set free. It went pouring down a narrow valley, sweeping before it rocks, bridges, houses, and human beings. About a hundred people lost their lives. In many cases whole families were drowned in company.

The damage to property was estimated on this occasion at £600,000. £45,000 was raised in a short time for the relief of those unhappily rendered destitute.

Another serious English flood happened in the beginning of May, 1862, when the outfall sluice at St. Germain's, near King's Lynn, burst, and the tidal waters of the Ouse spread over ten thousand acres of rich land. Farmers and peasantry were involved in one common ruin, and the amount of damage done was set down at £25,000.

About the middle of November, 1866, there were serious floods in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, the inundation spreading over tracts of country never known to be under water before. Mines were flooded, mills were thrown down, farms were destroyed, roads and railways were rendered impassable. There was a great deal of suffering in consequence at Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Wakefield, and other towns. About twenty lives were lost at the place first mentioned.

Turning now from England to Scotland, we find that the most famous of all inundations on the other side of the Border are the "Moray Floods." These happened in August, 1829, and not only left a lasting impression on the public mind, but were made the subject of a book, which created a great sensation.

"SAVED BY TAKING REFUGE ON ELEVATED PIECES OF GROUND" (*p.* 633).

The author was Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and from his pages we have drawn the illustrations which accompany this article. During the floods the Spey and Findhorn rose in some places fifty feet above their ordinary level.

So great was the rapidity with which the Spey came down, that a merchant of Aberlour who happened to be on the low-lying ground beside the river at the time was obliged to fly to a tree for refuge. He remained in the tree for about five hours, uttering the most distressing cries for that assistance which could not be given. At last he was caught up by the rising torrent and drowned.

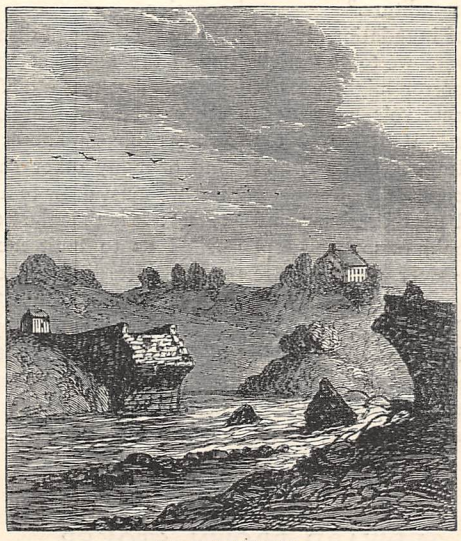
The destruction to property was immense. In the wasted district nothing was to be seen but desolation: huge trees were uprooted, gardens were stripped of their fruit, fields of corn nearly ripe lay entirely under water. The Findhorn made almost a clean sweep of everything within reach.

In the plain of Forres the inundation covered more

than twenty square miles. Much of the wrecked district was very beautiful. Before these floods, it was said, was the Garden of Eden: after them was a desolate wilderness.

Fortunately, the damage to property was about the worst of it. "Amidst all the terrors and dangers," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, "of this unexampled calamity, where thousands of lives were placed in jeopardy, the instances of providential deliverances were so numerous and so extraordinary, that throughout so great an extent of flooded rivers we have only the loss of eight human lives to deplore!" Many families were saved by taking refuge on elevated pieces of ground, just like the poor unfortunates who are huddled together in one of our engravings.

France has been particularly subject to disasters of the kind under consideration, and several of its great rivers bear an ill reputation for their floods. The Garonne at present stands conspicuous. With a comparatively short course and small basin, it carries an enormous volume of water to the sea; so when a flood does come, it has every opportunity for creating havoc. The most disastrous inundation on record till this year was that of 1772, when the river rose twenty-three feet above its ordinary level. The damage done was calculated at £800,000. Since the beginning of this century the great overflows of the Garonne have happened, oddly enough, every twenty years—namely, in 1815, 1835, 1855, and 1875. But no calamity has ever approached the last, either in the height of the overflow or in the amount of damage.



AFTER THE FLOOD.

The Rhone and Saone were the scene of an awful inundation in the beginning of November, 1840. The latter river poured its waters into the former, broke through its banks, and covered sixty thousand acres. Lyons was inundated; a hundred houses were swept away in Avignon, two hundred and eighteen at La Guillotière, and more than three hundred at Vaise, Marseilles, and Nismes. The Saone, it was said—though such reports are not always strictly to be relied upon—had not attained such a height for two hundred and thirty-eight years.

The close of 1846 was made memorable by disastrous inundations in the centre, west, and south-west of France. Many bridges were swept away, including the Orleans and Vierzon Viaduct, which had cost about a quarter of a million sterling. The total damage done exceeded £4,000,000. On the night of the 22nd of October the Loire rose twenty feet.

We come now to the memorable floods of 1856. These happened in the end of May and beginning of June. Whole departments in the south were laid under water, and the central and western districts afterwards shared the same fate. The country round Chalons, Tours, Macon, and Lyons was like an inland sea. People were surprised by the inundation in the middle of the night, and had to start out of bed, hurry away half-dressed, and wade to shelter. The streets of many towns could be traversed only by boats. At the Orleans Railway Station the water reached the fourth storey of the building. At Tours it was ten feet deep. The immense slate quarries at Angers were submerged, and ten thousand men were thrown out of work. In some places entire villages, with many of their unfortunate inhabitants, were swept away.

When the floods began, the Emperor Napoleon III. set out at once from Paris for the afflicted districts. Arrived at Lyons, he mounted on horseback and, with a bag full of gold, rode out among the homeless and destitute, listening to their tales of distress, and granting immediate relief. When the water was too deep for riding, he dismounted, took to a boat, and was rowed from alley to alley, and from house to house, on his errand of mercy. His patience, courage, and generosity won for him both admiration and gratitude at the time, but, unhappily, our good deeds are not always had in remembrance. The subscriptions in London for the relief of the sufferers by these floods amounted to £43,000.

In September, 1866, there were again destructive floods in France in the valleys of the Seine and Loire, but all appear to have been exceeded by those of this year. That the extent of the latter has not been exaggerated, may be judged by a letter from Marshal MacMahon to his wife after he had visited the distressed quarters:—

"The battle-fields of Sebastopol, Italy, and Sedan," he says, "were nothing in comparison with the scene of desolation and misery I have just witnessed." The whole district through which the Garonne flows, to within a few leagues of Bordeaux, has been completely wrecked. Luxuriant corn-fields have been changed to mud-swamps, vineyards to deserts, whole villages have been carried away, innumerable herds of cattle drowned, hundreds of human beings have perished, thousands of families have been rendered homeless, and property has been destroyed to the amount of several millions.

When a civilised country is exposed to frequent visitation from such disasters as these, we may be sure that the causes have been minutely inquired into, and

that a remedy has been most anxiously sought for. After the floods in the valley of the Loire in 1856, the French Government called upon its most able engineers to consider what preventative measures should be taken. Their suggestions were various, but practical and economic objections seem to have interfered with the adoption of any of them. Hitherto the French Government has not availed itself of any other means of preventing inundations than those of planting forests, securing the soil in exposed localities by grading, and promoting the growth of grass and greensward over the surface. "Every year a certain sum is expended in thus marking out zones along the banks of ravines, and securing them, sometimes with tenacious grasses, and, where necessary, by masonry. The rural population are said to acquiesce in the adoption of these means, which frequently involve a sacrifice on their part, and many districts are believed to have been rendered decidedly safer by the expenditure."

We have hitherto spoken only of inundations in our own country and in France, but were we to go farther a-field, what additional tales of horror might we not tell? In 1802, for example, a reservoir burst near Lorca, a city of Murcia, in Spain. It destroyed the city, flooded more than twenty leagues of land, and caused the death of a thousand people.

In 1811 the Danube overflowed near Presburg, and twenty-four villages, with their inhabitants, were swept away. Two years later the same river was the cause of another inundation, connected with which there is an incident as dramatic as it is melancholy. A Turkish corps of two thousand men occupied one of the islands in the middle of the river; the island was situated near Widdin. On the night of the 14th of September they were all wrapped in profound slumber, safe, to all appearance, in the midst of their fortifications. Suddenly the torrent came sweeping down. A short scene of agony ensued, but it was in vain to struggle against the flood. Of all the two thousand men, not one escaped. When morning broke, the water had risen so high that not even the island was to be seen.

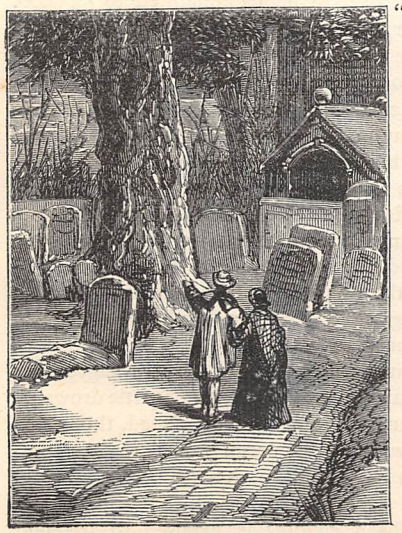
About the same time there were terrible inundations in different parts of the Continent. In Silesia six thousand inhabitants perished, and the floods greatly accelerated the ruin of the French army under Macdonald. In Poland four thousand lives are supposed to have been lost.

In March, 1816, the Vistula overflowed its banks, and did immense damage in Germany, both to life and property. In 1829 the same river caused an inundation at Dantzic. It broke through some of its dykes, destroying ten thousand head of cattle and four thousand houses. Many people lost their lives on the occasion.

Our catalogue of disaster is not at an end; we might tell of the floods of Vienna of 1830, when the dwellings of fifty thousand of the inhabitants were laid under water; of the flooding of Hamburg by the Elbe in 1855; of forty thousand acres submerged in Holland in 1861, and of many other catastrophes of a similar nature. But we must draw to a close. And we do so with one regret: it is that the necessity of being brief has compelled us to omit mentioning many incidents well worth recording in connection with these inundations.

They are a subject by themselves, and one which we might be proud to contemplate. It is in the midst of such disasters that humble life has a chance of doing heroic deeds, and, to the glory of humanity, it is a chance which has never yet been thrown away.

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.



"IN the midst of life we are in death!" Those words sounded so quiet and solemn, that Mary and I stopped short close to the old-fashioned lych gate at the little churchyard; and then, as if we moved and thought together, we went in softly to the funeral, and stood at a little distance, me with my hat off and Mary with her head bent down, till the service was over.

There it all is again as I'm telling it to you, come back as fresh and clear as if I was looking at it now: a pretty little old-fashioned church, with a stone wall round the yard, where the graves lay pretty thick and close, but all looking green and flowery and old, a great clump of the biggest and oldest yew-trees I ever saw, and a tall thick hedge separating the churchyard from the clergyman's house. The sun was shining brightly, turning the lichen-covered roofs of the church and the vicarage into gold; from the trees close by came the faint twittering of birds, and away past the village houses bathed in the bright afternoon sunshine there were the fields of crimson clover, and the banks full of golden broom and gorse. Over all was a sense of such peace and silence that it seemed as if there was nothing terrible, only a quiet sadness in the funeral, with its few mourners standing by the open grave, and the grey-haired clergyman standing by; and last of all, when Mary and I went up and looked into the grave, and read on the coffin-plate, "Aged 77," one couldn't help feeling that the poor soul had only gone to sleep tired with a long life.

It was my fancy perhaps, but as we strolled round that churchyard, and read a tombstone here and a board there, it seemed as if no sooner had the parson gone in to take off his surplice, and the mourners left the churchyard, than the whole place woke up again into busy life. A chaffinch came and jerked out its bit of a song in one of the yews, the Guinea-fowls in a farm close by set up their loud crying, the geese shrieked on the green, and creaking, and rattling, and bumping, there came along a high-filled wagon of the sweetest hay that ever was caught in loose handfuls by the boughs of the trees, and then fell softly back into the road.

We were very quiet, Mary and I, as we strolled out of the churchyard, down one of the lanes, and then crossing a stile, we went through a couple of fields, and sat down on another stile, with the high hedge on either side of us, and the meadow, that they were beginning to mow at the other end, one glorious bed of flowers and soft feathery grass.

Polly," I says at last, breaking the silence, "ain't this heavenly?"

"And you feel better?" she says, laying her hand on mine.

"Better!" I says, taking a long draught of the soft sweet-scented air, and filling my chest—"better, old girl! I feel as if I was growing backwards into a boy."

"And you fifty last week!" she says.

"Yes," I says, smiling, "and you forty-seven next week." And then we sat thinking for a bit.

"Polly," I says at last, as I sat there drinking in that soft breeze, and feeling it give me strength, "it's worth being ill only to feel as I do now."

For you see I'd been very bad, else I dare say I'm not the man to go hanging about churchyards and watching funerals: I'm a stoker, and my work lies in steamers trading to the East. I'd come home from my last voyage bad with fever, caught out in one of those nasty hot bad-smelling ports—been carried home to die, as my mates thought; and it was being like this, and getting better, that had set me thinking so seriously, and made me so quiet; not that I was ever a noisy sort of man, as any one who knows me will say. And now, after getting better, the doctor had said I must go into the country to get strong; so as there was no more voyaging till I was strong, there was nothing for it but to leave the youngsters under the care of the eldest girl and a neighbour, and come and take lodgings out in this quiet Surrey village.

Polly never thought I should get better, and one time no more did I; for about a month before this time, as I lay hollow-eyed and yellow on the bed, knowing, too, how bad I looked—for I used to make young Dick bring me the looking-glass every morning—the doctor came as usual, and like a blunt Englishman I put it to him flat.

"Doctor," I says, "you don't think I shall get better?" and I looked him straight in the face.

"Oh, come, come, my man!" he says, smiling, "we never look at the black side like that."

"None of that, doctor," I says; "out with it like a man. I can stand it: I've been expecting to be drowned or blown up half my life, so I shan't be scared at what you say."

"Well, my man," he says, "your symptoms are of a very grave nature. You see the fever had undermined you before you came home, and unless——"

"All right, doctor," I says; "I understand: you mean that unless you can get a new plate in the boiler, she won't stand another voyage."

"Oh, come! we won't look upon it as a hopeless case," he says; "there's always hope;" and after a little more talk, he shook hands and went away.

Next day when he came, I had been thinking it all over, and was ready for him. I don't believe I was a bit better; in fact, I know I was drifting fast, and I saw it in his eyes as well.

I waited till he had asked me his different questions, and then just as he was getting up to go, I asked him to sit down again.

"Polly, my dear," I says, "I just want a few words with the doctor;" and she put her apron up to her eyes and went out, closing the door after her very softly, while the doctor looked at me curious-like, and waited for me to speak.

"Doctor," I says, "you've about given me up. There, don't shake your head, for I know. Now don't you think I'm afraid to die, for I don't believe I am, but look here: there's seven children down-stairs, and if I leave my wife a widow with the few pounds I've been able to save, what's to become of them? Can't you pull me through?"

"My dear fellow," he says honestly, "I've done everything I can for your case."

"That's what you think, doctor," I says, "but look here: I've been at sea thirty years, and in seven wrecks. It's been like dodging death with me a score of times. Why, I pulled my wife there regularly out of the hands of death, and I'm not going to give up now. I've been——"

"Stop, stop," he says gently. "You're exciting yourself."

"Not a bit," I says, though my voice was quite a whisper. "I've had this over all night, and I've come to think I must be up and doing my duty."

"But, my good man——" he began.

"Listen to me, doctor," I says. "A score of times I might have given up and been drowned, but I made a fight for it and was saved. Now I mean to make a fight for it here, for the sake of the wife and bairns. I don't mean to die, doctor, without a struggle. I believe this here, that life's given to us all as a treasure to keep; we might throw it away by our own folly at any time, but there's hundreds of times when we may preserve it, and we never know whether we can save it till we try. Give's a drink of that water."

He held the glass to my lips, and I took a big draught and went on, he seeming all the time to be stopping to humour me in my madness.

"That's better, doctor," I says. "Now look here, sir, speaking as one who has sailed the seas, it's a terrible stormy time with me; there's a lee shore close at hand, the fires are drowned out, and unless we can

get up a bit of sail, there's no chance for me. Now then, doctor, can you get up a bit of sail?"

"I'll go and send you something that will quiet you," he said rising.

"Thankey, doctor," I says, smiling to myself. "And now look here," I says, "I'm not going to give up till the last; and when that last comes, and the ship's going down, why, I shall have a try if I can't swim to safety. If that fails, and I can really feel that it is to be, why, I hope I shall go down into the great deep calmly, like a hopeful man, praying that Somebody above will forgive me all I've done amiss, and stretch out His fatherly hand to my little ones."

He went away, and I dropped asleep, worn out with my exertion.

When I woke, Polly was standing by the bedside watching me, with a bottle and glass on the little table.

As soon as she saw my eyes open, she shook up the stuff, and poured it into a wine-glass.

"Is that what the doctor sent?" I says.

"Yes, dear; you were to take it directly."

"Then I shan't take it," I says. "He's give me up, and that stuff's only to keep me quiet. Polly, you go and make me some beef-tea, and make it strong."

She looked horrified, poor old girl, and was about to beg of me to take hold of the rotten life-belt he'd sent me, when I held out my shaking hand for it, took the glass, and let it tilt over—there was only about a couple of teaspoonfuls in it, and the stuff fell on the carpet.

I saw the tears come in her eyes, but she said nothing—only put down the glass, and ran out to make the beef-tea.

The doctor didn't come till late next day, and I was lying very still and drowsy, half asleep like, but I was awake enough to hear him whisper to Polly, "Sinking fast;" and I heard her give such a heart-broken sob, that as the next great wave came on the sea where I was floating, I struck out with all my might, rose over it, and floated gently down the other side.

For the next four days—putting it as a drowning man striving for his life like a true-hearted fellow—it was like great foaming waves coming to wash over me, but the shore still in sight, and me trying hard to reach it.

And it was a grim, hard fight: a dozen times I could have given up, folded my arms, and said good-bye to the dear old watching face safe on shore; but a look at that always cheered me, and I fought on again and again, till at last the sea seemed to go down, and, in utter weariness, I turned on my back to float restfully with the tide bearing me shorewards, till I touched the sands, crept up them, and fell down worn out, to sleep in the warm sun—safe!

That's a curious way of putting it, you may say, but it seems natural to me to mix it up with the things of seagoing life, and the manner in which I've seen so many fight hard for their lives. It was just like striving in the midst of a storm to me, and when at last I did fall into a deep sleep, I felt surprised-like to find myself lying in my own bed, with Polly watching by me; and when I stretched out my hand, and took hers, she let loose that which she had kept hidden from me before, and, falling on her knees by my bedside, she sobbed for very joy.

"As much beef-tea and brandy as you can get him to take," the doctor says, that afternoon; and it wasn't long before I got from slops to solids, and then was sent, as I told you, into the country to get strong, while the doctor got no end of praise for the cure he had made.

I never said a word though, even to Polly, for he did his best; but I don't think any medicine would have cured me then.

I was saying a little while back that I pulled my wife regularly out of the hands of death, and of course that was when we were both quite young, though for the matter of that, I don't feel much different and can't well see the change. That was in one of the Cape steamers when I first took to stoking. They were little ramshackle sort of boats in those days, and how it was more weren't lost puzzles me. It was more due to the weather than the make or finding of the ships, I can tell you, that they used to find their way safe to port; and yet the passengers, poor things, knowing no better, used to take passage, ay, and make a voyage too from which they never got back.

Well, I was working on board a steamer as they used to call the *Equator*, and heavy laden and with about twenty passengers on board, we started down Channel with all well, till we got right down off the west coast of Africa, when there came one of the heaviest storms I was ever in. Even for a well-found steamer, such as they can build to-day, it would have been a hard fight; but with our poor shaky wooden tub, it was a hopeless case from the first.

Our skipper made a brave fight of it though, and tried hard to make for one of the ports; but, bless you, what can a man do when, after ten days' knocking about, the coals run out, and the fires that have been kept going with wood and oil, and everything that can be thrust into the furnaces, are drowned; when the paddle-wheels are only in the way, every bit of sail set is blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and at last the ship begins to drift fast for a lee shore?

That was our case, and every hour the sea seemed to get higher, and the wind more fierce, while I heard from more than one man how fast the water was gaining below.

My mate and I didn't want any telling though. We'd been driven up out of the stoke-hole like a pair of drowned rats, and came on deck to find the bulwarks ripped away, and the sea every now and then leaping aboard, and washing the lumber about in all directions.

The skipper was behaving very well, and he kept us all at the pumps, turn and turn in spells, but we might as well have tried to pump the sea dry; and when, with the water gaining fast, we told him what we thought, he owned as it was no use, and we gave up.

We'd all been at it, crew and passengers, about forty of us altogether, including the women—five of them

they were, and they were all on deck, lashed in a sheltered place, close to the poop. And very pitiful it was to see them fighting hard at first and clinging to the side, but only to grow weaker, half-drowned as they were; and I saw two sink down at last, and hang drooping-like from their lashings, dead, for not a soul could do them a turn.

I was holding on by the shrouds when the mate got to the skipper's side, and I saw in his blank white face what he was telling him. Of course we couldn't hear his words in such a storm, but we didn't want to, for his lips said plain enough—

"She's sinking!"

Next moment there was a rush made for the boats, and two of the passengers cut loose a couple of the women; place was made for them before the first boat was too full, and she was lowered down, cast off, and a big wave carried her clear of the steamer. I saw her for a moment on the top of the ridge, and then she plunged down the other side out of our sight—and that of everybody else; for how long she lived, who can say? She was never picked up or heard of again.

Giving a bit of a cheer, our chaps turned to the next, and were getting in when there came a wave like a mountain, ripped her from the davits, and when I shook the water from my eyes, there she was hanging by one end, stove in, and the men who had tried to launch her gone—skipper and mate as well.

There were only seven of us now, and I could see besides the three women lashed to the side, and only one of them was alive; and for a bit no one moved, everybody being stunned-like with horror; but there came a lull, and feeling that the steamer was sinking under our feet, I shouted out to the boys to come on, and we ran to the last boat, climbed in, and were casting off, when I happened to catch sight of the women lashed under the bulwarks there.

"Hold hard!" I roars, for I saw one of them wave her hand.

"Come on, you fool," shouts my mate, "she's going down!"

I pray I may never be put to it again like that, with all a man's selfish desire for life fighting against him. For a moment I shut my eyes, and they began to lower; but I was obliged to open them again, and as I did so, I saw a wild scared face, with long wet hair clinging round it, and a pair of little white hands were stretched out to me as if for help.

"Hold hard!" I shouts.

"No, no," roared out two or three, "there isn't a moment;" and as the boat was being lowered from the davits, I made a jump, caught the bulwarks with my hands, and climbed back on board, just as the boat kissed the water, was unhooked, and floated away.

Then as I crept, hand-over-hand, to the girl's side, whipped out my knife, and was cutting her loose, while her weak arms clung to me, I felt a horrible feeling of despair come over me, for the boat was leaving us; and I knew what a coward I was at heart, as I had to fight with myself so as not to leave the girl to her fate, and leap overboard to swim for my life. I got the better of it, though—went down on my knees, so as not to see the boat, and got the poor trembling, clinging creature loose.

"STANDING BY THE BEDSIDE" (*p.* 636).

"Now, my lass," I says, "quick"—and I raised her up—"hold on by the side while I make fast a rope round you."

"And then I stood up to hail the boat—the boat as warn't there, for in those brief moments she must have capsized, and we were alone on the sinking steamer, which now lay in the trough of the sea.

As soon as I got over the horror of the feeling, a sort of stony despair came over me; but when I saw that little pale appealing face at my side, looking to me for help, that brought the manhood back, and in saying encouraging things to her, I did myself good.

My first idea was to make something that would float us, but I gave that up directly, for I could feel that I was helpless; and getting the poor girl more into shelter, I took a bit of tobacco in a sort of stolid way, and sat down with a cork life-buoy over my arm, one which I had cut loose from where it had hung forgotten behind the wheel.

But I never used it, for the storm went down fast, and the steamer floated still, waterlogged, for three days, when we were picked up by a passing vessel, half-starved, but hoping. And during that time my companion had told me that she was the attendant of one of the lady passengers on board; and at last, when we parted at the Cape, she kissed my hand, and called me her hero, who had saved her life—poor grimy me, you know.

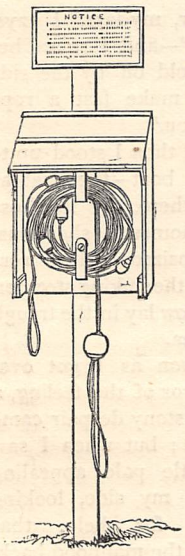
We warn't long, though, before we met again, for somehow we'd settled that we'd write; and a twelvemonth after Mary was back in England, and my wife.

That's why I said I took her like out of the hands of death, though in a selfish sort of way, being far, you know, from perfect. But what I say, speaking as Edward Brown, stoker, is this: Make a good fight of it, no matter how black things may look, and leave the rest to Him. G. MANVILLE FENN.

THE GATHERER.

For Bathers in Danger.

Fatal accidents arising from bathing and boating are but too common, and we should always be on the out-look for any new proposals directed towards diminishing their number. In the illustration we have a life-saving apparatus which, it has been suggested, should be provided at all bathing-places. It consists of nothing more than fifty yards of "nine-thread tarred cordage," with cork floats, coiled up and hung on a post. When needed, one has but to turn the two buttons which hold the rope, and throw it to the drowning person. Or one can lash it round his own waist, and plunge in to the rescue with greater confidence than he would otherwise entertain.



This apparatus is especially adapted for river service. For use on lakes or at the seaside another arrangement has been recommended. It consists of one of Captain Ward's cork waist-belts and several hundred yards of stout "amberline," wound round a wooden cone, and stowed in a basket, which is mounted on a wedge-shaped piece of wood with a small anchor-hook attached, the use of the latter being to hold it firmly on the shore while the rope is being paid out.

Either contrivance would not cost much. We understand that the former, including post, notice-board, and weather-box, could be provided for about £3 10s. Well-to-do philanthropists might make a note of it.

Needlework as an Art.

Needlework as an art has had an interesting history. It has had its great moments, its periods of depression, and its revivals. The requirements of luxurious ages have influenced it, and new styles have appeared from time to time: for every now and then some woman of genius, a real artist, would emerge from the circle of common-place copyists, and become the founder of a school of her own. The brightest period of the art was the period of chivalry, when the wife tried to console herself over her embroidery frame for the absence of her lord at the wars. We cannot call the present the age of art-needlework; it is the age of sewing-machines.

With a view to restoring needlework to its place in art, a school has recently been founded at South Kensington, under the name of the Royal School of Art-Needlework. Its object has been stated by the Princess Christian as "the revival of a nearly lost and beautiful art, that of decoration by means of needlework, the details of which must be entrusted to women, as to them the occupation is not irksome or unnatural." There is no doubt an increasing desire among the wealthy classes of our rich country for more beautiful and artistic work in this way, and there is no saying how much good may result from this desire to the great mass of unemployed women in England.

An Extraordinary Swimming Feat.

When any one has accomplished the feat of swimming twenty miles, his name has as fair a chance of being handed down to posterity as that of Thomas Topham, the "strong man of Islington," who could lift two hundred-weight on his little finger, raise an oak table, six feet long, from the ground with his teeth, and heave a horse over a turnpike gate. This wonderful swimming achievement has been recently executed by Captain Matthew Webb, lately a captain in the mercantile marine, but now an amateur swimmer. The distance gone over was on the Thames from Blackwall to Gravesend, and Captain Webb arrived at the end of his twenty miles in four hours and fifty-three minutes. From first to last he touched nothing but water, and had no aid of any kind, except that about half-way he received three sips of brandy and water.

His style of swimming was a slow steady stroke of the arms, and a vigorous action of the legs, the head being kept down so that the water flowed over the mouth at every stroke. He never once rested by floating, and only now and then varied the performance by taking a few strokes on his right side. There was a strong current down the river in his favour, which must have lessened considerably the necessity for exertion, but the wonder is how any one could have been able to remain so long in the water without cramp or exhaustion.

Since this feat on the Thames, Captain Webb has accomplished another, in point of endurance still more wonderful. He has swam from Dover to Ramsgate, remaining in the water for eight hours and forty-five minutes. The distance gone over could not have been much under that of his previous achievement.

Sham Jewellery.

The imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally is one of the great industries of Paris. The visitor there has a chance of seeing the whole

process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into diamonds of sparkling brilliancy. The sand employed in this magical operation is found in the forests of Fontainebleau: it seems to possess some peculiar property, for no other sand will do so well. Emeralds, rubies, and sapphires are imitated by means of mineral colouring matter. After being coloured, the stones are carefully polished and made to look just like the genuine article.

Hundreds of operatives are employed in the French capital in the interesting occupation of lining false pearls with fish-scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly used for this purpose. They are stripped from the fish while living, a cruel process, which is defended on the ground that in no other way can the glistening hue so much admired in the real pearl be imitated. Parisian pearls have, of late years, been made so perfect that the Roman pearl has, to a great extent, been superseded. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind.

How to eat Oysters.

It may be taken for granted that "there's nothing half so sweet in life as strawberries and cream;" but not a long way after that delicious feast comes the enjoyment of a fresh barrel of oysters. It is passing strange, however, that scarcely one man in a thousand knows how to open a "native," and still less how to eat it. The ordinary system employed at the oyster-shops is radically false, for all the juice is lost, and the oyster is left to become dry and insipid upon the flat shell: the shell, in fact, answers as a drain to convey off the liquid, which is to the oyster what the "milk" is to the cocoa-nut. A popular naturalist, who confesses to a weakness for natives, says that those who wish to eat oysters as they should be eaten should act as follows:—Hold the mollusc firmly in a cloth, insert the point of a knife neatly just before the edge of the upper shell, and give a quick decided pressure until the point is felt to glide along the polished inner surface of the under-shell. Force it sharply to the hinge, give a smart wrench, rather towards the right hand, and off comes the shell. Then pass the knife quickly under the oyster, separate it from its attachment, and let it fall into the lower shell, floating in the juice. When that is done, lift it quickly to the lips, and eat it before the delicate aroma has been dissipated in the atmosphere. Away with such heresies as pepper and vinegar! Oysters need no condiment whatever.

Old Hats.

It is said that the inhabitants of the Nicobar Islands, a group in the Indian Ocean, about 150 miles south of the better-known Andamans, have a universal passion for the cast-off hats of civilisation. There is a regular trade in old hats between Calcutta and the Nicobars. The value of the article is measured in cocoa-nuts, the only produce of the islands. The chimney-pot is the favourite shape—the taller the better—and the consummation of Nicobarian desire is the possession of a high white hat with a black band round it. Such a hat is worth, we are told, from fifty to sixty-five cocoa-nuts, and is the favourite attire of the noble savage when he goes a-fishing.

A New Diet.

What would be thought now-a-days of making chestnuts the chief article of diet, and, what is more, thriving on such a regimen? True it is that in one part of Sicily the peasants in a great measure subsist on these nuts; but such fare here in England would be considered decidedly meagre. And yet Zenophon tells us, in his history of the Expedition of Cyrus, that on the return journey, under his charge, of the remnant of the 10,000 Greeks who took part in that expedition, he came across a people who ate chestnuts in great quantities, boiling them and baking loaves of them. Furthermore, that he was shown some boys, sons of the higher class of people, who were extremely fat (having been fed on boiled chestnuts), very soft and fair-skinned, and almost equal in height and breadth. Will not this description—"soft and fair-skinned"—induce some of the gentler sex to try the effect of a course of boiled chestnuts? We would, however, add a word of warning: let them beware lest they, in their efforts to attain the one result, realise the other also, and find themselves becoming gradually "equal in height and breadth."

A Useful Plant.

The mainstay of Chinese life is the bamboo. In fact, the bamboos of the Celestial Empire are more valuable than her mines, and, next to rice and silk, yield the greatest revenue. Let us enter a Chinese dwelling. Within, hanging from the rafters, we see a number of hooks of prickly bamboo, on which hang pieces of dried pork and such-like provisions. In one corner are a waterproof coat and hat, each wrought out of leaves of bamboo. Elsewhere we observe agricultural implements, chiefly fashioned from this plant; and, except the deal top of the table, all the furniture of the simple abode is of the same material. The fishing-net, the baskets of diverse shapes, the paper and pens, the grain-measures, the wine-cups, the water-ladles, the chopsticks, and finally the tobacco-pipes, are all of bamboo. The man who dwells here is feasting on the tender shoots of the plant. Ask him of his earliest impressions, and he will tell you that they came to him through the basket-work of a bamboo cradle; speak of the end to which we are all hastening, and he will express a wish to sleep beneath some bamboo brake on a cool hill-side.

Mental Excitement.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke; Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the

Grecian Games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The doorkeeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

An Aerial Steamer.

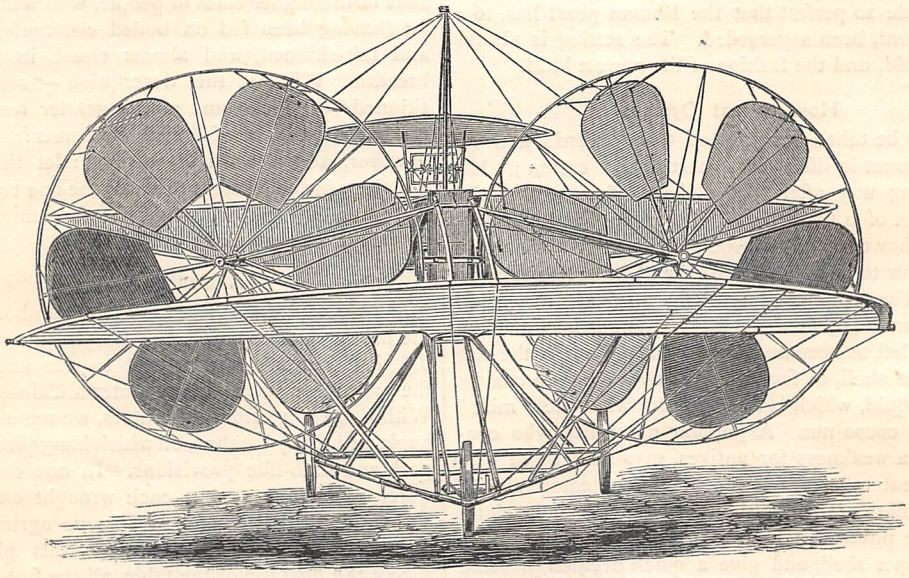
Man has long envied the birds. He moves to and fro always on the dull earth, whilst they flit from tree to tree, and fly about in the free air. David is not the only one who has longed for the wings of a dove, that he might flee away and be at rest.

But envying and wishing will not go far towards discovering a means of navigating the air. Accordingly we find that practical people have often puzzled their brains on this subject, the record of their trials and failures being extensive enough to fill volumes. Wild enthusiasts have also devoted themselves to it, but all to no purpose. The science of aëronautics has indeed advanced very little since the days which witnessed the invention of the balloon.

Things, however, seem now more promising. An inventive engineer, Mr. Thomas Moy, of the firm of Messrs. Moy, Shill, and Childs, has, after many years of study and experiment, produced a model of a machine which, should it answer his expectations, will attain the proposed end of traversing the atmosphere. The motive power is to be steam, and the various details will be readily understood by the reader on referring to the accompanying illustration, which represents a front view of the model.

In the centre is the steam-engine—the lightest, for its power, ever constructed. Then there are two revolving wheels driven by the engine. Each of these is six feet in diameter, and the planes on the wheels are set at an angle of forty-five degrees. In front is a fixed plane containing an area of surface of fifty square feet. Behind is a fixed plane with an area of sixty-four square feet. The whole machine is mounted on two small wheels, to enable it to run on the ground, and acquire the speed necessary for its rising.

Such was the model of the Aërial Steamer when it was first tried in the open air, in March of this year. On the occasion of the second experiment—made at the Crystal Palace on the 21st of June—considerable alterations were effected. The total weight was reduced from 214 pounds to 180 pounds. The driving aëroplane wheels were replaced by wheels of twelve feet in diameter, and worked with the axles vertical.



FRONT VIEW OF THE AERIAL MACHINE.

The engine weighed only eighty pounds with fuel and water, and the lifting power, which was carefully noted, was 120 pounds. The engine made 536 revolutions every minute, and the twelve-feet wheels sixty-seven revolutions in the same time. The working pressure of steam, we may add, was 140 pounds to the square inch.

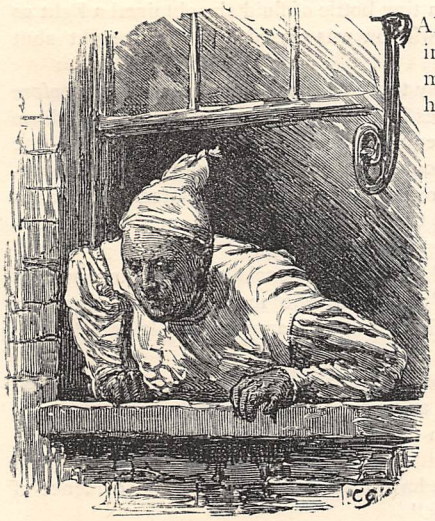
At the Crystal Palace the Aërial Steamer was recently tried in the presence of the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Sutherland, and the Earl of Dufferin, noblemen whose interest in such experiments is well known. It will be some time, however, before it is in a suitable form for popular exhibition; but we shall await with impatience the construction of an apparatus large enough to carry an aëronaut or two. It is with pleasure that we learn that those who are best able to judge have formed the highest expectations regarding the invention; and we wish Mr. Moy, to whom we are indebted for our illustration and for much interesting information, all success in the prosecution of his labours.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

A RIDE ON A RAINY NIGHT.



JABEZ, bottles in hand, his mind a chaos, had walked in at the wash-kitchen door precisely as Augusta stealthily creeping through a gap in the privet-hedge, made her way to the convenient staircase-window, shivering more from fright than from the chill drizzling rain which had begun to fall.

Putting her head in at the parlour-door where Ellen sat sewing, with a brief "I'm off to bed," she hurried up-stairs in the dusk to lave her flushed face, smooth her disordered hair, crush it under a night-cap, and place her head on the pillow, to still her heart's flutterings under the screening counterpane, and hide her emotions from her cousin under the semblance of sleep, though sleep was an absolute impossibility.

In 1821 the village of Gretna Green, on the Scottish border, was the general resort of runaway lovers, who, being in their minority, could not be married legally in England without parental consent, whereas in Caledonia a mere promise to marry made in the presence of witnesses was held binding. At Gretna a man not in holy orders, but metaphorically called "the blacksmith," because he rivetted the chains of matrimony, lived in the first house beyond the bridge which spanned the river Sark, and, with a ceremonial as unseemly as it was brief, married all comers, often with pursuers at his very doors; and the marriages so contracted were not to be set aside. For more than half a century Gretna Green weddings had figured largely in the literature of the stage and of the circulating library; and there is no doubt that the halo of romance thrown around an elopement to Gretna blinded to the impropriety of the prenuptial flight many a foolish or head-strong girl whom the actual ceremony shocked and startled.

Augusta Ashton, with all her sentimental romance, all her petulant wilfulness, all her resentment at being exiled from home and her Adonis, yet loved her parents well, although her reverence and filial obedience had been gradually undermined by the plausible sophistry and impassioned eloquence of her ardent lover.

But if she loved them much, she, unfortunately, loved Laurence more. He was, to do him justice, terribly in earnest; and in the inexperience of her seventeen years she could not be expected to sift and analyse that passionate earnestness for its many components. With her *all* was *love*, and *love* was *all*.

His proposition had, nevertheless, come upon her with a shock. She was not prepared to ignore the prudent teaching of her mother, or to brave the indignation of her indulgent father, or to forfeit her own self-respect, and nothing could have moved her to consent but that appalling threat of suicide.

But neither that threat nor her promise could reconcile her to the rash step, and she lay in bed shuddering with her own fears, and strangely enough, her first thought was—

"What would Jabez say if he knew?"

Not her father, not her mother, but the Jabez whom she had rebuffed barely a week before, yet of whose opinion she somehow stood more in awe than all else beside.

What did Jabez think, seeing that he did know? Think? He scarcely could think. Feeling seemed to overpower thought, reason, perception. When after a stagnant time he emerged from the stair-head, it was more as a culprit than Jabez Clegg. He put down the bottles and escaped again into the open air, cowed alike by the knowledge which had overpowered him, and by a sense of dishonour at having played the unworthy part of listener, albeit the listening had been involuntary, seeing that the shock of his discovery had stunned him like a blow from a sledge-hammer, crushing his own long-cherished hopes to death. His next thought was of intense thankfulness that by any means the schemes of Aspinall had been bared to him, and in time to attempt the rescue of his idolised Augusta from the clutches of a villain.

Unacquainted with the events which had preceded Augusta's removal to Carr—unaware that the Mosley Street doors had been closed against Laurence, or that a formal proposal for the young lady's hand had been made by the elder Aspinall on behalf of his son, and peremptorily declined by the Ashtons; ignorant that imperious Mr. Aspinall, in his gouty wrath, had sworn "upon his honour" that his son *should* "marry the girl in spite of the paltry beggar's-inkle-weaver," and having no faith in the man, Jabez regarded the use of the father's name only as a proof of his greater perfidy, and gave him no credit even for an honourable intention or an honest emotion. The time was past for Clegg to find excuses for the wrong-doing of his adversary.

Now, with every nerve unstrung, he was required to act, and that promptly. To-morrow would be too late. What if he should take Miss Chadwick into his confidence? But no, he could not lower Augusta in the eyes even of her own cousin; and neither she nor any one there had authority to detain Miss Ashton against her will even if her foot were on the step of the post-chaise. It was imperative that he should reach Manchester immediately, yet how to do so without exciting alarm perplexed him.

There was a horse in the stable at the mill, but as he had a bed in Simon's room, and could neither leave it nor return to it in the night without passing through at least one other sleeping apartment, there was a difficulty in quitting the house unknown.

"I must be at the mill before day-break to-morrow, having neglected something of importance, so I will sleep on the squab in the house-place, Mrs. Hulme, and if I am not in for breakfast, do not wait for me," said he; and no one doubted him, although Mrs. Hulme and her husband were of joint opinion that "Jabez looked terribly put eawt," and wondered what he could have forgotten of so much consequence.

No one thought of locking country cottage-doors. By nine o'clock all the inmates were in bed and asleep. Before ten Jabez, sad at heart, had quietly left the cottage for the mill, had saddled Peveril, and, though no great horseman, was speeding past the "White Hart" along the highway to Manchester, fast as the steady-going roadster could travel. The wind had risen, and the rain came down persistently; but heedless of discomfort or danger, with the one thought paramount in his mind — the preservation of his master's daughter—he set his teeth, and rode on with a feverish impatience, which at length communicated itself to Peveril, and quickened the beat of the sensible animal's hoof.

Nevertheless as he turned from Piccadilly into Mosley Street, the muffled-up old watchman, catching the echoes of the Infirmary clock, bawled out, to mark his own vigilance, "Just one o'clock, an' a dark rai-ny neet!" and the Ashton household had closed its eyelids, and its account with the day, at least a couple of hours.

It is never pleasant to be the bearer of ill-tidings, so no wonder Jabez hesitated, with the lion-headed knocker in his hand, ere he sent its reverberations growling through the silent house. His hesitation must have influenced the knocker, for the lion had to roar again and louder before he heard the window above unclose, and saw Mr. Ashton's night-capped head thrust out to ask in alarm, "Who's there? What's the matter?"

Jabez stepped back to the curbstone to let the dull rays of an oil-lamp fall upon his face. "It is I, Jabez Clegg, sir; I have a matter of importance to communicate."

"Good Heavens, Clegg, you! Surely the mill's not been burned down?"

"No, sir, all's right at the factory. There's no harm done anywhere at *present*. If you will please to come down, I hope there may be time to prevent that which is threatened."

"Just so, I'll be down directly."

There were no Lucifer-matches with which to procure instantaneous light, but during this brief colloquy, Mrs. Ashton had been groping on the tall chimney-piece for their precursors the Prometheans, and having found them, by dipping a small chemically prepared match into a tiny bottle of fluid she obtained a light as soon as the window was closed and the draught shut out.

Too uneasy to waste much time in dressing, before many minutes had flown, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, whose fears had equally pointed to their daughter — the one in a rocquelaire, and the other in her warehouse-overall—were both listening with agitated and anxious faces to Mr. Clegg's communication, made with a discomposure great as their own.

"Elope!" both parents exclaimed simultaneously.

"Elope!" reiterated the mother; "our daughter consent to elope, and with a reprobate like him? It is not possible!"

"So I should have said, madam, yesterday," rejoined Jabez sadly, as he sank on a chair, overpowered more by the strain on his feelings than by the fatigue of his long, wet, midnight ride; "and I would have given the *world* to have been able to doubt the evidence of my own ears."

Mrs. Ashton, with clasped hands up, sat opposite to Jabez; Mr. Ashton, lacking the consolation and inspiration of his snuff-box, walked about the room with one hand to his head in a state of distressing perturbation.

He stopped in his walk to ask, "What's to be done?" as Jabez made this declaration, unconscious of its force.

The light of the chamber candle fell upon the haggard face and drenched garments of the young man. The elder one looked full at him, paused, then drawing near and laying his right hand heavily on the other's wet shoulder, asked in a troubled voice, with an inquisitorial but not unkind manner—

"My lad, did no other motive than duty to your employers bring you eighteen miles through the rain this dark night, to save Miss Ashton from an imprudent marriage?"

Jabez had not stopped to analyse his own motives. Thus questioned, it was not without embarrassment that he answered—

"Mrs. Ashton desired me, sir, to watch over Miss Ashton, and acquaint you with any matter affecting her welfare. But apart from that, sir, I could not see Miss Ashton in the toils of a villain without an attempt to rescue her. I should have been a dastard to sit passive; and even now I feel we are losing time."

"Just so, just so," assented Mr. Ashton. "That reminds me, Peveril is in the street, and you are soaked to the skin. My dear"—turning to his wife—"will you arouse the servants, and see that neither horse nor rider suffers in our service more than we can help."

Having thus got rid of his wife, of whom he stood somewhat in awe, he resumed his searching catechism of Jabez.

"And so, Clegg, you have no motive beyond a chivalrous desire to save your master's daughter, no *interest* to serve beyond your duty to us?"

The ordeal was terrible. Jabez rose, his features working convulsively.

"Mr. Ashton, you are torturing me. Humble as I am, I love Miss Ashton with my whole life and soul. But knowing the distance between us, I have striven to keep the secret in my own breast. And I protest I had no double motive in my journey hither."

The genial small-ware manufacturer, to whom that night had brought two revelations, looked Jabez steadfastly in the face as he made this avowal; then taking him kindly by the hand, said—his eyes moist—

"Just so, just so, my lad! I believe you. And, Jabez Clegg, let me tell you that I would rather give my daughter to an upright persevering man like you, without a penny, than to a spendthrift like Laurence Aspinall, though he rolled in riches. But it's no use saying that *now*."

Indeed there was no use, and time was flying.

A glance of grateful attachment, and a mute pressure of his liberal master's hand, was the sole acknowledgment of Jabez.

But a new bond was established between the twain.

Mrs. Ashton came back to discuss with her husband and Jabez the best mode of procedure. She was not less shrewd than her lord, and had not failed to perceive that young man's heart was in the service he now rendered them. The blow dealt by Augusta to her pride dashed down the impalpable barrier between them, and she took counsel with him as a tried and true friend.

Mr. Clegg pointed out the necessity for his return to the mill before it should open, and he be missed; and taking a proffered glass of brandy and water to avert cold, he hurried, whilst hot coffee was preparing, to change his soaked garments preparatory to the ride back; his elders also taking the opportunity to dress and prepare for departure.

Not a moment was wasted, but though Peveril had been well groomed and fed, he was not as fresh to the road as he had been; still the journey was homeward, the rain had abated; day began to dawn as he left Stockport behind, and without much use of the whip, Jabez had his horse back in the stable before the factory bell began to ring. And then the *beast* was allowed to rest. The jaded *man* had to rouse himself to another day's work, another day's trial and excitement, without a moment for repose.

To everybody's astonishment, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton stepped out of the "Lord Nelson" coach, that morning, at the bottom of the avenue, with a carpet-bag for luggage.

The difference of their reception by daughter and niece was palpable, and they could not fail to observe how much the former was disconcerted by their arrival.

"Oh, aunt and uncle, this is a pleasant surprise!" exclaimed Ellen, running down the avenue to meet them.

"*You* do not appear very well pleased to see us, Augusta," remarked Mrs. Ashton, as they met her lazily sauntering through the garden towards them, as captivating in her printed morning dress as a sleepless night, an anxious headache, and her unmistakable confusion would permit the recognised beauty to be.

"Oh, yes, I am pleased enough, but I should have been better pleased if you had written instead of coming upon one so suddenly. It is quite startling!" and the petulance of her tone gave effect to the pettish frown on her brow.

"My dear, 'ill thoughts make ill looks,'" said Mrs. Ashton gravely, with a searching glance. "What is the matter with you this morning? Nothing serious, I hope."

The very inquiry apparently annoyed her.

"Oh, I've got a headache, that's all. I heard some man's foot on the gravel-walk long after every one was in bed, and I got a fright."

"I think it was only Crazy Joe—he hangs about at all hours," put in Ellen, who had not heard the crunch of Mr. Clegg's heel on the gravel, as he stood for a moment under their window, to breathe a prayer for the safety and well-being of the supposed sleeper, before he turned away swiftly on his errand.

Almost Mr. Ashton's first inquiry was for Mr. Clegg.

"He's at the mill, sir. He was off afore any on us was up; an' he said happen he mightna git whome fur breakfast, he wur so busy," was the reply of Bess.

But Mr. Ashton, setting off towards the factory, encountered Jabez on the way, and they returned together to breakfast, as if they had met for the first time that morning.

On Mrs. Ashton's suggestion, Augusta was neither questioned nor accused.

"We should only tempt her to deny, and perhaps provoke ill-will towards our informant, with no good end," she said. "Better wait and ascertain beyond question what her intentions are."

Jabez would fain have spared her the pain and shame of exposure, but the matter was out of his hands.

The day passed unmarked save by Augusta's restless look-out for Crazy Joe, and the way she hung about her mother, as if half afraid of the rash step she contemplated.

Mr. Ashton meanwhile busied himself about the transfer of the White Hart (which he pronounced "admirable") to its place over the inn-door, and managed to elicit from Chapman, the gossiping landlord, without direct inquiry, that a fine young spark in hunting gear had put up his horse there several times within the past week, and was like to make the fortune of Crazy Joe, he gave the poor softy so many half-crowns, but Joe was "deep, and never let on what he got them for."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

DEFEATED.

JABEZ CLEGG and the young ladies occupied chambers adjoining, the two inner rooms of the suite, but the door of communication was locked, and they were attained by different staircases. Thus, as he was compelled to pass through the Hulmes' sleeping apartment, so Ellen and Augusta were constrained to go backwards and forwards through that of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, an arrangement to which long use had probably reconciled them.

It was this fact which had so much disconcerted Augusta, since she foresaw a difficulty in escaping unheard; and not meeting with Joe (that most unpromising of Cupids), she was as equally unable to convey a message to her expectant lover.

She repented her rash promise, and would fain have availed herself of a pretext for delay; but the night came, and, haunted by imaginary pictures of Laurence with a pistol to his head, she dared not disappoint him.

She had promised to meet him at that entrance of the Lovers' Walk which opened below Yeardsley-Hall Farm into Moor Lane, whilst, the lane being a steep declivity, he was to keep the post-chaise in waiting at the foot.

Her headache served as a pretext for retiring to bed earlier than her cousin; and scarcely could her father and mother restrain themselves as she kissed them lingeringly before she went. Indeed, Mr. Ashton would much have preferred to "have it out with the girl at once, and have done with it," there not being much "waiting" blood in his veins.

He had kept out of her sight most of the day, fidgeting over one thing or another, whilst his waistcoat and shirt-frill bore testimony to the constant raid on his snuff-box.

"I don't like to see my poor lass trapped like a bird in a cage," he said in confidence to Jabez, whose opinion he already knew agreed with his own, as did the desire to "thrash the infernal scoundrel within an inch of his life."

The last straw had broken the camel's back, and Jabez was no longer disposed to be passive.

Laurence had bade Augusta take no care for her wardrobe; his purse was ample, and he would dress her like a queen if she would only consent to fly with him. So, after collecting a few immediate necessaries and trinkets, and placing the reticule out of sight, she crept into bed, to lie and listen for the household to follow her example. How lazily the hours lagged! She heard old Simon shuffling about, and the creaking of his camp-bedstead, as he settled his old rheumatic bones for the night, but the firm foot of Jabez she did not hear, though the house clock struck nine, and Ellen came up with the last stroke.

In answer to a question, Ellen said that Mr. Clegg was asleep on the squab, and that she understood he had slept there the previous night, to be able to go to the mill very early, without disturbing any one else.

"I saw him as he lay there, where he had fallen asleep shortly after tea, and I have been speaking to my uncle about him; he looks so dreadfully worn and jaded, I am sure he is either killing himself with overwork, or has some great trouble on his mind," and a deep sigh followed this expression of opinion.

Augusta was silent. Something within her secret heart whispered that the trouble of Jabez Clegg would be intensified sevenfold by her act of that night; and, haughty as she was betimes, she pitied him.

Ellen slept. The clock struck ten. Father and mother entered their room, and through the door which Augusta had artfully requested Ellen to "leave open on account of the heat" came the sound of their voices in low but earnest converse—"You leave her to me, William," spoken with decision, being the only words she could distinguish, though she heard her father walk about for some time. Indeed, she thought he would never go to bed.

Eleven! She slipped stealthily from the side of her sleeping cousin, and by the light of the moon, clear enough to-night, dressed as noiselessly and rapidly as her trepidation would permit. From habit she knelt to pray, but as she came to the passage, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," a new meaning seemed to flash through the words, and she half wavered in her purpose.

"Poor Jabez!" she murmured to herself, as she caught up her shoes and reticule, and listened in the open doorway for the deep breathing which came from behind the dimity curtains of the four-post bed. Reassured, she stepped lightly across the room in her stocking-feet, turned the drop-handle of that chamber door as silently as the squeaking latch would permit, and fled swiftly down the stairs, sitting down at the bottom to put on her shoes.

She had raised the sash, and was in the very act of stepping over the low window-sill, when a foot was heard on the stair, and turning her head, she saw her mother, fully dressed, close by her side, and felt her slight wrist grasped as in a vice.

"Is this your filial love and obedience, misguided girl? Is this the result of Madame Broadbent's training? Have you no more sense of honour and decency than to elope at midnight with any man, least of all with the worthless reprobate who has caught your silly fancy? Could you not think

that chastity is the brightest jewel in a woman's crown, and the soonest dimmed, that you were ready to leave your character at the mercy of every gossip who had a tongue to wag?"

She had drawn Augusta, too much stunned to speak, into the parlour close at hand, and had shut the doors —a needless precaution, seeing how remote were all the sleepers.

A few words of gentle motherly inquiry and reproof might have softened impulsive, tender-hearted Augusta to tears, and turned the whole current of her life; but Mrs. Ashton's stateliness had become sternness, and, fresh from the evil teaching of Laurence Aspinall, her daughter's proud spirit rose in rebellion, and answered her.

"We were going to be married. And I was not going with Laurence alone. Cicily was to travel with us. Laurence himself proposed it."

"Infatuated girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, "Cicily was in Mosley Street last night."

"And so were you, mother," was the smart retort, "but the coach which dropped you here carried her to Buxton. Outside passengers muffle up, but she waved her handkerchief as she passed, as a sign to me."

"Sign to you, indeed! I marvel you are not ashamed of yourself and your hero, who is not content with corrupting my daughter, but must corrupt our servant also! A fine hero indeed, whose qualifications are all external! I cannot see what there is to admire in him."

"Not see what there is to admire in that exquisite figure and beautiful face! Why, I shall be the envy of half the girls in Manchester when I marry him!" Augusta exclaimed, with anything but the air of a culprit just detected.

"But you are not likely to marry him, you forward chit. You go back to Manchester to-morrow, and I will take good care you don't marry either clandestinely or openly a man so sure to make your heart ache, if he were thrice as handsome."

"But I WILL marry him, mamma—*I'll please my eye if I plague my heart!*"

"Then, as you make your bed, so must you lie, miss," answered Mrs. Ashton, gravely and deliberately. "But take my word for it, neither your papa nor myself will give our consent. And now go to your room, Augusta, and thank God that you have been saved from disgrace this night, and thank us that we have kept you from open exposure. Not even your cousin has a notion of this folly. Our daughter's honour is dearer to us than to herself," and the mother's tone softened as she spoke.

"Your daughter's honour has never been in any danger," said Augusta haughtily, as she swept from the room, to encounter at the foot of the stairs, flooded by moonlight through the open window, her father—and Jabez.

Up to that moment she had stood on the defensive, her wayward spirit upholding and arming her for retort. The sight of the father who had indulged her every whim, and of Jabez, whose esteem she valued more than she herself knew, gave a sudden shock to her overwrought nerves, and she fell forward into the very arms of Jabez, in a deep swoon.

Tenderly, respectfully, sadly, he bore her into the parlour, and placing her on the sofa, relinquished her to her mother, divesting himself of his shoes in order to procure water to restore her without creating alarm.

When she recovered he was gone; she was alone with the parents whose counsels she had despised, whose love she had wounded; herself detected and humiliated.

A greater humiliation had fallen to the lot of elate, enamoured, and self-satisfied Laurence Aspinall, when, leaving his friend Barret with the post-chaise, their saddle-horses, and Cicily at the bottom of Moor Lane, he mounted the hill, and whistled softly at the entrance of the Lovers' Walk, to call forth—not a blushing maiden, half afraid of her own temerity, but—two justly incensed and indignant men.

His low-voiced "Augusta" died upon his lips; he recoiled—stammered—

"You! I—I did not expect——Conf——! What brought you here? I thought——"

"Just so, you atrocious scoundrel, you thought God had left our pet lamb to the fangs of the wolf, and that neither father nor friend was near to protect the innocent!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, raising the stout bamboo with which he was provided.

"If that infernal Cicily has betrayed us, I'll——"

The threat was not completed, for Jabez interrupted him with—

"No, sir, it was not Cicily. You betrayed yourself. You laid bare your whole scheme in this walk, within my hearing, Mr. Laurence Aspinall, and the sophistry which misled a simple confiding girl could not delude one who knew you as I do."

"Confusion!" hissed Laurence between his teeth. "You wretched charity-school whelp! Am I to meet you at every turn? I suppose you want Miss Ashton for yourself, but I'll baulk you yet!" and, but that Jabez had a quick eye and hand, his riding-whip would have seamed the latter's manly face.

But Jabez dexterously caught the light whip, and wrenched it from him, a simultaneous sharp blow of Mr. Ashton's bamboo on Aspinall's shoulders tending to loosen his grasp.

And then the two young men, with all the fever of jealousy added to old animosity, closed and grappled with each other as might a lion and a tiger in the arena. And Mr. Ashton, his love of fair play yielding to his exasperation, made good use of his bamboo whenever he could deal a blow without harming Jabez.

The two combatants were not unequally matched; there was little difference in size and weight, but the scientific skill of Laurence had more than a counterpoise in the nerve and muscle of Jabez, strengthened by exercise and a temperate life, whilst vicious courses had somewhat impaired his own athletic frame.

The struggle on the steep hill-side was too deadly for noise. At length Laurence—himself booted and spurred—in striving to take an unfair advantage and rip the unprotected calves of Jabez with the rowels of

his spurs, lost his foothold, and was borne to the earth, falling heavily.

He lay on the ground stunned and motionless.

At once Jabez, with a swift revulsion of feeling, knelt down by the side of his prostrate foe, and raised his head; Mr. Ashton bending over them inquiringly, just as Barret, whom curiosity and impatience had drawn from his post below, came on the scene.

A stifled groan, and a muttered curse, having assured Clegg that his rival was not mortally injured, he called to Barret—

"Here, sir, take charge of your worthy principal; and be careful, when next you plan an elopement, that you have not a man to deal with instead of a credulous girl."

Mr. Ashton's "Just so!" coming sharply in as chorus, the young man put his arm in that of the elder and drew him away, leaving Barret and the postillion to restore Laurence Aspinall, and assist him into the post-chaise by the side of Cicily—whose trepidation would have been very much increased could she have seen how the blood was trickling down from a wound in his head, staining still more the torn, miry coat, and the disordered shirt-frill over which he was usually so fastidious.

Barret, leading his companion's horse, rode on in advance of the vehicle, to prepare the pompous gentleman, laid up with the gout in Buxton Crescent, for the reception of his gentlemanly son in a highly gentlemanlike condition: hatless, wigless, dirty, dilapidated, bruised, bloody—and unsuccessful.

The hat had rolled down-hill to be crushed under the wheels of the chaise; the wig and broken whip were found the next morning by Crazy Joe, who exercised his witless head respecting them and the trampled ground to small purpose; then brought them to his friend Sim as playthings. Had they fallen into the hands of a reasoning mortal, much more perplexity, and a very serious mystery, might have been the result.

Buxton being only five miles from Whalley Bridge, Barret again made his appearance in the neighbourhood of the "White Hart," whilst the new sign still attracted rustic admirers; and, finding no rumours current respecting the occurrence of the preceding night, he rode off again, having first committed to the care of Crazy Joe a scarcely decipherable missive from the discomfited lover, to the not less disconsolate damsel.

The evening coach bore the Ashtons and Ellen back to Manchester; Augusta still in a rebellious mood, the cause of which, being hidden from her cousin, occasioned the latter no little perplexity.

There was something, too, in the manner of her uncle and aunt to Jabez, and of Jabez to all, which, being undefinable and impalpable, struck her as peculiar. He seemed suddenly to have risen to another footing.

Not until the last moment—when attention was distracted by the bustle at the inn-door, the disposal of the luggage, and the taking of seats—could Silly Joe (with cunning worthy a better cause) contrive to slip the billet-doux into Miss Ashton's reticule, unseen by all but herself.

Not until she reached her own room could she scan its characteristic contents, which ran as follows:—

"BUXTON CRESCENT,
"*September* ——, 1821.

"ADORED AUGUSTA,—Excuse this scrawl; I can scarcely hold my pen in consequence of a ruffianly attack made upon me by your father's favourite factotum, Jabez Clegg, in Moor Lane last night. Can you disclose to me the strange fatality which kept you from my expectant arms, and revealed our plans to that upstart foundling? Had not Mr. Ashton also struck at me with a thick stick, I could readily have disposed of his assistant; but my foot tripped over a stone, and, falling, I lay at their mercy. Yet, sweet Augusta, if my blood flowed it was for thy sake, and for thy sake I endure.

"Be constant, be firm; let no tyranny coerce you, and I will make a way for our union, even if I steal you from their very midst. I have a dislocated ancle, a bruised and swollen hand, a plaistered crown, and I write painfully. I shall feel every hour a year until I hold you in my arms again. But if my angelic Augusta be only true to her promise, she will soon, in spite of spies and informers, be the adored wife of her

"Most devoted
"LAURENCE."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

IT is no uncommon thing for a woman to gild a block, wreathe it with flowers, and then fall down and worship the idol she has adorned. Augusta's hero needed no outward embellishment, so she fitted the fair exterior with the excellencies and virtues of the high-spirited, noble, generous Mortimers and Mowbrays, whose acquaintance she had made in print; and had set him on a very elevated pedestal in spite of all warnings. With that misleading letter of his before her, no wonder if the "blood shed for her sweet sake" converted the hero into the martyr, and placed Jabez and her father in the category of cruel persecutors.

It did more. It erected a barrier against conciliation. In vain her placable father held out a flag of truce, she kept aloof resentfully, though in the solitude of her own chamber she gave way, and wept at her isolation from all who loved her.

Mrs. Ashton, whose sense of propriety had been outraged, whose maternal pride had received a terrible shock, was less readily disposed to condone her daughter's offence; and, being a better business woman than a psychologist, her tactics showed none of her ordinary shrewdness.

The failure of Augusta's banishment to Carr should have taught her that romance is nursed in solitude, and that conciliation is better than coercion.

Had she spared a few hours from the warehouse to arrange a dance or a gipsy-party to Dunham Park; chaperoned her lovely daughter to assembly, theatre, or concert-room; invited her companionship in a stroll through St. Anne's Square and King Street, calling at Mrs. Edge's fashionably-frequented library by the way; joined the after-morning-church promenaders in the Infirmary gardens, or given a little time to morning calls, she would have brought Augusta into contact with young people of her own age, and with the attractive of the opposite sex, and so have supplied an antidote to the poison Laurence and ultra-sentimental literature had instilled.

Instead, never was the golden fruit of the Hesperides more vigilantly guarded. She was kept much within doors. The modern notion that a daily airing is indispensable had not been promulgated, or had not become the creed of the manufacturing community. Mrs. Ashton had "no leisure for gadding," and Augusta cared little to drive in the gig with only James for her charioteer, or even to walk with Ellen, so long as the mulberry-coloured livery was in attendance. (It might have been otherwise, had not the said James held it as much "beneath his dignity" to accept a bribe, as he had formerly done to wait upon Mr. Clegg.) From her old bed-room, which overlooked Mosley Street, she was relegated to one in the rear which commanded no wider prospect than their own court-yard, nor anything more interesting than Nelson and his kennel; though Nelson had been in favour since the sad accident on the ice. Then visits to Marsden Square were prohibited lest she should there meet John Walmsley's undesirable friend, and altogether her escapade had converted home into a cage, in spite of its gilding.

As might have been expected, the high-spirited, wayward girl, so long her father's pet, so long indulged in her caprices, chafed and rebelled against every fresh token of restraint, and contrasted the dull monotony of her life with the freedom and gaiety promised so frequently by Laurence as the certain concomitants of wifehood with him.

With all her haughty spirit, she had a clinging, affectionate nature, tinged though it was with poetry and romance; and now that her father looked so unusually grave, and her mother so frigid, and she felt herself an alien from both their hearts, instead of bewailing her premeditated flight as a crime, the tendrils of her love only clung closer to him who professed so much, and the more she was isolated from them, the more she brooded on the ill-used and maligned Laurence, his manly beauty and accomplishments, his lavish generosity, his fascinations of voice and manner, and the fervour of his passion for her.

Meanwhile, Tom Hulme had resumed his duties at Whalley Bridge Mill, and Jabez returned home to his.

Much to Augusta's surprise, he was not only invited to dine with them on the day of his return, but to take his place henceforth at their board as one of the family.

With Laurence's misrepresentations fixed in her mind as truths, she construed the daily association thus thrust upon her as a deliberate affront, and resented it with a silent scorn which cut Jabez to the soul. He knew nothing of Aspinall's letter, or that *he* was accused of a "ruffianly attack;" he only felt that he would have died to serve her, and had done what he had to save her from life-long misery, without a single thought of keeping her for himself.

A few more days, and back to Manchester came Mr. Aspinall senior, having left a little of his portliness with his gout in the Buxton Baths. Back with him came his son, and his son's congenial companion, Mr. Edmund Barret; the former still smarting under his defeat at Carr, and all the more resolutely determined to carry off Augusta, jealousy adding a new element to his love, a new aliment to his hate.

Sitting idly by the parlour window on the third of October, with her head leaning against the frame, meditating on her own unhappiness and her parents' harshness, she suddenly started to her feet with a suppressed cry of delight, a vivid glow upon her cheeks, a brilliant sparkle in her eye.

Laurence Aspinall, mounted on Black Ralph, his favourite hunter, was riding up the street, the dislocated ancle apparently not affecting his enjoyment of equestrian exercise.

As he raised his new beaver in graceful salutation, even the flutter into which she was thrown could not prevent her missing his glorious curls. He had not deemed it necessary to replace his wig, and the poll shorn during fever had not yet grown a fresh crop ripe for harvest.

The unfavourable impression passed with the moment, as he brought his obedient steed on the pavement, close under the window, and without a moment's hesitation she raised the sash, and leaned forward to speak with him, glad of the opportunity.

"Oh, Laurence!"

"My own Augusta, this is indeed fortunate!"

Their hands clasped upon the window-sill—the elevation of the house raising her to his level—her tearful eyes looked up in his for traces of suffering after the "ruffianly attack," and found there, mingled with the fierce light of violent love, a bitter sense of defeat, a resolve to obtain her by fair means or foul.

Each had the separate experience of that memorable September night to relate, coloured as passion or prejudice prevailed; but neither could enlighten the other as to the share Mr. Clegg had had in preventing the elopement.

Having shown with very evident annoyance how impossible it was to meet or give him a private interview, he exclaimed with indignation—

"What! not allowed to visit a relative, or to go abroad without a gaoler! My dearest Augusta, this is a cruel state of captivity. But my bird must not be allowed to fray her beautiful plumage in beating against the bars of her cage. I must devise a better plan for her escape. Any means are justifiable to obtain release from tyranny like this. What says my love? Is she still willing to trust her Laurence?"

"To the death!" she whispered emphatically.

"You are alone here every morning!"

Her lips could barely frame a "Yes," when a voice and step in the hall warned her to close the window with a hurried gesture to him; and before Mrs. Ashton, who had lingered to give an order to James, could enter the room, Black Ralph was cantering towards the Portico, and Augusta occupied with the third volume of "Alinda, or the Child of Mystery."

Very little escaped Mrs. Ashton's eye. The clatter of hoofs on the flags, audible through the thick front door, had left no sensible impression upon her brain, but the heightened colour of Augusta attracted her attention at once.

She brought her work-basket from the panel-cup-

board, took thence a strip of cambric muslin, and handed it to her daughter.

"My dear," said she quietly, "'all play makes no hay.' Your eyes are younger than mine, and I think it will do you more good to hem your father's shirt-frills than to pore over sentimental books from morning until night. So much romance-reading is not good for you. I see that you are quite flushed and excited over the one you are perusing now."

There was a sharp rap-tap on the lion's head, and in burst Mr. Ashton, much more flushed and excited than his daughter. He had met Mr. Laurence on Black Ralph just as he was quitting the Portico, after an angry discussion with Mr. Aspinall the elder.

"You are quite right, my dear, in saying, 'Like father, like son,'" cried he, "for I'll swallow my snuff-box if that pompous old cotton-merchant did not justify his scapegrace son in his attempt to carry off our Augusta! He said that 'the end justified the means,' that we 'ought to be proud of such an alliance'"—Mrs. Ashton's lip curled—"that 'he was glad Miss Ashton had more discernment than her parent,' that 'his boy had set his heart upon her, and should not be thwarted in his choice by any beggar's-inkle-weaver in England.' And no sooner had I left him in the reading-room to digest *my* opinion on the subject, and put my foot on the steps of the Portico, than up rode young Hopeful, and took off his hat to me, bowing down to his black horse's mane."

Having delivered himself of this explosive intelligence, Mr. Ashton walked about, and sought a sedative in his snuff-box; and Augusta, who, folding the hem of the frill, had not lost one word, said drily—

"I think Mr. Aspinall's justification of his son's design may at least be taken as a vindication of Mr. Laurence's honourable intentions, of which so many doubts have been expressed. And the bow equally absolves Laurence from a charge of malice."

With a proud toss of her shapely head, she swept towards the dining-room, rejecting the proffered arm of Jabez, who had entered the parlour whilst Mr. Ashton was speaking, and thus closed a discussion which could not be continued in the presence of servants.

Jabez, on his return from Carr, had found his rough old clerical friend confined to his room seriously ill. Tabitha was worn out with his humours and eccentricities, and was glad when the young man offered to relieve her twice or thrice a week; and old Joshua welcomed him as a relief from the monotonous garrulity of an unlettered old woman. Jabez could bring him news of another stamp. Through Ben Travis (who had discovered that activity was the best antidote to melancholy), he kept him informed of the progress of the incipient temperance movement, in which the Parson took uncommon interest; through Mr. Ashton, he kept him *au courant* of town politics, and for general intelligence he brought newspapers with him to read, interrupted by many and unique commentaries. In order that Tabitha might obtain repose, Mr. Clegg usually remained until a late hour, Mrs. Ashton herself entrusting him with a latch-key on these occasions.

One night, towards the middle of October, when Joshua had been more than ordinarily crusty, and Jabez did not quit the classic corner until the "wee short hour ayont the twal," he was struck as he turned the corner from Market Street into Mosley Street to find Mr. Aspinall's carriage in waiting, with four horses and postillions.

He stood still for a moment to reassure himself, but carriages were not so common that he should mistake that one; and his heart drummed an alarm within his breast.

Hurrying on with sad misgivings, he passed two tall figures muffled in cloaks, whom he had no difficulty in recognising, from build and walk, to be the Aspinalls, father and son; and increasing his speed he gained the door, inserted his key in the latch, and was on the stairs before the cloaked individuals had finished their speculations respecting his being a robber escaped from a constable.

Formerly, Augusta had to pass his room door to reach her own, on the opposite side of the long corridor. Her new chamber was next to his own, and nearer to the staircase. A thin stream of light shot through the key-hole, and a bright narrow line cast upon the opposite wall showed the door ajar. He stood still and waited.

As if a tipsy, musically-disposed man were going past, the refrain of a rollicking song was trolled out in the street; and then Augusta, equipped as for a journey, came forth from her chamber to descend the stairs. She had calculated on the signal an hour earlier, and expected Jabez an hour later.

As she stole on tiptoe down the stairs, Jabez confronted her and barred her progress.

Her silver candlestick dropped from her hand, with the one word "Again!" and rolling down with a clang, awakened the only sleepers on that floor, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, and set Nelson barking furiously.

They were in the dark, but he had caught her hand.

"Miss Ashton, this is infatuation—madness."

"No matter, sir, let me pass, you have no right to detain me."

"But *I* have, miss," said her father coming behind, guided by their voices, his scant apparel as invisible in the gloom as himself. "Is this another attempt to disgrace us by eloping? Oh, my child, my child, you are breaking your poor old father's heart!"

"And mine!" floated like the echo of despair's last sigh from the lips of Jabez.

But the utter hopelessness of the old man's tone touched a sensitive chord of Augusta's soul, and turning, she fell upon his neck crying tearfully, "Oh, forgive me!"

The appeal of affection to affection had accomplished what reason and authority had failed to effect.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

WITH ALL HIS FAULTS.

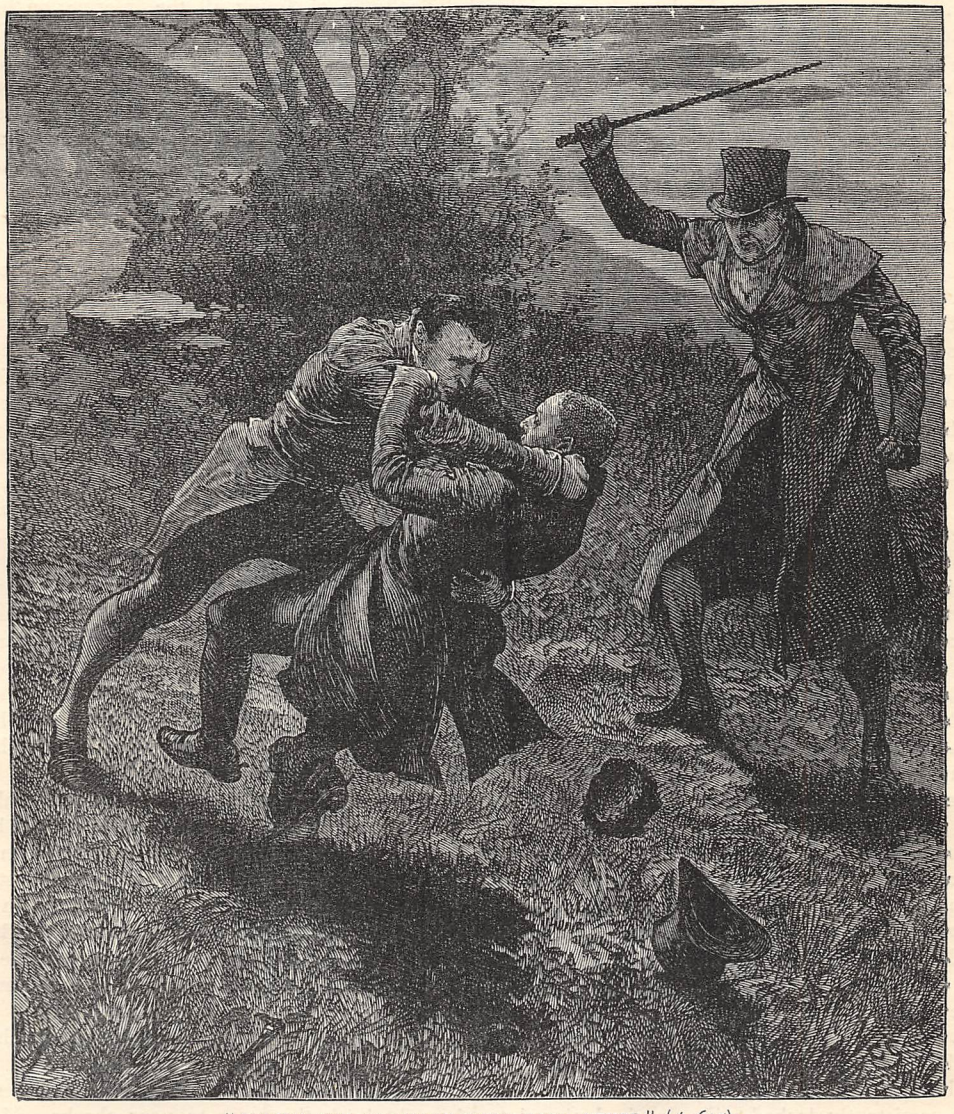
AUGUSTA'S penitence exhaled like dew from a flower. In the light of her mother's lofty displeasure her tears dried, and self-will once more exerted its pre-eminence.

She locked herself in her own room and resolutely refused to come forth.

"So long as that odious meddler Jabez Clegg remains under our roof, I will stay here; and, if you will not consent to my marriage with Laurence Aspinall, I will starve myself to death!" was her angry declaration, as she closed the door and turned the key.

twenty times in the day—as Kezia observed, "for a' th' world like a hen on a hot griddle;" and his snuff-box was hardly ever out of his hand. Business seemed altogether beyond his grasp; he answered questions at random, or was unconscious when addressed.

To this state of trouble Jabez unintentionally contributed his quota. Over the tea-table—unenlivened by



"CLOSED AND GRAPPLED WITH EACH OTHER" (*p.* 645)

"Leave her alone," said Mrs. Ashton, "she will want her food before the food wants her; and a little wholesome solitude is good for reflection. She will change her mind before the day closes."

This was at mid-day; but night came, and another noon, yet there was no sign of Miss Ashton's appearance; and Mrs. Ashton had made no overtures to her refractory daughter.

But the tender-hearted father was in a pitiable state of perturbation. In and out of the warehouse he was

Augusta's sparkling presence, though she was the sole topic of conversation—he said, not without an effort—

"It has occurred to me, and I have thought the matter well over, that since my unfortunate position in relation to late events has made my very presence obnoxious to Miss Ashton, it might be better for all concerned if I were to shift my quarters without delay. There are lodgings vacant close at hand; and I have no right to linger here and disturb the peace of any one member of your kind family."

"Jabez Clegg!" remonstrated Mr. Ashton, with wide-open eyes.

"Have you any *other* reason to be dissatisfied with present arrangements?" asked Mrs. Ashton stiffly.

"Oh! Mrs. Ashton, how can I? This house has been my home for years, and such a home as rarely falls to the lot of the fatherless. To you, my benefactors, I owe everything — almost myself; and I should ill-repay your uniform kindness by remaining to create discord."

"If your only desire to remove is to gratify Miss Ashton's whims, you will oblige me, Mr. Clegg, by remaining," replied Mrs. Ashton, with grave decision; whilst Mr. Ashton, looking the very picture of consternation, laid his hand upon the young man's sleeve, and said slowly—

"My lad, you have been one of the household for many years; do not be the first to make a breach in the family. If the child of our blood and our affections goes forth to strangers wilfully, and repudiates us, do not let the son of our adoption leave us to lament her loss in solitude."

This was strong language, but Mrs. Ashton did not gainsay it, and Mr. Clegg could not longer press the point, though his own pain was intensified by the fear of adding to the distress of Augusta, who, he was confident, regarded him as an interloper and a mischief-maker.

Little had been seen of Ellen since the return from Carr Cottage. A message despatched by Mrs. Ashton to her sister, in her dilemma, was answered by another to pray them to "excuse Miss Chadwick, who was not well enough to go out."

This somewhat disconcerted Mrs. Ashton, who, more alarmed than she would admit, and disturbed by the restless uneasiness of her husband, had looked for Ellen to act as a mediator without any compromise of her own dignity.

At the close of the second day, as Augusta pertinaciously refused to open her door, at the instance of Jabez the lock was forced; and even then a barrier of chairs and boxes had to be thrust back by sheer strength.

She was exhausted from want of food, but her will was indomitable, and neither her father's entreaties nor her mother's commands could induce her to partake the viands spread before her.

Jabez was in agony. Delicacy and her obvious dislike had kept him from intruding upon her privacy, but as hour after hour was added to the night, and Augusta persistently dashed aside the food placed to her lips, he joined his prayers to those of her father; and, neither availing, rushed out of the house, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned with Dr. Hull.

He was not a man to stand any nonsense.

"Here, sir"—to Jabez—"you are young and strong, hold the silly child's arms whilst her teeth are forced apart. If she will not take food, she shall take physic, and see which she likes the best."

But the struggle to nourish her frame through set teeth was prolonged and painful, and the parents were likely to yield before the child.

Servants may be faithful, but they have eyes and ears, and not always discreet tongues. Family matters, discussed freely in the kitchen before apprentices, found their way into the warehouse, and beyond it, and Mrs. Ashton's nerves tingled when she found the rumours afloat.

From Tim, the Ashton stable-boy, Aspinall's emissary (Bob the groom, once more in his old service) had no difficulty in obtaining all the information his young master needed.

Laurence waylaid Mr. Ashton, inquired anxiously after the obstinate girl's health, and having paved the way by as much contrition as he thought necessary, called at the house the following morning, in company with his father, to renew proposals for Miss Ashton's hand.

Worn out by Augusta's obstinacy, which she and Laurence agreed to call "constancy," father and mother were in a different frame of mind to receive this proposition than when they had given their former peremptory rejection.

They were not one whit more convinced by Mr. Laurence's assurance that he meant to "reform," or Mr. Aspinall's quotation of the adage, "a reformed rake makes the best husband;" but rather than see their child starve herself to death before their very eyes, they yielded; and Laurence Aspinall, profuse alike in thanks and professions, was permitted by aching hearts and reluctant lips to introduce Augusta to his father then and there as his bride elect.

It was a moment of triumph for Laurence when Augusta refused to come down without an assurance under his own hand. He pencilled on a card, "My Augusta, I wait for you.—Laurence." And presently, supported by a maid-servant, she entered the room, her dress of purple poplin serving to show how wan and transparent her fair skin had grown, how unnatural was the brilliance of her eyes.

She would have fallen, as much from weakness as emotion, on her entrance into the parlour, but that Laurence darted forward and caught her in an embrace which brought back somewhat of her lost colour; and if anything could have softened the pain of that hour to her parents, it was the apparent ardour and sincerity of the lover, the hope that a genuine passion might tend to wean him from his old habits and associates.

Mr. Aspinall's reception of Augusta was characteristic.

"My charming Miss Ashton, I see my son has brought back the roses to your cheeks. May they never fade again, but bloom perennially without a thorn. I rejoice to kiss your hand paternally on this auspicious occasion, and to assure you that I shall be proud to welcome such beauty and such constancy as the wife of my noble son."

Consent once obtained, the Aspinalls were as eager to press forward the marriage as the Ashtons were to retard it, neither her father nor mother affecting a satisfaction they did not feel.

"My dear," said the latter to Augusta one day, when her eyes were sparkling over a costly present just re-

ceived from Laurence, "your father was in hopes you would have fixed your heart on some good steady man like Jabez Clegg, who would have been a comfort and a credit to all of us, and have kept the business in the family after we were in our graves."

"Pshaw, mamma! how preposterous! I am surprised at my father's infatuation for that young man. I esteem him quite sufficiently for a friend, but"—and she locked an emerald ear-ring in her delicate ear—"I could not exist with a husband whose heart was in his business. My husband's heart must hold me, and me only; and I must have something to look at as well as to love."

"Ah! Augusta, it must be a very small heart indeed which cannot find room both for a wife and a business to maintain her fittingly. The sheen of a dress which must last a life is of less consequence than its durable texture."

"Well, mamma, so long as the material pleases my eye, I will take the wear upon trust. And do not be surprised that *your* daughter prefers a fine man and a gentleman to one whose fortune is in the clouds, and whose origin is so obscure, he has not *even a name* to call his own."

She was standing to admire herself and her new jewellery in the Venetian glass between the windows as she said this, and her mother's figure filling in the frame, Jabez Clegg came and went unseen, a pang in his heart, and an intensified resolve to make both fortune and name for himself, even though his master's daughter vanished from his vision.

Nothing would induce Mr. Ashton to part with his child until she was at least eighteen; and in that particular he was proof against the importunities of Laurence and the cajoleries of Augusta. So for ten months (during which the lawyers had ample time to quarrel over the settlement of Augusta's £18,000, so that too much or too little should not be tied down on the lady) the dashing young blade was on his trial, so to speak, and contrived to beguile both father and mother of their prejudices; whilst to Augusta a new world of gaiety was opened out.

As her daughter's chaperon, Mrs. Ashton renewed her acquaintance with the yellow satin cushions of the Assembly Rooms, the Gentlemen's Concerts discoursed sweet music in their ears, Miss Ashton could take her seat in the boxes of the Theatre Royal without fear of Mrs. Broadbent's fan, and Kezia was in her glory, so many balls and parties had to be catered for; and Mr. Laurence Aspinall was in the ascendant.

All this was inexpressibly painful to Jabez, but as he had written to Ben Travis that "there was something more for men to do than die for disappointments or blighted love," so he set his face like a rock against the breakers, and gave himself entirely to business. He said to himself it would be cowardice to flee from that which must be borne and mastered, so never another word was heard of his seeking a home elsewhere. If he was brave, he was not foolhardy enough to court pain in the sight of his rival's triumph, and though in his determination to "stick to his last," he had eschewed all art which came not within the scope of pattern-designing, to that he turned with redoubled assiduity after business hours, having found a profitable market apart from Mr. Ashton's firm, as his account with the Savings Bank in Cross Street had borne witness from the date of its establishment in January, 1818.

But for a brief space, and that whilst the wound was raw and new, his ministrations to the dying chaplain of the Old Church not only carried him out of sight and hearing, but drew his thoughts away from his own sorrow.

Once only did Joshua scarify the sore.

In an interval of pain he said with his customary abruptness, "And so that pretty lass of thy master's is going to throw herself away on the wild rascal who pitched thee over the wall?"

Jabez could not trust himself to answer save by a movement of his head.

"Ugh! she'd better ha' takken a fancy to thee!"

Half-an-hour or more elapsed. Waking from a doze, he said—

"Dost thou remember my telling thee to look at Hogarth's 'Apprentices' in Chadwick's parlour?"

"Indeed, I do! They have influenced my life," answered Mr. Clegg with a sigh, pouring out a dose of medicine as he spoke.

"More physic, eh! Ugh! doctors kill more than they cure with their stuff! Aye, lad, thah'st mounted up, thou'lt be a master thyself some day, if thou dost not forget that *Jabez* must be an *honourable* man!"

"I never did forget it, sir, even though the apprentice boy was mad enough to aspire to his master's daughter! But losing her, I have learned a new lesson. The prayer of the olden Jabez, which has been mine night and morn from boyhood, was a prayer for *self* and *self* only, and I had no right to look for an answer to all the hopes I based upon it. If I have not been 'kept from evil,' and it *has* 'grieved me,' I prayed for myself *alone*, and in grief I have my answer. Prayer should take a wider range."

"Right, lad, right! now let me sleep."

When he waked again he remarked, "It's time for thee to be off, Jabez; but time is running faster with me than thee, lad. Here, reach yon Terence from the bureau. It is the Edinburgh edition. Keep it for the sake of the rough old Parson who gave thee thy name. And take care of it. Good night. How thick the fog is!"

That was the ninth of November. When Jabez came again on the eleventh, the fog had cleared away from Joshua Brookes' sight for ever; and fountains of tears ran freely from many eyes for the hot, hasty, single-minded, and learned Parson, whose name was a household word in the town, and who had ever been a kind friend to Jabez.

In his life he had been at war with huckster-women, street-urchins, school-boys, and his ecclesiastical brethren. In his death the wide parish and more than the parish united to reverence his memory, those who had laughed loudest at his eccentricities being foremost to bewail him.

Even the November clouds hung thick and heavy

as a pall over the Old Church and churchyard, crowded with mourners, when his silent remains were carried to their bed in the cross-aisles his own feet had trodden so many active years, and if others besides Jabez shed tears over the open and honoured grave, there was many an old creature mourning in solitude, besides the queer old woman in kerchief and mutch, who sat amongst her sweets in a closed shop, and lamented that "so young a man as Parson Brookes should be carried off before her."

"Well-a-day! and only sixty-seven! He'll want no more humbugs, and no more cakes for his pigeons. Poor Jotty!"

There was no mention of Jabez in his will, but when the young man took the old worn Terence sadly and reverently down from the shelf where he had first placed it, on turning over its leaves he found a bank-note for £300 pinned to the fly-leaf, on which was inscribed his own name and that of the eccentric donor.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

MARRIAGE.

HAD Jabez been vindictive, the opportunity, or at least the promise of revenge on his successful rival was not wanting.

Various efforts had been made to call the Manchester Yeomanry to account for their doings at Peterloo, and many had been the overtures and suggestions to Jabez Clegg by members of the Radical party to join in the prosecution of the offenders. But he resolutely refused to name the trooper who struck him, saying—

"I forgave the man at the time, believing him to be drunk and incapable of discrimination. If I have since had reason to think otherwise, I cannot be so mean as to allow private feeling to influence a public act."

It would be false to say there never was a tug at his heart-strings when the tempters were again at his elbow, before they made their final attempt in 1822. But he said to himself—

"If it would have been revengeful at the time when the bodily injury was fresh, it would be doubly revengeful, mean and dishonourable, now that he has supplanted me in love. And in striking at him I should wound Augusta, and that must never be."

The temptation to expose his adversary was set aside, and thus it was that Laurence Aspinall's name was not added to the four defenders' on the record of the trial at Lancaster in April; and as that trial, after the examination of nearly a hundred witnesses of all ranks, terminated unsuccessfully for the prosecution, the forbearance of our friend Jabez spared him the mortification of defeat.

The year rolled on. At the instance of Mr. Ashton Jabez withdrew the bulk of his deposits from the Savings Bank, and adding to Joshua Brookes' gift the £200 he had accumulated by working late and early, and saving even during his apprenticeship small sums, placed all in his master's hands to be invested in the business, and so return him a higher rate of interest. And this was the first absolute start of Jabez as a capitalist.

The joyous excitement attending Augusta's own preparations for her approaching nuptials was somewhat damped by the unaccountable condition of Ellen Chadwick, whose health, instead of improving during her visit to Carr Cottage, had appeared to decline still more perceptibly. A constant pain at her chest, frequent head-aches, uncertain spirits, and increasing languor, gave Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick real cause for uneasiness; but Ellen would not hear of a doctor, and maintained that it was "nothing to trouble about," she should "be better soon."

But she did not get "better soon," and when the first August sun shone on Augusta's birthday and bridal, it taxed her powers to the utmost to sustain efficiently her part as bridesmaid.

Had Captain Travis accepted his lieutenant's invitation to be groomsman, she would have found it still more difficult; but a comparative stranger, a Mr. Joseph Bennett, of Gorton, filled the post, the bride's father having objected very decidedly to bold Ned Barret.

Yet Ben Travis and Jabez Clegg were both among the guests, albeit it cost each a struggle. The two had mutually strengthened each other as such friends should, arriving at the Spartan decision to "suffer and be silent, facing their fate like men."

And, indeed, old Mr. Ashton had wrung the hand of Jabez at least a week before, and said—

"I'm sorry for you, Clegg, I am, upon my soul; and I'm sorry for our poor lass too, for she's made a mistake. But keep a brave heart, and don't let that slashing yeomanry fellow crow over you. As Mrs. Ashton would say, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' and we must all of us show the best face at the wedding that we can."

If that meant elaborate display in dress and decorations, and provision for the bridal breakfast and dinner, then the face exhibited was a shining one.

Mrs. Hodgson, the fashionable mantua-maker and milliner of Oldham Street (where two or three of the private houses had been converted into shops), had kept her apprentices at work almost night and day for weeks, executing bridal orders from the Ashtons and their friends. A very snowstorm might have passed through the work-room, such heaps of white French crape and satin, lace and organdi, lutestring and gauze, littered and covered available space, putting matronly brocade, velvet, and llama quite into the shade.

The warehouse saw little of Mrs. Ashton for a week or ten days previously. Cicily, who had gone over to the Aspinalls, had begged to be allowed to help Kezia for that occasion; and roasted her own face in spinning gold and silver webs and baskets from sugar for the table, making 'floating islands,' syllabubs, trifles, jellies, and blancmange to supplement the solid dishes Kezia dressed with so much skill. And Mr. Mabbot sent in a 'Temple of Hymen,' and a bride's cake prepared six weeks in advance.

The bride, alternately radiant and tearful like an April day, veiled with lace, and crowned with white rose-buds and orange-blossoms, wore a low-bodiced

dress of white satin, festooned round the skirt with lace at a guinea a yard (a rare extravagance then), whilst on neck and arms, and in her tiny ears, were negligé, bracelets, and earrings of pearl, the gift of the gallant bridegroom's gallant father.

The bridegroom was scarcely less resplendent in his high-collared blue coat and gold buttons, his white waistcoat buttoned to match, his glossy white trousers, and low shoes tied with a bunch of silk-ferret. An oblong brooch set with a rim of pearls held down his broad fine shirt-frills; from his fob hung a huge bunch of gold seals pendent from a flat gold watch-chain; and in his hand (not crushing his elaborate curls, now clustering richly as ever) he carried a hat of white beaver of the newest shape.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ashton it was a matter of open regret that Joshua Brookes, who had christened Augusta, should not have lived to marry her also; but Mr. Aspinall, whose reminiscences of the old chaplain were of another order, was much better satisfied to see his own personal friend, Parson Gatliffe, the *bon vivant*, behind the altar-rails.

If the bride was tall and graceful, with sunshine in her eyes and in her classic curls, tall and stately was the bride's mother, whose long train of purple silk velvet swept the aisles, though trains were far from common.

There was no faltering over the responses. There was a glow of modest pride on the cheek of Augusta; a look of mingled ardour and exultation on the face of Laurence; his "*I will*" was pronounced with a force which was almost fierce, yet as she faintly promised to "obey," he pressed her hand with smiling significance.

The ceremony over, the bride did not faint, but turning to her moist-eyed father, threw her arms around his neck and clung to him, whispering how grateful she was that he had given her the man of her choice, and that he should see what a good wife she would make; and the impromptu embrace sent a shower of snuff over white satin and lace.

Yet some one fainted, whom Ben Travis caught in his strong arms and carried to the church door for air: a dark-haired, black-eyed bridesmaid, whose face was white and transparent as her own robe.

Custom had not set its imperative seal on the wedding tour as a necessity, but after a magnificent solid dinner, to which the party did full justice, and an elaborate dessert, during which the cake was cut, and Mr. Aspinall proposed the health of the bride in an inflated toast, demanding that it should be drunk in bumpers, "and no heel-taps," the wedded pair drove off in Mr. Aspinall's carriage to his family mansion at Fallowfield, there to spend the honeymoon.

"Good-bye, Jabez," said Augusta, putting her small soft hand into his as they left the house; "you will comfort my father and mother, will you not? I trust them to you!"

And he replied with the fervency of truth, "I accept the trust willingly. Good-bye, Mrs. Aspinall" (how the word choked him!). "May God bless you, and the marriage you have contracted. Good-bye!"

He did not kiss her hand—had not taken the common liberty of guests to kiss the bride's lips in church; he did but press her hand as any old friend who had grown up with her under the same roof might have done; but before the carriage had well dashed from the door, or the bridegroom had fairly settled himself on his seat, he turned to the fair young wife, whose prophetic tears were now falling fast, with the sharp rebuke—

"What was that foundling fellow mumbling over your hand? You will please to remember that that hand is mine now, Mrs. Aspinall. You have promised to *love* and *obey* me—ME your LORD and MASTER. And MASTER I mean to be. I have borne the fooling of your friends and your own pretty caprices long enough. It is my turn now; and if any man so much as dares to look at you, I'll pound him to a jelly! And now dry your eyes and give me a kiss!"

And that was the inauguration of Augusta Aspinall's married life.

It has been said that the bridesmaid fainted. Every lady carried a smelling-bottle, and means to revive her were not far to seek. She soon recovered, and with a sensitive blush withdrew from the arms which had been so proud to sustain her, casting her eyes round as if in search of some other whose service might have been more acceptable.

But she suffered no relapse. She was ready to wait upon the bride, to sign "Ellen Chadwick" in the church register, and to assist Mr. Joseph Bennett in cutting up the cake for distribution with cards and gloves to friends not present.

It was an arduous task, and she succumbed before it was half completed.

"Miss Chadwick, you are not well; let me relieve you," said Jabez, coming to her assistance after the "happy pair" had driven off, and whilst peals of laughter, shouts, and hurrahs came from the dining-room where gentlemen were honouring the bridal by drinking themselves senseless and speechless.

Ellen remained with her aunt a few days longer, during which Jabez, exceedingly pained to see the ravages hidden disease had made in so estimable a young lady, was pitifully attentive.

He could not, however, fail to see that his attentions distressed her; and on the whole he was not sorry when Augusta's parents and he were left to themselves, to talk of their own dear one and speculate on her future.

Weeks went by. Mrs. Aspinall visited her old home, but never without her husband; and never was she allowed to remain more than an hour. Her spirits seemed exuberant, but somehow her unusual vivacity jarred on her mother's nerves, and she suspected that her spirits were forced.

Meanwhile Ellen Chadwick faded.

Dr. Hardie called in at last—watched his patient with curious and attentive eye, perplexed and dubious.

He had been friend as well as physician since Mr. Chadwick's attack of paralysis, and was a close observer. Now he came and went in a gossiping sort of way, to put his patient at ease, and off her guard. He was there one day when Jabez was announced, and

saw a sudden spasmodic action of the face, a dilation of the pupils, a scarce perceptible pant and parting of the lips, and then he watched her closer. He introduced Mr. Clegg's name, as if casually, whilst his fingers were on her pulse. The results of his observations were told to Mr. Chadwick the same day.

"Your daughter has no specific disease, Mr. Chadwick. She is simply *love-sick*."

"L-love-s-sick!"

"Yes; and her secret passion is consuming her. Medicine cannot save the patient's life if her affection be not returned, and that right speedily."

Mr. Chadwick was aghast.

"I feared as much," said Mrs. Chadwick, with a sigh.

"Then you will have an inkling who is the desired object?" put the doctor.

"I think so."

"Does your maternal instinct point to Mr. Clegg?" he asked, with a curious look.

"It does; but he himself has no suspicion, and, I am sure, regards Ellen only as a friend—a friend elevated a little above him."

"Is the young man courting?"

"I believe not."

"Then," said the doctor sententiously, "the sooner he is, the better for Miss Chadwick. Her life is not worth a month's purchase unless Mr. Clegg become the buyer. But let not Miss Ellen hear a whisper of my opinion. Good day."

And snatching up his hat the doctor departed, leaving them to their reflections.

Here was a delicate subject to be dealt with, and that without loss of time, or the sacrifice of their beloved child's sensitiveness and reserve.

Unknown to Ellen a family conclave assembled under the Mosley Street roof, to discuss the momentous question, and deliberate what was best to be done.

Long and grave were their deliberations. At length, taking Mr. Chadwick's imperfect speech into consideration, Mr. Ashton consented to lay the case before Jabez, and leave his brother-in-law to supplement it, if necessary; though opinions were divided as to the result.

Being after business hours, Mr. Ashton found Jabez in his own room, doing his best to dissipate thought by hard work, mind and hand being busy with a chintz-pattern for calico-printing.

There was a nervous plunge into the gold snuff-box, and a consequent flourish of a gay bandana, and some time spent in examining the incomplete design on the desk, before Mr. Ashton could fairly enter on his embassy.

After a little prelude, in which, whilst enlarging on the serious nature of his niece's illness, he elicited from Jabez that he held the young lady in the very highest esteem, and was deeply grieved to hear of her perilous state, he put down his snuff-box on the table before him, and drawing up his chair so as to bring their heads closer together, looked steadfastly into the other's clear eyes as he put the question—

"And what should you think of *love* as the cause of her malady?"

"LOVE!" echoed Jabez, his mind running off to the agonised confession made to him on the Taxal hillside.

"Yes, *love*, and for the very man whose merits *my* foolish child failed to see."

Jabez looked at him vaguely.

"Surely not Mr. Marsland!"

"Pah! no!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, as if disgusted at his obtuseness. "Yourself, man—Jabez Clegg."

Jabez fixed his eyes on his informant in blank amazement, a monosyllabic long-drawn "Me!" being his sole response.

"Just so!" assented Mr. Ashton, and he took a pinch of snuff on the strength of it.

"Oh, sir, there must be some mistake! How has this been ascertained? Has Miss Chadwick made——"

"No, Clegg, the poor lass has never said one word, except with her eyes and pulse. Dr. Hardie made the discovery now, and it turns out Mrs. Chadwick suspected it long ago."

"Oh, dear, dear! this is very terrible!"

He was estimating the pain in Ellen's heart by that in his own.

"Very terrible indeed, Clegg, for Hardie says the lass's life is not worth as much as a yard of filleting if her love meets no return."

The head of Jabez sank in his open hands upon the table. What would his friend Travis think of all this?

Presently he raised his face, over which a strange change had passed.

"Mr. Ashton, what would you have me do?"

"Whatever Jabez Clegg thinks he ought to do," he answered steadily, adding in another tone, "I would have been glad to have given thee my own child: my brother-in-law implores thee to take his child, to save her life."

After a prolonged silence Jabez spoke.

"Mr. Ashton, I hold that love alone can sanctify marriage, and my love has blossomed and died fruitless. Yet so highly do I esteem Miss Chadwick, and so proud am I of the great honour she has done me in her preference, that I place myself in your hands. If I can spare so amiable a young lady the pain I suffer from rejected love, I should be a brute and a savage to refuse her the remnant of a valueless life. We may at least soften its asperities for each other."

The Chadwicks went home with minds relieved, but Jabez had stipulated that nothing should be said to Ellen of their overtures to him, no hint given which could alarm her shrinking modesty.

The following day he called to inquire about her health, made his genuine anxiety apparent, and noted as he had never done before how her lip trembled and her eyelid drooped. Gradually, as his attentions became more marked, her health and spirits rose, and when at last he proposed to her calmly, quietly, as though he sought a haven wher the frothy waves of a

first passion had subsided, she accepted him as God's best gift, all unaware that his offer was not spontaneous, or that her cousin Augusta was yet deeply shrined in his secret heart.

He had been at first greatly concerned about Ben Travis, but the generous fellow, to whom he felt in honour bound to explain his conduct, only wrung his hand and said, "I could not resign her to a worthier."

The letter sent to acquaint Richard Chadwick, the midshipman, with his sister's engagement, brought back an answer which unveiled the only mystery of Jabez Clegg's life.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

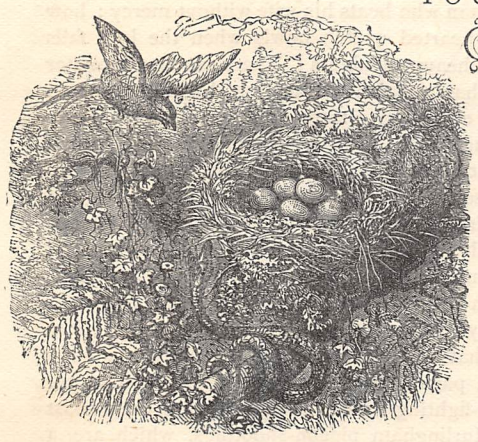
DUSK.

THE misty moth-time is begun ;
Trees stand like shadows in the lanes,
Birds sing their farewells to the sun,
And candles shine through cottage-panes :
And now the west glow softly wanes,
And crickets about houses run ;
The sky is losing all its stains—
The night comes on, and day is done.

Repose will ease the workman's pains,
And speak to him of sleep well won :
He walks in peace along the lanes,
That have new scent now rain is done ;
Stars come to full light one by one,
Between wet leaves along the lanes ;
He sees them as he walks, but none
Cheer him like light through cottage panes.

GUY ROSLYN.

YOUR CRUELTIES.



QUITE unconfessable, these, of course. We confess the order of offences that carry self-compliments at the heart of them. "Oh, yes, I know I *am* proud," a man says. "Haughtiness, my dear," says mamma, "is the fault of our family." "Well, I can't help being lavish," says Jones, "I suppose it runs in the blood ; but it's better than being miserly, isn't it, old fellow ?" It is astonishing what a multitude of this sort of confessions men and women continually make, but you seldom hear them say, "Oh, what a temper I have !" or "Oh, how mean I am !" or "Oh, how lazy I grow !" or "Oh, how cruel I feel !"

Yet many people *are* cruel who never think so. They subscribe to the admirable society which exists for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but though in this society they include what plebeian citizens call "osses," they do not always include men. Take satire for instance. Well, what a fearful surgical instrument that is ! It is a kind of vivisection of human nature. Society is quite right in objecting to physical vivisection. It is a dastardly process, because the poor brutes can't get up indignation meetings ; nay, more : sometimes, as we have read, they have even holes cut in their wind-pipe, that their sufferings may never turn into howlings, which would distract students. Yes, dastardly I say—for it is—many against one, and it is known to inflict the keenest and most agonising tortures conceivable. Only in very special cases, and with very definite and special ends of highest utility, should it ever be sanctioned. We are all, I hope, agreed on this—the parliament of public opinion has condemned such cruelty. Question put—That vivisection be at once and for ever disallowed? The Ayes have it ! and a sad day it would be for England if they did not have it. But satire constitutes in its exercise on individuals a kind of mental vivisection, and society often sanctions *that ;* to how many might it not be said, "*That* is your cruelty." Yes, my fair lady friend, you who very properly punished young Knickerbockers for spiking flies on the window-pane, and leaving them to buzz to death, with a pin through their backs—that very same day, after dinner, you spiked some unfortunate wight, whose conversation laid bare the badly-furnished state of his upper chambers, in exactly the same fashion. Poor fellow ! he thought the company were laughing *with* him, and he just caught sight of one look out of the tail of your eye, which told him they were laughing *at* him ! But please to remember that his discomfiture and pain did not exactly grieve you. Many gentle-looking ladies can be exceedingly cruel when they like. But perhaps a public school lad happens to be reading this page, and he will know what I mean by *his* cruelties. It is perfectly true that delicate gentlemanly-looking little boys get amazingly well taken care of at public schools by the bigger fellows, and are treated like pet terriers, guarded by mastiffs. There is often a chivalrous feeling concerning these delicate diminutives, and woe be to any one who insults them ! But tell me how it is with many heavy-headed fellows ? fellows who are heavy at both ends, and who cannot run well or work well ! What kind of treatment

do these amiable but uninteresting, and ofttimes timid, boys receive? Torture! nothing more—nothing less! Real downright snubbing, and surreptitious smacks and shoves, and patent dishonours, and regular drubbings, till their very play-hours are miseries! They've got to go through with it all, and in time they manage to find little happinesses here and there about their school-path; but you know that they suffer a considerable amount of cruelty, and boys can be *very* cruel.

It doesn't seem to trouble them when they sack the birds'-nest which the mother from a neighbouring tree is watching—with tears, not in her eyes, but at her little fluttering heart. And sometimes school-boys neglect their pets; and their dormice and rabbits die of starvation and neglect.

But some of my readers are not boys now—only old boys perhaps—and they find nothing answering to their present state in this sketch of cruelty. Can *they* be cruel? Yes, for selfishness is always cruel, and old age can sometimes be intensely selfish. Paid companions, for instance, don't always live next door to Paradise, and compensation even can be given in a way which cuts sensitive hearts to the quick.

Your cruelties? Ah! that is just it; we all are guilty of them, and I cannot get to the class that I want particularly to read my next remark, save and except some youthful nursemaid here and there should read this in a leisure hour. I saw in my walk the other day—such a scorching day! the heat being intense—a row of untended perambulators. I came to an iron bridge over a railway, and there I saw in phalanx one, two, three, four, five, six perambulators! All of them were ranged in a row sideways, at the bottom of some bridge steps, and all had children in them. Some were hot and crying, some were hot and drooping, their heads hanging over the wheels; but their attendants were—nowhere. Yes, excuse me, they were somewhere, for when I ascended the steps, and got on to the bridge-top, I found all the grown-up children there, playing in high glee together, while the babies were sobbing below, or showing signs of incipient apoplexy under the burning influence of the sun. The little carriages were all run up towards the fence, and constituted a line of misery.

And let me append to this another instance of child-cruelty that I saw yesterday. Verily, dear reader, yesterday—not the figurative yesterday of poets, but the actual one. I heard a moaning sound, as of a wounded hare, and when I looked over a hedge, I saw a wee child alone on its back in a field, shaking itself with sobs. It was evidently *cried out*, if I may use the expression. There was no more roar in its little breath! At a distance were some girls playing. I stopped and looked at them with blank astonishment. The frown gathered on my face, and if it had not been for the hedge, I should have made after them and lectured them, when, to my astonishment, a brazen-faced little hussy of about thirteen stepped up, bent her shoulders, poked her head forward, and with a grinning expression thus accosted me—

"Ain't we cruel?"

Well, I thought, if that is the acorn out of which is to develop the feminine side of England's oak to-morrow, so much the worse for England.

It is a terrible and a sickening thought how much intense cruelty there is inflicted each day on the animal creation. It is said, but I know not with how much truth, that nations who believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis are not so cruel as ourselves. But even their kindness does not arise from virtue, but from a fear of being overdriven, thrashed, and wounded themselves at some future day. Who can see the drunken drivers of brick and coal carts without a sense of horror at the treatment that the poor cattle receive?

By-the-by, that is not likely to be your cruelty, but it may be true that when you travel by road you do not always stay in the stable to see your horse properly fed and watered, which you always ought to do. A master's eye should always be as searching in the stables as a mistress's is in the nursery.

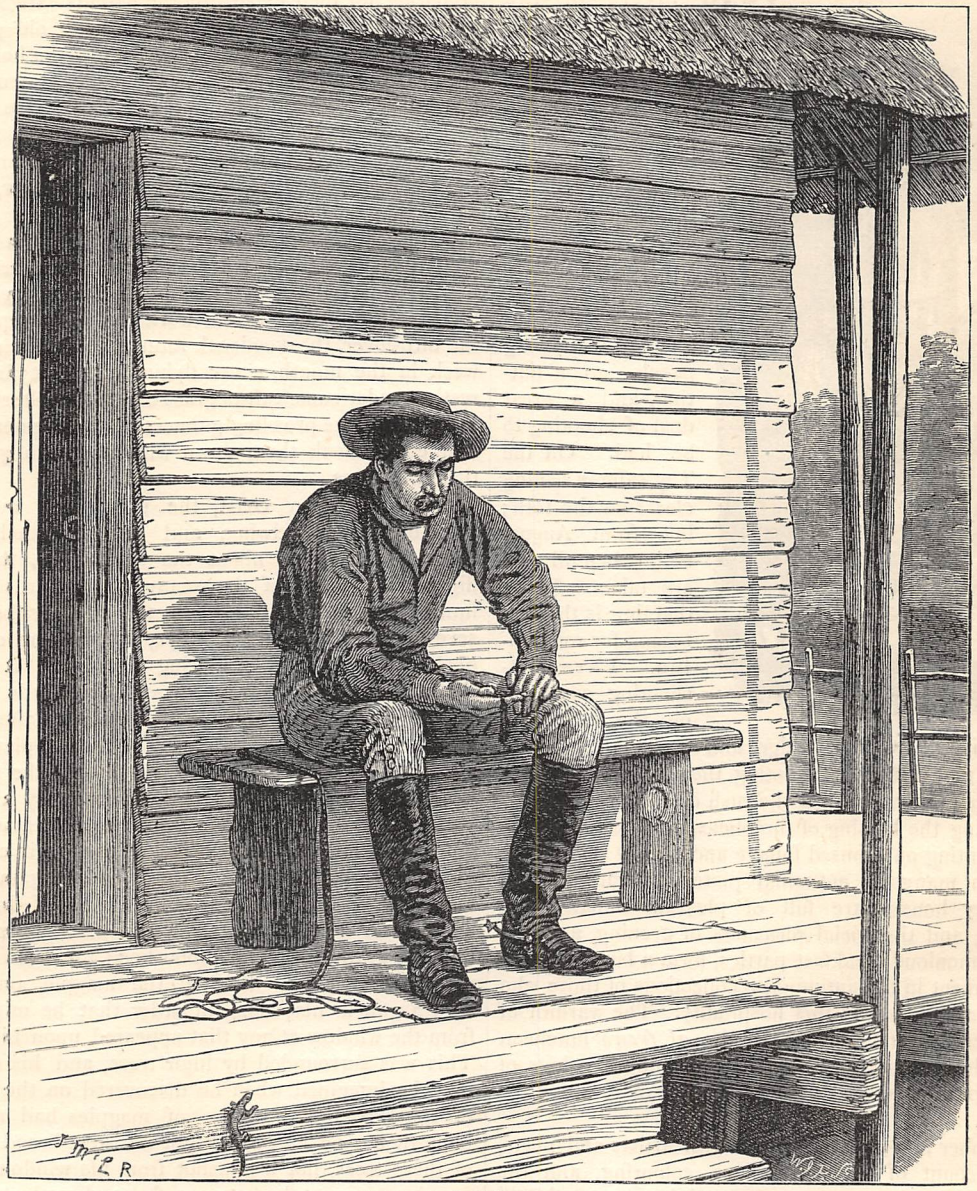
Cruelty, then, is of many kinds. There is a great deal of cowardice amongst cruel people. Take the satirist: try the cat-tail of sneering on his back. Take the man who beats his wife without mercy: how the craven-hearted wretch howls when the lash falls on his own heavy shoulders! There can be no greater kindness than to give the loafing, hulking, drunken vagabonds of society a taste of this treatment pretty often, seeing that it *is* a deterrent to these inhuman brutes, who make their wives' lives one long-protracted misery.

Cruelty is never so shameful as when the object of it is not only in our presence, but in our power; and there is something still barbaric in the laws of England, which permit in some sort the right of punishment to any man over his wife. We may congratulate ourselves that in some aspects of the case England *is* better than pagan Rome. Public sentiment has put down prize-fighting and cock-fighting, but there exist still the Hurlingham pigeon-shootings, which are a shame and disgrace to the rich, just as the field enjoyments of Londoners, Sheffielders, and Liverpoolites are a shame to the humbler classes.

Cruelty, as we all know, is a thing of growth. Callousness, like the thick skin on a musician's fingers, is a matter of growth, and sensitivity of feeling soon becomes dulled. Children should be most carefully educated in consideration, and they should never be allowed to associate manliness with any form of cruelty. They should learn to hate the big bully of the school, instead of making a hero of him.

A considerable amount of cruelty in human life arises from vulgarity of heart. We must remember that many broken-down gentlemen can bear blows better than coarse treatment, and it *is* hard for the sensitive, the refined, and the educated to have to be in any sense dependent upon those who are in no sense finely strung or nobly trained.

You can avoid being cruel only by possessing those sentiments of honour, and considerateness, and delicacy, and anti-selfism which characterise in all climes and countries the real nobility of the world.



(Drawn by J. M'L. RALSTON.)

TREASURES.

WE take delight in little things,
In written vows, memorial rings :
We find the treasures of the earth
In little things of little worth.

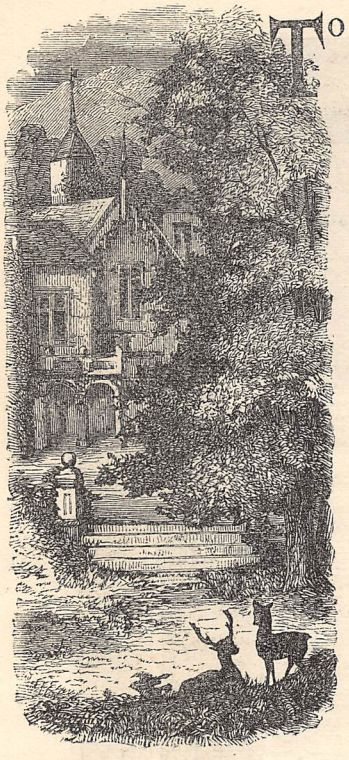
Why were we born beneath the stars,
That glow for us through cloudy bars,
Revealing all the heaven above,
If we were never born to love ?

I cannot tell, I only know
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And all the days are bright and fair
And golden days because of her.

We live in love of little things,
Of lockets, letters, treasured rings :
We find the riches of the earth
In little things of little worth.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

OCTOBER PLEASURES.



TO lovers of the country October is in some respects the most pleasurable month of the year. The trees and hedgerows are in the height of beauty, reddened and yellowed by early frosts. There is a little hunting, a little salmon-fishing, the young people go a-nutting, and a great deal of shooting to be had. On the Tay, salmon-fishing closes on the 10th; but from August 20th (when all nets are taken off) to that time is the best season for rod-fishing. Pheasant-shooting comes in on the 1st; and after a month at the partridges and six or eight weeks of grouse and black-cock shooting, the sportsman rejoices to try his powers against the rush of a pheasant.

During the beating of the pheasant-covers, with the sun glinting on bronzed foliage and yellow stubble, he obtains many an autumnal picture of rare beauty. Country houses are full of pleasant inmates this month, and the social pleasures of evening, and the unceremonious breakfast parties, form a large item of amusement in the autumnal recollections of those who have participated in this hospitality. The warmth of noon enhances the delight of the *al fresco* luncheon near the golden woods, while the chilly evenings of this month draw the family circle once more round the hearth.

October is a great favourite with artists and poets, on account of its harmonious colouring, and the tender lights it casts around the dying year. "Chill October," Mr. Millais' wonderful picture of its scenery, must be in every one's mind; and as for poetry, Keats bears off the palm from all his brethren in his personification of autumn—

> "Whoever seeks abroad may find
> Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
> Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
> Or on a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,
> Drowsed with the fume of poppies;"

while Bryant and Lowell revel in the beauty of their own "Indian Summer." But all these glories soon depart on the wings of the swallows. We have seen late in the autumn a very pretty family of these birds preparing for their departure, the parents careering in short flights round the apple-trees in an old garden while the young ones sat on the tiles of the house, or even on the topmost twigs of the trees, presenting a beautiful contrast of colour to the ruddy fruitage beside them. And then a few more days, and they fled to the sunny South. The middle of October, earlier or later, according to the character of the weather, is the date of the swallow's departure.

Swifts have left in August, and occasionally a house-martin stays on till November, only to perish as miserably as the drone which has been driven out of the hive by the industrious workers. To compensate the bird-lover, the woodcock returns about the second week in the month, never flying inland at first, but resting under some tuft of grass or other shelter by the sea-side. Here prowling gunners shoot the poor birds, and even knock them down with sticks, so great is their weakness.

On the eastern coast, the short-eared owl, the Royston crow, redwing, and golden-crested wren come across to us about the same time, the first flight as it were of the many winter birds which immigrate to England when the weather becomes severe. A great many snipe, also, come over to gladden the sportsman during October. It is believed that numerous magpies and blackbirds at this season join their congeners which have remained with us to nest. We thus saw a party of ten magpies flying about together late in October, 1873. But the magpie is so artful that these may have been only a family party, more distinctly seen owing to the leaves beginning to fall. A curious instance of their cunning in this respect is told in Norfolk, where game is so highly preserved that the appearance of but one magpie on a man's estate would draw down upon him the wrath of the neighbourhood. An old gentleman in that county detested the magpie, and slept with a gun in his room, in order that he might fire from the window at any that appeared upon his lawn. This was surrounded by high trees, and his chagrin may be imagined when he discovered on the falling of the leaves that a pair of magpies had actually built their nest and safely got off their brood in one of these trees, not a gunshot from his window. The cunning parents had never flown directly to their nest, or disported themselves on the lawn, but had taken care to fly to it from tree to tree, and then only early and late in the day. Even at this early period of winter on our eastern shores the gunner may find the green and the red shank, knot, heron, brent-geese, bar-tailed godwit, and grey plover.

The gardener must protect his beds from early and late frosts, which are all the more deadly after the bright noontides of October. It is curious how very slight a covering will often ward off frost. Thus a few handfuls of straw loosely scattered amongst early potatoes growing in the open will effectually obviate damage. In the midland counties we have

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE GO A-NUTTING."

"*OCTOBER PLEASURES*" (*see p.* 658).

ere now seen on the 1st of June a frost severe enough to blacken potatoes as if they had all been scorched, so that this simple expedient is well worth remembering.

All dead leaves and flowers should also be removed from plants; they act as nests of mildew, and speedily destroy them. When the autumnal blooms are over, it is a good plan to cut off the longer shoots of roses. Wind and weather then affect them less, and the regular pruning of the year can be better performed in March. Let the standards next be mulched, and they will generally endure the winter's frosts. There is no better month than October in which to plant roses, so that all who are emulous of first prizes and silver cups ought now to bestir themselves. Nurserymen send out their best plants to those who give orders betimes.

Amongst new kinds the following are highly commended: Emily Laxton (bright light rose), Etienne Levet (crimson, and large), François Michelon (pale cherry), Madame Lacharme (pale blush), Richard Wallace (bright crimson), and Miss Hassard.

If any one newly infected with rose-growing wishes for a dozen and a half roses to combine beauty, vigour, variety of bloom, and abundance of flowers, we can cordially recommend this selection; and if they be planted now, they will certainly not disappoint next June:—Devoniensis, Madame Charles Crapelet, Souvenir d'un Ami, Souvenir de Malmaison, John Hopper, La France, Madame Boll, Marguerite de St. Amand, Abel Grand, Celine Forrestier, Louise Odier, Jules Margottin, Gloire de Dijon, Mademoiselle Bonnaire, Pierre Notting, Madame Victor Verdier, Xavier Olibo, and Madame Clemence Joigneaux.

So much for the Queen of Flowers. In the orchard great activity should prevail this month, as apples and pears have to be gathered without bruising them, and then stored on clean straw for the winter. They must not touch each other, else they will mildew. Filberts ought also to be carefully collected. Hoe and dig among the winter crops of spinach, greens, &c. Clear away all rubbish, weeds, dead leaves, straggling branches, &c., and commit them to a bonfire. By this means frost and sun obtain admission to the borders, and regenerate the soil for next year. Few things improve a garden so much as burnt earth and rubbish. This is also a capital month in which to plant orchard trees, shrubs, or forest trees. They get well established before being called upon to bud in spring.

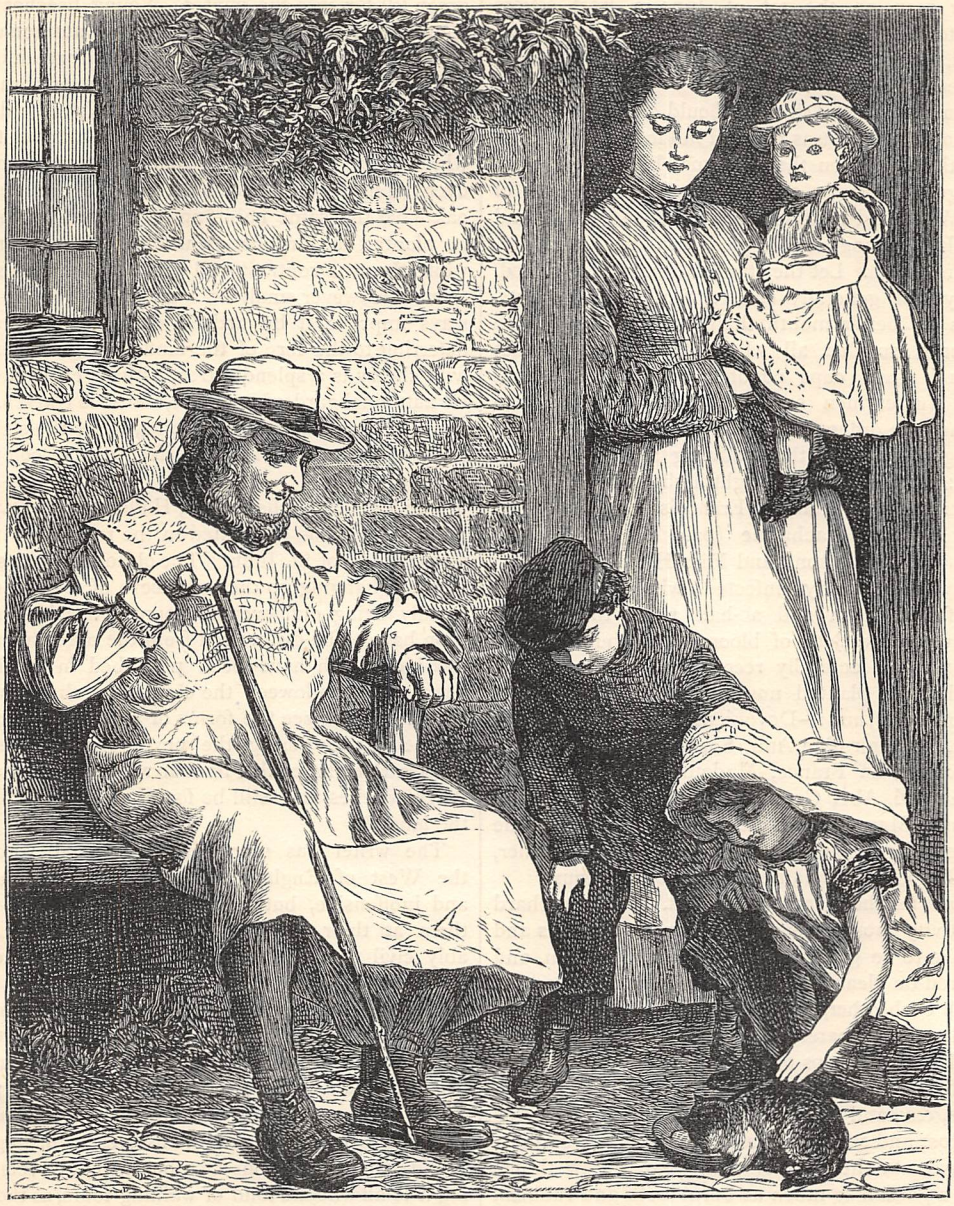
The observant mind will find much that is noteworthy in the leaf-fall—how, choked with earthy matter and having performed their work for the year, the old leaves are gradually thrust off the axis by the young ones, and then drop with every frost and every high wind. The scar soon heals, and the new bud pushes and swells till spring causes it to burst, in order that nature's cycle of increase may begin afresh. The mulberry and walnut are among the first trees to lose their leaves, the ash (especially, says White, if it bears many keys) and the horse-chestnut come next. Sycamores, having large leaves, soon have them reft off by the autumnal gales. Apple-trees often remain green till far into the winter. Young beeches greatly contribute to the russet colour of the autumnal woodlands conferred by the dead bracken, by retaining their rustling brown leaves until the new leaves thrust them off in early spring, when they fall gently down in the warm sunshine, in a very different manner to those which were torn from the older trees and sent flying over the fields in late October. Some varieties of the oak have the same habit, and are therefore proper to be planted in shrubberies, where their autumnal and wintry browns contrast well with the evergreens beside them. However small be a man's garden, he can always improve it by artistic considerations, and by deferring to the lore of the landscape-gardener. The wild cherry is a splendid tree, with its crimson foliage, for autumnal gardening effects, and so is *Quercus rubra*, with its gorgeous deep-red tints, while the stems of a few Scotch firs will yield a perfect feast of colour in an October sunset.

The last day of the month, Halloween, the eve of All Saints Day, is as celebrated in the realm of witchcraft as is the eve of St. John. The old observances of nut-burning, hanging up the wet sleeve of a shirt, &c., are rapidly dying out, even in country districts, and will soon have to be disinterred from the many volumes of folk-lore which have been published in the last few years. On Halloween the church porch was watched at midnight, to see the forms of those who were to die in the parish during the next year flit past. St. Mark's Eve shares this honour with it in Lincolnshire. A few witches may still be found in retired corners of the land.

The writer has seen several reputed witches in the West of England; they looked very harmless and inoffensive, but then he never chanced to view them at their "cantrips," and as he was invariably civil to them, he was never "overlooked." A hare running about a house or garden in an aimless manner is a very suspicious creature. Witches have in all ages and countries delighted to change themselves into hares. You can only shoot such hares (at least in Ireland!) by loading the gun with a piece of silver. A bent sixpence is an admirable charge, so sportsmen should provide themselves accordingly.

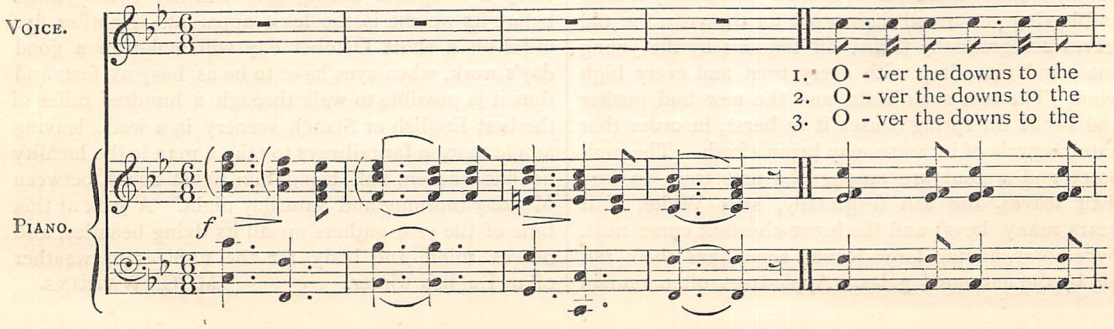
We cannot part from October without recommending it to all who are fond of walking tours, as the month of months for that purpose. About St. Luke's "little summer" a fine week of mellow sunshine usually sets in, and then grey rocks, old ruins, distant mountains, and golden woodlands look their best. It is easy to carry a knapsack during this weather twenty miles before its weight is the least apparent. Another five miles on a short October day will make up a good day's work, when eyes have to be as busy as feet, and thus it is possible to walk through a hundred miles of the best English or Scotch scenery in a week, leaving ample margin for railways to take a man to the locality he has chosen, and bring him home again, between Monday morning and Saturday night. A walk at this time of the year gathers up all its dying beauties, and nerves mind and body for the unpleasant weather of an English winter.

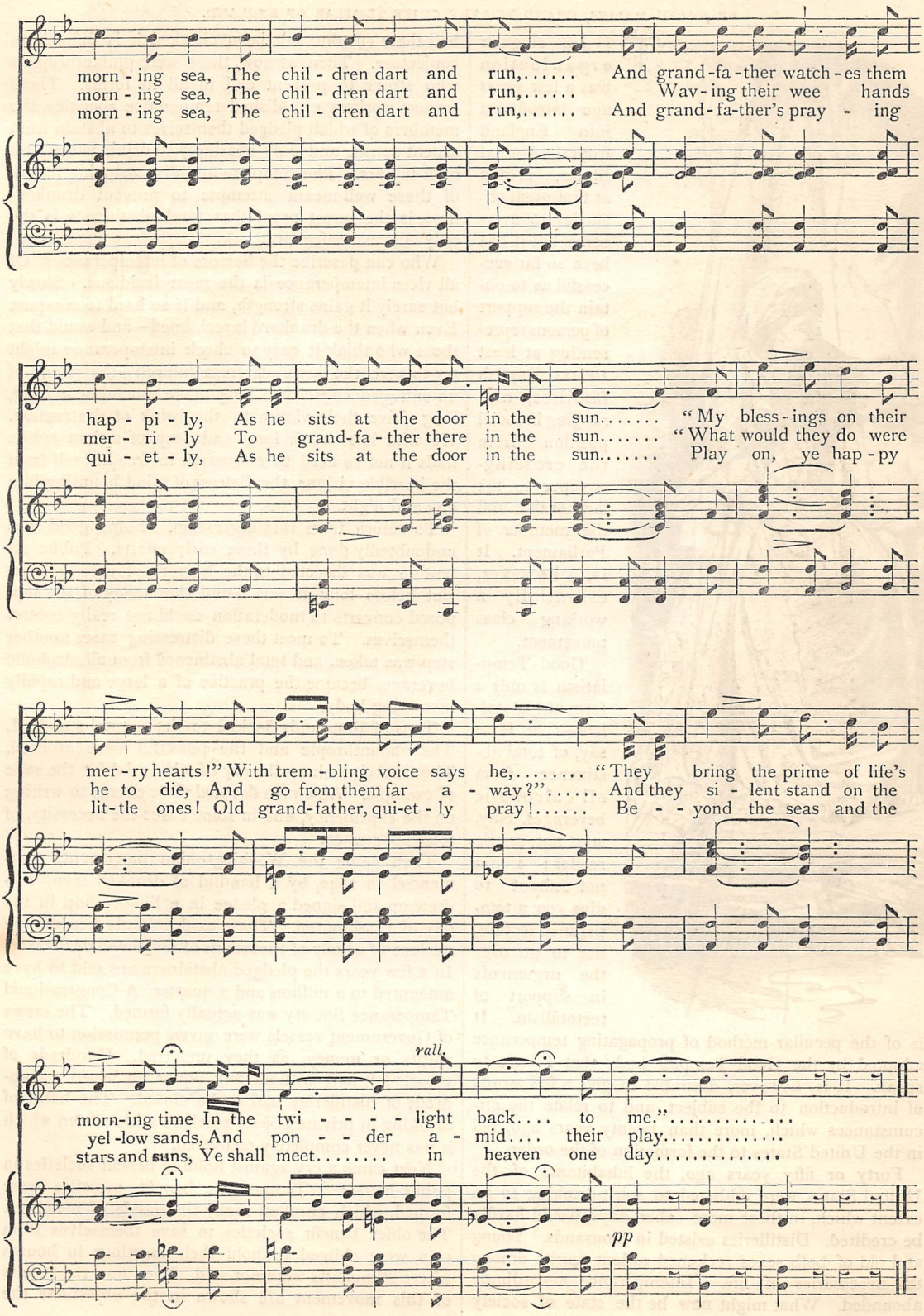
M. G. WATKINS.



Grandfather.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A. *Music by* J. M. BENTLEY.




morn - ing sea, The chil - dren dart and run,..... And grand-fa-ther watch - es them
morn - ing sea, The chil - dren dart and run,..... Wav - ing their wee hands
morn - ing sea, The chil - dren dart and run,..... And grand-fa-ther's pray - ing
hap - pi - ly, As he sits at the door in the sun..... "My bless - ings on their
mer - ri - ly To grand-fa - ther there in the sun..... "What would they do were
qui - et - ly, As he sits at the door in the sun..... Play on, ye hap - py
mer - ry hearts!" With trem - bling voice says he,..... "They bring the prime of life's
he to die, And go from them far a - way?"..... And they si - lent stand on the
lit - tle ones! Old grand-father, qui-et - ly pray!..... Be - - yond the seas and the
rall.
morn-ing time In the twi - - - - light back.... to me."
yel-low sands, And pon - - der a - mid.... their play.
stars and suns, Ye shall meet..... in heaven one day.
pp

THE RISE OF GOOD-TEMPLARISM.

BY JOSEPH MALINS, GRAND WORTHY CHIEF TEMPLAR OF ENGLAND.

THIS singular organisation was a few years ago introduced into England from the United States. It had at first great obstacles to overcome, but it has been so far successful as to obtain the support of persons representing at least 100,000 English families, and ranging in social position from the crossing-sweeper to the lady of title and the member of Parliament. It is, however, essentially a working class movement.

Good-Templarism is only a form of teetotalism—that is to say, of total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages. Nay, start not, gentle reader; I am not about to give you a temperance lecture, nor to go over the arguments in support of teetotalism. It is of the peculiar method of propagating temperance adopted by the Good Templar body that I have to speak. It is, however, desirable to give a few words of introduction to the subject, and to relate the circumstances which, more than twenty years ago, led in the United States to the formation of the order.

Forty or fifty years ago, the inhabitants of the United States were addicted to spirit-drinking to an extent which, in these more sober days, would hardly be credited. Distilleries existed in thousands. Young and old of both sexes reckoned ardent spirits among the necessaries of life. Intemperance accordingly abounded. What might now be the state of society had these customs not been checked it is difficult to conjecture. Then, as now, there were philanthropists who strove to prevent evil in all its forms. These earnest workers established temperance societies, the members of which pledged themselves to abstain from ardent spirits, and only sparingly to drink wines and malt liquors. The complete and disheartening failure of these well-meant attempts to prevent drunkenness, is the surest proof that total abstinence is the only effectual safeguard.

Who can describe the horrors of intemperance? Of all vices intemperance is the most insidious. Slowly but surely it gains strength, and is so hard to conquer. Even when the drunkard is reclaimed—and would that those who think it easy to check intemperance might try to save the inebriate from himself—the pangs of an outraged conscience long make amendment hard, long drive their victim to the brink of destruction. He who has drunk long and deep of ardent spirits finds it not so hard to reform as to free himself from the horrible visions, the distress of mind haunting him day and night.

To return from this digression. Some good was undoubtedly done by these early efforts. Public attention was directed to the horrors of drunkenness. But before long it was found that many of the supposed converts to moderation could not really control themselves. To meet these distressing cases another step was taken, and total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages became the practice of a large and rapidly increasing body,

Tens of thousands flocked to the teetotal standard. The philanthropic and the powerful were aroused. The Church took up the cry of self-denial for the sake of example. Able men devoted their energy to writing on the expediency, and in some cases the necessity, of total abstinence.

Then came the Washingtonian movement, commenced in 1840, by a handful of drunken men, who drew up and signed a pledge in a liquor shop in the city of Washington. These ex-drunkards became the nucleus of a body of thousands of reclaimed drunkards. In a few years the pledged abstainers are said to have amounted to a million and a quarter. A Congressional Temperance Society was actually formed. The crews of Government vessels were given permission to have spirits or money, as they preferred. Hundreds of vessels left port without any liquor on board. Hundreds of distilleries had to be closed. The habit of drinking in private houses received a blow from which it has never completely recovered.

Next came a cry against holding benefit societies in public-houses. Temperance benefit societies were formed, which enrolled many thousands of members. The older benefit societies, to save themselves from ruin, were obliged to hold their meetings in houses where stimulants were not sold. Even now the results of this movement are shown in the objections the

artisans of the United States would make, were they asked to join clubs meeting in public-houses.

A reaction came. Total abstinence at that time in the United States implied to a certain extent what it still implies in our own country, a kind of social ostracism, not very pleasant to bear. The sellers of strong drink could not be expected tamely to submit to ruin. They exerted themselves to get a livelihood with a degree of energy that in many places induced them to transform their dull old-fashioned inns, and plain whiskey bars, into brilliant "saloons," where the "free lunch" enticed the self-indulgent, and gaiety and music attracted the frivolous. The temperance pledge—the mere signing of a name under the, perhaps, temporary excitement of a public meeting—proved, in thousands of cases, only a feeble protection to the victims of a morbid appetite. This incapacity to resist temptation on the one side, and the new and almost irresistible attractions on the other, resulted in numbers who had once apparently been reclaimed plunging again into habits of intemperance, and too often their last state was worse than their first.

Then the question assumed a different phase. Abstainers took up the cry, "Suppress the liquor traffic!" They declared that as the liquor traffic existed by the sanction of the law, it could be legally suppressed. Liquor shops, they contended, were opened as a public convenience, and the public had a right to oppose them as soon as they came round to the opinion that such places were become a nuisance. The licensing restrictions on the liquor traffic, sanctioned by civilised governments, appeared to them proofs of the right of legislative interference with a trade admitted to be injurious and dangerous.

These circumstances induced the disciples of total abstinence to inaugurate a new scheme for the propagation of their principles, the retention of their converts, and the discomfiture of their enemies. To do this, a small body of men—consisting, it is said, principally of Wesleyan Methodists and Freemasons—met together and built up an organisation remarkable in its general features for copying the outward polity of John Wesley, and for incorporating in its internal discipline the rule of the ancient Order of the Knights Templars. Months, years passed before the new movement had gained strength, and was able to stand unaided; but it now, probably, embraces a greater number of people than almost any other social or moral organisation.

This society—"The Independent Order of Good Templars"—at first sight presents many singular features. Though formed in a republican country, it enforces implicit obedience to the commands of a few almost irresponsible officers, who are empowered to administer the laws by which it determines to govern itself. Professing to illustrate a perfectly democratic government, it yet invests its chief with unassailable prerogatives of no trivial kind. It seems to assert the equality of all men, yet has instituted degrees or gradations of rank, the steps to which are guarded with jealous care. It affects in its name a spirit of chivalry, yet has in it a large number of the broken-spirited and down-trodden, who have with difficulty been snatched out of the vortex of intemperance. It is, like all secret societies, under the ban of the Romish Church, and is pre-eminently a "Nonconformist" order, yet has its ritual, the use of which at every meeting is imperative. Largely the refuge of the poor, it yet rejoices in sounding titles, and glitters in imposing regalia. It affects the most stringent, not to say ascetic, pledge, yet is to its own members the centre of sociability. It claims to be solely formed for benevolent purposes, yet in its financial system is absolutely non-beneficiary. It aims to help those who are helpless, yet declines the acceptance of donations from opulent sympathisers not connected with the order. Last, but not least, possessing a multiplicity of secret signs, salutations, tests, and pass-words, it yet freely admits the gentler sex into the recesses of its "solemn mysteries."

We mention these things for the reader's guidance alone, leaving him to judge from what follows whether they are really inconsistencies.

The name of the order is taken from the Knights Templars, who at their formation bound themselves by a life-long vow to free the path to the Holy Sepulchre of the dangers besetting Christian pilgrims, in the shape of cruel and infidel Saracens. The modern Templars vow life-long hostility to their foe, intemperance, which they believe is the greatest obstacle to moral and spiritual progress. These objects are beautifully expressed in the words of one of their own songs:—

"When Templar Knights, in days of old,
Went forth a noble band,
With courage high and bearing bold,
To save the Holy Land;
They took the field in armour bright,
With helmet, shield, and sword,
And bound by holy vows to fight
The battles of the Lord.

* * * * *

"We take the name those heroes bore,
We arm from top to toe,
And seek to drive from Britain's shore
A worse than Moslem foe.
A holier vow than theirs *we* take,
We wage a *nobler* strife;
The wounds we give no hearts can break,
We bring not death, but life."

The pledge of the order binds its members not to take fermented drinks as beverages as long as they live, nor to furnish them or cause them to be furnished to others, and to wage unceasing warfare against drinking customs and the drink traffic.

Ten persons may be formed into a lodge, on paying a fee for charter and books. Each lodge elects its officers and makes its own bye-laws, in which the age for admission and the amount of fees are decided, the latter being frequently as low as 1s. 6d. entrance, and 1s. per quarter subscription. Applicants for membership are visited and reported upon by a committee, and then ballotted for, four black balls being sufficient to reject. No person interested or engaged in the drink traffic is eligible, and every one proposed must profess a belief in the existence and power of Almighty God as the Ruler and Governor of all things. The initiatory service occupies about twenty minutes, and is intended to impress the convert, although no startling effects are aimed at. All those things which

some persons associate with secret societies are wanting. The vow of abstinence is not an oath, nor does the candidate kneel to take it. Of course, the ceremonies are kept secret from outsiders. Enough, however, can be gathered from the published rules to show the course of procedure. A chaplain offers extemporary prayers, or reads them from the ritual, just as he prefers. There are short services for opening and closing, each of which includes singing and prayer. There is a form also for the installation of officers. These functionaries are, by the way, changed or re-elected every quarter. The book of ceremonies, or "Ritual," is the only secret work of the order. The constitutions, bye-laws, and published journals of proceedings are accessible to the public. When once a member is admitted, he possesses all the privileges the order can confer, and cannot be removed unless condemned by a two-thirds ballot vote of his lodge, and that only after an investigation, conducted in accordance with laws which give the accused every protection; and besides, he has the right of appeal to the higher courts of the order. At the commencement of each quarter, a pass-word is forwarded to every lodge in the world, and is communicated by the president to the members of his own lodge only, and not even to them till they have paid their quarterly contributions in advance. The pass-word serves at once for a receipt for the contribution, and as a ticket of admission, without which no member can pass the guards at the doors. Travelling members can, by paying in advance, obtain a travelling certificate and pass-word, available for a year. There are modes of salutation for entering and leaving a lodge; grips, by means of which members recognise strangers who belong to the order, and other tests available under almost all conceivable circumstances. Members who remain faithful to their vow may, after a time, on displaying an adequate knowledge of the working of the order, apply for permission to proceed to the higher degrees, to which they are elected by those who have previously obtained the rank desired. Each degree involves a more advanced initiatory service, and has its distinct sign, pass-word, and regalia. These degrees are intended to be educational in their effects, and to inculcate faithfulness, self-denial, and equity. When in the lodge, every member is required to wear regalia, which consists of a collar joined in front with a rosette. Members are occasionally allowed to wear them in public, as for example at lodge anniversaries, &c.

The government of the order is thoroughly democratic. Every local or "subordinate" lodge elects representatives to the district or county lodge, which holds quarterly sessions; the districts are, in their turn, represented in the Grand or National Lodge, which meets annually in a large town selected for the purpose, its session lasting several days. The National Lodges choose delegates to the International or "Right Worthy" Grand Lodge, which has many times met in the United States, twice in Canada, and once in England.

About ten per cent. of the receipts of the subordinate lodges are paid as a tax to the body one grade higher, which transmits a portion to the body still higher, and the latter in its turn to the highest; so the complex fabric is, with the profits derived from the sale of publications and lodge necessaries, well supported by contributions small in themselves, but in the aggregate large. In the interval between the annual sessions the business of the order is transacted by an Executive Council, composed of the chief officers—the President and the Secretary frequently devoting their whole time to the duties of their respective offices. The President of each Grand Lodge—yclept the "Grand Worthy Chief Templar"—decides questions of law, hears appeals (but his judgments may be reversed by the Grand Lodge), superintends plans for the extension of the order, and spends much time in attending district meetings. The Chief Secretary has charge of the statistics and accounts, and carries on the office business. The President, or Grand Chief, has a deputy in each lodge, who installs the officers, collects the tax for the Grand Lodge, and forwards tables of statistics to the latter. The Grand Chief may commission other members to be his special deputies, whereby they become installing officers, and have a *locus standi*—though without voting power—in the Grand Lodge. In theory the Grand Chief has absolute power to revoke any of these commissions, in practice these officers are seldom commissioned or removed without the concurrence of the local authorities. This power has, however, to be exercised with care, seeing that even the executive officers are subject to a ballot vote every year, while even the highest officer in the order is accountable to a subordinate lodge as a member thereof, and were he suspended by or expelled from this local lodge, would *ipso facto* forfeit all privileges of office or membership in the higher bodies.

The largest jurisdiction, in point of numbers, is that of England, whose Grand Lodge superintends over 3,500 lodges, with 200,000 members. Three-fourths of these lodges have been chartered during the past three years. Probably one-half of them hold their weekly meetings in chapels and schools, principally through the permission of ministers of religion, who in England alone have joined the order to the number of 1,000.

About one-half of the Good Templars, it is estimated, were not "teetotalers" till they joined the order, and it is believed that 14,000 of them have been reclaimed from confirmed intemperance. 400 lodges have libraries, and there are 1,600 singing classes or choirs connected with the order. During the last twelve months the English members have held 166,000 lodge "sessions," and over 20,000 public meetings—an average of 68 public meetings per day. They support two illustrated weekly papers, about twenty monthly magazines, and spend about £5,000 per annum in purchasing temperance literature from the Grand Lodge, which has printing-presses, a large office, and a numerous staff in Birmingham. When it is remembered that, until seven or eight years ago, this society was unknown in this country, and that when introduced it had during the first two years a hard struggle for life, it must be admitted that its success is significant and astonishing.

REGRETS.

A LITTLE blue-eyed boy at break of day
In sadness weeping by the shining strand,
Because the murmuring sea hath swept away
His late-built towers and palaces of sand;

A wan-faced maiden at the trysting-gate,
With sad eyes gazing o'er the waving corn;
Praying that one may come, though late, so late!
To cheer her heart, all drooping and forlorn:

Searching in vain for the sweet-sounding shells
That told him secrets of the far-off seas—
Of lotus-lands, and fairy-haunted dells,
Filled with eternal, mystic melodies.

Shedding alone deep, penitential tears
For words she uttered in deep passion's blaze,
That sundered all the love of bygone years,
And sent her since through life by lonely ways.

A youth beside a little rose-wreathed mound,
Where lies a form in silent, peaceful rest ;
Weeping upon the consecrated ground
The tears which should have fallen upon the breast
Of her who lies beneath : in dark despair
Moaning his grief in low and saddened speech,
And craving pardon in an anxious prayer,
Which now her deadened ear can never reach.

A child who loses the bright butterfly
Which he has chased by dell, and stream, and copse :
A dying maiden hearing in the sky
The lark's sweet song while leaving life's bright hopes :
An aged man, at sober twilight's fall,
Sitting beside the fading embers' gleam,
Striving in thought life's drama to recall,
And finding out how much was but a dream !

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

LITTLE CHILDREN: HOW TO CLOTHE THEM.

WILL it be useful? Is it suitable? These are two important questions in connection with the choice of clothing for little children. There are some parents who are able to renew the garments of their little ones continually — perhaps during each season of the year—and there are other parents to whom stern necessity forbids any such pleasant indulgence ; but however this may be—whether little miss and master have constant changes of raiment, or whether they are obliged to don their one or two sets of costumes month after month—I am of opinion that the mother who takes into consideration usefulness and suitability when ordering the dresses of her boys and girls, will show both wisdom and kindness by so doing ; for depend upon it, the small people themselves are really much happier when habited in a plain and useful fashion.

I feel sure that all of us who have any recollection of our childhood will remember sundry scoldings, more or less severe, followed sometimes by divers punishments, for the rents and spots and other disfigurements which made themselves visible on our outer clothing. It is the nature of little children to gambol and frolic, and who would wish to deprive them entirely of innocent and reasonable pleasures? And yet we either do this, or else we mar their enjoyment, when we dress them in flimsy material which tears with the slightest pull, or in fabrics of such a delicate nature that their beauty is soon spoiled, and cannot be restored.

It is a temptation into which some mothers fall, this desire to deck out their little ones ; and in the breasts of some little folk finery fosters vanity and begets pride. Most, if not all, of the attractive artlessness which characterises the true child is driven away from the face and form of the little creature constrained to be continually watchful of every movement and action, for fear it should disarrange or spoil its grand clothes. To other children this peacock display is an actual discomfort ; these smart dresses are gilded fetters, so to speak, which torment the healthily active child by the restraint which they entail.

Now it must not be thought from the foregoing remarks that I wish the small folk to be dressed in frocks made of sacking or suits made of corduroy, even should they be veritable little romps and tomboys. Indeed, I do not wish usefulness to absorb every other idea ; for, note, I make suitability a strong point also, and I opine that suitability embraces prettiness and freshness, together with taste, simplicity, and a moderate display of fashion.

My first subject shall be the materials most fitted for the frocks of little children, by which term I mean those between the ages of three and nine or ten years old. Of course long before the latter period is reached the young gentlemen have doffed frocks, therefore I must speak of their garments separately ; but as it is our national custom to put the ladies first, let us give them our first attention.

October warns us that winter is fast approaching. What kind of material is it advisable to buy for that season? If we are in search of a really warm material, we must buy one which is made entirely of wool ; and all fabrics of this class are expensive in comparison. But if we have to pay a long price, we get our money's worth, for the advantages gained are many. Warmth and durability and lightness of weight—these we can always depend upon having in a material which is "all wool." But when cotton is mixed with wool, the fabric does not possess nearly so great a degree of warmth, and it is very much heavier in proportion. Moreover it does the little folks harm to carry a weight of clothing on their backs, or from their waists.

For winter dresses I place French merino in the first rank, as possessing all the good qualities mentioned above. Added to this, there is a certain softness, flexibility, and grace about French merino which makes it particularly adapted for children's dresses. A good material of this kind will cost at least four shillings a yard, but then the width is wide. Merino wears remarkably well, for fine wool does not soil quickly ; and when, after a long lapse of time, there are such signs, merino can be washed, and still it will look well ; and when you are tired of the colour, it can be dyed, and even then it will look well. Not so English merino, and coburg, which become shabby in a comparatively short space of time, and never look creditable when either washed or dyed.

Home-spun is another extremely useful material, provided you can obtain the real *bonâ fide* home-spun, which is very strong, very warm, and yet not heavy.

The cheap imitations are not serviceable, for there being cotton mixed with the wool, the material cockles

and shrinks when wet with rain, and is also very thick and heavy.

Serge deserves honourable mention. It is a very durable material, and is an excellent one for seaside wear, whether in summer or winter; but for little children it will be found too heavy, unless a very fine kind of serge is chosen. Serge is considered to be expensive at the outset, but I doubt if it ever wears out!

The old-fashioned linsey-woolsey bears the same excellent character of durability, but as a rule its colours are so sombre, and one does like to see the little folk attired in cheerful hues.

I have enumerated what I deem to be the most serviceable of winter fabrics. Rep I consider too heavy for young children, and of the host of other materials which appear in the shop windows, I will have naught to do with them for children's use.

I must now speak a few words about dresses for winter evenings, for parties and entertainments where full dress is required.

I strongly uphold the choice of a white material of some description or other. What can look more dainty than a dress made of India or organdi muslin? But some parents are afraid to permit a change to be made from a very thick dress to one transparently thin, and, of course, the risk is great where children show any signs of delicacy. There are several substitutes that I can enumerate. White cashmere is very pretty for evening wear, but it is expensive. Alpaca is much less so, and at the same time more useful, for the gloss on its surface protects its purity. I would here remark, by the way, that all bright and shining materials are certain to keep clean a very much longer time than those which are rough or dull.

Llama is excellently suited for evening dresses; there is a softness of texture, and a delicacy of colour, which make it a great favourite with those who know it, and have therefore discovered its many good qualities. For very young children the delicate shades of pink and blue are most suitable. This material is not costly, being about eighteenpence a yard; and besides this recommendation, it possesses another, that of looking well when washed.

For spring and autumn, we have an immense variety of textures from which to choose; but we must be very wary, for many which present such attractive appearances are, I am sorry to say, sad deceivers. What we have principally to guard against is a material which will shrink or crinkle if it gets wet. At these seasons there are frequent and sudden showers of rain, and it is particularly vexatious when one such shower spoils the new dresses. It is always a great risk to buy a mixed material—for instance, a combination of silk and wool, or cotton and worsted, or cotton which is made to resemble worsted. All these fabrics are more or less unsatisfactory, and, as a rule, belie their looks. I must not leave you bewildered as to what to do for the best, for I can mention two or three materials which will prove useful.

Alpaca is strong and serviceable, and keeps its cleanly appearance for a considerable time, owing to its bright surface; but its colours are mostly grave, and for this reason it is not such a general favourite for the juveniles.

Camlet is another inexpensive and durable material, and it looks well when washed.

Of llama I have already spoken. Suffice it to say, then, that this material is particularly adapted for spring and autumn, when dresses are needed which are at once warm and yet light in substance.

For every-day summer wear I know of no material to compare with the old-fashioned printed cotton. It is strong, it is durable, and its freshness can be renewed every week. French print is exceedingly pretty, the patterns are usually so neat and tasteful, but the material is not so substantial as our English cotton. Holland and batiste are much used just now for our little children as well as for our big ones, and exceedingly simple and child-like such dresses look, especially when trimmed with white braid. They are not, however, so fitted for rough wear as the printed cotton to which I have alluded, because they will more easily tear, and all creases and crumples, and blots and spots, show more readily on the plain colour than they do on the print, even though the ground of it be white and the pattern a mere spot of colour.

For high days and festal occasions, white cambric, lawn, muslinette, and muslin hold the pre-eminence in the matter of usefulness and suitability. Do not you think so? White dresses may be made as costly as you please or as simple as you please, and in both cases they will look child-like and pretty. They may be trimmed with handsome embroidery, or have but a few frills of the same material; but whichever it is, if the dress is nicely made, clean, well washed and well ironed, depend upon it, that dress will be a becoming one.

White materials have several advantages over coloured ones; one is that no one ever grows weary of the dress. Year after year it may appear, on summer days and winter evenings, first on this child and then on a younger, and yet ever looking fresh and new, the simple change of colour in sash and ribbons sufficing for the transformation.

Again, the fashion and style of a white dress is capable of being altered with but little trouble. Mark you, I like the little people to be dressed according to a moderate fashion. I do not wish their garb to be quaint or Quakerish. Well, white dresses can have pieces put in and pieces taken out of them, they can be lengthened and enlarged — in fact, completely remodelled—and who would ever detect it? But attempt the same kind of alterations with a coloured dress, and what extra trouble it entails, for does it not often happen that the stock of remnants which have been left are scanty, and that the patterns are difficult to match, and the new pieces are too bright, and contrast badly with the faded colour of the older parts of the dress? All these considerations go to prove that on the whole, even when we take the washing item into consideration, white dresses are less costly than others.

There are grenadines and silks and other pretty fabrics which have neat little patterns, but these can-

not be put under the head of useful or suitable for the garments of little children. The thin material splits and tears and roves, oh! so dreadfully, and the delicate silks soil, oh! so quickly. Turn them, and the spots soon reappear. Send them to the cleaner, and the three or four shillings demanded for each dress is money soon lost, for frocks which have been cleaned very soon lose their good looks again.

You will say that I have been very circumscribed in the choice of materials. So I have, and so I intended to be. I think that the variety for children should consist in colour and pattern and style, more than in variety of material.

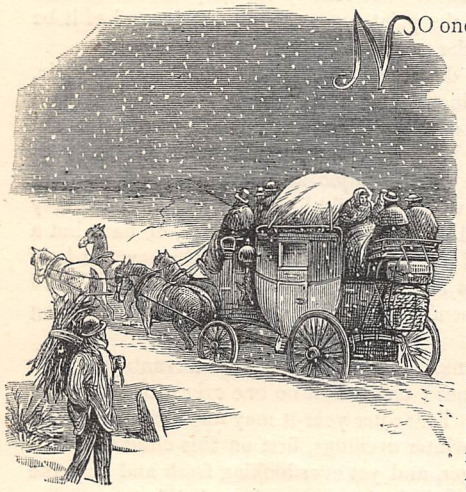
But some mother may wish to remind me that there are cases, and these by no means rare, in which no choice of materials is allowed, for in these instances the frocks for the little ones have to be cut out of the skirts cast aside by the elder ones of the household. Very well. Then if usefulness of material is out of the question, and if juvenility cannot be shown in the pattern, at least let simplicity and suitability mark the fashion in which the frocks shall be made.

Why spend so much time, or why pay for so much time being spent, upon the making of so many frills and flounces and furbelows? Why bestow so much trouble and expense in the sewing on of so many yards of velvet and gimp and lace?

This expenditure of time and money (often obtained with painful difficulty) is an error, methinks, in taste and an error in judgment. The epithets of daintily, prettily, and well dressed, when applied to children, should be bestowed not upon those whose garments exhibit costly material expensively and elaborately trimmed, but upon those who are dressed in a cleanly, tidy, and simple fashion, and whose clothes fit the little figures with nicety.

E. C.

THE OLD COACHING-DAYS.



NO one, we fancy, would desire to return to the days of stage-coaching, yet it can hardly be denied that there was something to be said in favour of that method of travelling. Old men may still, here and there, be heard replying, when their grandsons express wonder as to how in the world their forefathers put up with that slow style of locomotion, "Ah, well, my sons! the gain isn't all on your side; there was danger sometimes in travelling by coach, but nothing compared with a railway. You got upset in a coach and there you were. You get upset in a train and where are you?"

Dr. Johnson used to think that of all pleasures there was none greater than a journey on the top of a stage-coach, and under favourable conditions, when the weather was fine and the country traversed of some interest, it is not difficult to understand the doctor's preference. Now we travel at greater speed, with greater comfort, and we suspect, though at first sight it may not appear so, with greater safety. But all the various incidents that frequently enlivened the road in former times are gone. There was hardly a better way of seeing a country than from the top of a stage-coach. The coachman was often a genial-tempered, shrewd fellow, fond of his joke and story, and the possessor of a great deal of information about the country through which his stage ran. He knew all the gentlemen's residences in the neighbourhood, their histories, and those of their possessors, and whatever gossip was connected with them; and if you understood how to manage him, he was not slow to impart his knowledge. These qualities rendered a seat next the driver the most coveted place in the coach. But the tips which both the coachman and guard received, from passengers desirous of having good places retained for them, had the usual effect of sometimes spoiling these functionaries, causing them to be extortionate in their demands from their wealthier patrons, and somewhat cavalier in their demeanour towards those who were in humbler circumstances. We remember reading an admirable sketch of an imaginary drive on a stage-coach, in the opening pages of a recently-published novel. The guard was frequently a hearty, cheery fellow, who could enliven the way with an inspiriting strain—"The Yellow-haired Ploughboy," or "Johnny at the Fair"—on the key-bugle, on which instrument he sometimes played with considerable skill. The guards of mail-coaches were provided with an instrument of somewhat shrill but not displeasing note, called—from the material of which it was made, and from its approaching a yard in length—the "yard of tin." Under the circumstances above hinted at, then, travel by stage-coach was neither unprofitable nor unattractive. But it had another and less cheerful aspect, and this, we fancy, was that which most frequently presented itself. Travelling by railway can occasionally, as most people know by experience, be comfortless enough, but it is rarely that it is attended by so much discomfort as a coach journey used frequently to be in the beginning of the present century. The youth of the present day who goes from London to visit his friends in Edinburgh in the space of ten hours, has no

conception of the hardships his grandfather sometimes went through in accomplishing the same distance, which in his time took, by post, never less than two days and two nights. When the "Regent" coach started on its journey of three or four hundred miles from the "George and Blue Boar," Holborn, at six o'clock in the morning, with the snow thick upon the ground, a bitter wind blowing, a hard frost, and the sky, save for the light of a few stars, pitch-dark, the prospect before the passengers, especially the outside ones, was not cheering. When it rained those outside fared still worse. They descended from the coach at nine o'clock stiff, aching, and chilled to the marrow.

A coachman of to-day has little notion of what a coach-load was in the old times. We may get some idea of what it was like from prints of the period, but not a complete one. First there were the passengers, four inside and twelve out, besides the coachman and guard. Both the front and the hind boot were filled with small packages; the roof was piled up so high as barely to admit of the coach's passing beneath the archway of the inn; trunks and carpet-bags, hampers, hat-boxes, and gun-cases—the whole luggage of the sixteen passengers heaped up and overhanging the sides of the vehicle. A tarpaulin was drawn over all, and securely fastened with a broad leather strap. Underneath the coach, a "cradle" was often swung, into which were placed any etceteras for which no room could be found elsewhere. In addition to all this, game-baskets, hares, and pheasants might frequently be seen hung from the lamp-irons. Thus loaded a stage-coach presented a really wonderful appearance, and the packing of one demanded no small skill and ingenuity. But the guards were men of marvellous resources, complete adepts in the art of storage. A loaded coach, as it appears in the old prints, has a decidedly top-heavy look, but a break-down, through overloading at least, was a rare occurrence on the road.

Eleven miles an hour was a not unfrequent rate of speed for a stage-coach, and this meant galloping for at any rate the greater part of the way. When two coaches were running in opposition on the same road, racing was a common thing. There was a good deal of excitement about it, in which no doubt the passengers, at least the male part of them, sometimes shared; but there must also have been some risk. To keep a coach loaded as we have described, and going ten or eleven miles an hour, right end uppermost, required very great skill and management. On such occasions there was little time for stopping by the way, for lunch or refreshment of any kind. The hungry passengers snatched up a glass of ale and a bit of bread-and-cheese from the tray of the barmaid who stood in readiness for the coach as it passed, but there was no thought of alighting. Often a coach pulled up at an inn, changed horses, and was off again without even the driver's descending from his seat. At night time, when the lamps were lit, the coachman might sometimes be heard saying to the guard—

"Now, Will, blessed if I don't see their lamps, and they're a-coming along, I promise you; just put something over your boot-lamp, and I'll spring them a bit, when we get round the turn."

The order in regard to the boot-lamp needs a word of explanation. On fast coaches the guard usually kept a lamp attached to the hind boot, to enable him the more readily to get at any small parcels that might be required during the night. This had the disadvantage of apprising the coach in the rear of its rival's whereabouts, which it was an object with the leading coachman to conceal. Hence the utility of the guard's shrouding his light as much as possible.

Among coachmen who gained a notoriety in the beginning of the present century, none was more typical of his class than Tom Hennesy. For many years Tom drove the "Regent" coach between London and Stamford, and was generally admitted to be one of the cleverest whips on the road. He was a smart, active, cheery fellow, full of resources, and equal to all emergencies arising from his profession. Though a married man, and a faithful spouse withal, he was a great favourite with the fair sex, and the landladies had all a ready smile for his joke. Tom was fond of his joke. One cold day, as the coach was approaching Stevenage, on the Great North Road, Tom turned to the gentleman who was seated next to him, and said—

"Do you know the seven hills at Stevenage? Well, sir, the folks hereabouts do say that they are old tombs, or places to bury people in; but the curious thing about them is, that no one can tell which two of them are farthest apart. I'll just pull up, sir, as we pass, and I'll bet you a glass of anything hot, for it's precious cold, that you can't tell which two of them is farthest apart."

The passenger, being himself by no means overwarm, was not disinclined for Tom's proposal. He eyed the hills for a moment. There was very little perceptible difference in the distances between them, but he hazarded a guess.

"Well, coachman," he said, "I'll bet you a glass of brandy-and-water that those two"—pointing to two of the hills—"are the farthest apart."

"Then, sir," replied Tom, "you've lost your bet; those two may seem so, but the first and the last are the farthest apart, are they not, sir?"

The gentleman laughed heartily, and his bet to Tom was duly discharged at the next stage.

The landladies played no unimportant part in the days of stage-coaching. It made all the difference in the comfort of a journey, whether the hostess of the inn at which you alighted to pass the night, weary, hungry, and often wet and cold, understood her business or not. As a rule the landladies did know their business. They were active, bustling, hearty dames mostly, sometimes rather shrewd-tongued, but with an excellent comprehension of what was needful and proper for the comfort of their guests.

Mr. Reynardson was a famous whip in his day, was well known to all the coach-proprietors and coachmen in the neighbourhood in which he lived, and whenever he travelled by stage or mail it was a matter of course that he drove.

One of the most amusing incidents which his volume records happened to himself while driving the Holyhead mail. The coach stopped to take up a passenger at the "Penryn Arms." Mr. Reynardson read the name on the passenger's luggage—"Major Stock, —— Regiment." He at once remembered the name as that of an old Eton chum, and when the stranger took his place on the box he recognised the face of a companion who had sat with him on the same form at school for four years. It was an exceedingly disagreeable night, wet and windy, and Mr. Reynardson was so completely enveloped in an old macintosh, such as coachmen wore in those days, that it was not wonderful that his old schoolfellow mistook him for the regular driver.

The two fell into conversation, and by-and-by the talk turned upon Windsor and Eton. The major spoke freely about his school-days, and after allowing him to go on for a time without interruption, Mr. Reynardson said—

"Well, sir, since you have been at Eton, perhaps you can tell me how it used to go; was it not something in this way: Lord Lincoln, Spottiswoode major, Colville minor, Reynardson major, Stock——"

"Good gracious!" interrupted the other, "were you at Eton?"

And then, looking at the pseudo-coachman more narrowly—

"Why, you must be Reynardson major!"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Reynardson, "it is the very man."

"Dear me!" went on the major, grasping his old chum by the hand, "I am very glad to meet you again; but how did you come to this?"

This was rather more than Mr. Reynardson had calculated on, but he resolved to keep up the joke a little longer.

"How did I come to this," he said. "Why, you see, we all have our ups and downs in life, and I suppose I have had mine. I have been a bit wildish, and have got rather down in the world, so I thought it would be better to get an honest livelihood than to steal, or do anything worse; and as I was always fond of a bit of driving, I have taken to this."

Major Stock expressed genuine regret and sympathy for his old schoolmate, and the two went on talking of bygone days for some time longer. At last, when Mr. Reynardson thought the joke had gone far enough, he confessed the real state of things, much to his companion's relief and pleasure.

Such are some of the incidents that gave variety to life on "the road" in the coaching days. All of them are of a kind that a new order of things must prevent from ever occurring again. They illustrate a bygone time, the memory even of which is fast fading. The taste for amateur stage-coach-driving has revived within the last year or two, but there can never be again any "road" in the old sense. There was probably more picturesqueness about the old method of travelling, for a stage-coach winding along a country road with its four gallant greys, and its red-coated guard with his musical bugle, harmonised better with the landscape than a puffing, smoking steam-engine, with its train of practical-looking cars. But what we have lost in picturesqueness we have undoubtedly gained in convenience, and most likely in every other respect.

R. RICHARDSON, B.A.

AFTER THE REFUSAL.

YOU think I am cruel? Indeed, sir,
Then of naught can you fairly complain.
You may thank your good luck that you're freed, sir,
From a creature that loves to give pain.

Men call us unkind and capricious
When our choosing is cautious and slow;
And now you would brand me as vicious
Because I have firmly said, "No."

You babble of rivals and treason;
And clearly you can't understand
That a woman may act for a reason
Which is honest, and not underhand.

You say that my form is "seraphic,"
That my eyes are "cœrulean blue."
If they are—and your language is graphic—
If they are, they are too good for *you!*

I care not for "exquisite tresses,"
But with *them* I would rather not part
To a lover who plainly possesses
Neither youth, nor reason, nor heart!

No, sir! You may buy with your acres
Young Folly, or Prudence grown old;
But I've long since apprised all match-makers
That "*this* lot is *not* to be *sold!*"

E. C. LEFROY.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

AT CARR COTTAGE.

FOR a moment Clive was utterly taken aback, and simply met Miss Bellew's gaze with one of stupefied wonder. Then, as he saw her lips blanch, and felt her hand tremble on his arm, he answered quickly—

"*Done with him!* M'Kenzie! What should I have done with him? Really"—with some natural indignation—"I don't understand you, Miss Bellew."

The tone was one of utter surprise, not unmingled with rebuke. It was rather hard on him, poor fellow, to be met, on coming to try his fate with the woman

he loved, not by a word of welcome for himself, but an eager question for the man he could not help looking on as his rival—unconscious, perhaps, but his rival all the same. But what on earth had agitated the girl, that she should look and speak like this? Had any one frightened her? Good heavens! how white she was!

"Are you alone? What is the matter?" he asked, forgetting his first natural offence in concern, and instinctively laying his hand over the little fingers still clenched on his lamed wrist. "Miss Bellew—Kate, don't look like that, child. Has anything happened to alarm you?"

For all reply Kate tore away her hand from under his, her eyes fixing with an awful look of dread and repulsion on the wet bandage she had touched.

"What *has* happened? Tell *me!*" she gasped, facing him, even while she shrank away with a mingled terror and ferocity which almost made Clive wonder if her mind had gone astray.

"Happened? Nothing," he said, suppressing an involuntary quiver of the lips at the physical pain caused by the rude jar on his injured hand. "Sit down, and try and be calm. Where is Dick—or your maid? Surely they have not left you alone for any infernal scoundrel to annoy you?"

Kate did not even hear him. She saw he was approaching her, and tried to wave him back; but her limbs tottered under her. There was a dark mist before her eyes, a singing in her ears; and then—in the same moment there came a hasty tap at the door; and Mrs. Dobson entered, flushed and panting with hurry and importance.

"Oh! I beg parding—I beg parding, I'm sure, m'm," the good woman stammered, her quick eye detecting Clive's presence in a moment; and with a gleam of conscious intelligence, "Dear heart! You'll excuse me making so bold, m'm, I'm sure; but I just come in to tell as t'other gentleman ain't murdered at all. It were just a bamfoozle o' that lumpin' idiot of a Sam Gosling; but in course this gentleman's been and telled you all about it already; an' I'm sure I don't wonder you was frighted, m'm, an' hopes you'll excuse my intrudin'."

"What did frighten Miss Bellew? And what is this about a murder?" asked Clive, turning with some sharpness to the landlady for a solution of what was utterly bewildering him. Kate had sunk into an arm-chair, and Mrs. Dobson laughed a little nervously. She did not like the young barrister's tone.

"Well, sir, it was too 'diculous, an' I'm sure I hopes as you won't be put out; but a silly mooncalf of a boy as lives next door here heard you an t'other gentleman a-talking under the cliffs; an'——Well, sir, you'll hardly believe it, an' I'm sure I hope you'll laugh, which is what *he* won't if his father takes my advice, an' gives him a right good leatherin' for spreading such stories to drive quality from the town——but the fool took it into his head that—ha! ha! ha!—that you'd murdered the dark gentleman (as if gentry couldn't have a few words without going to that there length!) an' miss heard tell of it first, and were took dreadfully aback, an' no wonder, sir; and now, of course, half-a-dozen folk either saw t'other goin' into the 'Red Lion,' or heerd him in his own room, an' all right; an' for sure you'll tell miss all about it; so I'll go and get the tea up afore Jane comes in with the young lady an' gentleman."

Exit Mrs. Dobson, smiling and nodding to the last, but all the same convinced at the first glance that the boy had not been such a fool after all; and that if murder had been escaped, there had been, at least, a serious quarrel between this angry-looking gentleman and the Canadian, and a quarrel roused by jealousy.

"Mr. Clive," said Kate, rising up, and speaking with a very trembling little voice, and very scarlet cheeks, as shame succeeded to bewilderment and thanks-giving, "I—I'm afraid that I—I have made a—mistake——"

She must have spoken very low, for he did not move, or seem to hear; and plucking up her courage, Kate came nearer, and made a second effort at conciliation—wonderful for her.

"I am sorry I was so silly," she said, trying to smile, but feeling more nervous than she would have liked to acknowledge; and then Clive turned to her, and Kate flinched afresh, for his face—all but that red stain—was deadly white; and round his eyes were two dark circles of pure mental pain.

"Kate," he said, taking her hand in his, and holding it firmly while he looked into her face, "do you mean to tell me that you believed just now that—I had *murdered* Dallas M'Kenzie?—I!"

Kate started and stammered, and grew first red, and then white. Unreadiness of speech was most certainly not one of her defects in general; but to have her hand taken—griped, one may say—in that manner; and to be called "Kate"—not even *Miss* Kate, but Kate!—and this by Bernard Clive of all people—it was too out-of-the-way and unparalleled a circumstance not to put the bravest young lady off her nerve for a moment. Her eyes grew round and wide, as though the scarlet blushes beneath were dilating them; and she tried vainly to free her hand as she faltered—

"I—you forget what I heard the boy say; and—and when you came in alone, it was only natural I should——"

"Natural that you should think me a murderer!" cried Clive, with an irrepressible bitterness which emphasised itself in his clasp on her hand; "I knew you had not much opinion of me, but *this*—I could hardly have believed it even from you."

His face was in deep shadow, so that Kate could not see the intensity of wistful pain written on brow and eyes. She was only irritated at his persistency in holding her hand, and at the emphasis he laid on "you," as though he could have expected a good deal of slander and uncharitableness from her, but that she had even gone beyond his expectations.

"I don't know that you have any right to say what opinion I have of you," she said, with a little childish petulance, which made her look rather prettier than before. "And—please let go my hand, Mr. Clive—you

know you were out with him ; and you don't like him. It may have been very silly ; but when I heard what the boy said, I was so frightened that——"

"That, in your care for Mr. M'Kenzie's safety, you forgot that gentlemen are not in the habit of murdering each other in modern society," put in Clive, with a flash of indignant sarcasm. He had let go her hand the moment he was desired.

"It was not care for Mr. M'Kenzie," said Kate, drawing up her young head proudly. "He is a friend of ours, but I should have felt the same if it had been any one else. When such a thing is done, it is the dreadful wickedness and not the person that one thinks of ; and, Mr. Clive, I don't think you should speak in that way to me. No other gentleman does so ; and I am not used to it."

If she had only not been so fairly, fatally bewitching ! If every new mood and movement had not made her more perversely fascinating than the last ! And yet after that speech she went on to say harder things yet.

"Where is Mr. M'Kenzie?" asked the young lady, as Clive made no answer to her rebuke. She never guessed (how should she?) that it was fighting with his love for her which kept him silent. "If you have not quarrelled, why has he not come in with you, and why do you look so strange? When you came in you were as white as my dress, and your wrist——Oh ! Mr. Clive," and Kate's voice grew sharp and tremulous as alarm again quickened in her pulses ; "you are trying to deceive me ; but—but you can't deny that something has happened, and when Dick comes in he will be as anxious as I to know what it is."

"But not as ready as you to blame me before he knows what it is," observed Clive. Kate flushed to the temples.

"I am not blaming you," she said ; "I asked you a question, that is all ; but if you did quarrel, I will say that I think you provoked it ; and when Dick——"

"There is no necessity to wait for Dick," said Clive slowly ; "so far from trying to deceive you by excusing myself, I will tell you at once that something has happened. I did provoke Mr. M'Kenzie, and also quarrelled with him. He slipped into the water, and, not having a change of dry clothes, has been obliged to remain at the inn this evening, for which he desired me to apologise to you. As to my wrist, I hurt it myself, lifting a heavy weight. Are you satisfied, Miss Bellew?"

"Satisfied !" repeated Kate rather indignantly ; "you quarrelled and he—*slipped* into the water ! Mr. Clive, I am not a child. Do you mean that you pushed him in? You have said all you could to prejudice us against him ; and though I suppose you believed your opinion of him to be the true one——"

"It was not a true one," interrupted Clive. "That is what I wished to tell you when I came in. I did believe certain things against Mr. M'Kenzie, I own it ; but now I find I was mistaken, and retract any opinions I may have expressed."

"Then why did you express them?" asked Kate warmly, and not without a certain irrepressible triumph in her hero's exaltation. "I may be a foolish girl, Mr. Clive, but it seems to me that to blacken another man's character without cause is even worse than quarrelling with and striking him. You sneered at me for being frightened ; but when two friends go out and only one comes back, in different clothes, with his wrist bandaged, and his face——See for yourself what is on your face."

And Clive, turning to the little glass over the chimney-board, saw reflected there the red stain which had greeted Kate's eyes on his first entrance.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

CLIVE GETS HIS CONGÉ.

A BRIGHT, fresh morning, and Kate sitting on the beach reading a letter. Above her head big, fleecy, white clouds driving one over another, like gigantic snow-flakes across a sky of clear, brilliant blue. In front, the sea, a darker blue, capped with foam, sparkling and frothing in a very whirlpool of bubble, glitter and spray from the tips of her little toes to the boundary line of the far blue horizon. Behind, the red roofs of the village, new washed in last night's rain, glowing like honest faces in the sunshine, and giving warmth and body to the blue-green colouring of the surroundings. Linen hanging out to dry in a white flutter on the gooseberry-bushes in the cottage gardens at the back. May-trees, all a wilderness of bloom, filling the air with perfume. Dottie digging holes in the sand at a little distance. Kate, her hat on the back of her head, trying to be interested in Bee Vanborough's six pages of closely-written epistle, and not feel sulky because Dick had gone to breakfast at the inn, and had stayed there instead of bringing his friends back to the cottage. George and Madgie—somewhere !—not being audible, probably in mischief.

"Good morning, Miss Bellew."

Kate turned round, dropping her letters, and looking up with a smile of expectation. True, it was Clive's voice which spoke ; but she never dreamt but that he was accompanied by the others ; and though her face fell to quite disproportionate length on discovering that he was alone, he had stooped to pick up the scattered sheets of paper, and did not see the change.

"Good morning," she said with cool civility. "Oh, thank you. Pray don't take the trouble" (as the wind blew away one of the pages, and he went after it). "Is Dick with you?" She was on her guard this morning, and would not be the first to mention the other's name.

"No," said Clive. "He bade me tell you he would not be in till lunch. I have another message for you—from M'Kenzie."

"How dare he speak of him after last night ! ' thought Kate. "A message !" she repeated aloud. "What is it?" but her voiced failed a little ; for, unless he were not coming himself, what need to send a message?

"It was to bid you good-bye," said Clive quietly his eyes reading her face as if to note the disappoint-

ment she was determined not to show. "He begged me to tell you that he was summoned up to town too early this morning to make his adieu in person, and that he hoped you would confide George to my care when I leave this evening. He did not like to carry off the little fellow in such a hurry."

"I do not think there is any need for George to go away again," said Kate, more deeply offended than she would have cared to own even to herself. "Mrs. Dobson has managed to make him up a little bed, and —Oh, no! I am sure my mother would prefer his being with us when there is no absolute necessity for trespassing on other people's kindness."

She spoke more haughtily than she knew; but, indeed, her poor little heart was swelling with wounded feeling, of which M'Kenzie was the cause—not Clive. What had she done, that all of a sudden he should avoid her and return to town without even bidding her good-bye? It was very generous and magnanimous of him to defend and excuse his defamer; but he need not make common cause with the latter, and use his enemy as a messenger to his friend. What *had* she done? Nothing that she could think of. Had she failed in any kindness to him? Most certainly not. If she had erred at all, it was the other way, and the other man who ought to have left her in offence; or was it——but no! such a thought could never have entered his mind. Clive—no, not even Clive, hateful as he was, could ever have been so cowardly, so cruel and ungenerous as to hint to him, what he had already hinted to her, that she cared for him more than was maidenly to care for a man who had never given her reason to consider him anything more than a friend. Oh, no! it was too horrible an idea. She would not

"'I—NEVER—WAS—SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE,' SHE PANTED BREATHLESSLY" (*p.* 674).

even suffer it in her mind, or fancy for one moment that it had influenced his; but it sent the blood burning into her cheeks, and roused every bit of pride in her nature, to hide away any spark of feeling or concern at the Canadian's departure from the man who had been his enemy, and whom she considered hers.

"Mama will write and thank Mr. M'Kenzie for his kindness," she said more frigidly than before. Poor little Kate! She little knew how that very frigidity betrayed her as being so different from her usual manner. "I dare say he will be very glad to be relieved of the burden."

"Oh dear, no! I don't think he considered it a burden at all, but rather a very pleasant trust," said Clive good-naturedly. "However, if you really prefer to keep George here——"

"Mrs. Dobson has found a bed for him," repeated Kate, and then she stood up. "Shall we go into the house? I will call Dottie first. She has not seen you."

"Don't call her just yet," said Clive hurriedly—"that is, if you don't mind staying out a little longer. I have something more to say to you."

"From Mr. M'Kenzie also?" asked Kate very carelessly, though her pulses thrilled with eagerness to know what it was. "But you can say it as we walk along."

"I would rather say it here, if you don't object," said Clive, "and it is not from Mr. M'Kenzie, but myself."

Kate's eagerness died on the instant. She sat down on a stone, because the wind would blow her hair into her eyes, and twist her clothes round her like a rope, and she could feel more dignified and at ease when not embarrassed by flapping drapery and blinding curls.

"*Another* quarrel, I suppose!" she said to herself with an involuntary shrug of her shoulders.

"Well, Mr. Clive?" (this aloud.)

"Kate, will you be my wife?"

Off went Kate's hat. She had been trying to keep it on her head; but this was too much for her. Her hands dropped upon her lap, and the hat flew off, and, after executing a wild gambol on the beach, lodged in a pool of water between a couple of huge stones. No one noticed it.

"MR. CLIVE!" she said indignantly.

"Are you surprised?" said Clive, smiling a little. If he was nervous he did not show it. "I dare say that is not the proper way of asking; but, Kate, I ought to have told you first that I love you. I have loved you for some time back, and——"

"Are you laughing at me?" cried Kate, with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes. "Mr. Clive, this is not a subject for a joke. You forget yourself."

"I don't mean it for a joke," said Clive quietly. "I should be forgetting myself indeed if I did. Yes, I dare say you are surprised. I was myself when I first found it out; and I don't mind telling you I fought against it with all my might, for you have not been very kind to me, and"—with another smile—"you are not perfect, you know, Kate." (Kate gave a little wrathful jump, and the fingers of her right hand doubled convulsively; but some feelings cannot be expressed in words.) "You are not even at all like the ideal which I—like most men, I expect—had of my future wife; but I suppose you were more bewitching than my ideal. At any rate, you have bewitched me; for I do love you, honestly and truly, better than I think I should ever have loved her even if I had met her, better than I have ever loved any woman yet—barring my mother."

"If you are not joking, you mean to insult me. Is this your revenge, Mr. Clive?" cried Kate.

"Revenge! What for?" said Clive. "Oh!"—with rather a scornful smile—"our quarrel last night, you mean! Well, you were unjust, and you hurt me. I had come to the house meaning to tell you what I have told you now; and you greeted me by calling me a murderer. Rather hard lines for any man, you'll allow yourself; but as to revenge, and on a girl too! You were laughing when you said that. And, indeed, after I left you I remembered that you were but a child after all, and that my appearance, combined with the cock-and-bull story you had heard, was sufficient to frighten you, and set your little head running on murders and the like. I was angry with you for being unjust to me; but it was more unjust of me to be angry when I should have recollected what a child you were."

"I am *nineteen*," said Kate, with an emphasis which would have been imposing if she had said nine-and-thirty—"If you call that a child—— !"

"Nineteen?" repeated Clive. "Only that! Poor little thing; and I expected you to have the reason and common-sense of a man. Nineteen! Why, I was a fool to be offended with you. No wonder you've thought me hard; but, Kate, I do love you; and, God helping me, I'll be a good husband to you, if you'll only try to love me, and be my wife."

He had bent down and taken her two hands in his as he spoke; but Kate snatched them away with a promptitude and look which showed that if she could have boxed his ears with them, she would.

"I—never—was—so insulted in my life," she panted breathlessly.

"Insulted!" echoed Clive, opening his eyes. "Do you call a man asking you to be his wife, insulting you?"

"Yes, I do," anwered Kate hotly, "when that man is—is you. Yes, Mr. Clive, you may look at me if you like; but it is an insult. Why, you have never said a civil word or done a civil action for me in your life You have hardly ever listened to me without a contradiction, or looked at me without a sneer. From the very first day you came to our house, you have seemed to take a pleasure in showing me how cheap you held me, and how little you cared for my good opinion, or the reverse. You have been rude to me at home, and impertinent to me here. You have quarrelled with my friends, and done everything you could to make me dislike you; and then—*then* you have the courage to come to me and say, 'Will you be my wife?' No,

Mr. Clive, I will not; and you know it perfectly well—as well as you know that your asking me is what I call it—an insult."

"Then that is your answer?" said Clive, so quietly, it seemed more as if he were speaking to himself. "Well, I might have known; for after all I was right, and he wrong."

"I don't know who '*he*' is," said Kate, colouring very much, as for the first time some flash of thought connected Clive's proposal with M'Kenzie's departure, "but it is you, certainly, who have been wrong."

"In allowing myself to love you?" said Clive. "Yes, I suppose so. I told you I struggled against it."

"It is a pity you gave in," cried Kate, with a scornful toss of her lovely little head, round which the wavy brown locks were blowing out in the breeze like those of a young Diana. "Love! I don't think you know what it is, when you don't think the object of it worth even liking. You call me a child, and you talk of my faults; but, Mr. Clive, I am not a child. I am nineteen, and a woman; and I have a right to be treated with courtesy and deference, like other women. You may be able to love people whom you dislike, despise, and ridicule as you do me; but I am not. I could never love any one whom I did not think more—much more of than I do of myself. You ask me to be your *wife!* and you have never even tried to win me for a friend. I would have been your friend, for Dick's sake, if you had wanted it: I would never be your wife. Mr. Clive, if a woman is worth taking, she is certainly worth winning; and you, at any rate, have never tried to win me."

"If you mean that I have not talked a heap of nonsensical flattery to you and quoted poetry——" began Clive; but Kate was in a passion, and interrupted him.

"I don't mean that. I mean that you have treated me like a baby, or a toy, to be laughed at, played with, or flung on one side, just as you in your superior lordship think fit. There are other men like you who do so, and go about in a grand 'haw, haw' way among ladies, until they think they have cowed us into proper awe and admiration, and all the time we are laughing—oh! you can't think how we laugh at you among ourselves; and when you deign to fall in love with us, as you call it, and show us that you think we are so frantic to get married that we will even accept you after all this, we are glad—yes, Mr. Clive, *glad!*—to tell you that we would rather marry the poorest and plainest man living. Marry!" cried Kate, with flaming cheeks and clasped hands; "why, if it came to that, I would rather be even an—*an old maid!* yes, much rather."

"Have you done?" said Clive, with a pale, angry smile, and a voice whose forced coolness was a marked contrast to the impetuous outburst which had preceded it. "If so, allow me to bid you good morning, and to assure you that since your preference turns to old-maidhood, I think you are quite certain to achieve it by simply repeating the tirade with which you have favoured me to the next man who pays you the greatest proof of respect in his power, by trusting his honour to your hands, and asking you to be his wife. I need hardly say how deeply I regret having done so. Good-bye."

He lifted his hat as he spoke, and turned away; but at this moment Dottie, having suddenly caught sight of him, threw down her spade, and came running up to claim his companionship. Kate tried to detain her, and Clive walked on fast, pretending not to hear his name shouted behind him; but Dottie was not to be baffled, and pursued him as fast as her short legs would carry her, until at last he turned round, and caught her up in his arms, asking what she wanted.

"Me—wants—*oo*," cried Dottie, panting very much, and bringing out her words in little apoplectic jerks. "Tum and play wis me. Do, Misser Kive, an' mate cat's-cwadles, will oo?"

"Not to-day, Dottie: I can't. I'm going away to London," said Clive, so gravely that Dottie linked her fat hands behind his neck, and looked inclined to whimper.

"Don't do away to Lonnon: me wants oo to 'top here wis me," she said plaintively.

"Do you, little lassie? I'm afraid you're in the minority in that wish," said Clive, smiling, but speaking rather huskily still. "But I can't stay, anyhow; so kiss me, Dottie, like a good little girl, will you? and say good-bye."

"Dood-bye," said Dottie, whimpering, and giving him the required kiss very heartily. "Tum back quick, Misser Kive—do tum back quick;" and then she ran away to tell Kate that "poor Misser Kive had to do all ze way to Lonnon, an' wouldn't she tell him to tum back quick."

Kate scolded her a little, telling her that it was very naughty of little girls to run after gentlemen in that way, and that she didn't think it at all likely that Mr. Clive would *ever* come back—whereat Dottie wept; and Kate walked off in an injured and dignified frame of mind to get her hat. It did not add to her peace of mind to see it swollen and soaked in the pool aforementioned, with its pretty blue ribands all stained and spoilt. She picked it up, gave it an angry little shake, and walked home, holding it in her hand, the fresh sea-breeze blowing over her uncovered head, and taking wild liberties with every frill and riband-end of her fluttering draperies.

How dared he insult her so! To ask her to marry him after making himself so consistently unpleasant to her, and quarrelling with M'Kenzie, and all! Why, the enormity of it almost took away her breath, without any help from the wind; and now, to add to it, came another thought: had he not done worse—much worse than merely quarrelling with M'Kenzie—had he not driven him away?

Full of her wrongs, Kate had swept on at a pace decidedly trying to Dottie's shortness of limb and breath, and having now arrived at the cottage, rushed full tilt into the parlour, where Dick was lying on his back on the sofa, a cigarette between his lips, and the newspaper in his hand.

"Dick! Oh, Dick!" cried Kate, shutting the door abruptly, and flying to his side, "what *do* you think has happened? Oh! you will never guess."

"Don't want to," said Dick. "My dear child, I wish you'd be more gentle in your movements. You nearly made me swallow my cigarette whole by springing on me in that way. And where's Clive? Hasn't he come in too?"

"No, he hasn't," said Kate severely, "and I don't think he will come in very soon. Dick"—and she clasped both hands on his shoulders, to emphasise what she was going to say—"what—do—you—think he has been saying to me?"

"What?" asked Dick, a half-smile showing at the corners of his mouth.

"*He asked me to marry him!* There!"

"Oh! indeed? He's got over it quicker than I thought"—and Dick laughed. "These lawyer fellows don't waste much time on spooning, to a certainty."

"Dick, you don't mean to say that you knew he was going to—to do it?"

"Well, rather! At least, he spoke to me at breakfast this morning, and I told him to try his chance."

"Oh, Dick!"

"And I hope you behaved properly, and said, 'Yes, thank you,' like a good little girl. You're uncommonly lucky, let me tell you, mademoiselle; for if it had been any one but old Clive who had wanted you, I'm not sure that I'd have been so civil to him."

"Dick!—But, oh! you're joking and you guess what I did tell him, that I thought he was very impertinent, and that I'd never been so insulted in my life."

"Nonsense! You didn't."

"I did, and I told him that I wouldn't marry him if there was not another man in the world; and that I'd rather be an old maid by far, and——"

"You told him *that?*"

"Yes, indeed I did; and I told him that to ask me at all, after being as rude and disagreeable as ever he could be ever since he came to the house, was a direct insult—and so it was, you know. I wonder how he dared, and I told him so."

"You did?" cried Dick, flinging cigarette and paper on one side, and jerking Kate's hands off his shoulder as he rose to his feet in a tempest. "Then I'll never speak to you again."

"Dick!" cried his sister, pale with dismay.

"Indeed I won't. What! you went and abused a man like a fish-wife because he had the civility to ask you to marry him! Why, I never heard of such a thing in all my life."

"But, Dick—dear Dick—don't be so angry. Mr. Clive has never even been the least pleasant to me, or——"

"Bah! you mean to say that he's never made a fool of himself by simpering at your apron-strings like a great sentimental mooncalf. If that's what you like ——Oh! I've no patience with you. To go and treat an honest, sensible fellow like Bernard Clive—*my* best friend, too—in that shameful way, and then to boast of it!—I declare it makes me ashamed to have a sister."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Kate, beginning to cry quite broken-heartedly at this severity, "how c-c-c-cruel you are! I n-n-never thought you would t-take it in that way. Oh! I wish mama were here."

"I wish she were," retorted her tyrant austerely. "You'd soon hear what she'd say."

"I'm sure mama would never wish me to marry Mr. Clive," cried Kate warmly.

"Then you're quite wrong," replied Dick, "for I believe she'd like it very much. She's always praising him, and wishing I were cut out of the same cloth, and that sort of rubbish; and I'm sure she makes as much use of him as if he were her son-in-law already. She'll have to give it up now, and thank you for it. There!"

"Oh, but, Dick," pleaded his sister, with big tears in her eyes, and others running plentifully down her flushed cheeks, as she half-sat, half-knelt on the floor by the sofa, her hands clasped helplessly over the head of it, "mama couldn't wish me to marry any one I don't love; and I don't even like Mr. Clive: he never tried to make me; but perhaps he is different with you, and——"

"Different with me!" echoed Dick contemptuously. "I should think he was different with me. *I* can appreciate him; and I've good right to do so, too. Why, I might be in gaol now, but for him. He denies it, of course, but I'm morally certain he's paying off those confounded debts of mine out of his own earnings; and when I'm going to repay him I don't know: it'll be hard enough to scrape the interest together. As for the principal, I expect he knows very well he won't see it.—And you go and fly in his face, and insult him! Oh! it's too bad. *Like* him, indeed! If you were not so abominably selfish, you would like him, if only for what he's done for me. I'd like to see any other of your fine-spoken lovers doing the same, or one-half of it. Why, good heavens! at this very moment I'm depending on him to get me out of the worst scrape I've ever been in, in my life; and after your treatment of course he'll go and throw it all up, and turn his back on me; and I shall have a breach of promise case on my shoulders, and——"

Kate hid her face, and sobbed again.

"I am very sorry," she said at last, going up to her brother, and clasping her hands pleadingly on his arm, "but I can't help it now; and, Dick, don't be angry with me—don't, darling. I *couldn't* marry Mr. Clive—indeed I couldn't."

"You couldn't tell him so civilly either, I suppose," retorted Dick, not looking at her, and rather drawing himself out of the soft grasp of those coaxing fingers. "It isn't enough to humiliate a man who pays you the compliment of wanting to make you his wife, but you must taunt him with his rejection."

"I am very sorry," repeated Kate, with blushing earnestness. "I suppose I was wrong; but he had provoked me, so I got into a passion, and didn't think what I said. If you knew all——But, Dick dear, it is done now, and can't be undone. I tell you I am sorry. What can I say more?"

"Tell *him* so," said Dick quickly. "Write him a

line, and apologise, and say you hope he won't remember——"

"*No*, Dick," said Kate, turning scarlet at the mere idea, and receding a step from her brother, "I can't do that. I don't mind saying anything to you; but Mr. Clive is quite another thing. I could not. You must not even ask me."

"Then I'll never speak to you again," said Dick, "and I'll go up to town to-morrow, and see Fanny, and let her fix the day when she pleases; and I'll let Clive know he needn't do anything further in the matter. You've turned him out of the house, and I'm not going to make use of him. There!"

He waited a moment, and then, finding that Kate would not yield or answer, walked out of the room, and banged the door behind him.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

KATE ASKS ADVICE.

MRS. GREY was sitting in a large chintz-covered arm-chair near the window, her head turned back against the cushions—her hands lying wearily over some piece of plain sewing in her lap. The evening light fell across the lattice panes, and threw a chequered yellow glow upon the pale, beautiful face, over which sorrow and sickness were slowly weaving a mortal cloud. She did not even open her eyes to greet the kiss of the sunbeams as they flickered through the green-gold tapestry of vine-leaves at the window; or see how one red slanting beam had illumined with a living glory her picture, which stood finished upon the easel before her. She was weary, utterly spent and weary, dying of loneliness and starvation—that worst starvation of the heart; and within that heart was only one prayer and one hope, that so forcibly expressed by the Psalmist—

"Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness; and I looked for some to take pity on me, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none."

She had now been at the farmhouse for three weeks, and to her feelings it might have been three years, or even more; and perhaps the mild gleam of excitement created by Kate's appearance and visit had made her doubly sensible of the subsequent blank. At first the young girl's lively interest in, and admiration of, her sketch, had spurred her up to taking more interest in it herself. She had worked at it hard during the three days after Kate's visit, sitting at it till the dusk of twilight rendered longer painting impracticable; and it was now completed; but the last evening had been very damp, and she, being only recently recovered from the nervous illness which had followed on her departure from Lady Vanborough's, caught a severe feverish cold, which again confined her to her room, and left her almost as weak as a child.

If Kate had come then, how welcome she would have been! But Kate was otherwise occupied, and had no time to spare for thinking of the lonely inmate of that homely farmhouse.

The little farmhouse maid waited on the invalid very civilly. The farmer's wife looked in morning and evening to hope as "her wur doin' noicely like;" and now and then the farmer's baby toddled to the door, finger in mouth, to gaze with wide-open wondering eyes at the poor sick lady with the pretty hair, and whose face always melted into such a longing, loving smile, when his round and ruddy one appeared in the doorway. Once or twice Mrs. Grey had coaxed him in, and, by means of "sweeties," installed him on her knee, where he sat in huge content till, taking sudden alarm at the unwonted amount of kissing and fondling bestowed upon him, his fat under lip was protruded in most portentous fashion, his small face puckered itself up; and he was swiftly removed by the little maid, in fear of one of those direful roars which, once evoked, are by no means so easy to still. Mrs. Grey would fain have kept him with her, roar or no, and soothed him into happiness again with more sweeties; but the little maid was decided on the subject, and Enoch Stebbings was forcibly evicted, and seen no more for the day.

If only he had been her own, to hold and kiss and keep with her against all the world! If even she had had the remembrance of such a child to cherish in her heart of hearts, and know was hers still in heaven, though God, in that inscrutable wisdom which is so hard, so pitifully hard, to fathom on earth, had seen fit to take it from her for awhile! To many women it would have seemed better never to have had a thing than to have been robbed of it, to have given up the transient pleasure rather than suffer the after-pain. It had been so with Mrs. Grey in the days of her health. She had even thanked God that she was childless, as for a great mercy, and shivered to think what the life of any child of hers might have been. It was not so now. When the bodily health is strong and firm, the mind may well be firm and strong also; but pain and sickness had shivered that calm gentleness and patience which had withstood so many an onslaught from without; and with the new sense of weakness came a great yearning to have some one at her side, something of her own to love and be loved by.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"How do you do? and may I come in?"

With a quick nervous start, strongly suggestive of her weakened nerves, the invalid opened her eyes, and saw at the window, framed in green vine-leaves, and relieved against the golden sky, a fair young face, with sweet red lips parted in a smile, half saucy and half shy, with rounded glowing cheeks, and eyes sweeter and more glowing than lips or cheeks, smiling in at her from under the shadow of a broad straw hat, and over the pots of scarlet-blossomed geraniums which lined the window-sill.

"Are you at home?" asked Kate, resting her round white chin on the broad geranium-leaves, and smiling in happy confidence of not being said "No" to.

"How ill you are looking! You have been worse, much worse, I'm sure; and, oh, what a wretch I am!"

"Yes, I have been worse," said Mrs. Grey, smiling too, but with that soft gentle smile, which had less of gladness than sweetness in it. "But I don't know what that has to do with your being a wretch. Come in and tell me what makes you call yourself one. It is very kind of you to come so far to see me," she added, when Kate had obeyed. "Do you know I was thinking of you a great deal this morning, and wondering if I should ever see you again."

"I should think you were wondering!" retorted Kate, with a sort of comic remorse. "Ten days—nearly a fortnight—isn't it? And I was to have come back in a day or two to see the picture finished! What a horrid, neglectful, promise-breaking sort of person you must think me!"

"On the contrary, I think you a very nice little person," said Mrs. Grey, smiling. Kate's sunshiny presence had swept the clouds out of her mind like breath from a glass. "It is very good of you to come and see me at all. And as to the picture, there it is, ready for your inspection. What do you think of it?"

"I?" said Kate, drawing back from the canvas over which she had been stooping, and putting her head on one side to view it *à l'artiste*. "Why, I'll tell you. I think you are some grand painter come down here incognito. And, by the way, are you aware that you haven't told me your name yet?"

She turned round as she spoke, fixing her bright, frank eyes in innocent inquiry on Mrs. Grey's face; and over the transparent whiteness of the latter crept a faint dull flush.

"If only I could tell her truly," was the painful thought hidden in a moment's hesitation, and then came the answer—

"Clewer—Edith Clewer."

"'Miss or Mrs.?' laughed Kate. "Don't you feel as if you were saying your catechism—'M or N, as the case may be?'—but you see one must know how to call you."

"Mrs.," said Mrs. Grey quietly.

"Thank you," said Kate. "I hardly needed to ask that, though; for I had somehow so taken it for granted that I never thought of looking at your left hand. Of course," with a merry laugh, "Mrs. Clewer is only a fictitious title!"

"Only a——I don't know what you mean," but as she spoke the widow's transient colour faded out into a deader white than before; and Kate grew carnation crimson under the stern look in her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said impulsively. "Don't be vexed with me, for I was only joking; but don't you know how authors take *noms de plume?* and I thought if you were a swell artist you might only condescend to give us your *nom de*——what's the name for paint-brush? but it was only in fun. I *hope* you are not vexed"—the last words said so earnestly that Mrs. Grey put out her hand with a smile at once reassuring and reassured.

"Vexed! No," she said. "Why should you think it?"

"You looked as if you were."

"Don't pay heed to my looks then. An invalid is not accountable for them. Tell me instead what the world has been doing with you all this while."

"Just what I'm going to do," said Kate briskly; "that is, to show you why I haven't been here. But, besides, I want to ask your advice dreadfully; only it is so difficult to know where to begin."

"Try the beginning," suggested Mrs. Grey pleasantly. "When I saw you last you had a sister dangerously ill, and——"

"Oh! well, she's getting all right now. Mama has taken her down to Eastbourne, and as soon as the doctor says it is quite safe we are going to join them. She took the turn on the day I had intended coming to see you again, only I was prevented by Mr. M'—— by a person coming to see us."

Kate stopped here to swallow a great annoying blush, which would somehow creep all over her pretty face and throat; and Mrs. Grey smiled.

"Well?" she said.

"The—the person—a friend of ours, stayed for three or four days," Kate went on with extra dignity, to compensate for the blush which declined to go away. "He came all the way from London, you see; so he wanted a rest; and indeed his visit was not so much to us as to please my little brother who was staying with him, and had got homesick for a sight of us. Don't you think it was very kind of him to humour the boy?"

"Very kind," said Mrs. Grey, smiling still.

"I like to see grown-up people fond of dogs and children. It is a good trait, I think," said Kate solemnly.

Mrs. Grey acquiesced.

"And of course, though it gave me a good deal to do, it was very pleasant having George back with us. George is my brother," added Kate quickly, as anxious to show that the visitor had nothing to do with her pleasure.

Mrs. Grey nodded.

"And then Mr. Clive came. You know him—about him, I mean?"

"In connection with—with Mrs. Grey," put in the invalid, not colouring, but with evident distress. "But you don't mean to say that he is—here!"

"*Here!*"—opening big brown eyes of horror—"Oh,

dear! no; of course not. He went away directly afterwards—I mean"—with some confusion—"he only stayed two days."

The anxious look faded out of Mrs. Grey's face, and she breathed freely.

"Not a very long visit," she said, with well-bred ignoring of Kate's slip of the tongue.

"That depends," answered the girl petulantly. "It may be two days too long if people don't get on well together. But there! I'm not going to blame *him*," she added with some remorse. "I do believe he means well, and that it is only his way. Besides, I was wrong myself; but it is so unpleasant when one visitor makes himself disagreeable to another, and for no reason at all. Mr. M——, the other person, is so different, so gentle and pleasant, and not a bit like the young men about town. I get very tired of London young men, do you know," said Kate, with a sigh of middle-aged weariness for the follies of youth. "They are so—so frightfully same and idealess. If only one of them would *try* to pronounce his *r's*, and care a little about *anything*, it would be a relief; but when it's "bad form" to talk, or look, or act among women as if you were anything but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust—well, one can't help feeling it's pleasant to meet a person who has something in him, and doesn't mind showing it."

"Very pleasant," said Mrs. Grey, smiling, and stroking the pretty hand which rested on the arm of her chair, as one might stroke a kitten's back, half unconsciously; "but, do you know, I think Bernard Clive has a great deal in him. At least"—recollecting herself—"I have always heard so."

"Exactly *why* I dislike him," retorted Kate. "Yes"—in answer to a mild look of wonder in the blue eyes facing her—"for if a person *is* a rag doll stuffed with sawdust he can't help it; but to know that a man is clever and sensible, but that he doesn't think it worth while to throw away either quality on you, except to snub you, because you're only a girl—well, girls don't like it, whatever they may think."

There was a dash of bitterness in the tone, and Mrs. Grey, reading it by the light of her greater experience, said to herself—

"If Bernard knew how, he might win her yet—but for the 'other person.' Yes, I am afraid that other person has won the race."

"He is so infinitely superior to us that of course it is an infinite condescension when he speaks to us at all," Kate went on with rising colour. "But there, poor fellow! Dick says he can't help it. Perhaps if he had gone to Canada when he was young—By the way, I wonder if all Anglo-Canadians are pleasant?"

"*Anglo-Canadians!*" repeated Mrs. Grey huskily. The hand still softly stroking Kate's was drawn away, and clasped tightly over the other, and she raised her head from the cushions with a startled, questioning look.

"Yes," said Kate carelessly, "because, if so, I would like to go and live there. But, dear me, how ill you are looking! Am I tiring you? If so, I'll go away at once, and ask your advice about my difficulty another time."

"No, I am not tired," said Mrs. Grey rather faintly, and though she tried to smile, there was a look in her eyes as though, but for long habit of patience, she would fain have asked something on her own account. "What is your difficulty? Not that I am a good adviser. A person should have known how to order their own affairs successfully before they presume to advise others; and I—but your trouble may be an easy one to remedy. Let us hear."

"It isn't one trouble, but two," said Kate confidentially. "And the big one hasn't to do with myself so much as my brother. I've several brothers, you know, so I won't mention which it is, because, though he is the *very* best and dearest fellow in the world, I'm afraid he has been a wee bit foolish in this. You see, mama and I hoped he would read down here; but—but he doesn't like reading by himself; and of course I can't help him; I'm too stupid; so when mama sent the governess down to look after us some days ago, she was to have D——my brother's room, and he was to go down to read with a clerical friend in Wales. He didn't like going at all, poor boy. In fact he was—was rather cross about it, and didn't want any of us to see him off. However, I would go to the station with him, and then I saw he had taken his ticket for London. Of course I thought it was by mistake, and said so; but he said it didn't matter, as he had to pass through London *en route*, in order to see Mr. Clive on business. Now, I don't see how London can be *en route* from Combe Regis to Llandudno! However, the dear boy was so put out, I didn't like to say anything; and he desired me not to mention it to any one, as he should only stay a few hours in London, and his business with Mr. Clive was strictly private. But, Mrs. Clewer, twenty-four hours after he was gone a letter came from Mr. Clive addressed to him *here*; and since then a post-card from his friend in Wales, saying that his room has been three days waiting for him; and that two letters have arrived to his address—one from Eastbourne (that's mother), and one from the Temple (that's Mr. Clive). So, you see, he *can't* have seen him after all; and, if mama writes to him, she can't have seen or heard from him either; and yet I know he arrived safely, for I had a line from him the evening he arrived in London, bidding me not to write to him at Llandudno till I had first heard from him. And—and I am so afraid something is wrong, and I don't know whether I ought to write to mama. Dick would be very angry, I know; but still if I ought—do tell me what you think."

"But what do you mean by wrong?" asked Mrs. Grey kindly. "Your brother may have been detained on other business. How old is he?"

"Twenty-one. Only a boy, you see, poor fellow!" said Kate, shaking her nineteen-year-old head mournfully. "But—but—well, the fact is that there is a person—a young person in London at present, and I don't quite understand about it, but she will—will *insist* on marrying him; and she isn't even a lady, and Mr. Clive is trying to arrange with her; but I do wish

mama knew, for Dick is foolish sometimes; and, oh, it would be so dreadful!"

"I understand," said Mrs. Grey quietly. "My dear, since you ask my advice, take it, and tell your mother at least what you have told me. It is always a mistake to keep anything, even trifles, from our parents when we are young; and marriage is no trifle. It is a thing too solemn to be trusted to any risks—a thing which, once done, can never be undone, as long as life lasts—lasts! and, ah! how long it lasts sometimes!"

Her eyes were looking far away into the gold-tinted waves of western sky. The boughs of the great pinky-blossomed horse-chestnut outside swayed softly in the breeze, and cast wavering shadows on her pale, sunset-lighted face. Kate, sobered into a kind of awe, looked up at her half shyly, half wondering.

"I will write to-night if I don't hear anything more," she said, drawing a long breath. "I hope he won't be *very* angry; but when he first spoke to me in confidence he did not give me an idea what she really was; and if it will save him, it is better even that he should be angry. Oh, dear!"—with another sigh—"I am glad I asked you."

Mrs. Grey turned round, as if suddenly recalled to the subject in question by the sound of the girl's voice.

"So am I," she said, "for there can be little risk in advising you to have no secrets from your mother. But you said you had another trouble."

"Not a trouble—only a doubt," corrected Kate, "and I hardly know how to tell you, for it is so ridiculously tiny, you will be sure to laugh at me."

"No, I will promise not to do that."

"And of course I can't mention names: indeed, if you were a friend of ours I could not tell you at all, because you would guess whom I meant, and it wouldn't be fair or right. That is just my difficulty at present; but I have been making such mistakes, and vexing mama and all by acting for myself, that it would be a help to have a quite impartial person's advice. And I am sure you will keep all I say to yourself."

Mrs. Grey said she might be sure.

"Well," said Kate, plaiting the hem of her tunic busily between her fingers, "you must know that Bee Vanborough—that is the lady your relation lives with—has asked me to go on a visit to her as soon as the others are settled at Eastbourne; and mama is willing that I should, because, since Dick doesn't want me, she thinks it a pity that I should miss the whole of the season; and for that matter, so do I."

Mrs. Grey nodded.

"That is the preface," said Kate. "Then"—smiling a little, and blushing very much—"there is a—a person—in fact, a friend of the family—who was down here a while ago, and left rather suddenly. I—we were rather offended about it at the time, but he—this person wrote to me—only a line, you know—the other day, explaining and apologising, and thanking us for our kindness very nicely, and—and I am wondering now, *ought* I to go to Lady Vanborough's."

"My dear! why not?" asked Mrs. Grey, raising her eyebrows the eighth part of an inch.

"He—he put a postscript, too," said Kate, hanging her head, "and he said that——"

"Well?"

"That he hoped soon to see me at Lady Vanborough's, and clear away any—any bad impression his abruptness, or any other circumstance, might have left upon my mind, and——"

"Well?"—smiling.

"Well!" cried Kate, with a burst, "is it right—is it dignified, when people will combine to tease you about a person you only like as a friend, and who only likes *you* as a—a friend too, to do anything that spiteful people could say was giving encouragement to—to anything—though, you know, there isn't anything to be encouraged, and nobody wants to be encouraged. Such nonsense!" cried Kate angrily; "and for Bee herself to join in it! As if Mr. M'Kenzie were not much too sensible——"

"*M'Kenzie!*" repeated Mrs. Grey. She half rose as she spoke, her limbs trembling, and in her face a white, horror-struck look; but Kate was too much occupied with her own little girlish trouble to pay heed to her.

"Did I say M'Kenzie?" she asked, biting her lips confusedly. "How stupid—how very stupid of me! Please, please not to say or think of it again, for I am vexed and ashamed enough already. And only think, if people were to talk to him as they have done to me!"

"M'Kenzie!" said Mrs. Grey again; "is *he*, then, the Canadian you spoke of?" She did not heed Kate either. These two women were so absorbed in their own emotions that neither even perceived those of the other; and outside, the low, red sunlight rested on the vine-leaves, and turned the geraniums to drops of fire; the bees drummed among the honeysuckle-sprays; far away, a dog was barking from a distant cottage; and farther still, in the intervals of silence, came a faint, deep murmur, the boom of the surf on the rocky shore where M'Kenzie had so nearly lost his life.

"Not exactly a Canadian," said Kate. "He is Scotch by birth. Mama knew a relation of his—Colonel Dallas. By the way, that is his Christian name. Dallas M'Kenzie. Doesn't it sound nice? Why—why, Mrs. Clewer—oh! what is the matter?"

For Mrs. Grey, without word or cry, had fallen face foremost, a senseless heap of soft, white drapery, and softer, whiter womanhood, prone on the floor at Kate Bellew's feet!

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

ON THE TERRACE WALK.

"I DON'T pretend to understand anything but that you are a little goose, Katie—my dear," Lady Vanborough said one morning—"and, you know, if you will behave like a baby—other people will make remarks."

"In that case I had better not go to Mrs. Gore's tonight, and then they will have no occasion to do so," Kate answered, with head erect and quivering lip.

She made it up with Bee later—owning that she had been "cross," and making a great show of interest in the latter's toilet for the evening. But it was a positive relief to her when, on entering the crowded, brilliantly-lit rooms at half-past ten that night, the first person her eyes fell upon was, not Dallas M'Kenzie, but Bernard Clive. His face was turned towards the door, so that, even before the pillar of claret and silver stationed thereat had shouted, "Lady Vanb'ro' 'n' Miss B'lew!" at the top of a sonorous voice, his eye had caught Kate's newly timid glance peeping from behind her chaperon's broad shoulders, and he had conquered the strong impulse to turn away and leave the room on the very first convenient opportunity. Instead, he waited till she came near, and then saluted her as usual—a trifle awkwardly perhaps, but then it is not easy for a man to feel perfectly unembarrassed at his first meeting with a girl after she has refused him. Rather to his surprise, Kate stopped, and held out her hand.

"I did not expect to meet you," she said, with a smile which showed how little impression the fracas with him had made on her mind, and which perhaps hurt him more than coldness or constraint would have done. "Have you heard from Dick lately?"

"Not very. I heard from your mother yesterday," he answered, keeping at her side, as indeed he was obliged to do so as to reply to her.

"From mama? Ah, dear, I wish she were here! What did she say?"

"That she wished *you* were there," he said, smiling, but with a little wonder in his tone at the trouble expressed in hers. "But that was only at the end. She wrote about that affair of Dick's—I understand you told her something of it."

"I thought—that is, I was advised——" Kate began, but was relieved by a dictatorial—

"Oh, quite right, quite right! Much better for girls to have no secrets from their parents. Besides"—in a different tone—"it was rather a relief to me, since, as it had resolved itself into a money question, I required family assistance as to raising it. You'll be glad to know that I think it is settled now. Lord Lovegoats has consented——"

"What! does Uncle Theo know?" cried Kate in dismay. "Oh! will Dick ever forgive me?"

"We thought it better he should know nothing of your having spoken to your mother, or the subsequent arrangements," said Clive kindly, as he saw the distress in her eyes. "Dick is rather difficult to manage on some subjects, you know; and as, if Lord Lovegoats gets him this Irish post, he must work hard for the Civil Service Exam., he had better remain where he is. He seems wonderfully contented there. I don't hear a growl or——"

"Is your card already full, Miss Bellew?"

It was Mr. M'Kenzie's voice, and in one second Kate forgot Dick, Clive, Civil Service Exams., everything and everybody in the world except the man whose mere voice had made her very shoulders rosy within their framing of soft tulle. Clive saw, and turned away with a sharp inward pang.

"Is that settled, I wonder?" he thought. "How transparent she is! I wonder if she remembers that day at Combe Regis. Well, I suppose there are some men who *can't* make themselves cared for."

"I am afraid you will hardly have a dance left to give me," said M'Kenzie, and low and pleasant as his voice was, there was a decided thrill of nervousness in it, which even Kate noticed, and which made her feel more nervous herself.

"I thought you never danced," she said, giving him the tiny white-and-gold tablets which hung at her wrist, with a trustful liberality that moved to envious despair a gay young cornet of hussars who was just making his way through the press to get at her with a similar request.

"I never do dance, but all the same I want you to give me two running, if you will. Will you? I have something to tell you, and I'm afraid I can't do it under two."

He looked at her rather anxiously as he spoke, but Kate had grown suddenly grave and composed.

"Please mark the two," she said, in a very low, steady little voice, as though she were taking an affidavit to something; and then, without waiting for his thanks, she turned quickly away to the cornet, gave him a dance somewhere near the end, and suffered herself to be whirled away in the waltz then playing by a pre-engaged partner, who had just arrived to claim her in a state of red-hot hurry.

The moment came at last. It was pretty late in the evening, and she had not sat down once till then; but when the first notes of the marked quadrille were heard, a frantic desire came over her to accept the first partner who offered, and escape among the throng. It was not to be, however, for almost in the same moment she heard M'Kenzie's voice, and knew her hour was come.

"You look very pale," he said, offering her his arm, and speaking in a quiet easy way which a little reassured her. "Just now, when I was looking at you across the room, I thought you were going to faint. That dance was too fast for anything. Don't you feel these rooms frightfully oppressive? they are so overcrowded."

Kate was struggling with an inward shiver at the moment, but she said "Yes" in perfect good faith. He ought to know better than she did; at any rate, she was prepared to think so.

"Let us go out on the terrace," said M'Kenzie. "Have you seen how prettily the gardens are lighted? This young Gore knows how to do things well; and what a handsome pair he and his wife are! They must be proud of one another. Stay, wait a moment. We mustn't have you catching cold, must we? I think this is Lady Vanborough's," and he caught up a white fleecy shawl, and wrapped it round Kate's pretty shoulders with careful hands, before taking her out into the cool summer night.

The house was a large, old-fashioned one, not far from Fulham, and situated on the banks of the river. The drawing-room windows opened on to a broad terrace walk, paved with red and white Roman tiles, with a marble balustrade covered with creeping plants running round it, and here and there stands and vases of flowers, interspersed with wicker chairs and cushioned lounges. Below, the garden sloped down in bands of soft turf and brilliant flowers, to a croquet-lawn shaded by fine old sycamores; and then came another slope, and a second terrace bordering the river, which flowed outside like a broad black band, splashed here and there with silver, between them and the opposite shore. The night was sweet and warm, a light breath of air just stirring the surface of the glassy mirror below, and sending wafts of fragrance from the flowers into the envying nostrils of late passers by the Fulham road. Here and there among the trees glimmered the red or orange light of a Chinese lantern; but high over the silvered foliage and glistening water rode, amid her court of shining stars, the radiant queen of night, enthroned within a sky of deep, brilliant blue, and casting a purer spiritual light on three girls who, in their shining ball-dresses, and with their attendant cavaliers, were attempting an impromptu game of croquet by the mystic light. Other couples were resting between the dances on the scattered seats outside the window; or wandering among the shadowy walks, revealed here and there by the gleam of a lantern; or leaning over the parapet of the lower terrace in (apparently) rapt contemplation of the river rippling below. It looked like a scene in the drama, so pretty and so unreal; and Kate, as leaning on M'Kenzie's arm she too strolled to a bench at one end of the terrace, felt as if the whole scene were a play, in which she was taking a part, and as if something must happen every minute to dispel the illusion, and bring back the sober matter-of-fact of every-day reality. Dallas did not keep her long in suspense.

"Kate," he said, leaning his arms on the balustrade, but turning his head so that he might see Katie's face, white in the moonlight, and looking up with all trustfulness into his from her corner seat under a huge magnolia, "did you know that I had ever been married?"

"No!" said Kate. She said it with a little gasp. This was quite different from what she expected to hear, and perhaps the moonbeams were not all to blame for the colour of her face.

"I thought Clive might have told you." Then, as she shook her head rather indignantly—"Well, never mind; it is so, whether you knew it or not. I was married this very month four years ago, at S. Louis-sur-Eaux, in Canada. Two hours after that ceremony my wife and I parted. We have never met since."

He spoke in short, husky jerks, with breaks between. This one lasted so long that Kate—poor little Kate! whose face had altered so woefully—plucked up courage to ask—

"And—and she? your wife?"

"She is dead," he said hoarsely; then, turning and catching Kate's small cold hand between both of his—"Oh, Kate! if it had not been for that I could never have brought you down here this evening. If she had lived, though we might not have met again in this world, I could never have loved another woman—never tried to fill the place she left vacant. Katie, forgive me—your dear little face looks pale; but didn't I tell you this was not a pleasant story to hear? If you don't care for me, bid me stop now, and I'll not utter another word of it; for if it's hard to listen to, it's harder still to tell."

He loosed her hand a little as he spoke, but the small fingers closed round his, and the small face looked up to his undaunted.

"Tell me or not, as you think best, Mr. M'Kenzie," she said bravely. "I know you have had a great deal of trouble; I know you loved her—your wife; it was only right you should."

"It was not right," he answered almost fiercely. "There was the bitterness of it. Kate, how shall I tell you? I loved her—loved her with the one passion of my life. I won her love in return, and married her at that little Canadian church in the far West; and yet she was not my wife; the love she gave me was not hers to give. She was married already! Whether for my sake, or for the sake of my income and position—who can say?—she had lied to me and deceived me; and I learnt it—good heavens! I can hardly bear to think of it now—by a letter from her former husband, given to me ten minutes after I had stood with her at the altar."

Kate said nothing, only her hand, still clasped in his, drew back by ever so little, and the face, a moment past turned up to the moonlight, drooped and hid itself in the shadow of the magnolias. It was enough for M'Kenzie's sensitive nature.

"I thought so!" he said bitterly. "See! did I not tell you that the wrong she did me was irremediable, since even now—*now*, after four long years of suffering, it makes a girl who was my friend shrink from me, who am its victim."

"Oh! don't say that," cried Kate quickly, her eyes filling at the accusation, "Mr. M'Kenzie, please don't. I did not mean it. Of course I know—every one knows that there are such wicked people. It was only the first hearing of it in this way; and I am so very, very sorry for you."

"Thank you," he said, pressing the repentant little hand gently, "and forgive my quick tongue. You see how tried I have been. There isn't much more to tell, and I'll get through it as quickly as possible; only you ought to know how it came about.

"I met her first when I was engaged on some engineering work for the Government. She lived with her mother, a widow in very failing health, in a little cottage about half-a-mile from S. Louis-sur-Eaux. A road had been designed which would pass through their cottage, and it was about it that I made their acquaintance. I think I must have fallen in love with her at once; and no wonder! I don't believe any being half so lovely ever walked this earth—no, not even you, Katie, though you're far the fairest thing I've seen on this side of the water; but she was like nothing but one of those mediæval saints you see painted on dead-gold backgrounds with a lily in their hand; or like a lily itself, just so tall and grand and fair, with eyes of that pure, serene blue, which looked as if vulgar sin or care could never come near them, and a manner more like an English duchess than a Canadian woman, so sweetly dignified and perfectly refined. It did not seem as if anything on earth could ruffle her temper or sharpen her voice; and when you see what a passionate, irritable sort of fellow I am, you can guess what a haven of rest and sweetness such a nature must have seemed to me.

"The mother was dying, and both of them knew it. Av——*she* told me so, and urged that they should not be disturbed till all was over. They had nothing to say against the disturbance, and of course they were to be fairly compensated. She only prayed me to put it off awhile, and—also of course—I agreed. I would have done as much for any one, let alone her whose lightest wish was already my law.

"The mother died, and she was left alone—more utterly alone than you could imagine, for they lived in great seclusion. She was English-born, and in all the world had only one relative left, a distant cousin in Toronto, who was just leaving for England. It was this which gave me courage to tell her of my love. If she had been rich and happy, she would have seemed too far above me for such as I to woo or win. See what a fool I was, Kate, for *I* at least was an honourable man.

"I won her—not without difficulty; but she owned she loved me, and after that I would take no refusal. The marriage followed as soon as might be: I was eager to possess my prize; she was alone and friendless; and, indeed, once she had yielded, she showed no maidenly affectations for delay, and threw no obstacles in the way.

"We were married, and as we re-entered the house a letter was given me. Would that I had got it an hour sooner! It was from her husband, and couched in the most insolent and threatening language. Little wonder! I might have written worse myself under similar circumstances; but it enclosed a copy of the first marriage certificate. It told me that they had been separated for some time on account of his having lost all his money, and being under a cloud. Worst of all, he gave me proof that they had been corresponding up to the last few weeks, quoted details of my own visits, facts about myself told only to her, and which could have been only told by her; and then—then, while I was reading this, and she changing her dress up-stairs, the maid came in with a crumpled letter.

"'Is this yours, sir? I think you dropped it. I found it under the dining-table.'

I took it, but it was not mine. Kate, it was one of his letters to her, dated only ten days back. I have it now. I know every word of it by heart. Child, do you know what I did when I saw it first?"

But Kate made no answer. She might have said, "Killed her," if she had only judged by that fierce white face, and teeth gnawing savagely at his under lip. She only shivered and held her peace.

"I hardly know myself," he went on hoarsely. "I think I went mad, for I tore up into her room, and flung the letter in her face, and trampled on her wedding-dress, and raved and stormed at her, and cursed her for the misery she had brought on me. I *was* mad, Kate, but it was she who had made me so."

Again Kate shivered. All her warm young blood seemed to have turned to ice; but only her eyes asked the question her lips refused to ask.

"She said nothing," he answered, as though she had spoken, "not one word. She stood looking at me with that grand face of hers set like a marble statue, as stubborn and as unrepentant. I suppose she had made up her mind to expect it some day, though not so soon; only when my anger broke a little at the

sight of her beauty, and I said something of love and excuse, she stopped me with a curt "Let me go; you are insulting me," and swept out of the room without one backward look. I tried to stop her, to extract one word of explanation or sorrow—I remember that, and nothing more just then. I suppose I had a fit of some sort, for I didn't recover consciousness till late that evening, and she was gone by then. I never saw her again."

"And how——" Kate's quivering lips formed so much after a silence which seemed like an hour; it might have been five minutes in reality.

"How did I hear of her death? This way. I went to Toronto—don't despise me, Katie, but I could not let her disappear thus; and as soon as she was gone, all sorts of excuses for her came into my mind: explanations which she might have given if I had but controlled my passion in the beginning, and let her—I searched for her far and wide; for at least, if money had been her temptation, she should have had the half of mine; but it was no use. Her relation had left Toronto—it was thought, for England; and it was not for many weeks that I discovered that the last which had been seen of her was, that she had slept at a certain hotel, and taken a ticket for the Hudson steamer next morning. That steamer burst a boiler, and went down with crew and passengers. The details of the accident were in the very papers containing my advertisements for my wife—*my* wife! There, don't talk of it. Three days after we parted, and to be snatched away so suddenly! It seemed like a judgment. I wish it could have fallen on me instead. Nay"—as Kate's eyes met his—"I wished it then, at least. Perhaps you will teach me to be grateful for life now. There's very little more for you to hear. I left the army then, went away, and travelled in the south, in Mexico and Chili—anywhere to forget. When I came back to the States I avoided society entirely, went nowhere, and never spoke to a woman if I could help it. I came to England, and I met you, my little dark-eyed English girl. It was quite by chance. I had been obliged to make some new acquaintances, to renew some old ones. I was asked as a favour to take a friend's wife to that ball, and there I saw you, and was won against my will to like you. You looked so *happy*, so radiant with innocent pleasure. I felt as if a sunbeam had got into the room, and as if even *I* must catch a ray of it if I could but get near you, and make you speak to me. You know the rest, don't you, Katie? How your innocent sympathy soothed me, your frankness and gaiety cheered me despite myself. There *could* be no deceit in a girl who spoke out every thought as it came uppermost, no secrets in a life which had grown up in a sheltered English home for only nineteen years; and sometimes, when the thought came to me that you might—that you did care for me a little bit, you can't tell how strong was the temptation to tell you all my sad story, and ask you if, in spite of it, you could give yourself to me for my own. It was the selfishness of the thing stayed me. To ask you, so young and bright and pretty! Aren't you indignant with me for giving way now, and asking you for your fresh young life in exchange for the battered remains of mine? Tell me the truth, my darling—I don't think you could tell me anything else; it isn't in you—but speak out fearlessly. Don't hide your face, Katie, or be afraid of hurting my feelings. I shall not feel one whit the less tenderly to you, whatever you may say. Answer me"—putting one arm gently round her, and drawing her to his side, that he might better see her face.

It was a very pale little face—a very sober one. Dallas felt conscience-stricken when he saw how entirely the girlish light-heartedness had died out of it under his passionate rain of words.

"My love," he cried remorsefully, "how sad you look! Forgive me. I never ought to have asked you; only I thought——"

"You thought I loved you," said Kate. Her forehead was drawn into two very grave little lines. Her small hands clasped each other tightly; and yet there was no thought of wounded pride in her heart, no resentment at the contrast between the greatness of the gift he was asking, the little he had to offer; no recollection of the far greater love which ought to have been poured out at her feet by the man who expected to receive the first fresh fount of hers. Kate was too utterly unselfish where she loved to think of how much or how little she was going to get in exchange for that love. What she thought was, as usual, expressed in what she said.

"You thought I loved you. Would it please you if I did?"

"*Please me!* It would be such happiness as I could hardly dare to think of."

"You are sure—quite sure"—looking up with serious, child-like earnestness in his face.

"More than sure. My child, don't keep me in suspense. It is I who am so unworthy of you."

"That is not true, so don't say it. No: wait one moment. I am only afraid——"

"What?"

"That when you have got me you will be disappointed because I am not grave and gentle, or—or like a grand white lily."

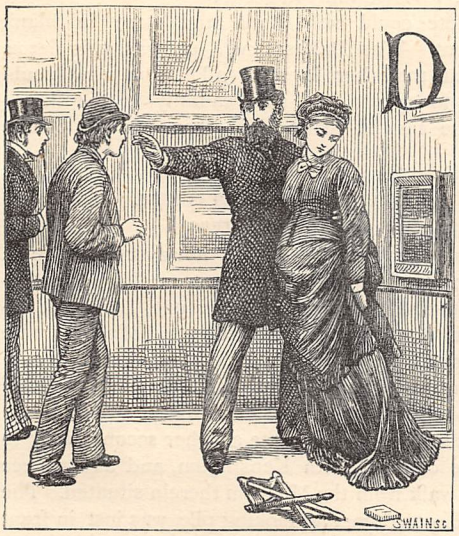
"Katie, that is cruel. You know how I should value you, the more for your unlikeness to her."

"Then—take me!"—nestling suddenly to him like a little bird—"for I do love you. I love you better than any one in the world. I would rather be with you than with any one in the world. I will try, oh! so hard to be good and make you happy."

"God bless you, my darling, my bright loving child, and help me to repay you," he said, folding her tight in his arms, and kissing lips, brow, and cheeks of the little face resting so trustfully on his breast.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

WHAT COULD THE MATTER BE?



"Do you think Dallas can be ill, mama? It is such a long time—four days nearly—since we have seen him.—But, mama, what is the matter? You appear to be worried about something—what is it?"

"It is only Dick, my dear. See here, Katie, he wants——"

But Kate had her finger to her lips, and was listening to something else.

"The hall-door!" she said, her pretty colour coming and going with eager anticipation. "It must be—yes, it *is* Dallas!" and she was flying off when checked by Lady Margaret's "One moment, Kate dear," and Eve's rebuking "Katie, how terribly demonstrative you are! I am sure Mr. M'Kenzie would think quite as much of you if you did not go running out to meet him in that way. He admires dignity in women so much."

"Dallas would not like a colder welcome than Dick, and I don't think it undignified to run out to meet him," Kate said, but she stood still nevertheless, blushing very much and fidgeting painfully.

How very slowly Dallas was coming up-stairs, and how very disagreeable Eve was growing!

Dallas did come up-stairs slowly. Even the two ladies who had not troubled their heads with fears lest he should be ill because he had not made his appearance for two or three days, perceived how heavily his lingering footsteps sounded in contrast to his usual brisk, active step, and Lady Margaret had time to say, "I do not think it is Dallas M'Kenzie after all," and Eve to reply, "But if not, mama, Thomas would have come up first to announce him," before a shadow darkened the doorway, and Kate sprang forward with an exclamation—

"Dallas! Is anything the matter? Oh, how ill you are looking!"

He *was* looking ill; not only horribly pale and worn, but with dark rings round his eyes, and an appearance as of threads of grey among the black locks over his temples. It must have been a very serious attack to make such a change in a man within the space of three days; and Lady Margaret, as she held out her hand, spoke words of anxiety and sympathy—

"For you have indeed been ill. Why did you not let us know?" she said, in her genial motherly way, which more than made amends for the cameo brooch put on upside down, and the tumbled ruffles at her wrist. M'Kenzie flushed suddenly.

"Ill? Oh, dear, no! What should make you think so, Lady Margaret?" he said, with a kind of nervous irritation in his usually pleasant-sounding voice, which made Eve glance at him more narrowly.

"You are not going away, Lady Margaret?" he said, "do stay and give me your advice about the library at Weybridge. Stencil says the paper is too pale a tint for light oak, and yet both you and Katie took such a fancy to that suite at Gillot's. What do you think we had better do?"

Lady Margaret sat down at once. What woman, however self-abnegating, can refuse to give her opinion on such a deeply interesting matter as the furniture of her daughter's future home? Katie's mother was "womanly past question." She threw herself eagerly into the discussion, seeking out instances of other libraries, and canvassing the rival merits of light and dark oak, inlaid floors and stained windows, with the keenest maternal zest, while Kate sat by, answering when spoken to, but wondering inwardly whether her mother did not notice how completely Dallas's mind had wandered from the subject he had himself started, or how pale and dreamy his face had grown.

"Let us leave the library unfinished till we come back from abroad," he said, upsetting with a light laugh all the *pros* and *cons* he had called forth. "We shall be sure to pick up things in France or Italy which Katie will like better than West End wares; and I shall give her *carte blanche* for her purchases. There are no debtors' prisons now-a-days, Katie, are there? and at the worst, we can but sell the house and go out to make roads in Canada again. Lady Margaret, what are we putting off this wedding till the end of October for? Does a young lady's wedding-dress really take six months to make? Here you are, staying in town all through the dullest part of the year, while if we had been married at the beginning of August, you might have got away to the seaside at once, and been as comfortable as possible."

"My dear Dallas! What has made you so impatient to day?" Lady Margaret said, half rebuking, half flattered; but Katie did not even blush or smile. Her eyes were still fixed on her lover with a look of puzzled distress; and she was relieved when, the next moment, Lady Margaret started up, exclaiming—

"Ten minutes to five! I shall be barely able to catch the post. Dallas, will you spare Katie to me for one moment? It is only something about Dick," and so hurried away. Kate followed more slowly. Indeed, she lingered to say—

"I shall not be five minutes, Dallas. Look at that picture while I am away, and tell me what frame would do best for it."

But he had fallen into a fit of abstraction and

neither heard nor answered; and Katie joined her mother with such a very grave little face that Lady Margaret noticed it, and ascribed it to a wrong cause.

"It is cruel to call you away, love, when you haven't seen him for several days," she said kindly; "but, you see, I can't learn to do without my Kate as quickly as Dallas wishes; and there is no one else I can speak to about Dick. That £150 I had to find to prevent the scandal of a breach of promise case has crippled me terribly; and the wedding——"

"Never mind the wedding, mammy dear," said Kate cheerfully. "*I* don't want it hastened; and as for Dallas—if he says any more about it, I'll have it put off for another year. I don't know what is the matter with him this afternoon, poor fellow! I never saw him so strange before. But as for that money, I'm sure it was well spent in getting poor dear Dick clear of those horrid, intriguing women. I can't think how he got into the hands of such vile, coarse-minded people. I dare say Dick is sorry for the trouble he has given, and is going to turn over a new leaf."

Lady Margaret shook her head again. It seemed to her that constant appeals for money, and extravagant orders on London shops, were signs, not of his turning over a new leaf in his rustic exile, but of his getting involved in some fresh folly or entanglement. There were more grey hairs in the mother's head now than there had been six months back; and Bernard Clive and Lord Lovegoats had severally said so much to her on her habit of spoiling her first-born that, after many struggles with herself, she decided not to send the young gentleman the cheque he so peremptorily demanded, but to inquire for what it was wanted. It was Kate, however, who must put this decision into words. The mother could not nerve herself to that effort; and accordingly her daughter was obliged (much *contre cœur*) to sit down and write a note to her brother, informing him that his wishes could not be complied with for reasons dictated by Lady Margaret.

Dallas had been left nearly half-an-hour alone when his betrothed returned to him; and she came into the room quickly, and with some little noise and bustle, feeling compunctious for her long absence, which had seemed but a few minutes to her while her mind was occupied with her brother, and anxious lest Mr. M'Kenzie might be affronted at it. She had already found out that he was of a somewhat exacting, if not jealous, disposition, and liked to enjoy an entire monopoly of his belongings.

He was not fidgeting about the room, however, as she expected, or brimming over with tender reproaches for her neglect. On the contrary, he did not even seem to hear her entrance; for he was standing at one of the further windows, gazing at something which he held in his hands.

"Dallas! What is it? Oh! you must be ill. Do tell me what is the matter."

Her voice startled him, and he turned round not smiling, but with an almost fierce gesture of command.

"Where did you get *this?*" he asked, and his voice was so low and hoarse, it did not sound like his own—"*this*," striking an unframed canvas which he held in the other hand. "Who left it here? Who did it? For pity's sake, Kate, answer; and don't stand looking at me so. *Where* did you get it?"

But Kate could only stand and stare in blank amazement. Was Dallas mad? or was this fierce, incoherent man her lover at all? For what could there be to agitate him so dreadfully in the sketch which the invalid artist had given her at Combe Regis?

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

L'homme propose—— No; however suitable a quotation for the present moment, and however impossible to find an equal or better one, I will not reproduce that stalest and most hackneyed of all sayings; but will rather leave my sentence unsounded, and proceed at once to an incident which took place some few days after the family discussion at the Bellews'.

Dallas had been with Kate and her second sister to pay some calls at South Kensington, and about three minutes' walk from the Museum therein situated. The great, red, conglomerate-looking pile was just in front of them as they came out of the house, and Kate at once recollected that some new pictures had been bequeathed to the galleries by a lately defunct art-collector, which she had not seen.

"Let us go in for a few minutes, Dallas," she said; "I should like to see them as we are so near—that is, unless you've anything else to do." And Dallas, only too ready to gratify any of her little fancies, agreed on the instant, declaring he should like nothing better.

They walked slowly through the well-lit and warmed galleries, stopping now and then to glance at old favourites, and shudder at old horrors in the way of "pot-boilers" and "signboards," and attracting as much notice from other loiterers as generally falls to the share of two pretty girls in very opposite styles of beauty, in company with a man rather remarkably handsome and foreign-looking. Kate, with her dark, laughing eyes, rich colouring and *riante* expression, had, as usual, most admirers; but Eve—now quite as tall as her sister, slender as a willow, and with her transparent skin and flaxen braids rendered doubly effective by their setting: dark, broad-brimmed felt and shady plumes—had her own share; and even Dallas said, laughing—

"I ought to be a proud man to-day. My fair companions draw all eyes from the pictures."

"Not *all*," said Eve, with a quiet smile, and a half-imperceptible gesture.

They were just entering one of the smallest rooms, in which there were not more than half-a-dozen people; and these half-a-dozen never turned an eye on the new-comers, being occupied in watching, as near as was consistent with (British) civility, the performances of a lady artist who, seated on a low campstool, was sketching a copy on wood from one of the pictures.

"My! ain't she a stunnin' 'handsome creature?" "An' ain't she doin' of it spicy?" were comments

they heard from two of the junior male gapers. Kate whispered laughingly to her lover—

"Dallas, I know you're longing to go and look at her. Do it at my desire, and tell me if she's copying my pet in the corner. Eve and I will wait here."

Dallas obeyed at once, not because he was longing to do so, but because pleasuring his lady-love was his *haut devoir* at the present moment. As he came behind the artist, however, Kate, who had a little shifted her position, caught sight of the latter's profile over an intervening shoulder, and exclaimed in her own quick, impulsive voice—

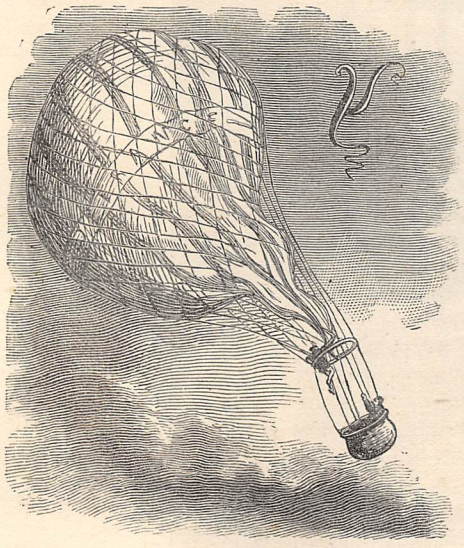
"Why, it's—it's Mrs. Clewer! Oh, how strange!"

She spoke rather loudly, and the lady in question heard and turned round, half rising from her seat; Dallas was just behind her, and the movement brought them face to face. What change came over his, the sisters did not see. That which they did see was the deadly, terror-stricken whiteness which overcast hers, the shiver which shook her whole body like a leaf in a gale of wind. There was a dead silence for one moment—then, the tall figure swayed heavily back—there came a crashing fall, a hoarse passionate cry—"Averil! Averil! My love!"—and Dallas had thrust back the people crowding round, and lifted her from the ground, holding her face against his breast with one arm, while he warned off assistance from outsiders with the other.

"Did you hear what he called her?" said Eve, very low. "Kate, we had better go away. Oh, Kate! pull down your veil, and come away with me. It will be better so."

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

MY BALLOON ADVENTURE.



OU, and you alone, Ned, can save me. It's my bread, the balloon is, and not mine only, but that of little Polly at school, far away in England there. —And they'll make no more of ripping the *Defiance* to ribbons than I would of chipping the shell of an egg at breakfast, those peppery Marseillais!"

The situation was, to say the least of it, exceedingly awkward. It was the evening of a fête-day, in brilliant, sultry autumn weather, such as may be looked for in the south of France; and the Ducasse, or local festival of St. Maure, a village lying on the coast some two leagues eastward of Marseilles, had drawn thither a swarm of the population of the old Phocæan city. There was dancing in progress—the merry twang of the fiddles, floating upwards through the vine-tendrils that hung across the open window, reached my ears as I stood beside the bed—but the great attraction of the evening's entertainment was to be a balloon ascent, in the midst of fireworks, on the part of an English aëronaut who, in the glowing language of the hand-bills and posters that had for ten days past advertised the trip, was described as "the famous, the intrepid Oliver Killick, *le Roi des Airs*."

As for myself, I was simply a young English artist, Edward Holmes by name, not long since returned from a protracted course of art-study in Rome, and who found it hard enough, by touching up photographs, "finishing" the sketches of amateurs, and taking, at the lowest rate of remuneration, the portrait of whoever favoured me with a sitting, to procure the wherewithal to live. I had been accidentally thrown a good deal into the company of Mr. Killick, who had for some time been exhibiting his balloon in various towns of the south, and who had shown me some kindness, as a fellow-countryman; while I on my part had a regard for the old man, whose quaint anecdotes of his experiences as a travelling balloonist were often amusing, and half of whose earnings, as I knew, were sent home for the benefit of his little grandchild.

And now a serious difficulty had, at the last moment, arisen. There, in the garden of the village inn, fenced off by ropes and stakes from the pressure of the crowd that surged around, was the *Defiance*, fully inflated, straining at the cords that fastened it to earth, and ready for use, while on his bed lay the unlucky "King of the Air," groaning and disabled. He had sent for me to visit him in his room shortly after the occurrence of the accident—it was a mere stumble over a loose plank, and a fall down-stairs—and though I sympathised with him most sincerely, I had been quite at a loss for an expedient. Mr. Killick was a heavy elderly man, and in the fall had severely sprained his right wrist and injured his thumb, besides receiving a cut on the left temple, from which the blood slowly trickled.

"That's nothing," he said half querulously, as I examined the hurt; "I've had worse in touching ground, many's the day. It's the thumb that does signify, the thumb and the wrist. I can't handle the valve-ropes with this crippled arm any more than a school-girl could do it. And what's to happen now?"

My first idea was that the accident, and the consequent inability of the balloonist to give the promised

exhibition, should be notified, and an apology made to the public; but the veteran decidedly negatived this apparently obvious proceeding. He reminded me of the irascible character of a mob everywhere, and above all of a Southern French mob, and assured me of what I could readily believe, that no excuse would be accepted by the fiery Marseillais, baulked of the long-looked-for treat of an ascent. They would certainly destroy the balloon, and not improbably execute lynch-law in some form on the aëronaut, while the very loss of the *Defiance* would be a serious disaster to its owner. Then, too, a rich landed proprietor of the neighbourhood—a vain young man, with a taste for notoriety—had offered fifteen louis-d'or to be taken up as a passenger; and to disappoint M. Victor de Villeneuve, and lose three hundred francs, was also an unwelcome contingency.

To my very great surprise, Mr. Killick proposed that I should go up in his stead, and undertake for the occasion the office of aëronaut. I had indeed accompanied him, while we were both at Nice, in two short ascents, and had learned from him to manage the valves and ballast, the rudiments of the art of ballooning. I was young, active, and had a steady head, and the owner of the *Defiance* was quite willing to entrust her to me, if I would but so far oblige him. I have never been quite able satisfactorily to explain to myself how it was that I was startled or cajoled into assenting. Perhaps the novelty of the notion, acting on a somewhat adventurous fancy, made me yield more readily to the old man's entreaty than would otherwise have been the case. I said, "Yes," and was held to my word.

"THE CORD WAS CUT" (*p.* 690).

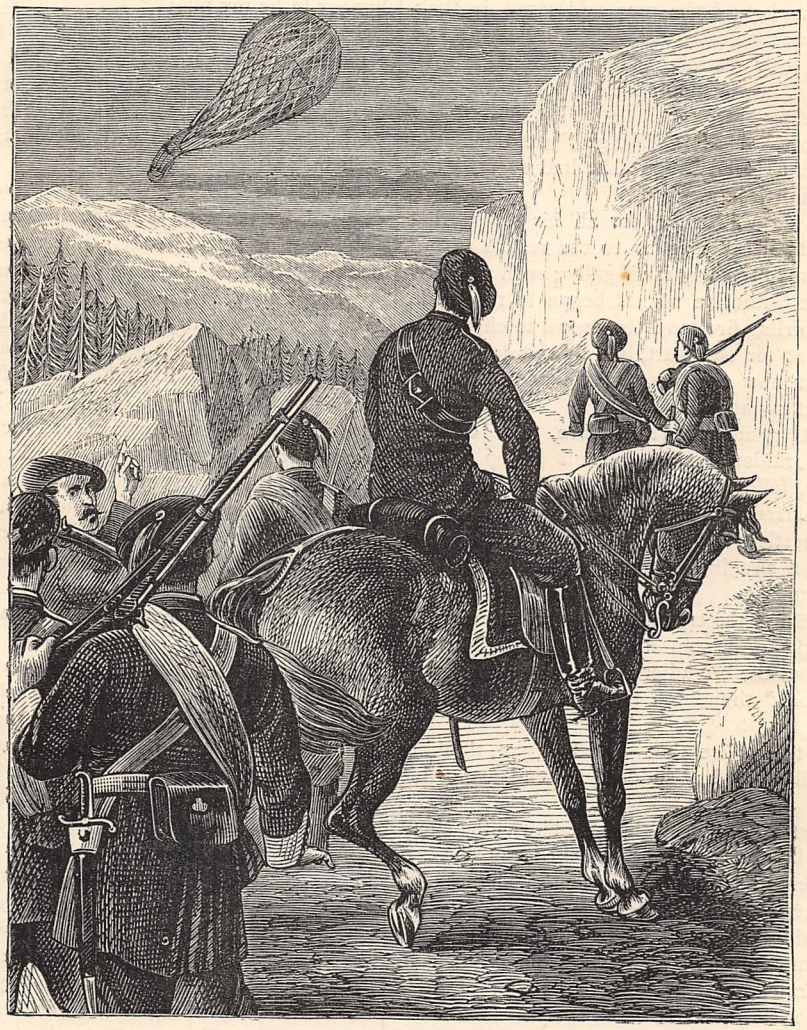
"Hist! walls have ears, and certainly arbours have," whispered the landlord of the inn, as he led me cautiously round by the back door into the partially illuminated space without. "Wrap your overcoat well about you, and hide your face with this red handkerchief. We mustn't let the people see as yet it's a raw hand that's to go aloft. Tron de l'air! once up,

we can laugh it off." This was all very well for the innkeeper, whose only wish was to keep the rabble in good humour, and avoid a riot, which might lead to the pillage of his cellar and the demolition of his furniture, but I began inwardly to question the wisdom of my own choice.

However, it was too late to withdraw. One glance at the sea of keen, olive-complexioned faces, the flashing eyes and impassioned gestures of the spectators, was enough to show the risk that would attend the giving of wilful offence. I could have imagined much such a throng gathered around the blood-stained arena of old Rome. They were gay enough, laughing blithely, but it would not have required much to arouse the volcanic fires that slumbered beneath that joyous aspect.

There was the *Defiance*, majestically poised above the ground like a vessel riding at anchor. There was nothing for it but to carry out, as best I might, the madcap enterprise on which I had embarked.

"Come, you had better get into the car, and be ready," said the landlord, still in an undertone, as he passed me through the cordon of police that kept back the foremost of the spectators. "Don't talk, but if anybody speaks to you, wave a flag—that does as well. M. de Villeneuve writes me word he'll not arrive till the last moment, when we start the fireworks. As soon as he's beside you, up you go, remember."



"THEY CAME CONFUSEDLY TO A HALT" (*p.* 692).

I was now in the rocking, swaying car, and stooping down, I ascertained that the bags of ballast, the coil of spare rope, the flags, and telescope were at my feet; then I assured myself that the grapnel was provided with its tough cord, and then the whizz of a rocket, and a descending shower of coloured spangles of fire, gave a warning note of preparation.

More rockets now soared aloft, amidst the huzzas of the crowd, and then, springing from the driving-seat of a light open carriage drawn by a grey horse, there appeared the figure of a stout, well-dressed man, who elbowed his way so quickly through the throng, that I

had scarcely time to conjecture that this must be the volunteer companion of my aërial voyage, M. Victor de Villeneuve, before he scrambled into the car, and was at my side.

"Allons, let go, mes braves!" he cried, in a sharp imperious tone, to the men who held the ropes. "Bas les cordes! do you hear?"

A voice raised in accents of command seldom fails of its effect, however questionable may be the right of him who uplifts it, and the men addressed, in their astonishment, mechanically obeyed. The balloon rose a little, nothing now restraining its upward flight save the trigger-cord, firmly moored to a post below, the spring being in my grasp.

"Montons, camarade! Off we go!" exclaimed the passenger, with a jovial laugh that had scarcely the ring of honest mirth in it.

Perhaps M. de Villeneuve, for all his swaggering deportment, was ill at ease as to the results of our voyage, and strove to carry it off gaily; such were my thoughts as the Catherine wheels began to revolve in cascades of whirling fire, and the crowd to cheer. It was the moment for our start, but I hesitated to pull the trigger, for now a strange bustle and confusion below attracted my attention.

A mounted gendarme, his sabre and carbine clanking, had ridden up at the full gallop of his reeking horse, followed at some distance by three others, who spurred furiously forward. There were a few hurried questions, then a smothered outcry, a roar of voices, and a swaying backwards and forwards of the excited populace.

I looked down at the crowd of upturned faces.

"Stop! stop! Au nom de la loi! Englishman, stay!" cried out the brigadier of the foot-police.

"Let go, fool!" thundered the man who sat beside me in the car.

"But it is the police that——" I began, thinking that M. de Villeneuve had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Come down! stop—haul the rope!" was the shout from below; but as the words reached my ear, my companion bent forward. Something flashed in his hand—a dagger-knife—and the cord was cut, and the balloon darted upwards.

"In the name of the law—ah! you won't? Tiens!" cried a gendarme, discharging his carbine, an example that was followed by his comrades; but the balls whistled idly by, while we rose and rose, until the inn, and the gardens, and the shouting crowd, and the sputtering fireworks, had diminished to pigmy size, and presently disappeared altogether, and the balloon rode on, solitary, through the fields of air.

"A nous deux, maintenant!" said M. de Villeneuve, with a chuckle that was incomprehensible to me. "A singular salute our friends gave us, eh, when they bade us bon voyage?"

The moon, half full, had now risen, and I could see the face of my companion—the swarthy, keen face of a man forty years of age, with short dark hair, slightly grizzled, fiery black eyes, and very white, strong, sharp-pointed teeth, which gave him, when he smiled, somewhat the expression of a laughing wolf. He was a man of powerful frame, and the fingers of the gloved hand which he now laid upon my arm were as strong and supple as steel.

"Avow," said this strange passenger, with a grin that an ogre might have envied, "avow that you take me for a queer specimen of the French provincial gentry, hein? But first, how comes it that the père Killick is absent, and a blanc-bec of your age has the honour to be my pilot?"

I told him briefly, and in offended tones, what had occurred, and how it was that he and I found ourselves together so far above terra firma, at the same time cautioning him not, as he had done before, to take it on himself to interfere with the management of the balloon."

"We must now," I added, "look out for a place to descend, for the wind is freshening, and——"

"Let it freshen!" rudely interrupted M. de Villeneuve. "Sets fair for Spain, does it not?"

"For Spain?" I echoed in surprise. Could this self-conceited country gentleman really deem that we were bound on such a journey as that? I could not help laughing as I said, "Why for Spain, monsieur?"

"Well, Italy would have served me as well, had the wind been a westerly one. I talk both languages equally, and know every wine-shop in Cadiz as well as I do those of Genoa," answered M. de Villeneuve, again chuckling. "Ha, lad! what are you about, that you finger that rope?"

"I am opening the valve above," I answered coldly, "because it is time now to sink to a lower level, and descend——"

"Descend, eh?" briskly put in my fellow-voyager. "We may as well understand each other at once. Hands off the rope, I say, if you would keep the roof on your skull," he added threateningly, as he drew a revolver from within his waistcoat, and deliberately pointed the barrel at my head, "I'll show you who's captain up here."

My brain reeled, and my blood ran cold, as the horrid thought flashed upon me that I was, at that fearful height above the earth, in company with a madman. Nothing, surely, save insanity could account for the extraordinary behaviour of M. de Villeneuve.

But I suppose I put a tolerably good countenance on the matter, for my formidable companion laughed again, but less ill-naturedly, as he said—

"You face it out well, boy. I like a youngster who shows a heart somewhat bigger than a chicken's. And I'm not so bad as I look—never do this!"—he drew his hand as he spoke edgeways, with a meaning gesture, across his throat—"when I can get my little profits by quieter means. But you stare at me as if I were a mountebank selling quack medicines. Can you guess why those gendarmes were so peremptory an hour ago? Because they wanted the pleasure of my company back to Toulon, that's all. Did you never hear, Anglais, of Risque-son-cou?"

"Risque-son-cou?" I repeated in perplexity.

"Ay, Pierre Paul Grincheux, if you please, dit

Risque-son-cou," said the man, with an odd sort of pride; "it's a name, if you read the reports of our tribunals, that you may have met with. Toulon, Brest, Lambessa—I know every one of those charming retreats like my pocket. I have had enough sea-air for one while, so I gave myself leave of absence."

And then I remembered to have seen a paragraph in a local paper announcing the escape from Toulon of a criminal of the worst and most dangerous type, who had not as yet been recaptured, and whose grotesque nick-name of Neck-or-nothing had been earned by fifty prison-breakings and hair-breadth evasions from justice. And here was I, Edward Holmes, artist, voyaging by night in a balloon, in company with a runaway galley-slave, well armed with knife and pistol, and more than a match in strength for me, even had he been less well provided!

My terrible companion was only too much disposed to be talkative; and as we swept onwards before the freshening wind, he was kind enough to favour me with a few brief anecdotes of his past career, in which the jocose and the horrible seemed to mingle in cynic confusion. The one point on which he was uncommunicative was the manner of his recent escape from Toulon; or how—probably owing to the complicity of others—he became possessed of his weapons. But he told graphically of the ten days of hardship and hunger which he had endured while skulking among the rocky hills by night, and lying hidden among thorny brakes by day, until at last he broke into a pæan of triumph in relating how he had encountered and robbed the true M. de Villeneuve on his way to the village fête.

"Twenty shining naps in his purse, the idiot!" he said exultingly, "and three thousand francs besides in notes. Well, well! I left him gagged and bound to a tree, after I had taken the freedom to change clothes with him; and there he stands, no doubt, trembling, but fortunate to keep a whole skin. And I found in his pocket the letter of M. Killick, promising to take him as a passenger in the balloon here, and so——"

And so the idea had presented itself to this daring and ready-witted ruffian to personate the victim of his recent robbery, and thus to procure the means of flight in what was certainly an unexampled fashion, while I was the luckless scapegoat of his audacious enterprise.

Meanwhile the wind, as I have said, was rising, and as we hurried on, I looked downwards and saw by the shimmer of the moonlight on the tremulous waves that the sea was below us. I could not forbear from an exclamation of dismay.

The desperado at my side also looked down.

"Bah! sea or land—what matters it?" he said recklessly. "Throw out ballast; do you hear me?" and unwillingly I complied.

The balloon instantly rose, and it presently became perceptibly colder, so that I shivered, and had to chafe my hands together to prevent them from stiffening. My companion's iron frame showed no signs of suffering from the abrupt lowering of the temperature; but after a time the *Defiance* seemed to be nearer to the sea, for I heard the low roar of the waves; and then Risque-son-cou impatiently flung out another bag of ballast, and we rose.

Vague, like the visions of a dream, are my recollections of the voyage of that miserable night, spent thus, and in such company. I suffered much from cold and fatigue, and it was mechanically that I obeyed the directions of the escaped galley-slave, who had now assumed the command. There was no doubt about the fixity of his determination to continue the desperate flight until we should be across the French frontier. How long our aërial journey might prove, undertaken as it was without warm clothing, provisions, or brandy, I could not conjecture, while it was certain that we were hurrying along at a swift pace—how swift I had no means of calculating—before the pressure of the strong wind.

So far as I could tell, the direction of the wind was a uniform one, steadily from north-east-by-east. The sea which I had seen beneath us was, no doubt, a part of the Gulf, lying somewhere between the mouths of the river Rhone and the Spanish border, but the remainder of our route was, in theory, mere guesswork. A slight shift in the wind might cause us to be carried out into the broad Mediterranean—even, did we but drift beyond the Straits, into the broader Atlantic, to perish, as many a balloon voyager has died, without a record of his fate. Whereabouts we were I could not tell. The dark, blurred outlines of what lay beneath seemed to indicate hills and woods, not sea.

"If we come down in France, my young friend," said the strident voice of the escaped convict, as we floated through masses of misty vapour, the condensed moisture of which wetted me to the skin, "you may bid adieu to whatever home ties and British affections your insular heart may cherish. It's no fault of yours, you will say, if the wind carries this flapping gas-bag to Poitou or the Nivernais. No, but is Risque-son-cou to wait while the young Englishman crawls to the nearest brigade of gendarmerie to give notice that his fellow-traveller was Peter Paul Grincheux, forçat en rupture de ban? Thank you. I prefer to keep my own counsel. So sure as we drop where Napoleon is emperor, and the *Official Journal* posted on the walls of the Poste de Police, I prove that one can keep a secret better than two."

I am not, I hope, unduly timorous, but I own that my heart sank within me as I heard these words, uttered with an emphatic ferocity which left no doubt of the speaker's stern resolve. I had fully made up my mind, should the desperado at my side begin to realise his threats, that I would not be by any means passive in the struggle; but his weapons and his strength left little hope of a satisfactory ending to such a contest.

"There's something wrong with the valves," said my companion roughly, an hour later; "the gas, diable! is coming down, and we are sinking. It's for you, aëronaut, to ascend the netting and stop the escape of the gas."

I was very reluctant to obey. To climb the netting of a balloon, when at a great height above the earth, is never a very pleasant task; but to do so, leaving

behind me a ruffian who might at any moment pistol or stab me as I descended, thus relieving himself from an inconvenient witness, was indeed irksome. However, Risque-son-cou evinced such vehement pertinacity, and swore so many grisly oaths, that at last I complied; and, having adjusted the valve, crept back to the car, sick and giddy, but unhurt.

The moon had faded away. There were pale crimson streaks in what I took to be the eastern sky, and below lay piled-up gloomy masses of black cloud, through which gleamed at intervals something white and lustrous, like the marble pinnacles of the cathedral at Milan.

"We're steering straight. Fatality, for once, befriends me," exclaimed the desperate sharer of my journey, "for, mille bombes! those are the peaks of the Eastern Pyrenees. Chuck over ballast, boy. Don't let us ground on them."

We were, in reality, floating amongst the serrated summits and snow-clad mountain-tops of the huge chain of mountains that forms a natural barrier between Gaul and Spain. Below, the sullen cloud-banks menaced elemental war, and already low-muttering growls of thunder reverberated among the serrated ridges beneath us.

"Throw over more ballast," commanded my ruffianly companion.

I flung out, with some misgivings, the remainder of the last bag of sand and small pebbles, but the *Defiance* did not rise with its former buoyancy. Much gas had been lost. The once smooth surface of the silk, painted in gaudy stripes of pink and blue, was wrinkled now, and fluttered loosely in irregular festoons. More than once it seemed as though we must be dashed against some one of the towering peaks above which the balloon slowly revolved.

Crash after crash, peal upon peal, rang out the deep diapason of the thunder, echoed from glen to glen, and from ridge to ridge, while far and wide the lightning sent its flaming arrows across the darkling sky. How strange it was to see beneath us those forked shafts of dazzling light, to hear from beneath us those awful rolls of heaven's own terrible artillery, and to float helplessly above the raging tempest!

Day had broken; the sun was rising, red and angry, in the stormy eastern sky, and as a current of air wafted the balloon rapidly forward, I could dimly distinguish forest, and meadow, and spurs of wood-clothed hills, lying to the southward of us. The snowy peaks, rosy-pink in the morning radiance, were being gradually left behind us.

"Hurrah! as you say, you other islanders," cried out the galley-slave triumphantly, as he too scanned the landscape. "Vive la joie! We're well across the frontier now, and Pierre Paul Grincheux is as safe as any other Frenchman from the odious summons to trudge back to the chain-gang, and the rattan of the garde-chiourme! Thank your stars, Englishman——"

A stunning peal of thunder cut short his boastful discourse, and as it did so the *Defiance* heeled over, and was driven like a dead leaf before the gale, by the sudden rush of a mighty wind, that bore us almost to the surface of the ground, and hurried us along with headlong rapidity. Fields, woodlands, houses, seemed to pass us by with feverish haste, and still we sped onwards, so near now to the earth that I momentarily expected that we should become entangled among the trees that loomed so near us.

What was that, like a river of glancing water, on the dusty high road beneath us, the yellow road like a ribbon winding amid rocks and thickets? Troops on the march, no doubt, the sunlight glinting on their bayonets. I could see that as we approached they came confusedly to a halt.

"Again, hurrah!" shouted the galley-slave. "A cheer, noble Spaniards, for your guest, Pierre Paul, now safely——"

As he spoke I saw the earth very near us, saw the soldiers run to right and left, as though to clear the way for our passage, and then, with a sickening crash, the balloon and the car seemed to strike against a rock, and a thousand sparks of fire filled my bewildered eyes, and then all grew dark.

"He'll live, this one, never fear," said a cheery voice speaking in the Spanish language, which I partially understood, as I awoke to find myself lying upon a truckle-bed in a wayside cottage, surrounded by a group of officers, while a regimental surgeon was feeling my pulse. "Give him a few more drops of the brandy! Only a couple of ribs the worse, I think."

"And—and the man who was with me?" I asked feebly.

The doctor shook his head.

"Not your father or your brother, I trust, caballero?" he said. "Ah, then, I may tell you that his head was dashed against the rock, and his neck—a tough one, by-the-by—very effectually dislocated."

And so it was; Risque-son-cou had shared the proverbial fate of the pitcher that goes too often to the well.

Strange to say, my fortune was, to a qualified extent, made by the accident which had so nearly put an end altogether to my worldly anxieties. The kind protectors who had picked me up, a wayworn stranger, with two ribs broken, by the roadside, had me conveyed along with them on a litter to the garrison town of Girona, whither they were bound, and in the military hospital of this place I was cared for, until youth and a robust constitution enabled me to get the better of the fever that ensued. My story was noised abroad, and all Barcelona seemed eager to sit for its portrait to the young English artist who had visited Spain in so singular a manner; and thence, with good professional recommendations, I passed on to Madrid, Paris, and London, and have never since known the actual pressure of want.

I afterwards heard that a subscription set on foot at Marseilles compensated Mr. Killick for the loss of his balloon, but he and I never met again.

JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD.

TWILIGHT.

IT is the sweet and tender grace
Of sorrow in a lovely face,
When the bright eyes are brimmed with tears,
That yearns through all the vanished years.

For, though long years have passed away,
I still recall that parting day
When here, with breaking hearts, we stood
In this dim twilight of the wood.

The winding pathway is the same ;
The oak, on which I carved her name,
Still casts its shadow over me ;
And still——Ah ! what is this I see ?

The pale face lifted to my own,
The sad, sad lips that made sweet moan,
Unconscious of the future years
When other eyes would fill with tears.

J. R. E.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THOSE who watch the vagaries of fashion narrowly will perceive that we often go from one extreme to the other—and then fall back on the happy medium. Within the past few years we have passed from dresses preposterously distended by crinolines to clinging draperies; from infinitesimal bonnets to large hats; from very short skirts to very long ones, not to quote other extremes; so that now we surely have some little right to hope there is a good time coming when a fair-sized brougham need not be a solitary conveyance, nor narrow petticoats be an impediment to graceful motion; when our head-coverings shall be becoming protections, and our chaussures comfortable.

Meanwhile we are not quite satisfied with the things that be; and in preparing for autumn it certainly is not an easy matter to be *bien mise* and avoid heavy bills. For summer and spring inexpensive materials will produce a pleasing result; and with a sewing-machine a good needlewoman can make tasteful toilettes at little cost, and with not overmuch labour, even in these days, when the trimmings are so elaborate; but autumn and winter fabrics require to be good in order to be durable, and it is difficult to combine this with cheapness.

Light home-spuns, serges, Scarboro' serge, Cheviot serge, and a new kind of serge, which is not (as most of them are) twilled, velvets, French merino, and more than all, cashmere and Vicuyna cloth, are preparing for the season, braid being the favourite trimming, and a dull silk gimp which supersedes jet. Checks are not to be quite discarded, and in Paris there is a special predilection shown for the Madras mixture—viz., red and black on a *pain bis* ground, the checks in these being as nearly allied to stripes as they can be, and more oblong than heretofore.

The usual way of making up the skirts of these kind of dresses—viz., where the check and plain material are blended—is either with three plaitings, or with gathered flounces headed by bias bands, or with a little plissé at the edge touching the ground, and a gathered heading a quarter of a yard deep, rather full, with a frill at either edge.

Tunics and bodices over dissimilar skirts find great favour with French people, and of late these, in plaid flannel, have been extensively worn over black skirts. Embroidery still holds its own, and many of the dust-coloured dresses are embroidered in self-colour, while others are trimmed with frillings of blue cashmere, embroidered in brown silk, in exactly the same designs as were originally confined to jaconet and book-muslins. Navy blue also embroidered in a similar fashion with cream-colour is to be worn much this autumn.

Now, as to the style of making, the great novelty is bibs—viz., a piece of the material like the tunic, carried on to the front of the bodice, of exactly the same form as the bibs to aprons, and just simply bordered with trimming. Braiding, and especially old silver braid, will be a great feature in trimmings, and perpendicular close-set rows the rule, which is a becoming style to short people, tall people looking best when the ornamentation is arranged horizontally. The cuirass shape will be pretty well universally worn for bodices, and the violin-backs are still in favour, only instead of a plain piece of a contrasting colour and material being introduced, these now take the form of folds, each stitched down.

With regard to the skirts, the "Queue de Paon," or peacock's tail, is still the fashion; it should be cut as follows: the front breadth twenty-eight inches wide at the edge and twenty-three at the top, forty-two long; two gores go next the front, one twenty inches wide at the edge, the next twenty-six inches; the back breadth twenty-four inches wide and very long. The fulness is still all kept to the back, though the skirts are not tied quite so tightly. The back and front of skirts should be differently trimmed; sometimes, when there is a treble box-plait at the back, the dress is ornamented from the neck to the hem of the skirt alike. The Parisians are adopting the Abbess train, which is exceedingly narrow, and plaited the entire length; it is so called from its resemblance to the abbess's robe. Fashion, you see, like the bees, gathers honey where it can.

Cream-colour, or rather ivory, as it is more appropriately called now, will be extensively worn for evening dresses. Grenadine of this shade over silk, and trimmed with gold lace, is a very elegant mixture. Valenciennes and Mechlin lace are used in Paris as trimmings, and white muslin dresses become very costly, and quite suitable for full dress, in the hands of a French modiste.

Several of the new fabrics and trimmings resemble the scales of fish, whether it be the mother-of-pearl embroidery, or the China crêpe, which is now crinkled in a curious way, or the stuffs with which gold, silver, and steel are interwrought.

For ordinary dinner wear the canvas grenadines are good-looking and durable, or rather an improvement on these—the Mexicaine grenadines, which consist of open checks, or stripes and checks. These can be trimmed with lace or plaitings of the material and silk intermixed. A broad-striped velvet-barred grenadine is made specially to wear over velvet.

The dress of the present day is decidedly picturesque; and among other indications that we borrow not a little from the fashions of bygone ages, are the girdles intended to be worn round the hips, which are being introduced. They are mostly made of silver or gold rings, with velvet run through them. The sleeves, too, in which the beauties of Charles IX. disported themselves are in vogue now, with high round epaulettes above the shoulder; and the Medicis style of bodice, with the slightly pointed waist, surrounded with a puffing of the material and loops of ribbon, farther carries out the resemblance.

There has been a great deal of bathing along our coast this autumn, and the fair bathers have not profited as much as they might have done by a French novelty which has proved such a boon to Frenchwomen—viz., the large round cloaks made of Turkish towelling, and trimmed with similar fringe, which completely envelope the figure on leaving the water. They have a graceful effect, and moreover are sensible and serviceable.

A word or two as to waterproof cloaks. There seems a greater tendency than heretofore in women's autumn habiliments to adopt masculine fashions, and regular macintosh cloaks with check linings have been prepared for ladies. Tweed and cloth waterproofs are now made like Ulsters, confined or not at the waist by a band, as the wearer pleases, and with a movable hood in the form of a monk's cowl at the neck. Some have triple capes *à la cocher*, and they all have the advantage of being cosy and comfortable.

Most of the undyed cloth suits now so fashionable are made with knickerbockers to match; and, not content with this, women are adopting the sort of caps which cricketers wear, only instead of one flap they have two, one over the face and one over the hair at the back.

In tailor-made garments the English decidedly carry off the palm, but the French contrive to convert these somewhat ungraceful articles of apparel into graceful ones. "Le Conspirateur," as it is called, for instance, is a dress invented for rainy weather, made of grey alpaca, with four capes corded with black silk, fastening in front with buttons; and the "Capote Soldat," for similar occasions, is a mantle made of chamois-grey Vicuyna cloth, cut like a man's coat, and the redingote made of a bluish-grey cloth which does not spot with the rain. Frenchwomen, however, show a preference for handsome mantles made of waterproofed cloth, trimmed with braid, having large pockets at the side.

This is the sort of under-linen being worn now in Paris: under-skirts of pink or blue cashmere trimmed with Valenciennes lace; beneath, cambric skirts flounced to the waist, with a small tournure just large enough to raise the basque of the dress. Foulard is much used for dressing-gowns, and then it is often bedizened with costly lace; but more than that, foulard is called into play for knickerbockers, petticoats, and covers for the corsets made to match, and both trimmed with lace, Valenciennes having the preference. Petticoats are made with bands in the front, and only drawing-strings at the back, and no plucket-hole, the frill of lace being added to the hem. All under-linen is hand-made, and no money is spared in the embroidery and lace used in making.

Stockings are generally woven in three colours: the foot of one plain colour, with the instep striped, and the leg of another colour, the clocks being marvels of the embroideress's art. Stockings to match the dress are generally sent home by the dressmaker.

There is a little change in boots, insomuch that they are made far higher up the ankle, and dark green and drab cloth are the most fashionable materials.

There is quite a classic simplicity in the present style of hair-dressing, false tresses apparently being generally discarded. Parisians wear the hair quite low in the neck, and some of our English belles have appeared with the whole of the hair loosely twisted at the nape of the neck, a style which it will take some time to accustom ourselves to admire.

As a guide to what to wear, the following is an account of some exquisite toilettes worn at a recent gathering of the *beau monde* by some of the best-dressed Englishwomen of the day, by which you will be able to see how far our *élégantes* adopt *les modes parisiennes*.

A white woollen dress made with plaitings, and a tablier trimmed with yak lace, the colour of the material; cream-coloured gloves, and a black straw bonnet trimmed with black velvet and cherries. A white-striped grenadine, the bodice having stripes of narrow black velvet in a kind of V-shape over it, worn with a black bonnet and forget-me-nots. A white silk with plaitings of book-muslin and Valenciennes lace, the front breadth trimmed with froncé robings up the front. A silver band round the waist, from which depended a velvet bag with monogram. Chip bonnet and white ostrich feathers outside, a white poppy and daisies under the brim. Parasol with Dresden china handle. An Ophelia velvet flounced skirt and sleeves; the tunic of white cashmere, trimmed with Ophelia feathers; the bodice velvet, with a bib of cashmere, defined with feather trimming; the bonnet Ophelia velvet, feathers, and Valenciennes lace.

A pale coral silk skirt, with a box-plaited flounce round the edge, and *coulissé* (viz., drawn like the bonnets used to be) coral up the centre of the front, a band of pale blue *damassé* silk on either side; the cuirass was coral in the centre, and blue on either side.

A pale straw-coloured silk elaborately trimmed with brown velvet and steel. A brown straw hat worn on the side of the head, and steel necklet and ornaments. A pale shade of blue, the skirt cashmere with plaitings of silk, the tablier and bodices of cashmere striped all over with perpendicular rows of silver braid; a bunch of artificial buttercups in the belt at one side.

"ON THE CLUB."

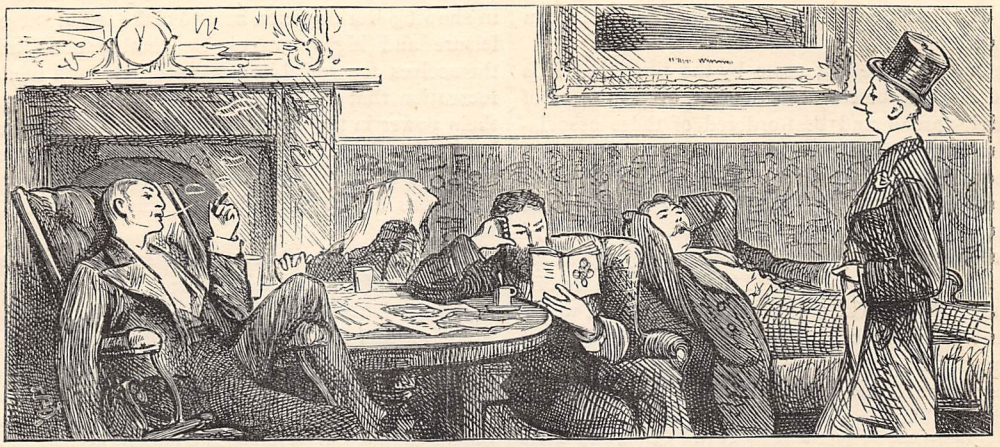
THE institution of genuine "workingmen's clubs" has for some time past occupied so much attention that it may be hoped we shall one day see those useful associations established in all our populous districts. At present, however, though the Working Men's Club and Institute Union has been putting forth very earnest effort, and though working men themselves, as well as those who desire to promote their welfare, are advocating the formation of such societies, it would seem that there are certain recurring difficulties which prevent their establishment on a thoroughly independent basis.

Most of the patrons of working men's clubs and societies would like to see everything made subservient to what they are pleased to call mental improvement—they would combine "instruction with amusement"—continually introduce the fly of science into the pot of social ointment, and, worse than all, not only the mental and moral improvement, but the amusement also must be on a pattern which has been ordained by dull respectability as a concession rather than a recognition—an experiment with little hopefulness attending it, rather than as a hearty endeavour to lend a helping hand in a cause common to humanity at large, and enlisting general sympathy.

In fact, there is often a too evident intention on the part of patrons to provide what *they* think will be beneficial to "the working man," without enough inquiry into what his own tastes and recreations might lead him first to appreciate. Perhaps, on the whole, he would be best pleased to have an opportunity of choosing for himself what should be the groundwork of the attractions that are necessary for making his club popular, and giving it an undoubted claim against the attractions of the public-house.

As it is, the first step of the committee, who have obtained subscriptions, is to hire an ordinary house—usually a good deal out of repair, and containing a number of rather awkwardly-shaped rooms. There is no large assembly room—no money to spend even on common decoration or graceful ornament—no funds to provide comfortable and tolerably handsome furniture. For the most part, when the sum subscribed is spent, all that there is to show will be a rather sordid, dull, ricketty place, bare and repellant, and with such a poor list of recreations or of means for genuine social improvement, that there is necessarily an effort to induce the first dozen or two of members to make use of it. It is ten chances to one that these first members by no means represent the artisan or skilled working class. There are a few respectable men of this sort, but the rest are lads or youths working at casual employment, and men engaged in shifting labour, who go in and out wearily and wistfully, not quite knowing what is expected of them. Unfortunately, some of them can scarcely do more than spell out the news in the evening paper; and the "library," which often consists merely of a few spare books sent by people who are rather glad to get rid of surplus copies of dry works, offers few attractions. The place is perhaps altogether better and more comfortable than the ordinary tap-room, but while it is under the control of a patronising committee, there is a feeling of restriction which takes long to wear off; and the advantages

"A DULL, RICKETTY PLACE, BARE AND REPELLANT."



A WEST-END CLUB.

offered are not obvious enough to counterbalance the want of independence which is felt by the very men who would be most desirable as members.

It very frequently happens therefore that the original committee, even when it consists of a majority of working men, is constantly clogged with a sense of incongruity. The actual working men who are upon it cease to attend—with one or two exceptions—and it is quite possible that those who remain contrive to become the hangers-on of one of the patrons who has political or other interests to serve, by making the club itself a sort of committee-room or central association during a public contest in which he is a candidate.

This of course is only an occasional result of the indifference displayed by the real representatives of the working classes of a district, to an association which assumes their name, without meeting their needs ; but the indifference itself is the obstacle which proves to be almost insurmountable.

It will necessarily be so till the first effort shall be to secure a comfortable, spacious, and cheerful place of meeting, a place in itself suggestive of innocent social pleasures, and adorned with objects that are associated with refined taste and purifying thoughts. There should be one large room or assembly hall of this description, and there may be also other cosy rooms, plainly furnished and devoted to special objects ; but they should all be in repair, cleanly painted and papered, and well warmed and ventilated. Whatever may be the nature of the refreshments, they should be of good quality, and served in a neat and attractive manner, without that offensive sense of sloppiness and make-shift which is too often apparent in common coffee-houses, and has been as often adopted by those who, not knowing the working man, think that he prefers it, because he is not very fastidious, nor given to complaining about trifles.

It is certain that until the club is first made attractive in these particulars, it will not successfully contend against the more carefully appointed tavern, nor even against the common public-house, where at all events the sanded floor is clean, the seats tolerably easy, the hearth neat, and the gas bright and cheerful. We are a little too apt to forget that there already exist organisations of which working men form the principal part, nearly all the meetings whereof are held at taverns, except on great occasions, when the gatherings of members are so large that not even the biggest assembly-room would suffice for them.

Several such associations, formed for the express purpose of mutual help, and representing very genuine interests, are still flourishing, after many years of genuine vitality and enormous growth. They are real working men's clubs, and "benefit clubs" too, and though some of them may suffer from a want of close economy, and from that necessity for holding their meetings in taverns which leads to an expenditure by individual members that, if it were added to subscriptions, would represent a vast addition to the funds, they effect a very appreciable work.

There is a definite bond of interest in these societies, an object which appeals immediately to every member, who, in case he should fall ill, or suffer from sudden

"FOR THE GOOD OF THE HOUSE."

accident, has learnt to regard his club, or lodge, or society as a bank on which he has a claim, till he can get to work again.

How much the benefit costs by the time that it is attained may not be easy to calculate, even in some of the widely-spread and best-ordered of these associations, for there are strange fees attending the preliminary inquiries, the visitation of the member who has "declared on the society," the percentages for various charges, all "according to rules and regulations;" while at every weekly meeting the money spent for "the good of the house" where the committee or district assembly is held amounts to a sum that would represent an extra "benefit" at the year's end. It is not our business to quarrel with these arrangements, however, any more than with the banners and insignia, the stars and aprons and costumes that distinguish some associations. The "good of the house" is, after all, another word for the habit brought about by necessity of meeting at a tavern, the only place where there is a large and comfortable room, which may be occupied with entire independence, and is suggestive of the social influences that keep these benefit clubs together.

Unhappily, however, there are scores of so-called clubs and societies held at the public-house, where the opportunity for drink forms the chief attraction, or at all events where the "benefits" derived are altogether subsidiary to it; others again where designing wretches form themselves into so-called societies, taking up their head-quarters at some frowsy tavern, as in a spider's web, where they may lie in wait for the flies who come there to sip.

There is no need now to enter into all the dreadful revelations of the iniquities of burial clubs, nor of the awful inducements held out by those societies when they were less amenable to the law than they are now, and infant life was almost at the mercy of the murderer. We have most of us heard of the method by which some shabby attorney with a clerk and the landlord of a tavern have ere now formed themselves into "the board" of a loan or benefit society, and advanced sums at exorbitant interest, with rules giving them power summarily to recover the whole amount in case of any falling off in periodical payments, or to refuse any part of the benefit to defaulters who may have been an hour behind time. The columns of newspapers have given us such examples over and over again, and even now the net of the law is not close-meshed enough to catch all such birds of prey.

What we have to discover is how we may instruct working men and women to form associations for themselves, under competent advice and assistance, and yet without the degradation of a list of subscribing patrons and interposing managers.

The Club and Institute Union may find noble work in showing working men how to make use of increased leisure and higher wages, by combinations among themselves for social improvement, through means of recreation that shall add to instead of detracting from their power in the State, because it will be allied to knowledge that will take them beyond the temporary influence of any noisy demagogue or the misrepresentations of any place-hunter who may seek their suffrages.

This, too, will be effected not so much by making clubs places for instruction as means of social elevation. It is very doubtful whether classes and lectures on the "ologies" and dry studies—or politics, except as a topic of private conversation, and not in the sense of a debating society—are not all foreign to a club in its true meaning. It is a place for recreation, for pleasant intercourse, for the refined enjoyment of leisure; and though classes for studying certain agreeable acquirements may be a useful accessory, just as a free library is almost a first essential, it should never be confounded with a literary and scientific institution, or it will lack that kind of flavour of *bonhomie*—that personal interest which even a benefit club can command. Indeed it would be well to unite to every working man's club certain beneficial associations, but they should not be essential to it. Let the experiment be tried of instituting a club for working men, not on the present plan of beginning with a subscription list and a number of committee-men, but with a few persons who are in the confidence of a large number of handicraftsmen, earning good wages in a certain district where a building may be found, furnished and decorated, provisions made for refreshments and recreation, and a library placed on the shelves, without a penny of actual contribution, or any liability that may not be well secured by members' subscriptions. When we know what has been done by co-operation, surely this would be an easy task; some of the most magnificent clubs of the aristocracy have been built and furnished on the principle of debentures, and maintained by members' subscriptions and entrance fees; and establishments as significant could be erected for working men, who would not be called upon to pay more than a shilling or a few pence a week for similar advantages.

As regards less ambitious associations, and the necessity that exists for providing large and convenient assembly-rooms for their meetings, it may be hoped that when temperance cafés become conspicuous in the Metropolis, provision may be made—either in them or in some large room adjoining each establishment—for meetings of persons able to pay a moderate sum for the accommodation of holding their weekly meetings, without an additional gin and beer tax for "the good of the house."

HOME-BATHS AND BATHING.

BY A NAVY SURGEON.

I AM not by any means a hydropathist; neither, on the other hand, do I blindly pin my faith on the British pharmacopœia; but I will say this for hydropathy—I have cured very many cases of chronic illness, of lingering children's and women's diseases, skin and liver ailments, and dyspepsia, by a judicious system of baths and bathing, which never would have succumbed to medicine alone. As for the latter, I must say (and your own doctor will tell you the same, if you choose to ask him) the amount of physic taken by people, in real or fancied illness, whether prescribed or not, is not only generally quite unnecessary, but often highly injurious to the constitution.

The household bath is very much neglected in this country. Of course, everybody above the rank of labourer or shopman has "a tub" in the morning, and very much surprised is everybody if you tell him that, in five cases at least out of ten, this tub, as taken, does more harm than good. Perhaps, indeed, the greatest benefit that accrues from the custom is that it eases a man's mind, and gives him an idea that he has done what is right, in order to strengthen his system, and render him proof against cold and infection. And that itself is something; for, oh, what a wonderful thing faith is! Mind you, the amulets and charms worn in ancient times *did* often cure the diseases they were meant to, simply by easing the mind, and removing from the brain and nervous system the depressing influence of fear. Nature was thus allowed to rally, and complete her own cure.

The luxury, the pleasure, and the benefit of the bath were known and understood by the most ancient of nations. We read in the Bible that the Jews adopted bathing as a means to cure the sick. The more modern Jews, Josephus tells us, also used the bath. We are told, too, by an ancient writer that the Egyptians used both the hot and cold bath for the sake of cleanliness, and the benefit of health. Persians, also, and Hindoos, and Arabs, all knew the virtues of water; and we need hardly remind the reader of the baths of Pompeii and ancient Rome. But not to go so far back—have you never heard the story of the Countess of C——, one of the loveliest women in the court of Napoleon I., how she kept her age, unwrinkled and fair, till long past the allotted span of threescore years and ten, but could never be prevailed upon to tell how she managed to retain such beauty and bloom. She did not divulge her secret until she lay on her death-bed. Then she did, for in the grave she had no rivals to fear, and much surprised her friends were to hear it—*rain-water*. Ah! if you only knew the virtues of rain-water, fair lady, as a cosmetic, you wouldn't use white lead, bismuth, or rouge either, and your *perfumier* would hang himself, or go to America.

It is the custom of medical men, in this enlightened age, when prescribing any particular remedy or plan of treatment, to describe to the patient, as far as possible, its mode of action. This is a very proper custom too, as by this means a patient can easily distinguish between the genuine physician and the unlettered charlatan or quack, and it gives the patient hope and faith, two of the best tonics in the world.

Before, then, going on to describe home-baths, and simple but correct methods of using them, let us just for one moment call to mind some of the functions which the skin, that great emunctory, has to perform. It isn't a dry subject by any means—at least it should not be.

All the organs and systems of the body are on the best of terms with each other, and the one never hesitates to do a good turn for the other. They are quite neighbourly, so to speak. For example: it is the duty of the liver to eliminate bile, but if the stomach has a large dinner party on, the liver has just rather much to do, and the kidneys very kindly perform part of her duty, in order that the brain and nervous system may be supplied with blood as pure as possible, and everything go on straight. Next morning perhaps the liver has got to make up her own lee way, very often under the influence of a blue pill. With such bad management, it is no wonder the kidneys, liver, or stomach have so often to give up work, and go on the sick-list. Again, if the skin is not properly attended to, more work falls upon not only the mucous or lining members of the alimentary canal, but also on all the other eliminating and secreting organs of the body. The skin is one of the great emunctories of effete matter, which, if retained in the system, clogs the brain, and poisons the blood, and causes to be felt a want of freshness, youth (for one to be well should always feel young), and activity throughout the whole system.

I need not at any length here describe the glands in the skin. Suffice it to say that they are of two sorts—the sweat glands, which are the most numerous, and the sebaceous or fatty glands. The former carry off water, about the same quantity daily that the kidneys do—viz., two pints. From this it can easily be seen what an aid the skin is to the kidneys, and how the work of the kidneys must be increased to their detriment when the skin is not acting. These glands also carry off carbon, and thus aid the liver in its work; and lactic acid, in which it comes to the assistance of the stomach. Now, if this lactic acid is retained in the blood, even in small proportions, it produces langour, tiredness, and a feeling of unnatural laziness; if in large quantities, gout or rheumatism is the result. It is surely then within the comprehension of the most

obtuse, how important it is for the health of the body that the functions of the skin be duly performed.

The month of October is just the month to commence a regular system of daily ablution. People who have been at the sea-side, or in the country, have, it is to be presumed, laid in a reasonable stock of good health, which it would actually be a sin not to maintain when it can be done with so little trouble. Besides, the weather is not yet cold enough to frighten one from his morning tub, and once the habit is commenced, very few will care to give it up again.

The matutinal tub is certainly the simplest and one of the best sorts of home baths. Everybody, even the poorest mechanic, can afford a zinc tub, and also the time for a tub. The accessories to this kind of bath are likewise very simple—viz., a large sponge—the larger the better—a flesh-glove, and one pair of Russian crash towels, and *a rough flannel one.* Before entering the tub, have a drop of warm water and some soap, and by aid of the glove very quickly but energetically rub yourself well down, then tub, dashing the water well over your body for about two minutes, or longer if agreeable. Then dry yourself thoroughly, and finish off with the *flannel towel.* This is the towel for the sebaceous glands ; if you use it well you will never have *acne*, or those nasty little black ticks which a medical man is so often asked to prescribe for. As regards the temperature of the water, if you are not very strong it will be as well to begin with tepid water, and reduce it just two degrees every day till it is about the same temperature as the air. In cold weather it is, as a rule, the safest plan to add a little warm water, thus having your bath about an equal temperature all the year round. For my own part, I like to break the ice on my tub, but only spare wiry men must attempt a bath so cold as this. I sleep with my window open winter and summer; I mention this because I want to give you a warning, if you follow my example—remember the window must be fully and widely open; a little bit at the top or bottom will only cause a *dangerous draught.*

A large tumbler of cold spring water, drunk slowly while slowly dressing, is an excellent adjunct to the benefits of a morning tub.

The shower-bath, for those who can stand it, or get themselves by a free use of the other bath strong enough to stand it, is very bracing for the nerves, and highly exhilarating. For an expenditure of a few shillings, if you possess the least genius in the way of mechanics, you can have one fitted up in a spare room. Indeed, every house, however small, ought to have a small room set aside for the purposes of thorough ablution.

For lowering the temperature of the body when the skin is hot and feverish, *cold effusion* may be resorted to with great success. You must seat yourself in an empty bath, and get some one else to come and pour four or five buckets of water over you. You must be then quickly dried, and placed comfortably in bed. Refreshing sleep is sure to follow.

I have often got up at twelve o'clock at night, when my skin was hot and dry, and I felt sleepless and restless, after a hard day's brain-work, and lowered myself bodily into a large cold bath. How soothing and delicious to every sense ! and how certainly sleep the soundest followed such immersion !

It is a good thing in cases like this never to be afraid of bathing, but always to let your own feelings and the state of your skin be the judges as to whether your bath shall be warm, tepid, or cold ; for if the temperature of the body be very high, even a warm bath proves a cooling agent.

The mustard foot-bath, two ounces of mustard to two gallons of warm water, is an excellent remedy in the first stages of colds, in headaches, and some female disorders. So also is the sitz-bath, and various kinds of local baths—as the local douche-bath, by which you play upon stiff joints, sprains, &c. &c., and which you can easily arrange by attaching a yard or two of india-rubber tubing to the tap of the cistern.

In many cases of fever, sponging the body with one pint of vinegar to three of water is very refreshing.

A wet compress worn around the stomach could hardly be called a bath, but it is a very valuable remedy in some cases of diarrhœa, constipation, and dyspepsia. It is formed of seven yards of rough cotton cloth about fifteen inches wide. One half is wrung out of cold water, and rolled round the stomach, and the dry end covers it. If you can't wear it all day, you may with advantage all night.

The last sort of bath I shall mention is one I invariably use myself, and can highly recommend. The accessories in my case are a sharp axe and a load of wood, but you may use the dumb-bells. When I wish to have a bath I rush out and go at it with that axe on that wood, till the perspiration runs down my back and I haven't a dry stitch on. "The doctor's doin' a buster," I overheard the stable-lad remark to Kitty the maid the other day. Young rascal! I've had him over a year, and never yet saw him "doin' a buster."

When I have induced free diaphoresis (perspired freely), I enter my room, and have a nice wash down with warm water, soap, and the flesh-brush. Then follows a cold shower, dry underclothing, a cup of coffee, and half-an-hour on the sofa with a favourite author, and I feel like a new being.

The answer I received from a Scotchman only yesterday, to whom I had recommended a course of baths for chronic debility, speaks volumes.

"I took yer advice, doctor," he said, "and now I'm as strong as a cowtie [colt], *and, man, what a savin' in whuskey!*"

A RIVERSIDE NOOK.

BORNE softly on the smoothly-rippled stream,
We—slow impelled by languid oars that flash
Bright in the summer sunlight as they splash
The eddying wavelets, rich in golden gleam—
Drift gently on in love's fond hazy dream,
Past sedgy banks and rushing weirs, that lash
The seething waters into foam, and dash
Down frothy torrents, white with silvery beam;
Then on past reedy pool and dancing brook,
Until, slow-gliding 'neath low-drooping boughs,
That woo the stream with softly-whispered vows,
We moor the boat in some sweet sheltered nook,
And, while fond eyes unspoken love express,
Weave glowing fancies bright with happiness.

G. W.

SMALL ECONOMIES.

I REMEMBER reading a story many years ago about two young ladies, whose excellent parents decided that they were sufficiently advanced in years to be entrusted with a quarterly allowance of money, wherewith to purchase their wardrobes, and provide for their various necessities. One of these girls was named Emily, and the other Jane. Emily, in the delight of her heart at the unaccustomed possession of wealth, immediately paid a visit to the nearest shops and purchased right and left whatever struck her fancy, until she suddenly discovered that all her money was gone, and that she had nothing sensible to show for it. Jane, on the contrary, when she entered a shop and was tempted to buy anything, always stepped a little on one side and asked herself, "Can I do without it?" If the question could be answered in the affirmative, she shut her purse and triumphantly withdrew, mistress of the situation. I forget the conclusion of the story, but I have a general impression that the virtuous Jane lived to be a shining light to all her friends and acquaintance, whilst over Emily's experience Charity itself could only drop a tear.

Though we laugh at this story, we are compelled to feel that those who wish to achieve small economies cannot do better than follow the example of the heroine, and carefully abstain from small extravagances, for this is the secret of making money go a long way.

If any who read these lines are conscious that their pockets are made of such materials that whatever money is put into them will burn a hole until it gets out, I would advise them, whenever they take the air, to leave their money at home, or better still, to keep an exact account of every halfpenny they spend. It is astonishing how foolish small extravagances appear, when they have to be put down in black and white, after the temptation to indulge in them is over. And they must be put down in detail, and not conveniently classed together under the general heading of "sundries." The item "sundries" is never admitted into well-kept household accounts. No one who has not tried it would believe what a check it is upon personal expenditure to keep a thorough account of money spent, and not only a check, but a help; for prices may be compared, and thus lessons learned from experience.

Generally speaking, whenever large savings have been made, they have been effected in little sums. Very few persons of ordinary honesty deliberately set to work to make large purchases which they cannot afford, and yet numbers spend just as much in the long run in little things that they scarcely think worthy of notice. It is very difficult to realise fully the value of small sums. If the halfpennies and pennies that lie loose in the pocket were properly appreciated, there would not be so much pecuniary embarrassmemt in the world as there is. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," this is true of nothing more than of halfpennies and pennies.

These little savings, as a rule, must be made in personal expenditure more than in anything else. What is spent over the household is generally needed, but the small personal luxuries which cost so little are not. And when any saving is made in this way, the money should be put aside as saved, instead of being mixed with the spending fund, and additions made to it as frequently as possible; that will make you understand as soon as anything what small economies amount to.

I knew a good old gentleman who astonished his children by keeping a "'Tis-but box." Whenever he heard any of them say, "I am going to buy so-and-so, 'tis but a penny, or a shilling, or a pound," he very quietly put the sum mentioned into the box, and at the end of a year told them what it amounted to. The total was so considerable that they never again spoke disrespectfully of "'Tis-buts."

When money is put aside to be saved, it should be put in some place where it cannot be directly got at. I cannot speak too highly of the Post Office Savings Bank for this purpose. The very fact that a little trouble and formula has to be gone through before it can be obtained, prevents its being spent many a time when it most certainly would be if it were close at hand.

I said just now that what was spent for the household was generally a necessary outlay, and yet there are two or three ways in which money can be saved here that I should like to mention.

The first is by buying in large quantities. Of course the danger is that when there is a stock of things to "run at," as servants say, they will be more extravagantly used. All I can say on this point is that they must not be "run at." A proper quantity must be portioned out, and the rest put away. Then it will be found that articles may be bought both cheaper and better in large quantities than in small ones.

Another way to save expense is to pay for everything as you get it. If you do this you will avoid overcharge, and will buy far less. If the money had to be put down at the moment, many an unnecessary purchase would be avoided. People who have limited incomes are those who can least afford to live on credit, and unfortunately they do it more than any others.

I heard of a working man the other day who was very desirous to save, and yet in looking over his expenditure he could not detect any extravagance in any part of it. He came to the conclusion that the only way in which he could possibly economise was to walk to his work instead of riding, and to take his dinner with him from home instead of buying it in the City. He did this, and put away the money thus saved, and in a few years he found he had in his possession enough to buy the cottage in which he lived. He was besides much better in health for the regular exercise he had taken.

Speaking of dinners reminds me to say that it is no economy to live poorly. Nature requires a certain amount of nourishment, and will have it, or be revenged, and the revenge will in all probability take the form of a long doctor's bill, or diminished working power. This sort of saving is "penny wise and pound foolish." The things to save out of are shams, false appearances, and self-indulgences, not necessaries. Where is the saving in working in a dim light, to save candles or gas, and injuring the sight? in wearing boots that take in water, and bringing on rheumatic fever? in living on poor food, and lowering the system? Far better wear a shabby hat a week or two longer than usual, or dispense altogether with that piece of finery you were contemplating. The worst of it is, however, that people are generally much more willing to dispense with necessaries that make no show, rather than with useless extravagances that afford an opportunity for a display which every one sees through.

Before I conclude, I must say one word of warning in reference to small economies. We continually read in the newspapers of people who die in misery and poverty, who have perhaps received help from the parish; and after their death money is found, which they have hidden in all sorts of odd nooks and corners. With these unfortunates saving has become a mania, and of all manias I think it is one of the most deplorable, for after all money in itself is worth absolutely nothing—it is only valuable for what it will procure. If it will only bring comforts and necessaries for those we love whilst we are able to work, and insure independence for ourselves when we cannot do so, it is worth small economies, forethought, hard work, energy, care, and self-denial. But even gold is bought too dear when the desire for it is allowed to overpower every other feeling.

THE GATHERER.

Suet-Butter.

Canada is supplying all parts of the world with artificial butter, which is made from suet, and America has followed in the same profitable track. From one Canadian factory in Hamilton 2,000 lbs. of this "butter" are shipped every week, and from Boston, Mass., a still larger quantity finds its way. In New York and New Jersey it has a large sale as "genuine spring butter," and in Europe it figures largely at restaurants and hotels. It is savoury and not unwholesome, being manufactured with great care from the cleanest and best material, and is very superior to the common cheap butters used for cooking; but it is not, and ought not to be sold as, butter.

Combustible Iron.

It will be an odd thing if we some day fill our lamps with iron filings instead of oil, and dispense with wicks. Yet an experimentalist in Berlin has shown that a brilliant lasting light may be obtained by burning iron. He took a straight bar magnet of some power, and sprinkled iron filings on one of its poles. Applying to this the flame of burning gas or spirit, it took fire, and continued to burn for some time as freely as any ordinary combustible materials do. The filings arrange themselves in accordance with the lines of magnetic force, and, however closely they may appear to be placed, of course no two of the metallic filaments are parallel, and consequently a certain amount of air is confined as in a metallic sponge.

A New Use for Paper.

In the Western States of America the manufacture of barrels, chests, and similar vessels usually made of wood is now in operation with paper substituted for the ordinary material. The paper used in the fabrication is prepared chiefly from straw by a patented process, whereby it is rendered tougher than any but the hardest woods. It is prepared in large sheets rendered thoroughly waterproof, and in the formation of barrels these are bent into cylindrical forms, with the ends dove-tailed into each other, and further secured by double-pointed nails drawn through the dove-tailed ends from the outside, and clenched upon the inner surface of a piece of wood placed vertically along the inside of the joint. The heads are of wood, and hoops of iron are added.

Railway Accidents.

Among the most frequent minor accidents of railway travelling to which the attention of the Government and the public has been recently attracted, are those arising from leaving the train while the carriages are in motion, and those due to the thoughtless habit of throwing open the doors even before the platform is reached. Hence the universal but somewhat uncalled-for chorus, if it be taken literally, which arises from guard and porters directly a train arrives at any of the numerous stations, "Let the train stop!" Hence also the injuries and deaths of men and women who are thrown while leaping, or knocked down by the rashly opened doors, to say nothing of the damage frequently done to the doors, and to luggage piled up on the edges of the platforms, ready for transference to the train. And hence, once more, the dangers incurred by nervous hysterical women, who are so ready to fancy danger, and growing desperate, to throw open the doors, and attempt to leap from the carriages. Remembering these things, we feel that grateful recognition is due to the Railway Passengers' Safety Company, for their efforts to bring into general use Mr. Pellatt's invention, by which, directly the train is in motion, two "arms," securely bolted upon the axle, and provided with "governors," are at once brought into action, and shoot up a bolt in front of each carriage door, thus securing it from being opened without the intervention of guards, porters, or passengers. When the train stops, and not before, the balls, or "governors"—which are provided with small friction rollers to insure their running freely, and a sliding collar, which is linked to them—are drawn back by means of spiral springs, when the bolts drop, and the door can be opened. The bolts are sloped off on the top edge, and connected with the shafts by means of flat steel arms, the purpose of these arrangements being that of allowing the passenger to close the door in the event of the guard or porter having allowed it to remain open when the train started. The invention is very simple, and a trial recently made in the presence of two members of the Royal Commission for inquiring into the subject of railway accidents—the Earl of Aberdeen and Mr. Galt—showed it to be very effective.

New County Court Regulations.

It will be of some interest to the general public to learn that a new County Courts Act has lately received the royal assent, and will come into operation on the 2nd of November next. This Act differs in many particulars from its predecessor, but the two most important modifications are as follow:—1st, a summons having been issued in any County Court action, if the defendant fail to appear and give notice of his intention to defend within *sixteen* days after the summons has been served, the plaintiff may, after sixteen days, and within two months from the date of service, have judgment entered for the amount of his claim and costs. 2ndly, either of the parties to any County Court proceeding may obtain, from the Registrar of the Court, summonses ordering the attendance of necessary witnesses.

Furniture Polish.

A technical foreign contemporary recommends the mixing of equal proportions of turpentine, linseed-oil, and vinegar, as an excellent polish for furniture.

The Indication of Death.

We have read so many startling accounts of apparent death followed by burying alive, that we may not be unwise in bearing the following in mind:—A medical gentleman of Cremona states that if a drop of ammonia be injected beneath the skin, a red spot will appear should the patient be alive, but if death has actually taken place no such effect follows.

The Transmission of Power.

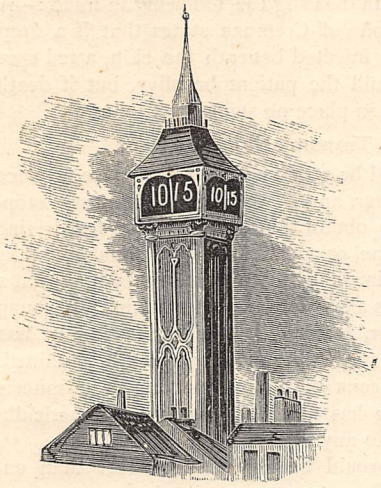
If power could be sent in pipes from place to place like gas and water, and if we had only to turn a stop-cock in order to obtain the force requisite for driving a sewing machine, or a coffee-mill, we should be fully justified in looking cheerful, and in proclaiming that a brighter era was about to dawn on mankind. A young French engineer, M. Paul Nolet, asserts that he has discovered how these desirable ends may be obtained, and that, by means of a double-acting atmospheric engine which he has invented, power may practically be transmitted to any distance.

The reader would be bewildered rather than enlightened, were we to attempt, in the space at our command, to give the details of M. Nolet's ingenious contrivance. Briefly, it consists of a large air-pump, worked by water or steam-power. With this air-pump pipes are connected, laid down much in the same way as gas-pipes, and extending to the place where the work is to be done. The air is exhausted from these pipes, and as a natural result the atmospheric engines at their extremities are set in motion. Once started, they are kept going by alternately exhausting the atmosphere from, and admitting it into, two cylinders, which form the leading feature in their construction. It may be objected that it is impossible to produce a vacuum in pipes laid down over considerable distances; but that it is not so, the successful working in the Metropolis of the Pneumatic Despatch has abundantly demonstrated.

By means of this invention—if it can really be carried out on a large scale—one steam-engine might have its power distributed amongst the inhabitants of a whole district, and small manufacturers might obtain what was requisite for driving their lathes and looms. As it is, a manufacturer who cannot afford a steam-engine of his own has to take rooms in the immediate vicinity of some larger manufacturer, from whom he rents the power required, or else he must put up with clumsy and inconvenient manual or pedal labour. In the country also the invention might be made available for conveying the power supplied by streams and waterfalls to convenient sites for sawmills and spinning factories. In private life it would be of incalculable service. It is well not to be over-sanguine, but we cannot help thinking that if M. Nolet's machine proves all that it professes to be, it might effect as great a revolution on the face of society as the telegraph or the steam-engine.

Illuminated Clocks.

It needs no special knowledge of optical science to learn that rays of light reach the eye in parallel lines, but from various points, the fact being one of every-day observance. Yet this simple truth appears in its consequences to be curiously overlooked in the making of clocks which are illuminated at night from within,



and usually have opaque black figures on a transparent face or ground. The parallel rays of light passing in front of the dark figures render them indistinct, and from some points of view altogether invisible; whereas if the face were opaque, and consequently dark, and the figures transparent, they would be more distinctly visible from a greater distance, and from varied points of view. In some cases here in London we have had clocks constructed on this principle, but the methods adopted in rendering the hands luminous have not been satisfactory, and therefore a new plan has been suggested. In lieu of the circular face, with all the figures upon it, two square faces appear side by side, the one displaying the hour and the other the minutes, as shown in our sketch. By this means not only are the hands, which are constantly exposed to injury, dispensed with, but the figures can be so enlarged as to be seen from a greatly increased distance, and there need be no apertures through which snow or rain could find admission. The ground or face on which the figures appear being white, but opaque, would be dark by night only; and the figures being illuminated from within after dark, would in daylight be black on a white ground.

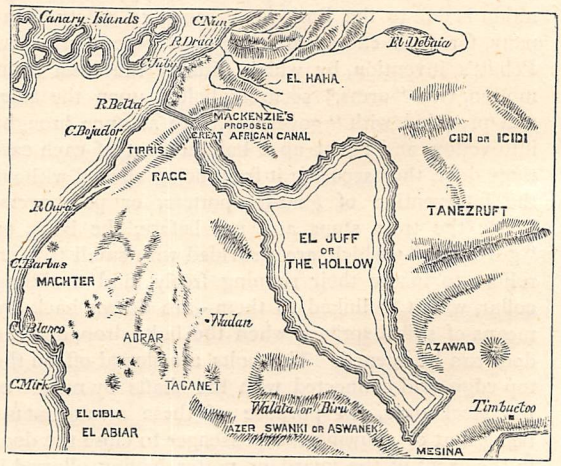
By Sea to Central Africa.

The opening up of the continent of Africa, which has hitherto presented greater obstacles to human enterprise than any other part of the earth's surface, is now attracting attention in a remarkable manner. There are, at the present time, no fewer than ten expeditions either actively engaged in African exploration, or busily preparing for the work.

An interesting scheme has been recently brought before the public in connection with the north-western portion of the continent. Its object is to establish a commercial and missionary station at the mouth of the river Belta, in the neighbourhood of Cape Juby and Cape Bojador, on the north-west coast of Africa, opposite the Canary Islands, and to open up a new route from the coast to Timbuctoo, a distance of about 800 miles.

Timbuctoo, though consisting only of 980 clay houses and 200 huts of matting, is the great centre of North-western Africa for foreign commerce. The States of Soudan, in the midst of which it is situated, contain a population of 20,000,000, and the inhabitants are the most industrious and intelligent of the whole African race. They are anxious, it appears, to enter into closer relationship with European traders. Even at present their commerce is considerable, and large quantities of British goods are purchased by them.

There are three great highways to Timbuctoo: down the river from the south-west, and by two roads from Morocco and Ghadamis respectively. By the latter routes, commerce is carried on across the desert, by means of caravans, consisting of from 500 to 2,000 camels. But these highways are tedious and dangerous, and not to be compared with that now proposed.



"El Tiris and El Juff" is a vast tract of the Desert of Sahara. It is separated from the Atlantic by a huge sandbar, about five miles across, and is believed to be situated 250 feet below the level of the ocean. Now, say the advocates of the scheme, if this be the case, let us cut a canal through the sand-bar, and a huge inland lake will at once be formed. We shall then have the choice of either travelling by the caravan road to Timbuctoo, or of sailing to it by sea, canal, and inland lake. A clear notion of the tract of country with which it is proposed to deal, will be obtained by reference to the annexed map, which we have drawn up from particulars obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Donald Mackenzie, the director of the expedition at present in preparation for surveying the ground.

There is something attractive to the imagination in this proposal to flood the Sahara, and admit the ocean into the heart of Africa. Of course, nothing can be said definitely as to the practicable nature of the undertaking, until a survey has been made by competent persons. But if we can get to Timbuctoo by mail steamer, so much the better.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.
BLOWS.

RICHARD CHADWICK, who had served as a midshipman under Admiral Collingwood, and shared in the victory of Trafalgar, was a midshipman still, and his vessel had long been away on a foreign station. Few, brief, and far between had been his opportunities to visit home and friends. Ships had been paid off, but he had been exchanged; and several years had elapsed since he had set foot in Manchester, and the hearts of his kin yearned towards their sailor.

His very whereabouts was unknown to them, and when written communication was necessary, letters had to be forwarded through the Admiralty.

Ellen's engagement and prospective marriage called forth a voluminous epistle, crossed and recrossed like a trellis, from Mrs. Chadwick to her son, whose presence she craved if leave of absence could be possibly obtained. The letter was a singular compound of rejoicing and apology, through which a thin undercurrent of dissatisfaction meandered like a stream. His sister's strange malady and infatuation for a man of apparently low origin, whose name and parentage were alike unknown, were set forth to be deplored. Still, since the sole remedy for Ellen's ailment rested with this obscure Mr. Clegg (whose career upwards, from his floating cradle to his honourable position in the Ashton house and warehouse, was circumstantially detailed), his personal worth was a matter for congratulation; and the deep obligation of the whole family to him for the service rendered on Peterloo Day seemed dragged in as a sort of extenuating circumstance. Clearly the Mr. Travis whose name and pretensions cropped up here and there throughout the letter would have been a more acceptable son-in-law in the sight of Mrs. Chadwick and his sister Charlotte, and just as clearly it was made apparent that his paralysed father (hale and strong in all other respects) was as much infatuated with the young man as was Ellen, having "positively offered to take him into partnership on his entrance into the family." And even there Mrs. Chadwick felt "constrained to admit that the clear head, business tact, and energy of Mr. Clegg would be a great acquisition."

This item of news closed the missive, which must have gone a circuitous round of red tape, it was so long upon its travels. Months came and went; Father Christmas shook his snowy locks over the town; but neither the midshipman nor a written substitute put in an appearance.

Meanwhile Jabez, who had crushed down in the garden of his heart those roots of his love for Augusta which mocked his strength to eradicate, did his best to plant and foster above them a grateful affection for the one who had chosen *him*, and he hoped that in time the newer growth might utterly extinguish the old. His attentions to Ellen were more assiduous than, under the circumstances, might have been expected; but he argued with himself—

"I must endeavour to atone to her for a proposal in which love had no part. She must never have occasion to suspect the truth. I should be a brute did I remain insensible to the unconquerable love that she has so long cherished in secret for me. Augusta's face, alas! is more divinely fair, her manner more enchanting; but Ellen, though she is older than myself, will make the best wife for a business man who has to carve his way to fortune, and *she loves me!*"

Ellen, too, had her seasons of doubt and perplexity. She had been so sensitively alive to the silent homage of Jabez Clegg to her younger and fairer cousin, that at first her mind had refused to realise his desire to marry her, even though his proposal had been preceded by direct and palpable attention. She had been at first inclined to attribute his many acts of kindness and courtesy to friendship, and compassion for her failing health. And when he had spoken of being won by her many estimable qualities to seek her for a wife, she had listened incredulously; then, overpowered by contending emotions, sank back amongst her cushions in a state of insensibility. Even her tremulous acceptance had been uttered as in a blissful dream, which might vanish all too soon. From time to time she perplexed herself with questions of the motives for so sudden a change in one so steadfast as Jabez, and at last wavered between the two suppositions that Augusta's wilfulness had wearied him, or that she owed her lover to pique: of the real state of the case she had no inkling.

She was not alone in her latter supposition.

"A happy new year to you, Mrs. Clowes!" said our friend Jabez to his friend the old confectioner, as at one stride he took the two steps to her confined shop on the bright, frosty 2nd of January, 1823, and extended his hand to her across the counter, where she

still kept up a show of activity in spite of age and wrinkles.

"Same to you, Mr. Clegg. Eh, but now I look at thee, thah doesn't look ower bright an' happy;" and she peered into his face inquiringly.

He smiled as he said, "Looks are not always to be relied on. I ought to be happy, for I am about to be married, and my errand hither is to——"

She interrupted him with—"So I've heard. But what o' that? Is she th' reet un? For I wouldna give a mince-pie for thi happiness if she isna."

The blood mounted painfully to his forehead.

"Miss Chadwick is all that is estimable and amiable, Mrs. Clowes," he answered steadily, "and if I am not happy with her it will be my own fault."

The old dame was not satisfied. The white linen lappets of her antiquated mutch flapped like a spaniel's ears, as she shook her head.

"Eh, well!" sighed she, opening and shutting a drawer in the counter abstractedly, "you should know best, but both me and Parson Brookes (dead and gone as he is) thought you'd set your mind on the lass that rantipollin lad Aspinall snapped up. I hope thah's not going to wed th' cousin out o' spite," and she looked up into his face, over which a cloud had swept. "It would be the worst day's work you ever did, either for her or you."

He had mastered his emotion, and answered cheerfully—

"Make your mind easy, Mrs. Clowes. I am not marrying from any unworthy motive, and I think our prospect of happiness is about the average. I came to ask you, as the oldest friend I have in the town, to be present on the occasion."

Mrs. Clowes was overpowered.

"What! Mr. Clegg! Me, in my old black stuff gown and mutch, among your grand folks? Nay, nay; I'm too old to don weddin' garments. But, I tell you what"—and her face puckered with pride and pleasure—"you shall have the finest wedding-cake that ever was baked i' Manchester, and the old woman will mebbe look on the weddin' from some quiet nook, out o' the way. It's a thousand pities Jotty is not alive to marry you!"

"There will be no grand folk, Mrs. Clowes; I am but a poor man, struggling upwards, and Miss Chadwick has not had good health of late; so we shall be married very quietly on Wednesday week. Only very near relatives, or old friends, are invited."

Customers interrupted the colloquy. When the shop was clear, she asked where he was going to live after marriage, and was told, with his bride's parents.

"Eh! but that's a bad look-out. Now, I've built some houses in a new street off Oxford Road, an' I tell you what, you shall have one to live in at a peppercorn rent, and I'll lend you the money to furnish it. Young folks are best by themselves."

Clear were the eyes that met hers in reply.

"Thank you, Mrs. Clowes, thank you heartily for your kind offer; but I think you lose sight of Mr. Chadwick's infirmity. He has acted very liberally towards me—in fact, has offered to take me into partnership—and I should ill repay him by removing from his hearth the good daughter on whom he relies. It is rather my duty to add to the comfort of his declining years."

"Oh!" said she sharply; "if that's how you raise your crust, I'd best keep my fingers out of your pie."

Jabez was going. The shop was full.

"Stay, Mr. Clegg," said she, beckoning him into her snug back parlour, and closing the door. "It's hard cheese for a man to owe everything to his father-in-law. I've got £500 hanging on hand. It's not much, but the least bit of capital would make you feel independent, and it's heartily at your service; and if you don't like to take it without interest, you can pay me one per cent., and repay me when you've made a fortune; and if that doesn't come till I lie under a stone bed-quilt, you can hand it over to my first godchild."

That same evening Augusta Aspinall stood before a large oval swing-glass in her luxurious dressing-room, where the blazing fire shed its warm glow on polished furniture, amber-silk hangings, bright fire-irons, costly mirrors, and toilet ware (of execrable shape). She was robing for a ball at the Assembly Rooms, and Cicily, who, although cook, insisted on retaining her post as lady's-maid on such occasions, had just fastened the last hook of a delicate lilac figured silk, as soft as it was lustrous, with swans'-down fringing skirt, sleeves, and bodice, as if to show how fair was the symmetrical neck of the wearer to stand such test.

In came Laurence fresh from the "Spread Eagle" in Hanging Ditch, where he, a newly-elected member of the Scramble Club, had spent the afternoon with one or two others, forgetful that the origin of the club was the fourpenny pie and glass of ale, or at most the slice from a joint despatched in a hurry or "scramble" by business men to whom time was money.

Neither time nor money seemed of much value to Mr. Laurence, who was equally lavish with both, taking as much from his father's business and adding as little as could well be imagined.

His step on the threshold caused Augusta to turn round, beaming and beautiful, and dart towards him, exclaiming—

"I'm so glad you've come!" simultaneously with his "Clear out, Cis!" and a warm embrace which somewhat disarranged the dainty dress. His wife was yet a new toy, and his passion had not had time to evaporate. She was a something to admire and exhibit for admiration as a possession of his own; and though her love had received one or two rude shocks, he was still a glorified being in her eyes, and she clung to him as a true wife should.

She was still but a girl in her teens, proud of the admiration she excited. Disengaging herself, she cried—

"Oh, Laurence, see how you have crushed my swans'-down! and now, dear, do make haste and dress, we shall be so late!" and putting the fluffy trimming in order, she unlocked a small jewel-case on the table, and took thence the pearls she had worn on her wedding-day.

"What will you say for these, Augusta?" cried he,

dangling before her eyes a gossamer scarf and an exquisite ivory fan, whilst his other arm thrown over her white shoulders again threatened the elastic down.

"Oh, Laurence, you are a darling! Where did these beautiful things come from?" and she gave him more than one kiss in payment.

"India, my love; they are 'far-fetched and dear-bought,' and so must be good for you, my lady. I met your Uncle Chadwick with an old sea-captain, from whom I bought them. By the way, matrimony seems catching. We are invited to a wedding," and he began leisurely to undress as he spoke.

"A wedding! whose?"

He laughed. "Ah! woman all over! I thought I had news for you. Guess!"

In small things as well as great it was his delight to tantalise, so he kept her guessing whilst he proceeded with his toilet, and she began to clasp her pearls on arms and neck, and in her pretty ears.

"Well," said he at length, "who but your Cousin Ellen!"

"Ellen?" She had gone so little near her own family, that this was indeed news for her.

"Yes; I thought she meant to die an old maid, but it seems she's not too proud to wear your cast-off slippers."

"My cast-off slippers? What do you mean?" and she paused whilst clasping her bracelet with a look of bewildered interrogation.

"Now, Augusta, pray don't look so innocent!—Your father's favourite fetch-and-carry, that sneaking, canting fox, Jabez Clegg, finding that Miss Ashton was a sour grape, has straightway gone wooing to Miss Ashton's cousin, as a fruit ripe enough and near enough to drop into his vulpine jaws; and by George the girl has had no more spirit than to drop when he shook the bough, rather than hang on untasted!"

The speaker's lip and nose had curled with contempt as he began, then his nostril dilated, and he struck his wet hand on the washstand with a force which threatened the earthenware and set it jingling.

Augusta was not yet schooled to silence; her generous spirit rose to repel these allegations.

"Oh, Laurence, how can you?" Ellen has had plenty of admirers; she has no need to wear any one's cast-off shoes. And as for Mr. Clegg! He is no cast-off slip——" she checked herself; a thousand trivial and forgotten things flashed across her mind at once; there was no doubt that Jabez had aspired to her own hand—he must have offered himself to Ellen in pique, to look as if he didn't care; she could not add the "of mine," which should have rounded her sentence; she substituted, with barely a moment's pause, "He is neither a sneak nor a cant, and if Ellen marries him she will have a good husband;" adding, with marvellously little tact or knowledge of her own husband, "I'm sure, Laurence dear, you have no right to speak ill of the man who saved your life in the very pond that is frozen over now before our doors! And you cannot really think him mercenary when he refused the £500 your father offered as a reward for his bravery."

Not lightning was more quick and scathing than the fury which flashed from her husband's eyes, and almost paralysed his tongue, as the last words dropped from her lips.

With the damp towel in his hand, he struck across her beautiful bare shoulders with a force which traced red lines upon their snow; then marked her round arm with a band as red by tearing away the suspended fan and scarf, which he threw behind the fire without one thought of either "far-fetched" or "dear-bought."

"Soh, madam!" he hissed rather than spoke, whilst Augusta shrank from him in affright, "soh! you dare defend the wretch who played the spy on us at Carr—attacked me, an unarmed man, with a stick, like a coward, and left me bleeding there for dead, hoping to win the heiress for himself."

From her father and Cicily both she had gathered the truth of that night's exploits—his misrepresentations no longer misled—but for very fear she held her peace.

He went on—"Madam, that night's savage attack cancelled every debt of gratitude I owed the calculating knave who turned his back on my father's £500, thinking to multiply it by thousands from *your* father!"

"It is not true!" she dared to say, her sense of justice and her spirit of resistance rising in defence of one she knew to be foully aspersed—not because he was Jabez Clegg, but because he was an absentee maligned.

A shriek rang through the big house, and servants came scurrying up with Mr. Aspinall in their midst; and Cicily, the first to dash between them, caught on her well-covered back a blow from the madman's brace, which would else have fallen afresh on the naked shoulders of his wife, already scored with livid welts.

Carry away the fainting lady—soothe the infuriated savage—apply raw beef to shoulders as red, if not as raw—let the brute steep himself in brandy unto stupefaction. The morning will come, when the fumes of passion and brandy will alike have passed away, and the man will repent him of his cruelty. But the sting of groundless jealousy will remain, and the broad livid stripes across the white shoulders!

Time and care will efface those marks, but neither kisses, nor caresses, nor presents, nor time itself can obliterate the hieroglyphics stamped with that buck-skin brace on the young wife's heart. He has fixed the name of Jabez Clegg there, and in conjunction "brute" and "liar," as equivalent to his own!

It might have been expected after this that the Aspinalls would have been conspicuous by their absence from the cousin's wedding, or that Augusta might have laid her wrongs before her mother. But, no; your jealous man never spares himself a pang if he hopes to inflict one; and the wilful woman who finds she has made a mistake in marriage is the last to confess it.

Cold weather and recent indisposition served as an apology for the violet velvet spencer which, worn above the pale lilac silk, covered bust and neck, and was far from unbecoming either to the young matron or the occasion.

Old Mrs. Clowes, who had kept her word anent the cake, which was a triumph of confectionery skill, from some long-closed coffer brought forth a stiff brocade of ancient make and texture, placed a bonnet on her unaccustomed head, and from a far seat in the choir watched Jabez Clegg enter with his College friend and groomsman, stalwart George Pilkington, though she did not see them linger to read the inscription over the grave of Joshua Brookes, or look up with grateful remembrance to the Chetham Gallery, where they had worshipped together. But she remembered them as boys in long blue gowns and yellow under-skirts, and could not help contrasting the College dress of the past with the high-collared bright blue coats, the gilt buttons, lemon-coloured vests, light trousers, and white kid gloves in which they found their way to her to shake hands, whilst waiting for the trembling white-robed bride and her friends.

And there Mrs. Clowes sat and listened to the irrevocable words which bound Jabez to "love and cherish" the woman who loved him with her whole soul; whilst in spite of himself his very brain was reeling with memories of that other wedding-day, when Augusta Ashton and Laurence Aspinall, now standing calm and beautiful in the background, had breathed the selfsame vows before that altar; and somehow the old dame had a secret misgiving when all was over that it was "*not* the reet one after all."

"All over!" had been the cry from the heart of Jabez then. "All over!" was the echo now, as the last "Amen" sounded, and he registered a silent oath, not down in the rubric, to keep the troth he had plighted, although no electric thrill answered the shy touch of Ellen's hand, or the dumb devotion of her glance, and although Augusta's greeting of her new "cousin" jarred a still sensitive nerve.

All over! so men delude themselves. "All over!" they say, when disappointment closes the door of the past, and veils their eyes to the vista of the future. "All over!" when the curtain falls on the prologue of life's drama. Yet it rises again, and they find that the play has but just begun.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

PARTNERSHIPS.

BY dint of persuasion old Mrs. Clowes was induced to place her well-saved brocade at the table graced by the wedding-cake she had manufactured; though, as she afterwards said confidentially to Jabez, "I must have had as much brass in my face as I had i' my pocket to sit down cheek-by-jowl wi' grand folks with foine manners, who might come into my shop th' next day to be served with a pound o' gingerbread; but I'd not ha' missed Mester Ashton's tooast for summat. And I don't know as annybody turned up a nose bout it wur that spark Aspinall, who owes me for manny a quarter a pound of humbugs."

Round that hospitable and substantial wedding-breakfast, which owed much of its success to the bride's own deft fingers, also gathered the Cloughs, who had watched the career of the bridegroom with interest from his cradle—Miss Clough as bridesmaid; Mr. John M'Connel and Henry Liverseege, who had cultivated his friendship from their first introduction; John Walmsley and Charlotte, who privately chafed at his reception into the family; Augusta, whose brilliancy was somewhat dimmed by the overt watchfulness of too courteous and attentive Laurence; but there was no Ben Travis, and missing him, Jabez was disposed to gravity. But though there were uncongenial elements present, George Pilkington's cheery voice and lively sallies sufficed to set mirth afoot and keep her dancing; whilst Mrs. Ashton, stately and proverbial, seemed to share some pleasant secret with which Mr. Chadwick and her husband were on the *qui vive*.

It was the age for toasts and sentiments. Some smart and witty things had been uttered, but not until the cake was cut and commended, and a post-chaise at the door waited to convey the newly-married pair to Carr Cottage and the earliest friends of the bridegroom, did Mr. Ashton rise to his feet, snuff-box in hand, and with a merry twinkle in his eye propose—

"Success to the new partnership!"

"Stop, my friends!" said he, as glasses were elevated in honour of the toast; "perhaps I had better explain what is meant by the new partnership."

"I should think that was pretty obvious," whispered Laurence to his friend Walmsley across the table, but he changed his opinion presently.

"There are partnerships for life, where the contract is attested in church, as we have had the pleasure of witnessing to-day, and, I am sure, with the best of wishes for its success; and there are partnerships in business, which are usually signed, sealed, and attested in a lawyer's office; and it is to such a one I now refer, in conjunction with the former."

He paused to consult his snuff-box, and smiled to see how suddenly inattentive heads were eagerly bent forward to listen.

"It may not be generally known that my dear *nephew* Jabez, at the close of his honourable apprenticeship, declined an eligible offer from brother Chadwick, in order to remain with us."

(Walmsley and Aspinall exchanged glances. Mrs. Clowes looked knowing.)

"It may not be generally known that he has a small amount of capital invested in our concern at present."

("Small enough, I should say," muttered Laurence.)

"Now, there being no likelihood that his son Richard will ever leave his ship for a warehouse, Mr. Chadwick proposed to take his son-in-law Jabez into equal partnership, considering his integrity, his business tact, and energy to be equivalent to capital."

"Hear! hear!" in which Mr. Chadwick's stumbling tongue was loudest, and "Success to the new partnership!"

(The snuff-box closed, the bandana disposed of, the speaker's beaming face all in a glow.)

"Stop! stop, gentlemen! not so fast. You will have to fill your glasses afresh. We have not yet got to the new partnership."

("What on earth is he driving at?" was Aspinall's

polite query to Walmsley, who shook his head in token of ignorance.)

"Brother Chadwick had concluded that Mr. Clegg was wholly without capital, whereas he happens to have more than a thousand pounds at his disposal."

(Broadcloth made sudden acquaintance with chair-backs. George Pilkington squeezed his friend's hand; there was a puckering of Mrs. Clowes' wrinkles; lowering brows from Laurence and John.)

"And Mr. Clegg being perfectly satisfied with his present investment, and anxious to join the gingham manufacturer without quitting the small-ware manufacturer, pro—posed"—(pinch of snuff)—"that the two concerns should be amalgamated, and he have a share. Gentlemen and ladies, the proposal was hailed as an inspiration; and as soon as the change can be legally effected, the firm will be gazetted as 'Ashton, Chadwick, and Clegg!' And now let us drink—'Success to the new partnerships, matrimonial and commercial!'"

Aspinall's voice alone remained silent amongst the enthusiastic cheers with which the toast was drunk. Ellen, with moist eyes, escaped to change her garments, and Augusta also rose; but as she passed the new Manchester Man, around whom friends crowded with congratulations, she put out her hand with a smile, and said, "Cousin Jabez, I wish success to both your partnerships with all my heart."

"SHE BECAME HYSTERICAL."

Laurence was at her elbow, apparently to lead her with courteous ceremony from the room, and whilst offering one hand with a graceful inclination of his head, contrived with the other to pinch the upper part of her arm, and to whisper in her ear, between his set teeth, "Confound you, madam! You shall smart for this!"

An irrepressible ejaculation of pain burst from her.

More than one turned round. There was real concern on the brow of Jabez as he asked, "What is the matter, Mrs. Aspinall? Are you hurt?"

She made light of it.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I struck my foot against a chair—that was all."

But Jabez saw the white, frightened face, and felt there was something more; and that scared look haunted him for many a day.

Laurence attended his wife to the staircase-foot, smiling blandly whilst within sight or earshot. Ere he left her at the stair-foot he gripped her tiny hand till her jewelled rings cut the flesh; and the smile became satanic as he whispered, "You are discreet, madam. I charge you to remain so—for your life!"

Once in Ellen's crowded bedchamber she became hysterical, to her cousin's great grief. But she overmastered her emotion by a violent effort, excused it on the plea of recent indisposition, and was consoled by her mother and other sagacious matrons with the remark that such affections might be expected.

The newly-married pair were whirled away down Oldham Street and up Piccadilly; old Mrs. Clowes took her departure, and then Augusta, by Mrs. Clough's advice, lay on the drawing-room sofa to rest.

Not until night did the guests depart, Mr. Liverseege being the first to retire. There was a late dinner at six o'clock, and when the gentlemen rose from their post-prandial wine and sought the drawing-room, all considerably elevated, Laurence Aspinall was too drunk to move.

The Aspinall carriage had been waiting an hour. The coachman and Bob the groom grew anxious and impatient about the horses.

"Mr. Laurence drunk? Eh! that matters nowt!" exclaimed the latter. Steve an' me 'll manage him." And taking the limp young Hercules between them, they somehow hauled him to the carriage and ensconced him in one corner, with his head drooping on his breast.

Augusta shrank from joining him, afraid lest he should awake to malicious consciousness on the road.

"Oh! I dare not go home with him! Indeed, I dare not go home with him."

"My dear," said her mother gravely, "I am afraid you *must*. A wife cannot absent herself from home because her lord and master indulges in too much wine, even though he may occasionally make a beast of himself. It is too late to think of this *now*. What cannot be cured must be endured. As you made your own bed, you will have to lie on it to the end. Those who leave the spring for the stream must expect muddy water. However, there is nothing so bad but it might be worse. Once is not always, and love overlooks lapses."

Augusta's persistence that she dared not be "shut up with him alone" caused Mrs. Ashton to say, "Well, my daughter, the occasion has been so unusual that even your own father has taken more wine than his wont, or he might bear you company. That groom seems a steady man, suppose he rides inside to support his master; and whatever you do, remember when wine is in wit is out, silence is a wife's safeguard, and you will have to make the best of a bad bargain."

A month back Augusta would have tossed her head and laughed lightly at her mother's pet philosophy.

That night she rode home from Jabez Clegg's wed-

ding-feast with a groom and a drunken man, pondering whether spirited resentment or tame submission was her best course. The morning dawned on a wife pinched black and blue, with hardly strength or spirit to sob.

Then followed a reaction, and a period of remorseful uxorious penitence, during which Laurence submitted with a tolerable grace to a lecture from Mr. Aspinall, who saw that something was amiss; and chivalrous gallantry towards woman being part of his gentleman's creed, he did not spare his son.

Nor did Laurence spare himself. He knelt at his wife's feet, called her "an angel," and himself "a savage," implored her forgiveness, excused his jealousy on the ground of passionate love, lavished his means on extravagant gifts for her, and exhausted language in fair promises.

Yet so proud was he of his wife's beauty, that he must needs exhibit at theatre and assembly the jewel he had won; whilst the admiration she excited set his jealous brain on fire, and she ever paid the penalty in the silence of night, or even in the close carriage driving home. But his contrition and the old plea of "excessive love" for his jealous infirmity won her over, and not even Cicily more than suspected half his cruelty.

Great preparations had been made at Whalley Bridge for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Clegg. The factory windows were extra burnished; the landlord of the "White Hart" hoisted a flag; the mill-hands lined the road to greet them; the avenue gate was thrown open that the chaise might drive on to the cottage; somebody had put Crazy Joe into a new suit of clothes for the occasion, and he stood by the side of little Sim on the step of the Gothic arch (the greater child of the twain) to laugh and chuckle a welcome, as sincere in its way as the homely greetings of the orphan's fosterers.

He was a fine stalwart young man, of open but grave countenance, around whom Bess threw her motherly arms, while Tom Hulme helped the bride to alight, and marshalled the way for the pair, who followed arm-in-arm, into the house-place, where Simon, stiff with age and rheumatism, kept possession of the padded chair set apart for the sick or aged.

In some way the knowledge that Mr. Clegg came as a master, and not as a servant, had preceded them.

"Eh, Jabez, lad," exclaimed Simon, tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, "that aw should ever live to see this day! Would anny one ha' thowt as th' little lass 'at played wi' ar Jabez an' his toys, an' kissed him when he wur a babby, would come to wed him when he wur a mon—an' a gentlemon into th' bargain! An' neaw let thi wife goo an' tak' off her pelisse, while thah talks to me; hoo'll be tired wi' th' lung journey, aw reckon. There's a fire i' th' best parlour, that's th' pläce fur gentlefolk, an' your supper's laid theer."

Old Simon naturally concluded that young lovers wanted no society but each other. On five-year-old Sim such a consciousness had not yet dawned, and so he penetrated into the "best parlour," and much to the relief of the bridegroom, broke into that first domestic *tête-à-tête* to exhibit some wonderful pictures he had drawn with red ruddle, picked from the gravel-path.

They had been at Carr Cottage little more than ten days or a fortnight, the first week being wet; Jabez, without neglecting Ellen, busied himself with contemplated changes and improvements at the mill, and thus the great bane of the modern honeymoon was avoided. The occupation so found for the mind and hand of Jabez at that particular epoch of his life was a blessing for which Ellen had need to be thankful in after-years if she had but known it. As it was, she did fancy he might have given her a *little* more of his time, and not have needed her suggestion to revisit Taxal and the spot where he had wooed her for another and not for himself. Yet a very slight hint was sufficient; and taking advantage of a clear dry day, the two retrod the old path by the Goyt, which awoke reminiscences that could but be flattering to that self-love of which every human being has a share.

Sitting down as man and wife on the lightning-scathed tree-trunk, which had never been removed, he remembered the confession wrung from her agony on that very spot; his arm stole round her waist in the pitiful compassion it evoked. A new emotion stirred within his breast. He folded his wife in his arms, and pressed upon her answering lips his first kiss of genuine affection.

Returning they were met by Crazy Joe, sent to seek them. A consecutive message was beyond his grasp. All they could make out was, "Back! Sharp! Quick!" and hastening on in alarm they at length discerned Mr. Ashton at the gate, on the look-out.

His pleasant nod was reassuring.

"My dear," he cried to Ellen as they advanced, "Dick is promoted at last; Lieutenant Chadwick has been duly gazetted. Here is his letter to your mother, dated from Mal——Stop, my dear"—Ellen had put out her hand for the thick heavy missive—"a communication which called your old Uncle Ashton out of his way to act as courier is not to be dealt with lightly. And before it is read I must know whether you would rather be Mrs. Clegg or Mrs. Travis?"

Closer she clung to the arm of Jabez.

"Oh, uncle! How can you ask?"

There was a sly gleam in the corner of his eye.

"Ah! Just so! That's it. How *can* I ask?" But his face sobered. He handed the letter to his new nephew.

"Jabez, I think you had better carry it to your own room for private perusal. I will communicate its contents to all whom it may concern besides."

Jabez had deep feelings, though he was not demonstrative, and long before he had mastered its contents he was thankful for the delicacy which had spared him an open display of irrepressible emotion.

The writer, who was stationed at Malta, after dwelling on his own promotion, and answering sundry maternal questions relative to himself, went on to say—

"And so our Nell's going to be married. Well, it's about time—she'll be twenty-six next April, or I have lost my reckoning.

"And so she was fretting herself to fiddle-strings for a fellow younger than herself, and without a shilling or a name, when she might have had a finer fellow, with name and shiners to boot. Bravo, Nell! for choosing a brave lad instead of a money-bag. She's the sister for a sailor, whatever Charlotte may think.

"But your story of the flood and the cradle and your mention of Mr. Travis coming both together recall a story I had forgotten, which may perhaps furnish a name for Nell's hero of the Irk and Peterloo.

"We had a broad-set sailor on board the *Royal Sovereign*, who was always getting into scrapes for chalking caricatures of the officers on the bunks and cabin-doors: but there wasn't a man fore or aft that hadn't some time or other coaxed a picture or portrait out of him to send to mother or sweetheart; and never a Jack Tar amongst them would split on good-natured Ben Travis."

Down dropped the shaking hand that held the letter. *Ben Travis!* What strange coincidence was this?

"His father had been a Liverpool shipbroker, and Ben took to me because I was a Lancashire lad like himself, though he was old enough to be my father. He had been pressed, and as I was the youngest middy, and he the master of the forecastle, many a time had he told me the sad story of his life. His father had died without a will, and his eldest brother had laid his clutches on everything but a hundred pounds or so, which had been the mother's. Ben turned his back on Liverpool and his brother, and being smart with his pencil, took to that to get a living. He wandered about to pick up bits of scenery, and at Crumpsall fell in with a widow and her daughter, both named Ann Crompton, and went to lodge with them. After awhile he married the lass, and thinking if he meant to earn a living for his wife and the child that was coming he'd best seek a large town, he removed to Manchester, and took an old cottage in Smedley Vale, where he hoped to turn his talent to account."

The paper rattled, and Jabez leaned against the window-frame, as much for support as light, as he read on with panting lips.

"He tried portrait-painting, but lacked a patron; he turned his hand to pattern-designing, but no one would employ a raw beginner. His money was dwindling, and a birth was near at hand. He doated on his wife, and for her sake wrote to his brother, who was married when their father died. The brother wrote back, enclosing a bank-note, and begging to see him at once. His wife had died, leaving a baby-boy, whom he had christened Ben, after his runaway brother. He said her loss was killing him, and he wished to leave his boy in his brother's care before he died. Ben Travis kissed his wife, and went by coach to Liverpool. Before he could reach his brother's office in Castle Street, near the docks, he was pounced upon by a press-gang, dragged on board a ship in the Mersey, and never saw brother, or wife, or home again. I have seen Ben's tears roll down his weather-beaten cheeks many a time as he told this. He was one of the first sent down to the cockpit at the battle of Trafalgar, and when Admiral Nelson's glorious remains went home to be buried, Ben went too, to hospital, and I lost sight of him. When I was exchanged to the *Excellent*, Ben turned up again, hearty, but aged with grief. He had sought his dear ones, but a flood had swept through Smedley Vale in 1799, and left no trace of his home. A man at a dye-works remembered something about an old woman they called 'Stiff-backed Nan' being killed by the falling house in trying to save a baby; but Ben could learn no more, and his own impression was that wife, child, and mother-in-law had perished in the same catastrophe. He went to Liverpool. Death had swept off his brother; executors swept off the son, his namesake. He went back to sea, and I saw the brave Ben Travis drowned in trying to save a bum-boat woman who fell overboard off Spithead.

"And now, mother, you used to be a good hand at patchwork—piece my story and your story together, and see if Ellen's poor cradle friend is not near of kin to your rich friend, Mr. Benjamin Travis, with quite as good a right to be called Mr. Travis too.

"I should have a rough sketch of the old sailor, drawn with a quid of 'bacca on the fly-leaf of his prayer-book. I'll look it up for Nell."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

MAN AND BEAST.

THE January twilight had deepened into dusk, and from dusk to dark, before Jabez was sufficiently master of himself to descend into the light of the rooms below.

Whatever of surprise or satisfaction Richard Chadwick's letter had held for him, a wave of sorrow had passed over soul and countenance for the sad fate of the parents whom he had never known.

As his footstep was heard overhead, Ellen flew to meet him at the foot of the staircase, and threw herself into his arms.

"My love! my own husband!" was all she said, but such an intensity of devotion and sympathy was in the act and tone, that he felt he had indeed a true heart beating with his, as he held her close, and his lips touched her forehead as a seal to a new bond.

It was but a single step to the parlour door, which opened on a room all aglow with light, and radiant faces.

On Mr. Ashton's inspiriting, Simon's easy chair had been wheeled in from the house-place, there being no stately Mrs. Ashton at hand to demur at the innovation, or whisper a syllable of class distinctions. And surely that was not—yes, it was—Ben Travis standing by the rheumatic old tanner, with both hands outstretched, to greet a new cousin in his long-time friend. And there was Bess, proudly glancing from his face to a piece of yellow paper. "It's as like as two peas," she cried for the twentieth time, handing to her tall foster-son a sketch which, though little more than a succession of brown smears, was a ludicrous resemblance to himself.

"Well, Jabez," said Mr. Ashton, sitting by the fire, with his handkerchief over his knee, after the first hubbub of congratulation had subsided, "it is as well our new partnership has not been gazetted. I suppose there will have to be a change of name, and Ellen there will be Mrs. Travis after all."

This was but a playful sally on his part, but Ben Travis visibly winced, and quick-eyed Jabez saw it.

"No, sir," replied Jabez calmly, with his hand on his wife's shoulder, "there will be no change. I bear the name of the kind friends who saved my infant life; fed, clothed, and kept me through evil report and good report, through pinching poverty, privation, and pain" (he glanced towards Bess); "as Jabez Clegg I was enrolled as a Blue-coat-boy; as Jabez Clegg I was apprenticed to you, sir; as Jabez Clegg I married my wife; as Jabez Clegg I have been honoured with a place in your firm; and Jabez Clegg shall go with me to the grave. I had no name when that good man" (pointing to Simon) "lent me his; time has made it mine, and I mean to keep it as honourable as it came to me." He looked down: "Mrs. *Clegg*, are *you* content?"

"Perfectly, Jabez."

A long-sustained pinch of snuff spoke Mr. Ashton's approbation, whilst Simon could only reiterate, "Eh, lad, when aw tuk thee eawt o' the wayter, aw little thowt whatn a blessin' theaw'd be to us, or the credit theaw'd bring on ar nämе! Aw nobbut wish Parson Brucks wur aloive neaw to yer thee.'

"Our relationship will only bind our friendship closer, whatever name you bear," put in Ben Travis warmly, in spite of himself, pleased with the decision which would spare him the pain of addressing Ellen as Mrs. Travis.

"An' meals come reawnd whatever nämе yo' ca'

them by," supplemented Bess, who like Martha, troubled with much serving, had been running in and out during the colloquy; whilst a combination of savoury odours, and a clatter of knives and plates, came from the adjoining room. "It's supper toime neaw, an' nobbody's had ther tay yet."

"Just so, just so, Mrs. Hulme. But never mind for I do a bit in that line myself sometimes. But how is it I have not seen a brush in your hands latterly?"

"Well, I got a hint through painting that very sign, that trade and art were incompatible, and seeing the force of the remark, as counselled—the 'cobbler has stuck to his last.'"

"Look you, cousin" (Travis seemed fond of the

"HE FOLDED HIS WIFE IN HIS ARMS" (*p.* 710).

the tea," said Mr. Ashton; "here comes your good husband in from the cellar, with a bottle or two of generous wine to drink to new relationships."

"I think I shall go abroad for a few months, Cousin Jabez," said Travis to him, as Mr. Ashton mounted first into the gig to return home next day. "I want to dissipate thought. If I were occupied as you are from morning until night there might be less necessity. But, I say, Chapman the landlord here tells me you painted this sign. I think the faculty must run in the blood, word), "the fabled shield had two sides—stick to your trade if you like, but don't let your trade absorb you. A business man who allows himself no leisure, and has no resource out of his business, is apt to degenerate into a money-grubber. I hope better things of you."

A nod, a shake of the hand, and the gig rolled off with its occupants, and Jabez stood looking after them, hesitating whether to go back to the mill, or to the cottage.

The casual word of warning had come not one whit

too soon. That which was sending Travis abroad had kept Jabez close to business. He had not sought so much to dissipate thought as to circumvent it by substitution. If he had given his leisure to the cultivation of art, it had of late been art only as connected with manufacture and money-making. Even his honeymoon he was casting into the mill as grist. He was very ready to take a hint. He turned his steps towards Carr with something like a sigh.

"Well, perhaps I might as well give my afternoons to Ellen whilst we are here. I did not come to work, and the poor thing does need some compensation for the lack of a lover's ardour. God forbid that she should ever suspect that I married her out of pity, or that I should become a money-grubber. I wonder if Travis thought I was likely to neglect her? It is a thousand pities she should set her mind on me instead of him. And why she should passes my comprehension. He has every advantage of face, figure, and fortune, to say nothing of his evident devotion. Ah! women are strange creatures, and men are not much better. I fear I am very ungrateful not to reciprocate her attachment more fully. Why, here she is running down the avenue to meet me, as if I had been gone a month. I really ought to love her better than I do. But love can neither be forced nor crushed. Heigho!"

Back to Manchester they went, rather sooner than expected; and then, though Jabez threw himself into business with a will, he bore in mind the parting words of Ben Travis.

The contemplated amalgamation was effected, not without extra draughts on Jabez and his leisure. But as partner of a large firm, even though a junior, it was obvious he could not work as a designer for calico-printers, or at any other than their own house. Consequently, not being a man of pleasure, his evenings hung rather heavily on his hands, especially as neither Ellen nor he cared for the card-parties which formed the visiting staple. There was a void in his breast which called for intellectual occupation, and his friend Henry Liverseege advised a return to painting as a rational recreation.

It was judged advisable for the introduction and extension of Ashton, Chadwick, and Clegg's business that one of the partners should travel occasionally as their commercial representative; and naturally this duty devolved upon the active junior, whose capacity for the undertaking revealed itself not alone in heavy remittances and a full order-book, but in a paucity of bad debts. Of course he travelled with a horse and gig for the carriage of samples, and now and then he would take Ellen with him on a short journey, an indulgence which seemed to fill the cup of her delight. And altogether the marital yoke in a few months adjusted itself to their shoulders very naturally.

It was during their absence on one of the earliest of these journeys that an event occurred which set the indignant blood of Jabez on the boil, and showed there was a fire smouldering, not extinguished.

The Aspinall home at Fallowfield was an ancient many-gabled grange, with mullioned windows, recessed window-seats, expansive two-leaved entrance, arched above; noble hall, with trophies from the hunting-field; grand staircase, with massive carved oak balusters, flights of broad low steps, and wide square landings; long corridors, three or four rooms of magnificent proportions, and clusters of little ones grouped around unsuspected passages and stairs; open fire-places recently enclosed; and double doors to the chief chambers. Antiquity had set its seal upon the place, and filled the panelled rooms with quaint or obsolete furniture and adornments, as each successive generation had left its quota. High-backed chairs; sofas of grotesque device, with dim worsted-work cushions and covers; heavy draperies of silk or velvet; and tables with legs of all possible patterns.

Stabling and other outhouses were attached, the gardens were well laid out, there was a good quantity of grass-land, all enclosed within a high wall, and it lay away from the main road.

It had come to the former Mrs. Aspinall from her ancestors, and from her to her son on his marriage; consequently this was the home proper of Laurence and his wife, although they had a suite of rooms set apart for them at Ardwick, and Mr. Aspinall would fain have had his fascinating daughter-in-law abide there always, instead of making his house a mere convenience for visiting in town.

Mr. Aspinall's carriage was a close one, for service as well as show. Mr. Laurence, on his accession to his mother's property and his wife's dowry, added to other extravagances a new Tilbury; and astonished the crowd by driving tandem.

Whitsuntide is the race-week and great annual festival of Manchester. In 1823 Whitsunday fell on the 18th of May, when the hawthorn scented the air, and cherry-blossom snowed on the carriage Mr. Aspinall sent for his daughter-in-law, that she might witness from his drawing-room windows the interesting spectacle on the Green, and preside over the hospitalities of his open house during the week. At that time, as now, Monday was the day set apart for children of all the Church Schools to assemble at the Collegiate Church, sing anthems there, and thence defile in long procession six abreast, attended by their respective clergy and teachers, until they reached the Green, where the girls in their pure white caps and frocks were ranged within the enclosure of the Pond, the boys forming a dark cordon around them, and the crowd a motley one beyond. And then from the multitudinous young throats poured forth anthems of praise, in a volume of swelling harmony which hushed to silence the listening birds above them.

Augusta, not in robust health, lay on a couch by the window and looked on; her father-in-law watching her and anticipating wants with the homage of old-world gallantry, for young Mrs. Aspinall was becoming an important person in his eyes.

Nor was Laurence much less attentive. He had been on his best behaviour for some time, and would scarcely let the wind of heaven blow too roughly upon her.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form," was

the handsome man who patted Augusta's shoulders and stooped down to kiss her, on Wednesday the first race-day; but it was with something more than a shade of anxiety she saw him draw on his buckskin gloves, take the long reins, and mount his high Tilbury, with Bob beside him, and dash round the end of the Green at a canter.

Evening came to verify her fears.

Back from Kersall Moor races came the tandem and the tandem's master, but the biped was *ebrius*. He was in that stage of self-satisfied elation which a contradictory word would change to fierceness; and the whim of the hour was to drive his wife to Fallowfield, and show her how dexterous a whip he was, and that not Ducrow could manage a tandem better than he.

It was in vain she or his father pleaded her delicate health, the height of the vehicle, the shaking she would sustain; he laughed at her fears, then fiercely insisted; and not daring to disobey, she was hoisted to her perilous seat.

In much alarm, Mr. Aspinall mounted Bob on a saddle-horse to follow.

The roads were dotted with vehicles and people, shouting and singing, or muttering tipsy oaths, as the fortune of the day inclined them.

He proved his dexterity in guiding his far-off leader through all intricacies, but so close did wheel often come to wheel that Augusta's heart seemed to leap into her throat, and her teeth chattered although it was May.

After they turned off from the Stockport Road at Longsight, they "spun along at a rattling pace," as he said, but she had to hold by the rail to keep her seat, notwithstanding which, at the sharp angle by Birch Fold, the vehicle gave a lurch which almost pitched her off. At their own gate there was a stoppage for opening, their return being unexpected. Then the foremost horse refused to obey the rein and canter up the drive; Laurence plied his whip, which did not mend the matter, and but that Bob and the gardener were there to soothe the animals, and lead them to the house, worse might have followed.

As it was, Mrs. Aspinall was half dead with fear and the shaking. She was lifted down and carried, almost insensible, into the house, Cicily and one of the maids got her to bed, whilst Aspinall, calling groom and gardener from the stables into the drawing-room, sat down to have a drinking-bout with *them*.

Presently Cicily put a white face in at the door, and beckoned forth Bob, whom no drink seemed to affect, and sent him off as fast as four legs could carry him to bring back a doctor, and acquaint Mr. Aspinall and the Ashtons that her young mistress was very ill.

In less time than might have been expected, Mr. Aspinall's carriage brought to the Grange its owner, Mrs. Ashton, and Mr. Windsor, a rising Quaker practitioner from Piccadilly. A practised nurse from the Infirmary was on the box.

There was no doubt Augusta was in a critical state; but the immediate danger was warded off, and though she was not able to leave her room in the interim, the scent of June's roses came in at the open windows before her baby was born, and penitent Laurence went into raptures over wife and son.

For two or three days he hovered about the house, nervously anxious lest any sound should disturb the young mother. He saw that every domestic was shod with list, stopped the great hall-clock, and had the rolled-up carpets laid down on the polished oaken stairs.

Four days sufficed. On the fifth he rode off to town on Black Ralph, on a pretence of business; but very little did Cannon Street see of Mr. Laurence that day. With every acquaintance he met was a glass to be drunk, "to wet the child's head." At the Scramble Club, where he dined, he paid for two or three bottles of wine, also "to wet the child's head," according to the practice of the club. Riding home, he stopped at the "George and Dragon," Ardwick Green, and went through the same process.

There some one remarked that he was too drunk to stand, much less ride home; when he swore with an oath that he would show them how he could ride; he and Black Ralph were equal to anything.

He had kissed his wife's pale lips on leaving in the morning, and she had faintly implored him to be home early—she did not dare add, "and sober." Towards nightfall she began to listen for his return. Hour after hour went by, and at one in the morning she heard the great gates and the doors thrown open for their impatient master by the watching servants, and the strong steed come tearing up the gravel—aye, and on up the broad, flat steps, clattering through the great oaken hall, and, urged with whip and spur, and a madman's voice, mount the freshly-carpetted stairs, cross the landing at a stride, and driving back the affrighted nurse, enter that sick-chamber where, with her baby by her side, lay his fair young wife, gasping and shrinking with terror, and there stand with quivering flanks and panting nostrils, as the reckless rider on his back cried in exultation—

"By George, I've done it!"

He had done it! No matter what noise accompanied the removal of horse or rider, the wife whom in his sober hours he professed to love so passionately lay insensible to sight or sound, and wakened only to a morrow of delirium.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

THE MOWER WITH HIS SCYTHE.

THE spark lies cold in the flint until it is struck; and Ellen had not believed her quiet husband capable of so much passionate indignation as burst from him on the receipt (at Sheffield) of the details just given.

"Brute! ruffian!" burst from his lips, as the letter he had crushed in his grasp fell to the floor; and with a stamp he rose to his feet, pressed one hand across his knitted brows, and paced the dingy carpet from end to end in a state of restless perturbation, his wrath finding vent in epithets and invectives foreign to his tongue.

"Whatever is the matter, Jabez, love?" Ellen asked in amazement.

"Oh, Ellen, dear! that brute Aspinall——" He could get no farther. Feeling choked his utterance.

She picked up the crumpled letter, and with almost equal exasperation and pain made herself mistress of its contents, in her womanly indignation and love for her cousin losing sight of her husband's excessive emotion.

Jabez left his journey unfinished, and drove back home with all speed. Ellen shared with Mrs. Ashton and her own mother the anxious watch in that large dim room, where the favourite of the family tossed her head from side to side, and muttered incoherent words.

In the sudden emergency, Bob the old groom's recommendation of his own daughter Sarah as a wet-nurse for the poor frail baby was taken.

One month, two months wore out before Augusta rallied, and Mr. Windsor, whose medical creed was to "let nature take its course," pronounced her out of danger, and fit for the removal contemplated by her friends, and resisted by Laurence.

Double doors, however, could not exclude outer sounds, and so long as she shrank and shuddered at every crunch on the gravel, every echo of his raised voice, recovery was retarded. So the elder Mr. Aspinall, exasperated with his son, and most solicitous for the welfare of his son's charming wife, added his dictum to that of the doctor, offered his own carriage for her conveyance, and threatened to disinherit Laurence if he interfered.

Once in her childhood's home she amended rapidly, but with increasing strength came maternal yearnings for her infant still in charge of the wet-nurse at Fallowfield.

A hackney-coach was sent to bring the nurse, with the child, to its mother; but not a step would the nurse budge. She had no orders from her master, and the master paid her wages, and she "shouldn't tak' orders from annybody else." Messages were sent, and notes were written to Laurence, which he tore to shreds; but he kept away from his wife, and kept back the child.

At length she pined so much for her "dear babe," Mr. Ashton and Jabez together sought Laurence out in one of his haunts (a tavern near Cockpit Hill), to prevail on him to let Augusta have her boy with her.

"Mrs. Aspinall herself deserted her child," he replied, all the more haughtily that Jabez was Mr. Ashton's seconder. "When Mrs. Aspinall thinks fit to return home to her maternal and wifely duties, she will find the nursery door open, and her son in trustworthy care. A true wife's place is by her husband's hearth."

"Yes, sir, when the husband is a true man," replied Jabez, with decision.

"And who dares say that I am not a true man?" retorted Laurence boldly.

"I do!" promptly answered the other. "No true man would have imperilled his wife's life by a reckless drive in the dark night in a tandem Tilbury! Only a reckless madman, or a ruffian, would have forced a horse into a wife's sick-chamber, to drive her delirious with terror!"

"And pray, sir," haughtily responded the other, "how long has Mrs. Aspinall made *you* her confidant?"

"I have not the honour of Mrs. Aspinall's confidence," answered Jabez sturdily, looking him full in the face; "such facts are trumpet-tongued."

"Just so," put in Mr. Ashton, drawing his arm through that of his partner. "And the fact that Augusta shrinks at your name, has spoken so loudly to us, that if ever she sits on your hearth again it won't be with my consent.—Come away, Clegg."

After this declaration, Aspinall changed his tactics. He wrote to his wife, requesting her return; then entreating it; and finally came in person to beseech her to "come back," vowing to "atone for the past with the devotion of a life."

The young mother yearned for her babe, the wife could not resist the appeal of her husband; and, regardless of the previsions of her mother, or the entreaties of her father, she allowed him to drive her home to the Grange.

Her first thought was the nursery. There she found, in addition to her own boy, drawing its sustenance from the nurse's breast, a well-dressed child, some two years old, playing with a wooden-milkmaid-rattle on the rug.

For a short space Laurence kept terms with his wife, and before his father or strangers he was her most devoted slave; but she underwent a species of slow torture in secret. She soon found that Sarah Mostyn was mistress of the house as well as of the nursery, and that Sarah Mostyn's child was almost of as much importance as her own baby-boy.

Then he filled the Grange with his riotous associates, and compelled his wife to do the honours of his table, though their oaths and conversation overpowered her with disgust. And if one flushed with wine, or more bold than the rest, paid her a compliment, or looked too warm an admiration, Laurence was sure to find his way to her side with his common undertone threat—"Confound you, madam, you shall smart for this!"—a threat always accompanied with sly pinches, which left their marks beneath her sleeves. Then, straightway, "my dear" or "my love" would be asked, in the blandest of tones, to sing a song, play a rondo, or perform some act of courtesy for the very guest who had excited his jealousy.

They had few lady visitors. The neighbourhood was remote from town, and sparsely inhabited. Mr. Laurence Aspinall's reputation was as a yellow flag to warn gentlewomen who had daughters or husbands to lose against close intimacy with their neighbours of the Grange. Pitying the isolation of one so formed to adorn society, Mr. Aspinall gave mixed parties at Ardwick Green, in the name of Mrs. Laurence, when the splendour of her attire and the assiduous attention of her husband set rumour to contradict rumour. But save on an occasional family gathering she saw few of her own sex at Fallowfield.

Amongst his other little peculiarities Mr. Laurence was an epicure; and one of his favourite tit-bits was that spongy lining of a goose's frame known as the *soul*. It chanced at a family dinner, rather more than

a year after Augusta's return home, that a fine stubble goose formed part of the bill of fare ; and Cicily, who had long owed him a grudge for his heartless treatment of her young mistress, determined to pay him off, and expose him before the whole company. A good caterer for a dainty palate, Cicily knew her power and privileges, but in this case she overshot the mark.

One of the accomplishments of that generation was dexterous carving, and Mr. Laurence prided himself on being able to dismember a large fowl without once shifting his fork. The goose was set before himself, and duly helped, but, lo! when his knife would fain have extracted his favourite morsel, it scraped bare bones.

The flat bell-rope was pulled violently. Cicily was summoned, and Cicily, in clean linen cap and apron, stood in the doorway, curtseying respectfully.

"What have you done with the soul of this goose?" he ejaculated in a tone of suppressed passion.

Cicily came a step or two forward with an aspect of marvellous innocence.

"Eh, sir, it's not a goose, it's a gonder, an' *gonders have no souls.*"

Scarcely an individual present but took the covert innuendo, and glances were exchanged across the board ; but the look he shot at the woman as, incapable of speech, he waved her to retire, was one never to be forgotten, so much demoniac wrath was concentrated therein.

From the time when Jabez was acknowledged on 'Change as a Manchester man, was admitted into Manchester "society," and absolutely became a member of the same family as his son, Mr. Aspinall punctiliously invited him with his wife; and Laurence, with widely different feelings, followed suit.

It was not until after the noble exploit to which Augusta so nearly fell a sacrifice, that Mr. Clegg could be induced so far to listen to Ellen's desire for conciliation, "now they were all of one family," as to accept one of these invitations. After that event he was of Mrs. Ashton's mind that, "as offenders never pardon," Augusta needed a friend to watch over her. So he left his books and his brushes and his schemes for the class amongst whom he had been reared, and (believing his growing affection for his wife, and the babe she had borne him, a sufficient guarantee to his own heart for his own good faith) when the Aspinalls invited he accepted.

Augusta had not dropped into tame submission all at once ; her old wilfulness would have way at times ; and the light shafts of her satire were frequently aimed with effect against her recalcitrant lord. More than once Jabez had averted disastrous consequences by checking her vivacity ere it went too far. But never had he been so thankful for his self-appointed guardianship as on the night when Cicily thought to pay back her darling's wrongs.

To his surprise and pleasure, Ben Travis, just returned from the Continent, was of the party. They had much to talk over, and whilst Aspinall was pouring wine on his wrath, they discussed a project in which Jabez took an interested part, and which eventuated the following year in the Manchester Mechanics' Institution. But through all their discussion Jabez never once lost sight of Laurence, and from his excessively polite manner to Augusta he augured ill for her when the restraining presence of friends was removed.

He communicated his fears to Travis, and when the good-byes were said, and the various conveyances had rolled out of the great gates, a fee to the gardener, who was gate-keeper too, kept them open.

A whispered word was sufficient for those who had seen the look Laurence directed across the dinner-table from Cicily to his wife. Mr. Travis's gig and the Ashtons' hackney-coach were kept in waiting close at hand, Mrs. Ashton and Ellen being well wrapped up within.

Back towards the closed house went Mr. Ashton and the cousins, treading carefully over the gravel. There was a flagged footway round the building, and from the windows of dining and drawing-rooms lights were still streaming. The last owner had lowered the middle window of the drawing-room as a door of access to the lawn.

As if by accident, Jabez had previously dragged a curtain a little aside in each apartment, and now there were watchers at the apertures. The elder Mr. Aspinall had made an excuse and retired to bed early. Augusta, with a shawl wrapped round her, sat weeping on a sofa in the drawing-room, afraid to go to bed. High words had evidently passed.

Presently into the dining-room sauntered Laurence, with his arm round the shoulders of Sarah Mostyn, the nurse. They sat down to the supper-table ; he poured out wine into a goblet, from which they drank, fed her with cakes, and kissed her with an assured familiarity which told it was no new experience. Long they lingered drinking and talking, and the watchers might have thought no danger need be apprehended. Suddenly a word of the woman's, like a match to petroleum, set the whole man ablaze.

He rushed from the room with an oath, the woman after him, apparently in alarm. The movement they made outside in gaining the other window caused Augusta to raise her beautiful head, and at that moment her husband stood before her, with his eyeballs glaring, brandishing his cavalry sabre, and vociferating, "I'll teach you, madam, to set my servants to insult me!" he made a fearful slash at her.

As she sprang aside with a terrified shriek, the old woodwork of the window gave way, and before the tipsy madman could recover his guard to strike a fresh blow, his sabre was wrenched from him, and himself struggling in the grasp of three powerful men, his own gardener one.

Poor Mr. Ashton's care was his stricken child, whose white shoulders, bathed in blood, were washed by a father's tears.

Before three days were over, there was a little coffin in the house, containing a still-born child ; and there was a mother with a plaistered shoulder, lying white as her pillow, in a state of coma.

Dr. Windsor having exercised his best skill, he, as

was his wont, left nature to do the rest, and youth and nature between them did their work effectually.

Fain would Mr. Ashton have removed his child once and for all. He offered to set up a carriage for her if she would but leave her husband and seek a legal separation. Bnt Laurence had been beforehand, and with plausible promises and penitential tears, and an adroit parade of her little Willie, also in tears "for Mamma," won her over to forgive and to give him another trial, and not all Mr. Ashton's eloquence or Mrs. Ashton's proverbial battery could win her from her decision.

Years went by—Laurence had promised to remove Sarah Mostyn, but the woman laughed, refused to stir, and he let her remain—a thorn in his wife's side—training up the boy she had nursed, and whom he idolised, to scorn and jeer at his own mother; whilst her red-haired girl ran wild about the place as a young hare. He broke out from time to time, and his wife was the sufferer; he horsewhipped her, shot at her, and tortured her in every way that malignity could devise.

No wonder that so many tiny coffins of innocent babes should be carried from the gates of the Fallowfield Grange. No wonder if Augusta began to compare her lot with Ellen's, and to repent her scorn of a true heart because of its plebeian origin.

Meanwhile the firm of Ashton, Chadwick, and Clegg prospered beyond expectation. Ben Travis, lacking employment for time, mind, and money, offered them to the growing establishment, and his influence as "Co." was accepted. This combination of capital and energy, as Jabez had foreseen, worked wonders for them commercially, enabling them to tide over the trade distress of 1826 with security and advantage. Long before then Jabez had prepared to repay Mrs. Clowes her loan with interest, but she told him she was going to render up her account where, not the coin she had, but that which she had given, would be put to her credit; and so, as at first proposed, she made it over to her little godson, Joshua Clegg, before she herself was gathered to the great garner.

But the universal mower reaped a heavier harvest in 1828, when he swept his keen scythe over the bed of the river.

In 1822, Mr. Ashton (one of the first promoters of the Chamber of Commerce) notwithstanding his advancing years took an active part in the formation of a New Quay Company, for the better navigation of the river Irwell. The company was established, quays constructed, warehouses erected, traffic extended, and the town generally benefited.

In the February of 1828 the axe, the adze, and the hammer made a busy noise in the boat-building yard of the company, and sail-makers were active with their needles; for a flat, designed to convey cargoes of merchandise to and from Liverpool, was to be ready for the launch on the 29th, a day destined to send a thrill of horror tingling through the veins of Manchester, so sad was the catastrophe it closed upon.

The launch of the *Emma* was an event in the annals of the company (and of Manchester) and a large number of spectators assembled; a goodly proportion being admitted to the yard to take part in the ceremony, and go with the flat on her trial trip under the captain, Mr. Gaudy. Mrs. Ashton, saying that "when the cat's away the mice will play," had decided on remaining at home to watch the mice; but Mr. Ashton compensated himself by taking Ellen and her two eldest boys, leaving baby with its grandma; Jabez, detained by business in the counting-house, promising to overtake them before they were on board. Mr. Aspinall too was there, and on his arm was his son's wife; Laurence, with his boy Willie, close beside them.

It was quite a gala-day, and as the pleasant company mounted the deck, peered into its cabin, and chatted gaily to one another, they little thought to how many that would be a launch into eternity.

The boat, a large flat, with masts and sails, painted white above the water-line and black below, decorated with flags, rested in well-greased cradles, her head well down; the shipwrights stood ready with their daggers; painters with their cans and brushes; a band upon the quay played lively tunes, and the people on deck flocked to one side to listen. The sponsor, a Miss Grimes, with her sister and our friends, advanced to the bows. The word was given; the ready daggers struck away the shores, the boat began to move, Miss Grimes caught firmly the bottle (suspended by a ribbon) and shattered it upon the vessel, proclaiming with that baptism of wine the boat was henceforth the *Emma*. Hurrahs and exclamations followed. The bows touched the water, which splashed the faces, then lifted from their feet the christeners and the Ashton party—the flat had *dipped too deep*—heeled over on her crowded side and *sank*, with her living cargo clinging and fettering each other in the swirling waters, whilst shrieking spectators looked on helpless from bridge and bank, watching others braver and bolder, or better skilled, rush to the rescue to their own risk.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.
THE LAST ACT.

WHO shall picture the horror and confusion of that moment when some scores of people—men, women, children—were precipitated at one fell swoop into the water, shrieking and clinging to one another with that tenacity of grip proverbial with the drowning?

The bridge, the open space in front of the New Bailey Prison railed off at an elevation far above the stream, the steps, and the towing-path beneath were lined with spectators, though the fatal launch was made from a yard lower down the river on the Manchester side. As the vessel struck the ground, shuddering from stem to stern, before turning over on the side, seeing the final catastrophe imminent, Laurence (sober for once) snatched his darling boy up in his arms, whispered a hasty word of instruction and confidence, and, regardless of aught besides, sprang with him into the water on the contrary side, far as possible beyond the eddy and suction, and keeping clear of the struggling wretches who were pulling each other down, swam with him to the towing-path. But not until he had placed Willie under safe charge beyond danger from the scurrying throng, did he hasten back

to attempt the rescue of wife or father; and then neither was to be seen.

Mr. Aspinall had been an able swimmer in his day, and made a bold effort at self-preservation; but cramp seizing his gouty limbs, he was one of the first to disappear and perish, though boats and swimmers put out to the rescue.

It was vain to search for individuals, but well was his son's prowess tested that day; more than one drowning wretch he clutched from behind by clothes or hair, and urged forward to the bank, where the Humane Society's men, with ropes and grapnels, were ably seconded by volunteer humanity; and strong hands were outstretched to haul the helpless up.

Ben Travis had waited for Jabez, and the two, hurrying to make up for lost time, only reached the New Quay as the hurrahs died out in appalling screams, and the waters of the Irwell closed over all the twain held dearest in life.

With the celerity of light, coats were doffed and shoes cast off, and the two leaped from the stone quay in hope and dread.

Almost as Jabez touched the water, a sinking woman clutched his legs. With a plunge he freed himself, then, catching at her long hair, towed her behind him to the side, and then swam back to seek and save his own wife and little ones, if that were possible.

A floating scarf, a mass of matchless brown curls, a hand and arm above the water, and Jabez knew that Augusta Aspinall was sinking there before him. A few strokes bore him to the spot; he dived; a youth was clinging to her skirts, and held her down. One or both must drown. With a blow which went to his heart, he freed her, and, catching her beneath the armpit, held her well from him as he made for shore. To the Humane Society's men he yielded her—so far gone, the men shook their heads over the lovely woman as though she were beyond help. But they bore the dripping lady to the sail-maker's room, whilst Jabez, taking the precaution to secure a rope to his waist, plunged boldly into the midst of the entangled mass in quest of his own.

It was a vain search; he brought one strange child, and then another, to bank, and then a man; but he was again laid hold of when his strength was exhausted; and but for the precautionary rope, would have given to the greedy river the life Simon Clegg had saved from it.

Travis had the good fortune to rescue Mr. Ashton, but he had been some time in the water, and the old man was far spent; but there was no trace of Ellen or her boys, even though he dived close by the sunken flat, and brought up lifeless bodies in their stead. Jabez and he could only hope some other of the brave men, putting their own lives in peril, had saved them.

The governor of the gaol had opened his house doors, the recovered dead were carried into the gaol itself, the sail-maker's room was crowded, every tavern near was filled, but no trace was found of Ellen or her boys, and Jabez was like one distraught.

He was but one agitated atom in that seething, surging, frantic crowd, where women shrieked for their husbands, parents for their children, children for their parents; where passing strangers threw themselves into the water to save life, and lost their own; where ignorance lifted the hapless by the heels "to pour the water out," and extinguished the last spark of vitality; and where yelping dogs astray were caught and slaughtered, that medical skill might transfuse the warm blood of the lesser animal into the veins of the human, as a last resource to restore suspended animation.

Jabez entered the room where Augusta Ashton was lying, to all appearance, dead—ordinary means of resuscitation having failed; and a surgeon was about so to operate on her from a bleeding spaniel on the ground. Jabez shrank with a strange loathing; in an instant, bared his arm to the doctor's lancet; and if he did not give his life to serve her, as he had once said, he gave his life's-blood to save her; and as the warm fluid passed from his quick veins to hers, he saw the blue quivering lids tremble, light pass into the brown eyes, breath part the blue lips once more; and from the depths of his anguished heart he thanked God, as a faint "Jabez" indicated recognition as well as returning animation.

He had restored a wife to Aspinall; but who should restore to him the darling boys who had crept about his knees and round his heart, and the good wife who had won a place there, in spite of fate, by her own patient but intense love?

The *Emma* was raised and floated, so little damaged she was speedily ready for use, and continued so for many years. In her cabin were found the remains of Ellen and her sons, where the childish curiosity of the elder one had doubtless led all three.

Including the bodies found beneath the flat and those laid out in the gaol and elsewhere for inquest, thirty-three lives were sacrificed on the altar of the *Emma;* and of these must be reckoned the brave men who cast their lives away to rescue others.

Among the saved were the captain and Miss Grimes, the sponsor of the flat; and the latter, under her wedded name, is living whilst this is penned.

Mr. Ashton never recovered from the effects of his long immersion. He was a man far advanced in years, and the shock was too much for him. He hobbled about the warehouse, snuff-box in hand, a few months, and then dropped asleep in his easy-chair after a game of cribbage with Jabez—never to wake again.

The excitement and agitation consequent on the loss of his dear Ellen and her romping boys brought on Mr. Chadwick a fresh attack of paralysis, which left him still more helpless, though he survived many years to pet and spoil Ellen's baby-girl.

The catastrophe which deprived Laurence Aspinall of a father, and had almost robbed him of a faithful wife, would have steadied any man less reckless and selfish than he. But that he should rescue strangers, and Jabez save his wife, and that through transfusion the blood of Jabez should course through Augusta's veins, was a combination of mischances beyond

parallel, and the honey was changed to gall. His fancied wrongs culminated when first the will of his father, and after a brief period that of Augusta's father, were read and proved.

The former set forth, that, disgusted with the ungentlemanlike excesses of his son, and convinced that his course of lavish extravagance would end in penury, he had determined to settle on his son's wife, Augusta Aspinall, for her sole use and benefit, the house and premises on Ardwick Green, with all therein contained, together with a sufficient sum in the funds to maintain a befitting state; in the event of her decease, the reversion to pass to any child or children she had or might hereafter bear to his son Laurence. To him he left the residue of his means, and the old business in Cannon Street, with a charge to apply himself to merchandise.

The latter will, though equally stringent, was a much more prolix affair. After a number of legacies, of which Jabez came in for one, Mr. Ashton bequeathed to his excellent wife all other properties whatsoever he died possessed of, together with half his share in the firm of Ashton, Chadwick, Clegg, and Co.; the other half to his beloved daughter, limiting the annual sum she was to draw from the firm, and which was in nowise to pass into the hands of her depraved husband; and Jabez Clegg and Benjamin Travis were appointed executors for the due performance of its provisions.

Imagine the jealous fury of Laurence Aspinall! He had been living far beyond his private means, and was greatly involved. He had calculated on laying his hand on a good round sum, and was disappointed. In order, however, to raise the needful, he sold his father's old-established concern to their head clerk, far below its value. On the Fallowfield estate his friend Barret held a mortgage. And, had it been possible, he would similarly have disposed of Augusta's possessions.

But the old law which preserved the woman's absolute right over properties legally settled upon herself, by strange anomaly did not secure to her one guinea of the coin those properties produced.

Well did Jabez watch over Augusta's interest, but his heart ached as he saw her sad face, and the greedy triumphant eyes of ever-present Laurence when her dividends were paid in. For, before his very face, Laurence laid his hand upon the money, to squander it as he had squandered his own, on Sarah Mostyn and other unprincipled companions, leaving his wife without so much as would purchase a pocket-handkerchief. Then, lest she should make her wrongs known, he kept her a close prisoner at Fallowfield, and for all the pleasure she had of her Ardwick mansion, she might as well have been without it.

No wonder if each fresh act of personal violence snapped some bond between them, until the only one link to bind her to life and her husband was her boy Willie; whilst the only human trait of Laurence was his fondness for his son.

It was customary, when the hay-making season came round, for Laurence to gather such friends as his wife or he retained—the married with their children—for a frolic in the hay-fields, and the bringing home of the last wagon-load in triumph to crown or inaugurate a feast. On these occasions he had the grace or the diplomacy to keep Sarah Mostyn in the background, though she flaunted boldly enough about the house in the presence of his wife, and her child mingled with the children.

The harvest-home of 1831 was attended with the customary festivities, Willie (a rough playmate) half-smothering Nelly Clegg in the hay, or chasing the Walmsleys amongst the haycocks, until the last load was ready, and then the boy insisted that he and his companions should be mounted atop.

Shouts and cheers announced their coming to the party in the drawing-room; they came crowding to the windows, and the glass door being open, one or two sauntered out on to the flagged walk.

Merrily they came along the gravelled drive, under the hot sun, dreaming of no danger, Willie clapping his hands and calling, "Look at us, papa," when, right in front of the drawing-room window, the pin which held the body of the cart down, by some means became displaced, the cart tilted up, and hay and children were sent flying.

Beyond a few bruises, none of the children were injured but one; they had fallen amongst hay, or on the spongy lawn; but Willie, the one jewel in the Aspinall casket, pitched with his head on the flagged pavement, and was killed on the spot.

Draw we the curtain over consternation and bereavement, and pass on to results.

If a change came over Laurence, it was not for the better. He drank incessantly, became alternately moody and defiant, and added a coping-stone to his offences by placing Sarah Mostyn at his table by the side of his wife.

Then all the woman rose within her, so long cowed and dispirited. She left the table, and the insult being repeated, again retired in indignation.

Of the servants none had pitied her so much as Cicily, but for whom communication with her friends had been cut off. Often had she waxed savage over indignities she could neither check nor prevent; but in many little ways the faithful domestic was enabled to ameliorate the condition of her mistress. Now that Mrs. Aspinall—more lovely in her sad womanhood than her brilliant girlhood—was virtually supplanted, a prisoner under torture in her husband's house, her old nurse, as the mouthpiece of Mrs. Ashton and her Aunt Chadwick, urged upon her the necessity for legal separation.

When Jabez next came to hand over the quarter's dividends, Travis accompanied him, and then Augusta, in the presence of both her executors, demanded and claimed her right to a legal separation from her husband.

Laurence, taken by surprise, started to his feet, then resuming his seat, said with a scowl and a contemptuous sneer, "You had better obtain a divorce, madam, whilst you are about it. Mr. Clegg will not object to the cost if you can only be made Mrs. Clegg by Act of Parliament."

It was a cruel and uncalled-for sneer, and Travis, firing up, resented it for his cousin. "If she had been Mrs. Clegg, sir, instead of Mrs. Aspinall, there would have been no necessity now for the interference of friends for her protection!"

"Of course not," sneered Aspinall. "Mr. Clegg is the white hen that never lays away; and now, having favoured you with one of Mrs. Ashton's pithy proverbs, perhaps, gentlemen, you will favour me by taking your departure; this house and this lady are alike my property."

The value he set upon the latter article of property was testified by an immediate application of a horse-whip, so savagely applied that even Bob the gardener, drawn thither by Augusta's screams, wrenched the whip from him and covered her escape, the gardener declaring he would "no longer stay an' witness sich wark."

To this man, who was also gatekeeper, Cicily crept after nightfall, and offered him a goodly sum down out of her own savings, promising a much larger one from Mrs. Aspinall, with the offer of a new situation at Ardwick, if he would only help her ill-used mistress to "get clear o' that brute's violence."

The man, to his credit be it told, refused the money, but opened the gate; and when Laurence wakened from his sodden sleep at noon the next day, wife, cook, and gardener were missing.

The three walked to Ardwick, and once there, though Augusta found sad havoc had been made in the place, all was her own, carriage included, and the domestics that were in charge welcomed her with gladness.

Without waiting for even the show of a breakfast, Augusta hurried like a frightened bird to the mother's nest in Mosley Street, where alone she felt secure.

Jabez and Travis were both summoned, and when Aspinall, on recovering from his stupor, sought his human property at Ardwick, he found the trustee under his father's will—a Mr. Lillie—holding the place for Augusta in right of his trust. And in Mosley Street he was refused admission, Mrs. Ashton justifying her daughter's flight with "Self-preservation is the first law of nature. A good Jack makes a good Jill. It is the last straw breaks the camel's back. If you sow the wind, you must reap the whirlwind. He who beats his friend makes an enemy."

He threatened, and she answered, "Threatened folk live long. You had best, Mr. Aspinall, keep your breath to cool your porridge. Augusta's friends will defend her from her only enemy. Pending separation, you see her no more."

He never saw her more. The deed of separation was sealed, but never signed.

With Augusta, all good angels seemed to have flown from Fallowfield. In his demoniac passion he strove to blacken her character; and found himself met with laughter—his own life had been so chaste!

In the midst of all his embarrassments increased. Creditors pressed; writs showered in upon him; Barret foreclosed, and men were put in possession of the Grange. He flew to his old remedy, and it drove him mad. Lancaster Gaol for debtors loomed upon him. From his chamber-window he saw a fresh sheriff's officer with a warrant. His cavalry-pistols were in his dressing-room. A sharp report rang through the house. Laurence Aspinall, in the prime of life, delirious with drink, driven to desperation by his own profligate excess, set a blood-red seal on the deed of separation!

Ten years had passed from the partnership of Ashton, Chadwick, and Clegg—years in which money well employed had multiplied itself. Jabez was a rich man—a man of influence in the town; no longer the amateur artist, but the patron of art, as well Henry Liverseege and others could tell. As he had been one of the first promoters of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, so was he now the supporter of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Art; and seeing farther than Mr. Ashton, who, as a member of the New Quay Navigation Company, had opposed the Act for a railway between Manchester and Liverpool, he threw his energies into the project, and helped to carry it, his cousin Travis working with him.

His widowerhood cast a gloom over him for a time, but he left himself little leisure for morbid reflections, and that was cheered by the prattle of his little Nelly. He had brought Sim into his home, and well paid back to Bess her early care for him. He indulged the fragile boy's craving for books and pencils, first implanted by himself; and Simon, with whom age seemed at a standstill, never ceased to pride himself on his forecast in pronouncing Jabez a "godsend."

About this time Captain Richard Chadwick came home on half-pay, to the great joy of his father and mother, both well advanced in years.

Long before death removed her cousin Ellen, Augusta had repented her own silly choice; but strengthened by her mother, and shall it be added, desirous to prove herself worthy the esteem of the good man she had despised, she did her duty in the face of cruel difficulties. But towards the last she had found the image of Jabez in contrast with Laurence painfully obtrusive.

How Jabez had schooled his heart we know; he was a faithful husband to a true wife, and when he lost her, mourned her as a valued friend. But all the early love of his heart was kept alive and in a ferment by the sufferings of Augusta; though as an honourable man he permitted no word or look to betray more than a friend's sympathy.

Is it needful to add that, some two years after the late event, the Manchester Man, rapidly rising into public favour, entered into another partnership, or that Jabez Clegg, in right of his wife (wilful no longer), took possession of the mansion at Ardwick, where they were joined by Mrs. Ashton, the Mosley Street house being required for the rapidly extending trade of Ashton, Chadwick, Clegg, and Co? Travis remained Co. to the end of the chapter, the children's Co. never taking a wife unto himself.

THE END.

THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY.

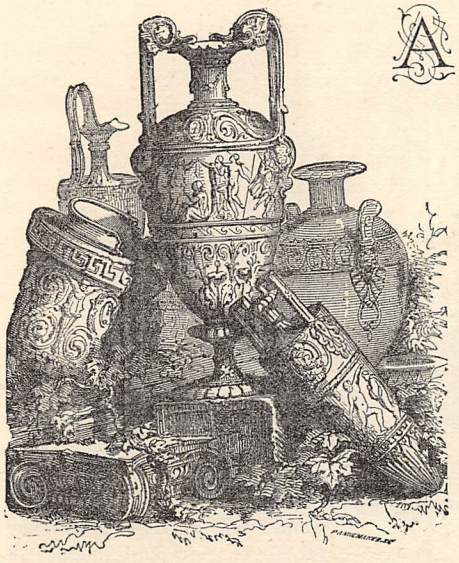
SOME, in the search for beauty, southward go,
Where orange thickets scent the tawney plain;
Steam down the azure Mediterranean main,
Coasting the chestnut woods, and spires of snow;
Or, further yet, until the golden glow
Of Asia's splendrous atmosphere they gain.
Yet in this cold, green north, where drives the rain,

And fog, no less intense are beauty's moods:
To-night, great lightnings quenching the sea-star,
Like fancies of some god beyond the floods,
In sudden sunsets flamed along the bar:
And now, as cease their superb interludes,
Solemn and rich repose the autumn woods—
Solemn the hills beneath the moon afar.

T. C. IRWIN.

THE SUPPOSED SITE OF ANCIENT TROY.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.



A GREAT deal of attention has been devoted, within the last few years, to the much-disputed question as to the site of ancient Troy, and all the archæologists, besides a very large proportion of the general public, have been in a state of excitement on account of the announced discovery of numerous important remains of the Trojans, of great value, in wonderful perfection and in great variety. The fortunate discoverer, or reputed discoverer, was a certain Dr. Schliemann, a German, known in his own country as a man of considerable research in matters of this kind. Very lately, indeed, the subject has been under discussion in a meeting in London, where Mr. Gladstone—not less remarkable as a Greek scholar than as a politician—appeared to endorse these discoveries, and showed clearly that he accepted them as a valuable contribution to knowledge.

Those who have travelled much in the islands of the Eastern Mediterranean, and on the shores of Turkey and Asia Minor, which are crowded with spots of historic interest, cannot fail to have experienced, as I have, the extreme difficulty of identifying interesting historic sites. It requires an amount of faith which falls to the lot of few old travellers to accept the local stories, while even to identify the descriptions of travellers of the eighteenth century is altogether hopeless. Nature has done so much in the way of obliterating all markings, that the help of man was hardly needed, but man has assisted with so much energy—the only energy shown in these countries is the energy of destruction—that very little can be obtained to confirm an opinion, should faith for a moment waver. I remember to have examined with some care a good many years ago the cliffs near Kertch, on the eastern shores of the Crimea, close to the Sea of Azof, where crowds of fragments of antiquity have been found. The whole apparent cliff is nothing more than the crushed ruins of ancient walls, but there is no appearance of a brick, and hardly of a coin. I remember also visiting the ancient city of Samos, in Cephalonia. Here, except a few vast squared stones, the remains of old Cyclopean walls, and innumerable fragments of pottery turned up by the plough year after year, as the ground is scratched over before cropping, there exists no indication that there was once a city inhabited by thousands of intelligent and civilised people. But here the sites were accurately fixed, and the whole boundaries of the old cities known. In the case of Troy, a city whose very existence is doubtful, about which we know absolutely nothing with certainty, and which dates back to a period anterior to the earliest distinct Greek history, what can be expected but confusion and disappointment?

But in sailing through the beautiful waters that connect the Sea of Marmora with the Mediterranean, and pausing from time to time as we near the Asiatic coast, we pass the broad swelling hills and more level coasts which have always been regarded as enclosing the site of the great events recorded by Homer. Here was landed, as we presume, the great wooden horse; here rode the ancient triremes and other members of the navy of old Greece; on these plains descended the vast horde of Greeks, then as now piratically inclined, and only desiring a pretext to make depredatory war on their neighbours. How much of all the history is true, and what parts are pure imagination and poetry?

That the Greeks were even then an active, restless race, quarrelling among themselves, and only too willing at any time to make up their own grievances for the moment to pounce in united strength on a neighbouring people who possessed flocks, herds, or property of any other kind, such as men, women, and children capable of being utilised (made to work as slaves or sold to slavery)—all this is the very alphabet of knowledge of this remarkable people. They were then what they are now, and what they will be to the end of the chapter. *Klephts* is the classical name for them. Robbers, an ugly translation, can only be suggested far away from the country, by people whose ideas with regard to ownership are of a very different nature, and who hold strongly to the possibility of a distinction between might and right.

There can be no doubt that in some part of the plain of the Scamander, entered anciently by a deep bay, which is now nearly filled up, and is little more than swamp, was situated ancient Troy. The high lands by which it is separated from the shores of the Ægean Sea entirely shelter and enclose it, and are visible to every one entering or emerging from the Dardanelles on the way to Constantinople. On the other or eastern side the plain is bordered by Mount Ida and its numerous spurs, a range of considerable interest, but not to be mistaken for the much more lofty mountain of the same name in Crete, which rises nearly 8,000 feet above the sea. The Ida of the Troad consists of a number of jagged summits,

probably a branch of the mountain-chain of the Anti-Taurus, which forms the southern boundary of the Black Sea, and crosses into Europe to connect with the Balkan.

During the early spring the scenery is very fine, but from a distance there is not much appearance of population or cultivation. During the late autumn, when the rainy season commences, and also in the spring, when there are heavy rains occasionally, the streams which traverse the length of the plain between the high lands are greatly swollen, and much of the land is under water. No doubt this is much worse now than it was in former times, when the rivers entered the sea by a free and open course, not being then choked by the mud and alluvial deposits that have converted the former bay into a swamp. The climate is extreme, bitterly cold in winter and fiercely hot in summer.

For some distance from the present coast-line the ground is absolutely level, but it rises considerably from this swamp towards the end of the plain, which at one time was presumed to have been the site of the old city of Troy. In this part the level of the ground is as much as 400 feet above the sea, and is in fact rather a slope from the mountain ridge than a plain in the usual sense. The distance is about twelve miles from the line of the coast. Modern researches have proved beyond doubt that no town of importance has ever existed here, and thus, in spite of the learned disquisitions of some authors, we must look elsewhere for the real position of the old city.

The remains of antiquity in this part of Asia Minor, and on the shores of the Black Sea, consist of little more than tumuli. Large heaps, sometimes forming real hills, are seen at intervals, not presenting the slightest appearance of human agency, and often requiring long research to discover any indications of their origin. Of such tumuli none are found actually within the plain of the Scamander, but as many as ten are recognised on its margin. It is thus probable that there existed several villages or towns built on the slopes on each side of the plain, to take advantage of the more healthy atmosphere, and keep clear of the torrents that must at all times have swept down the valley from the adjacent hills after heavy storms of rain. Had there been villages and mounds in the plain, they would however in all probability have been entirely swept away, in the course of the 3,000 years that have elapsed since the valley was occupied in large numbers. Since then the population has probably been small, wandering, and rather given to pastoral than agricultural pursuits.

Such is the geographical position and condition of the celebrated plains that witnessed, as we are told by the poets, the struggle between the gods of classical times, represented by men in the shape of demi-gods and heroes. That there was once a thickly-peopled district dwelling in fixed and permanent habitation in this north-western corner of Asia Minor may be considered certain. The tumuli alone afford ample proof of this.

The researches of Dr. Schliemann seem to prove that the place now called Hissarlik, and marked on the maps as Ilium Novum, was really the site of a city of enormous antiquity. It occupies a recess to the east of the course of the Scamander, and is barely more than three miles in a direct line from the sea. The modern village of Chiblat lies a little to the east, and all round there are indications of an ancient population seen in the innumerable fragments of pottery turned up whenever the ground is disturbed. There is a low acropolis overlooking the Scamander, and from it the Ægean Sea and the island of Tenedos are visible. Here Dr. Schliemann, by very extensive and continued researches, has unearthed the vast multitude of relics that have been put forward as proof of the existence of an ancient Troy, a rich and civilised city, whose date, judging from the style of the antiquities, is certainly not later than that usually assigned to the Trojan war.

Below the surface the deep trenches cut during the three years, 1870 to 1873, by a strong force of labourers—sometimes as many as 150 in number—under Dr. Schliemann's instructions, passed through the remains of a Greek town, and reached an old Cyclopean wall. Below this stratum of comparatively recent date there were found several distinct strata of débris, the lowest resting on the bare rock, and containing chiefly pottery; the one above composed of burnt ashes, with fragments of charcoal and earth, apparently the result of a great fire, but with some vases, also showing the action of fire; the third including fragments of an old town, and two above, of more recent date, but still very old. In another trench to the south were indications of a large palace, also of very great antiquity.

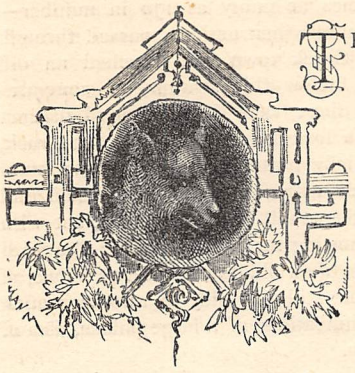
Among these ruins were unearthed an incredible multitude of antiquities of all kinds—in the newer deposits marbles and sculptures of some merit, but in the older only such as belong to the pre-historic period, and that correspond well with other discoveries of the older people who once inhabited Asia Minor; thousands of vases, chiefly of pottery, but some of silver; head-dresses, earrings, bracelets, and rings of gold, also to be reckoned by thousands; a few inscriptions, which are unsatisfactory, though apparently Phœnician; golden bottles; shields, kettles, vases, and other objects of copper; and many remarkable objects of *electrum*, a mixed metal, consisting of an alloy of three parts gold and one part silver, some of them cast and others hammered. All these attest a gradual advance in artistic labour that was attained by successive generations of these early people. Some vases and other objects are exceedingly large, and have evidently been adapted to domestic purposes. The pottery is considered to have great resemblance to specimens certainly of great antiquity found in the Greek island of Santorin, and also in some parts of ancient Etruria, in Italy. They are regarded by the best authorities as pre-Hellenic. It is not a little curious that similar vases worked into a semi-human form, and believed to indicate the worship of a goddess of wisdom more ancient than the Minerva of Athens, but also characterised by the owl, are met with in deposits of extreme antiquity in Pomerania, and on the shores of the Baltic.

The list of objects collected by Dr. Schliemann, exclusive of a very large number discovered and stolen by the workmen, includes 12,710 pieces distinctly defined, without counting fragments; 180 are of ivory, 2,600 terra-cotta, 780 marble or stone, and 9,150 of various metals, besides 8,700 beads and a few objects in amber.

Such are some of the results of the explorations of the last five years in this part of Asia Minor. The zeal of Dr. Schliemann has revived the old question of the value of the Homeric poem, and its relation to history. It has also been the means of introducing to the notice of European archæologists a vast variety of objects showing an early acquaintance with some of the arts of life now regarded as indicating high civilisation, belonging to a period of the most remote antiquity. Whether he has settled the question as to a real Troy may still be regarded as doubtful, inasmuch as Homer's narrative is evidently imaginative, and contains many internal proofs of having been modified in successive generations. But that the ancient Phœnician races inhabiting the western extremity of Asia were so intelligent and cultivated that they lived on in the same spot from generation to generation, town after town rising on the ruins of that preceding it on the same spot, there cannot now be any question.

We owe much to the energy that, in spite of great difficulties thrown in his way by governments and people, and the very large expense required to carry on the work, has succeeded in bringing out results so important.

NOVEMBER.



THIS is generally a dreary month (especially in town), mists and showers alternating with furious gales, and it may be snowstorms. Still at the commencement of it the artistic eye finds much to admire in the masses of yellow foliage on the elms, and the russet and golden beauty of birch and beech. The weather is probably mild, and many late autumnal wild flowers are yet blooming. On the 5th of the month last year we counted in a cold district of East Anglia as many as twenty-three species in an afternoon's walk. Amongst them were hawk-weeds, nipple-wort, three species of chick-weed, shepherd's purse, yarrow, bluebell, wild geranium, &c. In Devon at the same time the list was nearly doubled. Much interest attaches to the birds of the month. Wood-pigeons, which of late years, owing greatly to the system of gun licences, have largely increased upon the farmers, now assemble in flocks of two or three hundred and plunder the turnips, or pick up from the stubbles what should rightly belong to the partridges. Most of the winter birds come this month. The red-wing, field-fare, and Royston crow have already made their appearance; but the wild goose and duck, the widgeon, pochard, and teal, some of which have bred with us, are reinforced by large arrivals of their kith and kin, if the weather be at all severe.

The country is enlivened at present by the bustle and excitement of fox-hunting. In a genuine hunting population the cry of the hounds in the distance is the signal for all work to be suspended; men and boys ascend ladders and hayricks, and the horses in the farm-yards neigh, as if they knew the delights of the chase.

In Canute's Laws foxes are specially excepted from being animals of the forest or chace; any one might kill them; but in Edward I.'s reign fox-hunting had attained to the dignity of a sport. It is upon record how much was paid to the king's fox-hunter and his two boys, who took care of the dogs, in 1300. Since that time it has continued to grow more popular year by year; and even the enclosure of the country, the formation of railways, &c., have only added to its charms; whereas hawking, mainly from these obstacles to its free pursuit, has become practically extinct.

Addison has often been laughed at for the little knowledge he evinces of country life when he makes Sir Roger de Coverley hunt hares during the first fortnight of July, and speaks of the worthy knight chasing foxes with beagles.

Most country people know of a fox's earth, and are greatly interested in the safe escape of the cubs. The ground around it is generally littered with wings and tails of crows, hens, &c., which the old ones have brought home for their cubs. The little ones frequently seek the shelter of standing corn, and last year we knew of five thus darting from the centre of a wheat-field as soon as the reaping-machine pressed closely upon them.

When the ivy has ceased flowering (it generally begins to blossom in October), a marked diminution in insect-life will be observed. White notices that it is the last flower which supports the existence of butterflies, gnats, &c. On the sunny days of this month these may be seen swarming on ivy, especially the red admiral butterfly. Some die at the approach of cold weather, others hibernate. The different kinds of gnats must be very hardy, as they come out all through the winter during sunshine, even when snow is on the ground. Insect-eating birds and also trout are thus provided with an occasional dainty. Among the lepidoptera at least nine-tenths hibernate in the chrysalis state, but some of the perfect insects survive the winter, taking refuge under the rafters of outhouses

"A DREARY MONTH—ESPECIALLY IN TOWN" (*p.* 724).

and in similar places. At the end of autumn all the insect-world busies itself to find suitable spots for winter habitation. Kirby and Spence give a curious account of witnessing in 1816 on the banks of the Humber a general departure of beetles for their winter quarters. They found them under the decaying bark of all the posts and rails on the way, with their antennæ folded up, and just dropping into their winter sleep. The hive-bee is a familiar insect which never, strictly speaking, hibernates, though cold weather reduces it to a state of torpidity.

Owing to the leaves falling off the trees, the larger kinds of our raptorial birds may now be better seen than during summer. The sparrow-hawk draws nearer to man, and pillages stack-yards at times. A friend saw one last year pursue a magpie, which endeavoured in every way to outmanœuvre its assailant. Waiting a favourable moment, the hawk at length dropped on it like a thunderbolt, and knocked it into the ditch with its talons. Our friend rode up at once and separated them, the magpie being only just able to escape.

Though a short-winged hawk, the sparrow-hawk is very destructive to small quadrupeds and young birds. Professor Newton says it is the only bird of prey which the game-preserver now-a-days need fear. Lovers of the country would be grateful to squires and landed proprietors if they would act on this information, and countermand the destruction of the numerous owls, nightjars, kestrel hawks, &c., which now dangle like criminals on too many a gibbet near keepers' cottages. Grouse disease has done good by teaching game-preservers that if birds of prey are remorselessly extirpated, Nature will revenge herself in a very unpleasant manner. She can herself best adjust the balance of feathered life.

Gardens and houses are now relieved from the autumnal plague of wasps. Many die, some hibernate. It is curious to see the dissimilar localities they choose. Early this last spring we found one still in a torpid state under the topmost leaf of a very tall laurel, while, on withdrawing the key from the door of an outhouse, another came out on it, also in a comatose state. It had hibernated in the centre of the lock.

If this should prove as cold a winter as was that of 1874—5, that curious subject, the partial migration of our winter birds, should be observed by ornithological students. Thus, in the end of December, 1874, when the thermometer was in most districts little above zero for two or three days, field-fares and red-wings flew to the west of Exmouth, and returned on January 3rd and 4th, when the thaw had set in. Multitudes of them, too, together with millions of starlings, fled to the milder climate of Cornwall, near Falmouth, during the rough weather of March this last spring.

Importations of rabbits from Ostend now enter England largely. Round Ostend these creatures are daily fed on rabbit farms upon the sand-banks; turnips, &c., being regularly grown for them, as English farmers do for their sheep. They are sent over alive for the most part, in long flat hampers, and the importers keep them living in large sheds, which are scrupulously clean, sawdust being daily strewn on the floor, until they are wanted for the market. They are very much larger than our rabbits, and readily fetch four shillings a couple. We saw one such shed containing some two hundred rabbits last November. They were of all sizes and colours—black, white, fawn-coloured, spotted, and the like; some with red eyes; and all formed a pretty sight.

Our wild rabbits, like the foxes, are often found in the centre of wheat-fields when the reaping-machine has all but finished its circuits. We have known as many as forty-two thus killed in a single field.

Few people are aware how valuable are rabbits as a food-supply to the nation. In 1872, 5,104,817 rabbits were sold by the licensed game-dealers of the United Kingdom. If those consumed by private owners of land be added to this, a figure would be reached which might stagger those who clamour indiscriminately against the Game Laws. A game-dealer at Birmingham offered to take from a landowner 10,000 rabbits a week, if he could supply them, so great is the demand amongst navvies, miners, and many artizans for the rabbit as a dainty.

It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be done in the garden during November. On the contrary, it is the month of months for pruning, transplanting, and digging. All carrots, potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, winter apples and pears which still remain out of doors must at once be stored. Roses, currants, gooseberries, &c., must be well mulched. A little parsley, onions, saladings, and the like may yet be sown, if the weather continues open; but the chief work in the kitchen garden is to dig in or burn all rubbish, keep walks tidy, prune and lop trees, and at every moment of leisure lay up the earth in ridges for sun and frost to fertilise. It is amazing how this process improves a garden.

In the flower-garden, dahlias must be carefully taken up and laid under cover for the winter.

The rosarian should remember that now is the time to get wild-briar stocks from the hedges. Better to dig them out than to buy those already taken up and sent to market. No one can say how long they have been out of the ground. Grass-plots must be kept well mown, and leaves raked up at every opportunity. A garden is thus beautiful even at the dullest time of Flora's reign.

Those who are about to plant small shrubberies or gardens should be reminded that, for a few pence more, it is easy now to have curious golden or variegated specimens of all our common trees in the place of the old-fashioned kinds. Thus the golden yew is an exquisite tree; the variegated ash-leaved maple and the yellow-leaved oak (*Pedunculata concordia*) never disappoint. Again, trees of large and striking foliage contrast charmingly with our native small-leaved trees. Thus the *Paulownia imperialis*, the tulip-tree, and the magnolia may be planted with good effect. Who would forget the many noble pines, too, which have of recent years been added to arboriculture? Douglas' pine, *Pinus insignis*, and *Pinus macrocarpa* would be worth any number of the miserable spindling oaks and ashes so often seen planted in suburban gardens, and

they have the merit of being always green and refreshing to the eyes. Let an intending planter visit Kew, or one of our large nurseries, before he bids his gardener "buy trees and plant them as soon as he can." A little trouble is well laid out in a work which is to last so long.

Anglers this month are busy taking the grayling and the pike, whenever the weather admits. The former is a curiously local fish, around which have crystallised many monastic stories more wonderful than true. Modern science points out that it is a survivor of the Glacial Age. When you have first caught your pike, a recipe of amusing particularity for cooking it is to be found in Walton's immortal work, he being, like Barker (another celebrated seventeenth-century angler), as enthusiastic in cooking as in catching fish. He adds, "This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers or very honest men." The pike is fond of sluggish lakes and rivers, and therefore is little known in Devonshire. "Lincolnshire" (once more to quote Walton) "boasteth to have the biggest."

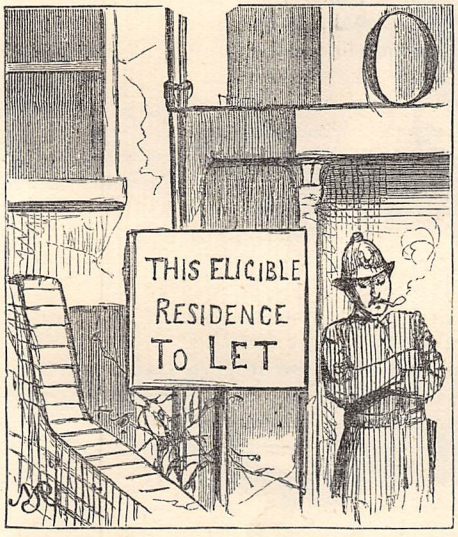
The taste for this fish, as for many other of our fresh-water fishes, has almost died out, owing to the extreme facility with which sea-fish may now be procured almost everywhere.

Having now finished a year's observations on the natural history of the months, we cannot refrain from recommending a taste for the plants and creatures of the country to all who are obliged to pass much of their time there. Admirable text-books on every province of British natural history can now be obtained; but, after all, careful observation and loving familiarity with the beasts and birds of the country is the way to derive enjoyment. If these papers have induced any to resort to the quiet pleasures of the naturalist, and to find occupation where once all seemed a desert, they will not have been written in vain.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

IN AN EMPTY HOUSE.

A SKETCH WITH A MORAL.



"OH dear, no, sir! not at all damp."

"The gentleman hasn't seen the cellar. There's a shoot outside, where they put down the coal, sir, and it saves so much dirt."

"There's another house over the way, sir, as we've got the letting of; a nice cheerful house, too. It's been occupied, but the gentleman as took it only lived three months."

Now the house I was in had struck a cold chill to my very spirit, as I descended to its lower regions, so I felt very little desire to inspect the place opposite, where "the gentleman as took it only lived three months."

The two speakers were an elderly man and his wife—two stooping, worn-out old folks, who came up together to answer the front door bell on this particular day, when I was what the French call *à la chasse*—in other words, house-hunting. They came up together, and evidently tugged together at the front door to get it open. They both said it stuck, which was self-evident; and during my stay, they either kept up a duet or else alternately one played echo to the other's words.

With all respect to them and their troubles, they would suggest to me, on first seeing them, potatoes that had sprouted and withered in a cellar. They were so colourless, so wanting in tone, that, as they stood blinking before me, each with a pair of old spectacles in hand, they seemed as if they had passed all their days underground, and rarely stirred abroad.

There was something pathetic, though, in the quiet, staid old visages, and so much patience and forbearance exhibited on either side when, with the garrulousness of age, one kept up the ball too long, that I could not help thinking that when the cold hand of death was laid upon one, the other would cling so tightly to the companion to be reft away, that the grisly shade would in mercy say, "Come too," and they would go on their long journey as they had lived, hand in hand.

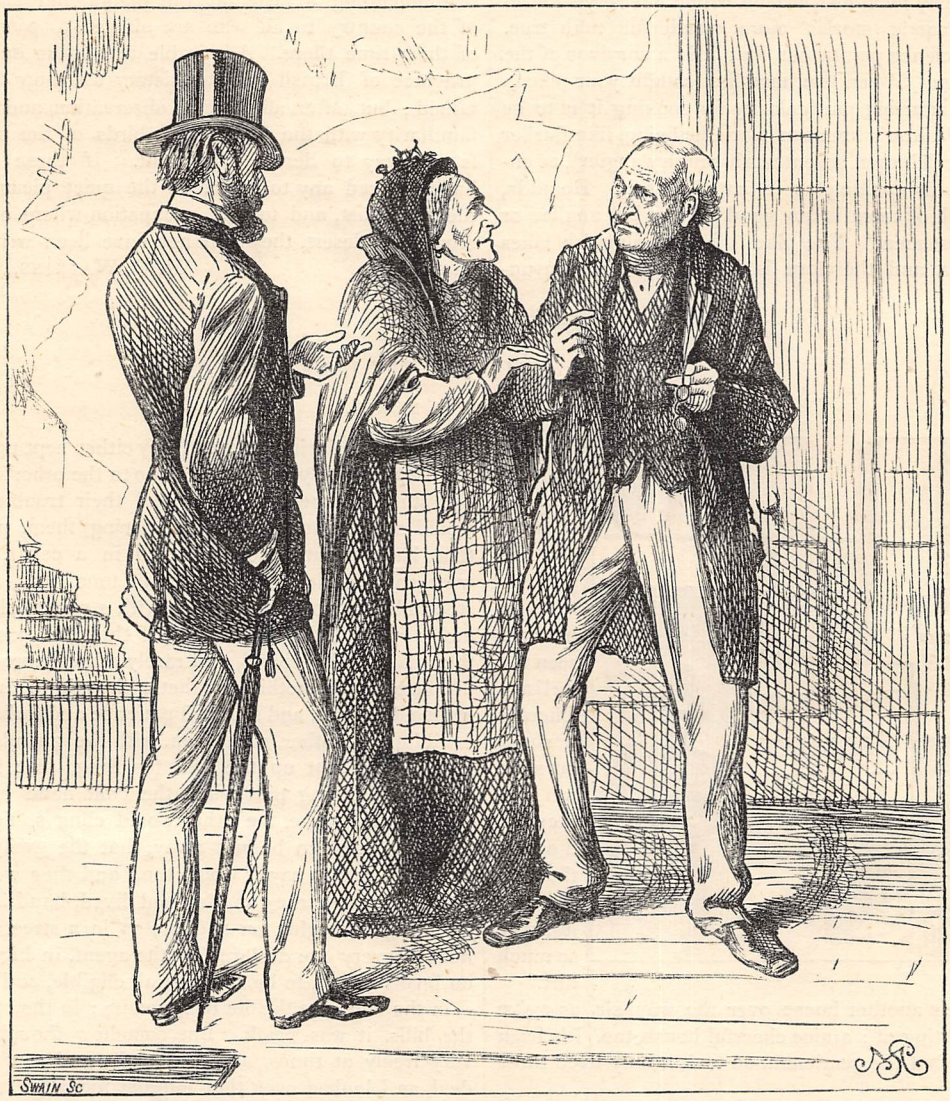
Strange thoughts on a doorstep in a street of new houses, every one declared by the agent, in big letters, on board or bill, to be substantial, eligible, and capital—in the one case the lie being white; in the other, on the bills, it was black. But somehow thoughts flow very freely at times, and I thought and saw a good deal, as I looked over that eligible mansion to be let on such moderate terms. The old people closed the door after me very carefully—it was a hot September day—and thus I had the full benefit of the close, heavy, oppressive atmosphere, the smell of old and worn-out air, that has been shut up for weeks—the odour to be obtained to such perfection in the hermetically sealed galleries of the British Museum. Then we went on from room to room, the old people talking away all the time, and pointing out the beauties of the place.

It was the old story: the regular new suburban house, with a showy exterior, plenty of stucco, and a pretentious interior; but all to a good substantial place,

what electro or veneer is to the precious metal or solid wood. There were plate-glass windows, but the frames had warped; handsome balustrades to green shrunken stairs; the floor-boards had shrunk one from another and curled up; the ceilings had cracked; and where the rain had found its way in, through defective spouts at the side, or bad slating and plumbing of the roof, the walls told tales, in the unpleasant-smelling efflorescence of microscopic fungi, that, in place of good honest sand-mixed mortar, the house had been built, by a scamping contractor, with burnt clay ground up with a dash of lime stuff, that is good for two or three years, and then crumbles away.

From room to room of the desolate place we went, to find every window closely shut. There was the pleasant prospect, beyond the tiny square of grass-grown earth called a garden, of the blank end wall of the row of houses in the next street. Over the wall next door an attempt had been made to brighten the prospect, but the plants looked melancholy, and a Virginia creeper that ought to have been displaying its gorgeous autumnal tints was evidently suffering from a severe bilious attack, due to low spirits, bad drainage, and a clay soil. The very sparrows on the ledges were moulting, and appeared depressed; and on going higher up, there was a blank hideous cistern in one of the attics, that looked so much like a sarcophagus on a humid principle, and suggested such horrors of some day finding a suicidal servant-maid within, that any lingering ideas of becoming the tenant of the house vanished like dirty snow-crystals before a pelting rain.

"It's a very convenient house," said the old gentleman.



"DON'T BOTHER THE GENTLEMAN ABOUT THAT, MARY" (*p.* 729).

"And will let some day at a far higher rent," piped the old lady.

"You'd better come down to the breakfast-room now, sir," said the old gentleman.

"And see the kitchen too, sir," echoed the old lady.

So I went down—to find, as I expected, the breakfast-room showing a cloudy mountainous line of damp on the paper for about two feet above the wainscot; and here again the window was closely shut, and the strange mephitic odour of damp and exhausted air stronger than ever.

This apartment was the one utilised by the old couple for bed and sitting-room combined, and their spare furniture was spread neatly over it, according to the homely old rule of "making the most of things."

I finished my inspection, with the old folks most eager in their praise of all, and when I pointed to the damp the old gentleman exclaimed—

"Oh! you'll find that in all the houses about here, sir. It rises up the wall, you see."

"Yes, from bad building," I answered.

"But it's much worse at the house opposite, sir," said the old lady.

"Where the tenant died?" I said.

"Yes, sir," she answered innocently enough.

"Why, you seem anxious to let the house," I said smiling.

"Well, yes, sir," said the old gentleman, counting his few hairs with one end of his spectacles. "You see, the agents like us to let the houses; and if we're in one very long——"

"He don't like it, sir," said the old lady.

"Then you often have to change?"

"It all depends, sir; sometimes we've been in houses where they've been let in a week."

"Not in new neighbourhoods, sir," said the old lady; "people's shy of coming to the very new places. You see, they're only just run up, and the roads ain't made."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "sometimes the roads ain't made till the houses are all let."

"And people often won't take the houses till the roads are made," said the old lady.

"So sometimes we're a year or two in a place. People's so particular about damp, you see," said the old gentleman.

"And many of the houses are damp?" I asked inquiringly.

"Well, sir, what can you expect," he replied confidentially, "seeing how things goes? Here's, say, a field here to-day, and they marks it out into roads. Then one speculative builder runs up a lot of carcases on it, and fails. Then another buys the carcases, and finishes 'em in a showy, flashy way; and then they put them at very low rents, to tempt people to take 'em."

"And raises the rents as soon as one or two tenants have been in them," said the old lady.

"It tempts people like, sir," continued the old gentleman; "they see nice showy-looking houses in an open place, and they think they're healthy."

"And they're not?" I said.

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"Healthy? No!" cried the old lady. "How can they be healthy, with the mortar and bricks all wet, and the rain perhaps been streaming into them for months before they were finished? Why, if you go and look in some of those big half-finished houses, sir, just two streets off, you see the water lying in the kitchens and breakfast-rooms a foot deep. That's how he got his rheumatics." Here she nodded at her husband.

"Don't bother the gentleman about that, Mary," said the old man mildly.

"You've lived in some of these very new damp places, then?"

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman smiling, "beggars mustn't be choosers, you see. We have to take the house the agent has on hand."

"You take charge of a house, then, on condition of living rent-free?"

"Yes, sir, that's it," said the old lady smiling.

"And how long have you lived in this way?"

"Oh! close upon fifteen years, sir," replied the old gentleman; "but things are not so good as they were. More than once I've nearly had to take a place—much building as there is going on."

"Yes, sir, and pay rent," said the old lady.

"You see it's the police, sir," the old gentleman went on.

"The police?"

"Yes, sir, the police," said the old lady. "The boys do so much mischief."

"Boys, you see, sir, from the thick parts of London," said the old gentleman explaining. "Rough lads on Sundays. They get amongst the empty and unfinished houses, troops of them, to play pitch-and-toss, and they throw stones and break windows and slates."

"And knock down the plaster and bricks," added the old lady.

"Ah! they most levelled one wall close by," said the old gentleman.

"They're so fond of making seesaws of the wood, too, sir," said the old lady.

"And splashing about in the pools of water," said the old gentleman.

"And the agents, on account of this, have took to having the police," said the old lady.

"To keep the boys away?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; you see, it's the married police and their wives take charge of the houses, and when the boys know that there's policemen about, why, of course they stay away."

"But it makes it very bad for such as we, sir," said the old lady.

"Fifteen years is a long time to live rent-free," I said smiling.

"Yes, sir, it is, and you see we have a deal to do for it. We have lots of people come to look at the houses before one's let."

"Specially women," chimed in the old gentleman. "There's some as come regular, and do it, I s'pose, because they likes it. They look at all the houses in

the neighbourhood, same as some other ladies always go to sales. They never buy anything; and *they* never mean to take a house; but they come and look at 'em, all the same."

"But we always know them, sir," said the old lady.

"Yes, they're easy enough to tell," chuckled the old man. And then, seeing me look inquiringly at him, he went on, "They finds fault with everything, sir. The hall's too narrow, or else too broad, and the staircase isn't the right shape. Then they want folding doors to the dining-room; or they don't want folding doors. Sometimes six bed-rooms is too many; sometimes eight ain't enough. And they always finds fault with the kitchen."

"And they always want a fresh paper in the dining-room, sir," said the old lady chiming in; "and the drawing-room paper's too light; and we don't mind them a bit."

"No, sir," chuckled the old gentleman; "we're used to them. We know, bless you!"

"And I suppose you felt that I did not want a house, eh?"

"No, sir, that we didn't," said the old lady; "you see, you came with an order from the agent; while people as don't want houses never takes the trouble to get that, but drops in promiskus where they see the bills up."

"One gets to understand people in fifteen years, sir," said the old gentleman, in a quiet subdued way; "and we don't mind. We say all we can for a house, as in dooty bound, for the agent; but it goes against one, same time."

"You could not conscientiously recommend this house, then, for a family?" I asked.

The old gentleman tightened his lips, and looked at his wife; and the old lady tightened hers, and looked at her husband; but neither spoke.

"I see," I said; then, turning the conversation, "You have been at this for years?"

"Fifteen, sir," said the old lady. "You see, sir, when our poor——"

"Don't trouble the gentleman about that," said the old man, with appeal in his voice; but the old lady liked to talk, and went on—

"When our poor Mary died—aged nineteen, sir, and as beautiful a girl as ever you saw, and used to help us in the business, keeping the books and writing letters—all seemed to go wrong, and at last we sold out for the best we could make of it, and that just paid our debts——"

"All but Tompkins' wood bill," said the old man correcting.

"Yes, all but Tompkins' wood bill," said the old lady; "but that we paid afterwards. My 'usband being in the building line, sir, and knowing a deal about houses, built them too good, sir, or we might have made a fortune. Then we said we'd start fair, and my 'usband took a commission in wine, but no one ever gave any orders, and we should have had to go to the parish, only an aunt of mine died and left us a bit of property that brings us in ten shillings a week; which is enough for us so long as we don't pay rent and taxes."

"That's how we came to be here, sir," said the old gentleman, smiling sadly at his wife, "and we've seen some strange changes since; living in houses where people died of fevers; in old houses; in new houses that ought to be knocked down by Act of Parliament, they're so bad; in houses where the people's been extravagant, and gone to ruin. But there, it does for us while we're here."

He looked at his wife here, and the old lady placed her thin veiny hand on his arm, telling, by that one action, of trust, love, and faith in her old companion over a very stony path; and I left them together trying very hard to close the front door, the old man's last words being—

"It sticks so, sir, on account of the house tottering, and that great crack"—the said crack being one from the first to the second floor.

Those were truly his last words to me, for about six months after I saw that the eligible and substantial residence had been let, while half-a-dozen winter-rain-soaked carcases had been plastered up, and in one of the most damp I saw my old friends.

At the end of a few days, I found that the damp place and the cold spring had been too much for one of them.

The old man had died of pleurisy; and from the policeman's wife in charge of a house in the next street, I heard how prophetic had been my thoughts upon that doorstep; and I recalled that last simple act which I had seen—how the poor old woman had laid her hand upon her husband's arm—as this woman said—

"They found her kneeling down, sir, with her cheek resting on his dead hand—dead and cold too, sir; and no wonder either—the place would have killed a horse."

THE GAUL IN SOHO.

IT is singular to note how the influence of Soho extends to the neighbourhood around it, and to mark the points at which the foreign habits and customs of its denizens have been grafted on our English stock. Turning from a busy thoroughfare, English in every respect, you enter a quiet and subdued street, which to the unobservant pedestrian would present no particular sign of continental influence. But there is to be seen here a coffee-house—a thorough, genuine, dirty London coffee-house—in the window of which, however, instead of the usual display of stale tea-cakes, herrings, raw chops, rashers of bacon, and china eggs, there may be noticed these articles : a sliced melon, a piece of Gruyère cheese, a Brunswick sausage, and an opened box of sardines. It is enough : we are near Soho.

A passage through a narrow court adjoining reveals a closer mingling of the foreign and native elements, for there are four or five butchers' shops doing a large trade in the conventional London "What'll-yer-buy" style, interspersed with sundry depôts for fancy articles of foreign production which would certainly present but a poor attraction to English buyers.

"They're lava, they're real lava, sir," vehemently protests a youth in charge of one of these half-stalls, half-shops, to an elderly French gentleman with a red face and white hair, who has apparently cast doubts upon a pair of earrings he has taken in his hand from a heap on the board outside.

"My boy, I s'all not buy. You speak me they are lava, and I am able to pairceive that they are what one has called rubbiss. How much you charge for them? t'ree shillings the dozaine?"

"Three shillings a dozen! Why, I'll lay yer half-a-crown to a farden cake that you don't buy a pair of ear-rings like that anywhere else in London for ten and sixpence, and I'm only askin' yer five shillings!"

"Five shillings! Allons donc! It's very good—capital! and they have costed you fivepence! For my part, you s'all keep them all for yourself. Voilà!"

And so, with a deprecatory shake of the head, the Gaul passes on.

Coming out of the court, we enter a fair specimen of unalloyed Soho. The mixture of shops and private houses, the foreign names on the facias and door-plates, the views of industry through the half-open ground-floor windows, such as meerschaum carving, sewing-machine working, shirt and collar dressing, are all unique to the neighbourhood. This frowsy-looking provision-shop, with its rows of sausages hanging in strings across the window and from the ceiling inside, its glass jars of mysterious peas and beans, its macaroni, olives, cheeses, oils, and all condiments necessary for those savoury French dishes which most Englishmen who have tasted them so keenly appreciate, presents a picture the like of which we should not know where to find elsewhere in London.

The restaurants alone are a study, and we fancy it would puzzle the most enterprising English caterer to provide such a bill of fare as can be obtained here at such a cheap rate. You would not think you could get a dinner of soup, fish, joint, two kinds of vegetables, dessert, and half-a-bottle of wine, with *pain à discretion*, for a shilling, but here it is to be done any day you like to walk in through these shabby restaurant doors, and take your seat at one of the little tables within.

Those who have, perhaps, the greatest claim on our sympathy are the children penned up in these hot streets, where the air is deeply impregnated with the odour of all that is old, musty, and evil-smelling. They feel, however, that they have a right to gratuitous amusement (and who would deny it to childhood?) and so, when they have wearied of the manufacture of mud pastry, and of running races, and of darting across the road in front of passing vehicles, to see how near they can approach being run over without actually experiencing that *dénouement*, they go and "take it out of" the organ-grinder, whenever that unfortunate public functionary ventures down into Soho. As soon as the familiar tones are heard, there is a general rush to the spot, and a dance of a wild and eccentric nature is soon improvised. And what dancing! Footing it fairly up and down to the music, no shirking and a stamp on the pavement at the end of every strain. Some of the little dancers perform with great inherent grace, as they sidle away down the pavement, keeping time to the music with an accuracy which many a fashionable dancing-mistress may pine for in her pupils.

The most profitable business of the neighbourhood must be that of "general dealer;" and of these there are many. The man who sells bacon and sherbet, buttons and treacle, new-laid eggs and hair-oil, is the man to command the patronage of Soho. These shops are characteristic of the place, too, for there is a general "mixed" air pervading it; and we cannot help feeling for its inhabitants on this bright Saturday afternoon—that they should be condemned to occupy their stuffy streets, instead of being away where the air smells less of garlic and old clothes than it does here. So redolent, in fact, is the atmosphere of these articles, that it seems a delightful change even to cross Oxford Street, and wander through the spacious and somewhat gloomy aristocratic squares that lie within a stone's-throw of Soho.

A. H.

Sunset.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* EDMUND H. TURPIN.

VOICE. PIANO.

p

1. In grass-grown, sheltered ways and green, Where gleams of glo - ry
2. The dy - ing day will lin - ger still, With sil - ver stars, for

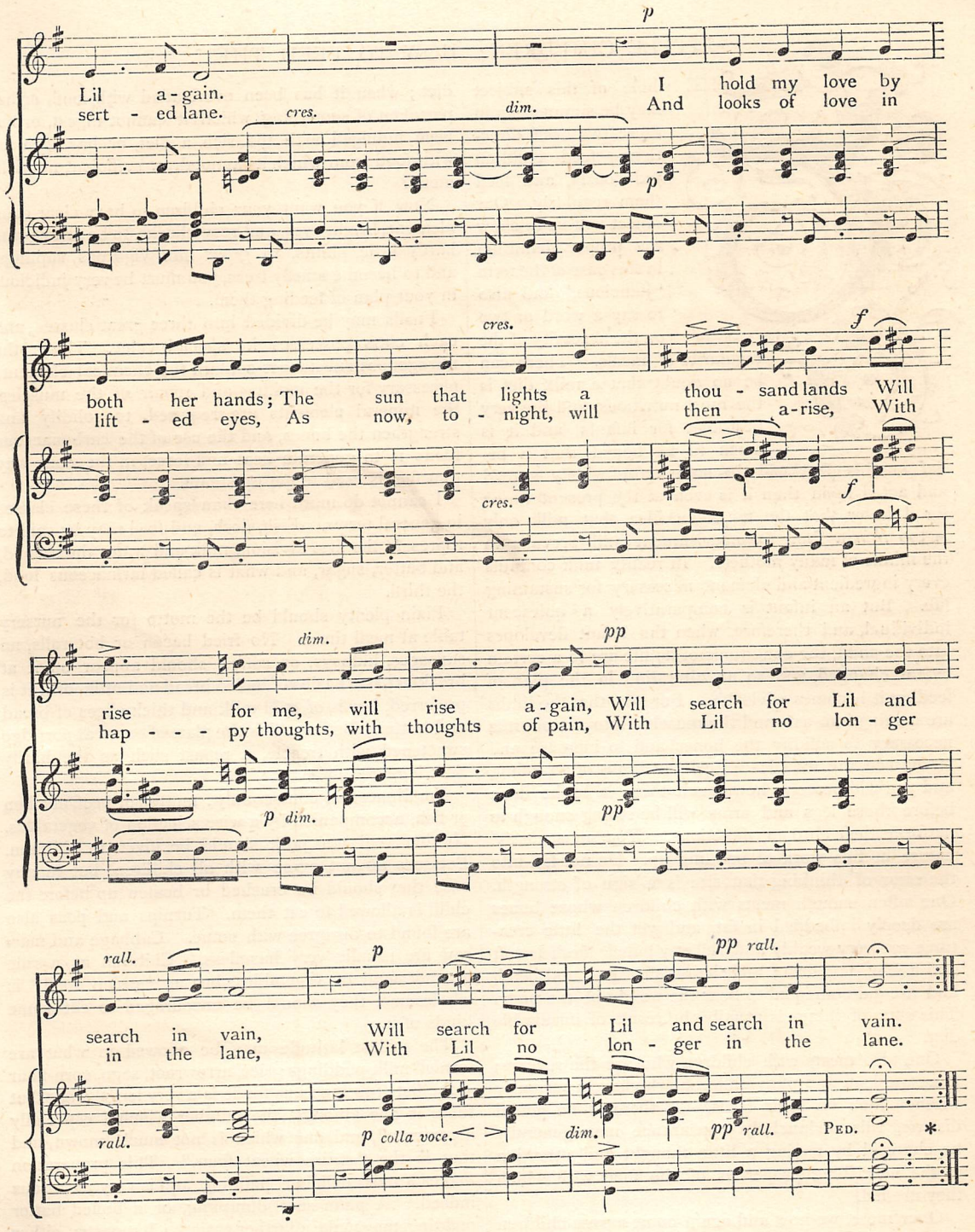
Andante affetuoso.

p

p *cres.* *dim*

glance be-tween The rust - ling leaves that shroud the lane, I walk and talk with
love of Lil; The breeze will mur - mur and com-plain Through all the dark, de -

cres. *dim.*


Lil a-gain.
sert - ed lane.
I hold my love by
And looks of love in
both her hands; The sun that lights a thou - sand lands Will
lift - ed eyes, As now, to - night, will then a-rise, With
rise for me, will rise a-gain, Will search for Lil and
hap - - - py thoughts, with thoughts of pain, With Lil no lon - ger
search in vain, Will search for Lil and search in vain.
in the lane, With Lil no lon - ger in the lane.
cres.
dim.
p
f
pp
rall.
colla voce.
PED.
*

LITTLE CHILDREN: HOW TO FEED THEM.

THE whole of this subject may be summed up in these two brief directions — feed children judiciously, and feed them regularly. Our object will be to show the proper definition in this case of the term "judicious," and also to say a word or two on the necessity of the regularity of meals. There can be no doubt that a milk diet is the most nutritious, and the very best diet for infants, and it is much to be hoped that a belief in this fact will become more widely spread and acted upon than it is even at the present time; for I know that the mistaken idea that milk only is too *thin* a food for nourishment still prevails in the minds of many mothers. In reality milk contains every ingredient and element necessary for sustaining life. But an infant is comparatively a quiescent individual, and therefore, when the infant developes into the child, the conditions of its life are to a certain extent changed, and so an alteration in the plan of feeding it becomes advisable. For now that the limbs are coming into use, and the muscles into action, it is necessary to solidify the bones and to increase and strengthen the muscles. Feel the limbs of an infant, and you will perceive how much there is to be done before those legs and arms will be strong enough to perform their proper functions. You must assist nature in this work of building up. Do not fall into the error of thinking that size is a sign of strength. One often enough meets with children whose bones are deeply imbedded in fat, and yet the little creatures are very weakly and ricketty; their flesh is soft and flabby, not firm; and their bones bow and bend, and are quite unequal to bear the weight of the body. This state of things is usually the result of unsuitable diet.

One also meets with children who are the reverse; there are lean and puny children, who have a curiously wizened look on their faces. If there is no actual disease, this melancholy appearance may generally be changed by paying a little thought and attention to the nourishing properties of the food with which they are fed.

Once more, we now and again come across children who are perpetually crying; fretful and discontented, they whine and moan, miserable, they know not why, and too often it happens that those who rear them know not wherefore. This irritability is not seldom attributed to naughtiness of disposition. Poor little mites! How can a child be merry and happy when its stomach is suffering wofully from an injudicious diet; when it has been overloaded with food, or has partaken of something which it cannot digest, or has been indulged with too rich a diet, or has been fed with food from which it cannot draw sufficient nourishment?

Now, if you want your children to have clear complexions, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, to be strong and hardy little plants, to grow into vigorous saplings, and to become sturdy trees, you must be very judicious in your plan of feeding them.

Foods may be divided into three great classes, and each class possesses its special value. Thus: the nitrogenous substances contain the chemical elements necessary for the making and repair of the muscles, the mineral elements are required to solidify and strengthen the bones, and the use of the carbonaceous foods is to generate heat and force, in the same way that fuel is used to get up steam.

I cannot do more here than speak of these classes in general terms. Fish, flesh, and fowl may be said to represent the first division, milk and water the second, and butter, sugar, and what is called farinaceous food, the third.

Plain plenty should be the motto for the nursery table at meal times. No fried bacon or hot rolls, no sausages, kidneys, or coffee, should appear on it at breakfast, but basins of boiled bread and milk, or if it is preferred, bowls of cold milk and thick slices of bread and butter. Better still is the plate of oatmeal porridge sweetened with treacle, a repast such as the hardy Scot is reared upon.

For dinner two courses only: mutton or beef, chicken or fish, accompanied by a wise selection of vegetables. Neither veal nor pork should be given to children. Potatoes do not agree with all children, but in any case they should be crushed or beaten up before the child is allowed to eat them. Turnips and peas also are found to disagree with some. Cabbage and marrow are usually very harmless. Children as a rule are not fond of vegetables, but as "green food" is wholesome, they should be encouraged to eat some kinds of it.

The widest latitude may be allowed in what are termed milk-puddings; rice, arrowroot, sago, corn-flour —the list of farinaceous foods is a very lengthy one, but there is one amongst the number which I especially recommend, and one which is not much known, and that is the "entire wheat flour." This preparation makes a most delicious pudding, and is very nutritious indeed. A plain suet dumpling, or a boiled batter pudding, may make a further variety; but pastry, either boiled or baked, should certainly not be included in the bill of fare for young children. Stewed fruits are very wholesome; of the different kinds, currants, cherries, and plums are the least so. Plenty of sugar the little ones may be indulged in, although some elderly people do shake their heads and talk about loss of teeth. It is the continued sucking of sugar and

sweets which injures the teeth, not the legitimate use. Dried fruits, especially currants, are not so harmless as they look; indeed, many children are made ill by the latter, as they are very indigestible. Creams, trifles, and all flummeries of that description are not to be sanctioned, except the plain and harmless corn-flour or ground rice blanc-mange.

Milk should again take its place on the tea-table. Now and then honey, treacle, or jam may be substituted for, but not allowed as an accompaniment to butter. A constant indulgence in sweets begets a bad habit, and encourages the idea that it is impossible to make a good tea without the addition of one or more of these luxuries. What shall I say about cakes? This—that muffins and crumpets, and plum-cakes, are always liable to disorder the stomach of a young child, and will never do it any good whatever. Sponge-cakes are the only cakes which can be said to be harmless.

For supper, boiled bread and milk is better than cold milk, as the latter is too heavy to be taken at night by some children.

It may be thought that I have allowed but little variety of food, but enough has been enumerated to show of what the diet should consist. All highly seasoned, strongly flavoured dishes, all condiments and rich concoctions, should be kept out of the way of young folk. If adults become dyspeptic and martyrs to indigestion and its sister-evils, let them only have themselves to blame, and do not give them reason to censure those who allowed them, when children, to eat whatever they fancied or whenever they liked; the consequence of which indiscretion will surely be that the internal machinery will be injured, and will not be able without considerable difficulty to grind the grist which is now brought to the mill.

Some parents are much disturbed if their children evince a dislike to meat, but this fear that the little one will not thrive unless it eats meat is a groundless disquiet. Children do not require meat until nature has provided them with teeth wherewith to masticate it, and this provision is supplied at different ages. Even when the teeth have come, it is better to give for a time the juice of meat in the form of beef-tea or broth than the meat itself, which would in all probability descend into the stomach but half masticated. Then let it be remembered that fish and eggs are valuable substitutes for meat when the latter is disliked.

I have met with people who have a fixed notion that it is bad for children to drink much; and acting on this belief, they will not allow the thirsty little plants to imbibe as much as they wish. Now, growing children are continually thirsty; and as both milk and water contain mineral elements which are of service to their health, pray let them take draughts long and deep of either one or the other, and whenever they feel the desire. I quite believe that the custom of giving children wine and beer is one which does them more harm than good—that is to say, if the child is in an ordinary state of health. Wine stimulates rather than strengthens, and this kind of help the young child rarely needs, whatever the adult may require.

Amongst the poorer orders, children are almost entirely fed upon a diet of bread; it forms the staple of every meal. This plan saves the trouble of cooking, for a few slices are soon cut off the baker's loaf and overlaid with butter or treacle. It is true that corn contains the three essential ingredients which have been mentioned—*i.e.*, the nitrogenous, carbonaceous, and mineral; but then, unfortunately, the two former, which may be said to be the most valuable, are contained in the outer husk of corn, which forms the bran; thus, when this is removed, most of the valuable constituents are lost. Brown bread is much more satisfactory as food than the fine white loaf; but as the coarse particles of bran in the former are indigestible, it is not wise to give much to little children. Therefore, on all accounts, it is a mistake to make bread the sole article of food.

And now a few words as to the regularity of meals. Children are early birds, and they should have their breakfasts directly they are dressed. Eight o'clock is quite late enough for them to begin the matutinal repast; a one o'clock dinner, a four or five o'clock tea, and a seven or eight o'clock supper should mark out those several hours of the day.

Long fasts are injurious to growing children, and, on the other hand, continual feeding is as injurious; therefore, regular hours and regular meals should be arranged and kept. The only intermediate meal allowable is that of luncheon. When children are hungry, and willing to eat plain food, it is well to let them have some in the interval between breakfast and dinner, but on no account allow them to slip into that dreadful habit of perpetually munching and crunching—an indulgence which destroys the natural healthy appetite, and soon spreads a sickly hue over their faces.

E. C.

AUTUMN'S LAST SMILE.

AH! linger, golden Autumn; good things come
The latest to us—patience, wisdom, love.
The ricks are heaped up round the deep-thatched home,
And yet thy footsteps farther westward rove.

Why wilt thou hasten from our happy land?
Why tread those barren leagues of plunging sea?
We miss thee where the crimsoned chestnuts stand;
Our fond eyes fail with searching wood and lea.

And yet thy presence haunts me. Soft, sad smiles,
And floating hair that glads the wandering breeze;
The nut-hung copse thy restless flight beguiles;
I follow—thou hast gained the darkling trees.

O'er gleaming stubbles, where the distant blue
Fades into tender skies, thy form I chase.
Thou dost but mock; the further I pursue,
More seldom glimpses catch I of thy face.

Methought I held thee in that Devon "combe"
Where swinging fruitage soothed the babbling stream;
I caught thy flutt'ring robes; thy breath's perfume
Smote my warm cheek—thou fleetest like a dream.

Or do I view thee 'mid the Cumnor hills,
Where Isis glitters in her flow'r-strewn bed?
Oxford with sun-lit towers my fancy thrills;
I linger, turn—and once more thou hast fled!

Undaunted, on to Yarrow's moors I fare;
Long swells of pink-flushed heather hem me round;
The great grey mountains stand in silence there;
Thou wilt not in those solitudes be found.

Again I seek my garden. Thou hast left
Tokens by which thy gracious moods I know:
Thine azure bells, of half their charms bereft—
Thy scarlet-berried wreath—thy poppy's glow.

O'erhead, where thou hast passed, I see the lime
In gold and russet tricked, that it may grace
Thy progress from our sorrowing land, what time
Eve's mellow mists, pale stars have dimmed thy face.

Soon—but too soon—will winter strip thy bowers,
Smother with snow the fields, thy loved domain.
Grudge not thy smiles to brighten these last hours;
If thou must leave, propitious close thy reign.

Ah! linger, gorgeous queen; I'll gladly twine
Chaplets of song—will deck thy raven hair—
Will wreathe thy wheat-spears with the clinging vine,
And honour thee with all that's sweet and fair.

Vain vows! I wistful see thy parting gaze
Athwart the glade which erstwhile held thy throne;
Thou flingest me one smile from olden days—
One last fond look—next moment thou art gone!

M. G. W.

PRETTY MISS BELLEW.

A TALE OF HOME LIFE. By THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"THAT OTHER WOMAN."

ALL idea of Kate, all remembrance of the people round, was banished from Dallas then; and yet he was dreamily aware, first, that the latter were dispersing in obedience to some order, and then that two women were beside him—an attendant from the waiting-room, and a motherly-looking old body who proffered salts and recommended that he should carry "the poor lady out of the smell of the paint." Dallas obeyed mechanically, and between them they carried her down-stairs and laid her on a bench in one of the long, cool corridors, which happened to be otherwise untenanted at the moment. And then it was, as gently and slowly he laid the head, once so dear, upon a pillow hastily improvised out of the attendant's shawl, that his presence of mind came back to him—as the eyelids, a moment back pressed down so heavily upon the white cheek that Death himself might have laid his eternal seal on them, were slowly and painfully lifted, and the blue eyes rested on him with a faint, troubled, flickering smile, as though the soul behind were but half awake, as the pale lips parted with a murmur of *his* name, that, sharp and keen as a knife piercing to his very heart, came back to Dallas M'Kenzie the full remembrance of all that had been in the past, and all that was in the present. He tried to speak to her, but there was a sort of choking sob in his throat which prevented him from uttering a word; and it was the attendant who said—

"She's coming to, sir, nicely now," and held a glass of water to Averil's lips, sprinkling a few drops over her face, and fanning her, with womanly words of comfort and encouragement. They were hardly needed. The first cold drops seemed to revive Mrs. Grey's scattered senses, and she sat upright, trembling and white as death; but resolutely struggling for composure, and as resolutely averting her eyes from the man who stood at a little distance, gazing, with tight-clasped hands and haggard brow, down on her.

"There now, m'm, you're getting better, aren't you, dear? That's right then," said the waiting woman kindly, and tying on the poor woman's bonnet with brisk, tidy hands.

"Ay, get her a glass of wine," put in the motherly body, smoothing down Averil's golden hair with a broad, fat hand, in a dogskin glove. "That'll put a little life in her, pore dear. I must be going back to my children above there; and if you'll take my advice, sir, you'll get the lady, as seems to be a friend of yours, into a cab as soon as possible, an' see her 'ome. They do say that dratted paint's the un'olesomest thing possible."

She trotted away as she spoke; and thus it chanced that for one moment the man and woman so sadly parted, so strangely met, were alone. Then Dallas spoke.

"I thought you were dead," he said hoarsely. "Averil, Averil, how is it I find you here, and *thus?* For heaven's sake, speak to me."

"What do you want me to say?" she asked, squeezing her fingers together with a desperate effort to repress the shiver which swept over her whole frame at the sound of his voice. "I *am* dead—to you. Have your forgotten?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered bitterly; "least of all, how I loved you, and how——"

She stood up. Pale and weak as she was, there was a mingled terror and resolution in her face which made her strong enough to stand. Her voice, low though it might be, sounded wonderfully steady.

"Do not say any more. I had prayed we might never meet again. God has not granted my request. Don't make me rebel against His will. Good-bye."

"*Good-bye!*" he echoed. "Do you mean to say that after all that has passed, after only now finding you—you whom I believed dead—you would coldly send me away from you without one word of explanation or——"

"It is *because* of all that has passed that I send you away," she interrupted, the same look of resolution always on her face, her eyes always turned from him. "Of all people living in this world, there is no man and woman have more cause to avoid one another than you and I. If I had not been so weak just now, you——" For the first time her voice faltered and broke. For the first time the colour rose in her cheek. "Dallas," she added, with sudden, pathetic earnestness, "don't let us prolong this meeting, or add more sorrow to what has gone before. Nothing has altered; nothing has changed. Remember *how* we parted. I have done you enough injury, I grant it. Forgive me, and let me go."

"Forgive you!" he repeated passionately. "Do you think I have waited five years to do *that?* Oh, Averil! why didn't you say 'forgive me' then? Why didn't you speak one word of gentleness or excuse?

Did you think I meant all I said in my rage? Didn't you know ——"

He broke off, for the woman had come back with the wine, and further speech was impossible. Averil took it and drank it with the gratefulness of one who knew her strength needed such support, saying some words of thanks at the same time in her own gracious manner, which always seemed to give them additional value. Dallas stood by, the while, torn and quivering with conflicting emotions, and wondering at her composure—wondering that she *could* bend her head to him so gravely, and from him so determinately, when she had finished with the woman. She had gone some steps from him before he was at her side again.

"You will let me go home with you, at least?" he said, low and earnestly. "I do not ask to go in. Perhaps for more reasons than even you know of it would be better not—better for me at least," and he laughed bitterly. "You seem to take things coolly enough; but I *must* speak to you and ask——"

"You must not speak to me, nor I answer," she broke in firmly, but hurrying on with a swift, unsteady step. "There has been wrong enough done already. I am not going to add to it."

"Who did the wrong?" he retorted. "Not I?"

"No," she said gently, a wonderfully sweet smile lighting up her face, "not you, Dallas. Thank God for it, not you. Oh! be glad of that, and do not begin it now."

They had passed through the narrow covered entrance-way, and gained the open air. The setting sun was gilding the roof of the Exhibition opposite, and reddening all the western sky. The dome of the Albert Hall stood up like a huge dark globe against the ruby-tinted clouds. A long stream of carriages were filtering in and out of the Park gates at the top of the hill, and the cool breeze blew refreshingly on M'Kenzie's heated brow. All of a sudden he started.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "what has become——"

His colour changed, and he laid his hand on Averil's to stay her.

"I must go back," he said; "I had forgotten. I ——but stay while I get you a cab. You are not fit to walk, and ——What do you want?"

He had turned irritably to a small boy, who was trying to attract his attention, and the little urchin looked up, breathing hard, as if in haste.

"Oh, please, sir," he panted, "I runned arter you with this. The young lady telled me to give it you, but I couldn't find you nohow in the gallery."

The young lady! Only a moment before had Dallas remembered Kate. His confusion and discomposure were even evident to Mrs. Grey; and they increased as he read the pencilled line within the little note handed him:—

"Only to tell you that a cab will be waiting at the south door. I thought I should be most useful in going to fetch one. Don't be angry with me for not waiting. I am obliged to take Eve home. "K."

"Thank God she didn't stay! Thank God that she suspects nothing," he said to himself.

And then he turned to Mrs. Grey. For the first time she was looking at him, closely, as if to read what was passing in his mind, and before that searching glance his eyes fell, and the red blood rushed into his face.

"A cab is waiting for you round the corner," he said hurriedly. "Take my arm, and let me lead you to it."

"A cab—for *me!*" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes"—but he still spoke in quick nervous tones—"a—a friend who was with me, and saw you faint, went for it. Will you come?"

Once again Mrs. Grey looked at him, half comprehending this time the cause of his embarrassment.

"Averil, let me go with you to your door."

"No," she said quietly. "Thank you, but good-bye. We shall not meet again; and—and, Dallas, I think I understand. I remember now, I heard her voice, and I am very glad."

"Averil," he pleaded in an agony, "you are wrong. You *don't* understand. For mercy's sake, give me your address, at least. I *must* write to you."

The tears were standing in both their eyes, but she shook her head, and only clasped her hands the tighter when he strove to take one in his own.

"It is better not," she said. "It would do no good, and you will own it when you are alone. Good-bye."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

"THEN TRUST ME ALL IN ALL, OR NOT AT ALL."

A WARM, sunshiny day; the air moist, with no more wind than the breathing of a sleeping infant; the sky very purely blue in the zenith, but fading into a faint golden haze, which seemed to rise from the horizon and wrap it round with a dreamy glory, like the halo which encircles the memory of the dead. A day such as we only get in autumn, when the glory of the lost summer, Nature's best-loved child, still clings about its mother's heart, and gives a tender and serene sadness to the face of earth and sky. In the square, tall dahlias, amber, black, and crimson; sunflowers, rank and greedy; and China asters of every hue, making bright the shady beds. Little Dottie, a brighter flower than any growing, playing croquet on a patch of gold-green grass, with three other wavy-locked, short-skirted little damsels. Kate, buttoned up in a cloth jacket, and with a book in her hand, pacing up and down one of the shady walks, her slim young figure now hidden and now revealed by the trunks of the trees, which every now and then sent a crimson leaf fluttering down upon her head from the many-tinted foliage above, or suffered a stray golden beam from the sunny sky beyond to bring out the warm tints in her hair, and throw a brightness over her sober little face.

A very sober face to-day, and strangely unlike the one which Kate was wont to present to the sunshine, and yet not so much sad as troubled and perplexed. A new thing that, for Kate, also; prompt decision, as

often wrong as right, and seldom giving her time to indulge in uncertainty, being rather a characteristic of Miss Bellew's impulsive disposition. Her face seemed to have grown older too in the night—the round, wide-opened eyes shaded by a half frown, and the full lips compressed, so as to give a different expression to her face.

She had not even turned the pages of the book which, loosely grasped in one hand, served more for an excuse for her lonely walk than for any amusement therein; but now, as a tall hat showed suddenly over the shrubs that skirted the railings, and a hand was heard fumbling with the lock of the gate behind her, her head did bend in sudden newly-awakened interest over the page for a moment. The next, as if in native hatred of pretences, the volume was sharply closed, and turning round, Kate shifted it into the other hand, that she might open the gate for Dallas M'Kenzie. He had put his hand over to turn the key for himself, but his fingers seemed to have a sort of nervous quiver in them, and his face was pale and lined.

"How did you find me out?" said Katie. "Have you been to the house?"

She looked him full in the face with a pleasant smile of greeting, but, with the book in one hand and the gate in the other, it was not easy to offer the new-comer anything to shake, and he did not seem to expect it.

"Yes," he said, shutting the gate for her, and then turning to walk at her side, "I went to the door, but they—the servant told me you were in the square, so I didn't go in."

"I am glad you didn't," said Kate, "for mama has one of her headaches, and you would only have seen Eve. But won't you come in now?"

"Not unless you were going to do so. I couldn't come yesterday evening—that is, I knew of course that you were going out, and when I got away it was so much later than I thought, that I was afraid I should only interrupt your dressing. I was so vexed that you went home alone, Kate."

"I was afraid that it looked rather unfeeling," said Kate, whose cheeks had grown very red, "but it was not my fault. Eve is not strong, you know, and she wanted to get back so much that I had no choice. Mama would never have forgiven me if I had let her go alone. And I sent a woman to relieve you. You got my note, didn't you? Indeed I wanted to stay."

"Your note? Oh, yes! You were most kind and thoughtful. It was on your account only that I was vexed—lest you might think me inattentive, I mean," M'Kenzie explained, hardly knowing whether to be relieved or embarrassed that things had taken the turn of Katie's apologising to *him*. Her face, as she answered, did not enlighten him.

"Inattentive! I could not think you that when you were attending to a poor woman who fainted. I knew the only thing for her was to carry her out of the smell of the paint, and those crowding people, and you were the only person to do it."

"Yes," he said eagerly, "a woman would not have been strong enough, and it would have been too brutal to have left her there. I knew you would see that, and—and not be vexed with me."

"Did she come to soon?" asked Kate, rather coolly.

"No—at least, it seemed a long time."

"You saw her home, I suppose. Did she tell you she knew me?"

"No! *Do* you know her, Katie? How, in the name of wonder? But I did not see her home; she would not have allowed me, even if I had wished it. I don't even know her address. You believe me, Kate, don't you?"

"Believe you? Of course," said Kate composedly. "It would be rather funny if you and I didn't believe one another, wouldn't it? But I'll tell you how I know her. I met her at the seaside. She was lodging at a farm, and I went to see her because she was an artist, and ill. Bee Vanborough said it was wrong, but I didn't think about it at the time. She told me her name was Mrs. Clewer, and she went away suddenly one day, leaving me that picture I showed you, and which—you know"—breaking off in her sentence, with a quick look in his face—"I heard afterwards that she had been a companion of Lady Vanborough's. *There* she called herself 'Mrs. Grey.' Mr. Clive got her the situation."

"Clive! *Clive*, did you say? Nonsense! It couldn't be. Where can he have met her?" Dallas broke in with great agitation, which sobered down into a flush of shame before the wondering look in Kate's eyes.

"You had better ask him," she said, with a good deal of quiet dignity. "I have told you all I know of my own self. If you want to know more, you must go to Lady Vanborough or Mr. Clive."

And, having made *her* explanation, Kate turned as if to go into the house. M'Kenzie laid his hand on her arm, checking her, a look of real distress and contrition on his face.

"Katie, my dearest, don't speak to me in that tone. Sit down on this bench a moment. Indeed, I am not to blame in the way you think. Only sit down, and let me tell you."

"I don't think anything yet," said Kate, sitting down with most unaffected readiness to hear. "I don't want to think till you have told me."

"That is all very well," said M'Kenzie, taking one chilly hand in his, and stooping to see into her face, "but do you mean that you and your sister have not been already blaming and condemning me for yesterday's occurrence; and all the more from my not being able to come at once and explain it to you? I know women better than that."

"I don't see why we need trouble about my sister," said Kate, with a keen sense of how she had been made to suffer from Eve's insinuations and pity, and how hard a fight she had had in persuading that young lady to keep both for the innocent victim only till the culprit should choose to make his explanations. "As to my blaming you, Dallas—but I should have thought you knew how I love you well enough to trust me for that."

"Do you love me well enough to trust *me*, Katie?"

"I should not be engaged to you if I didn't," she answered, with tears in her eyes.

"Yet you did not this moment. I don't think you do now—quite."

"I try," she said brokenly. Then, with a great effort at generosity, "I will, Dallas. You need not tell me unless you like. Indeed I trust you!"

"My own dear little girl!" he said, with real fondness, drawing her closer to him, and lifting her hand to his lips. "My love! If I only were worthy of you!" Then feeling her shrink ever so little, in involuntary remembrance of the word "love" she had heard him use to another woman yesterday, he added hurriedly—

"Kate, I had a great shock yesterday; I could not come to you till I had got over it. Cannot you guess who that lady was who fainted in the Picture Gallery—fainted at the sight of *me?* Don't let us use any disguises about it; there need be none with you."

Slowly, but quite decidedly, Kate shook her head. She still held herself rather away from her lover, and her face had grown very pale. It grew paler yet, and the distance between them increased when he added, huskily—

"Do you remember the story I told you on the terrace at the Gores'? That woman is my——is the girl I married at S. Louis-sur-Eaux—the false wife I thought drowned four years ago in the Hudson."

A dead silence. One or two crumpled yellow leaves rustled waveringly down, first on to Dallas' shoulder, then on to the ground below. A couple of linnets flew pecketting about in the boughs overhead. There was a sound of water dripping, drop by drop, from a trough running round the weedy old summer-house behind them. Nothing more.

"Katie," said Dallas, his voice low and shaken, "won't you speak to me? Have you nothing to say?" He tried to take her hand again, but she almost snatched it from him, and covered her face with it, half sobbing—

"One moment! I will in one moment!—Oh, Dallas!—Do you mean *really?*—Are you *sure?*"

"I wish I were not!" he answered bitterly.

"Oh, don't say that! Dallas, I am so glad, so glad. Oh, didn't I know——!"

"Glad!" he repeated, in almost angry wonder. "I should like to know why!"

"Don't be vexed with me," and she turned her shining eyes and glowing cheeks to him; "I could only think at first how little other people knew you! I was sure I could trust you, my good, noble Dallas—Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" as her face suddenly altered. "I know it is terrible for you! But I couldn't help being glad that you were as good and great as I had always thought you."

"You are a silly child," he said, too sadly for much gratitude. "But I am glad you can trust me. You may. Shall we go into the house now? You will be catching cold sitting out here."

"Not just yet," she said, putting her hand for the first time in his, and looking in his face. "Dallas, you look very ill. This has been a great blow to you?"

He turned away his head with some impatience. "My dear, if you were a little older, you would understand that without asking."

"You loved her so very much," she persisted half inquiringly. The cloud on his face deepened; he turned on her sharply—

"So much, that if I had known she was alive and here, I would have stayed in Canada, Mexico, anywhere, at the other side of the world, that I might not run the risk of seeing her face again, when the sight can only bring me the pain I am suffering now! How little you understand such things!"

"I am learning to understand," she said very simply; but something in her voice, and in the white look which had come over her face, showed Dallas how passionately he had spoken. He tried to apologise; but she stopped him at the first word.

"I think I understand more than you do. This lady—Mrs. Grey, or Clewer—you think very, very wicked; that she deceived you dreadfully. That was the least part of the sin, of course"—a start at this from M'Kenzie, who opened his eyes somewhat—"but still, it was bad enough. Dallas, *I don't think so.* I'm sure there must have been some mistake. Oh, don't be angry! Remember, I've seen, I've spoken to her. A woman can't be so mistaken in another woman as I should be, if she were the vile——"

He stopped her, not angrily, but authoritatively. "Hush! Never hint at *that* possibility. If you love me, be silent! It is not even possible, but——"

"If it were?" she suggested timidly.

"If it were—then for my sake—both our sakes—never think of it, or speak your thought to me. Great Heavens! If it were——!"

"You would not have asked me to marry you then, would you?" she asked, looking up earnestly into his face.

"Would that have made a live man dead or altered our lives? But it is not so. Child, how can you talk so?"

"Because I think—indeed, dear Dallas," and her lip quivered, but she spoke bravely, "I think I ought to set you free. I think you ought not to go on with this."

"Free!" he repeated, with such a sudden blaze of colour in his face, such a light in his eyes, that she shrank back, thinking it anger; and he, fearful that he had betrayed himself, and deadlily ashamed of the consciousness of what the momentary sound of that word "free" had been to him, hastened to extinguish the thought in half-simulated harshness. "Free! Throw me over, you mean! Is that what you want, Kate? And would *you* do it too? I thought you, at least, loved me."

"You know I do," said Kate, the tears brimming in her eyes. "I wish you didn't know it so well, for then you could judge better. Oh, Dallas dear! be fair with me! It *is* different now you know she is alive; and suppose——"

"Kate, I will not hear that 'suppose.' Do you forget the proofs? *I know*, and only too well."

"But you did not know she was living," Kate persisted, pleading against her own heart, and with a great lump in her throat, which seemed as if it would choke her.

"What difference does that make? Are not five years' sacrifice enough to one woman's wrong-doing? Is my whole life to be made desolate by her memory? I have been fair with you. Kate, I told you the whole miserable story when most men would have hidden it from you. If it did not weigh then against your marrying me, it should not weigh now. Of course if you choose to take offence at my surprise of yesterday —though, as you see, I am here at your side, not even knowing the woman's present name or address—if you *want* your freedom back——"

"Dallas, you know it is not that!" cried poor Kate, in an agony. "You know how I love you, and it is only that I want you to be happy."

"I thought and hoped you were going to make me happy."

"I couldn't if you did not love me," she whispered, turning her head against his shoulder to hide her tears.

"My dearest child, I do love you, the same now as I ever did," he cried, touched by her innocence and affection, and asking himself what the man would deserve who could break faith with such a little childish thing. The leaves were still thick enough on the trees to serve as a screen, and he turned up her face to his, and kissed it twice tenderly. "My darling, can't you trust my love as well as me?" he asked, holding her to him, and trying to smile.

"It is because I do trust you, and know how good you are, that I am afraid that even if you still cared for her——"

"Remember that you are speaking of another man's wife," he said sternly.

"But he might die—be dead even now. Oh, Dallas!"

"My dear love, were he twenty times dead, his widow could never be my wife. A woman who acted as she did might be forgiven, but not so far. Come, Katie, you don't really want to throw me over, and leave me all alone, as you found me?—you, who are all I have."

"You know I don't, unless it were for your good," she said, the happy smile stealing back, as she leant her head against him.

"My good is bound up in you, so never speak of this again. It was an unfortunate accident, but it could not be helped. Now let neither of us ever mention it again. Promise me, Kate."

"If you—like," said she hesitatingly, but with an uneasy recollection of that pale, sorrowful face, with its calm eyes and noble brow. "Only—Dallas, you said she had no relations, and she looks so ill. Do you think she could be very poor?"

"Hush!" he said, wincing visibly. "That is not for you to trouble about. I have spoken to a lawyer —Mr. Clive. If she is in want, he will relieve her."

"You are very generous," said Kate worshippingly; "but *Mr. Clive!* It is very strange!"

"Ah! what did you say about him?"

Kate repeated it, and now with Lady Vanborough's suppositions as to the lawyer, too, having lost his heart to this terrible and all-conquering woman. "Not that she believed it," she said, thinking to herself that if he had done so, he had certainly got over it before he came to Combe Regis, unless—unless it could have been pique—not a pleasant idea, that; and yet, if true, might it not account for his brusque, unloverlike manner? Ah! what did it matter, though, Kate thought, while she loved Dallas, and Dallas loved her? She stole a look at him half timidly, as if expecting to meet his eyes watching her; but they were turned on vacancy, his hands were knotted together, and his brow corrugated, as though in the attempt to solve some weighty question; and Kate felt her heart sink with a sudden unaccountable load of doubt and misgiving.

"Shall we call Dottie, and go into the house?" she said rising, and the violent start he gave showed how far away from her his mind had gone.

"No, dear, no," he answered hurriedly. "I can't stay now. Good-bye."

And with a hasty pressure of her hand, a forced smile of adieu, he was gone, letting himself out without even a backward glance in answer to Dottie's cry of recognition. Kate stood within the gate, her eyes so blinded by a mist of unshed tears that she never saw some one crossing the road till a voice said—

"Open the gate, Katie. So you went into the square to have your interview in private! I hope he has explained——My dear Kittie, you're not crying, are you? Do come in! Some one will be sure to see."

And the tall, slim blonde looked sharply into her sister's tell-tale face, while Dallas, who should have been there to answer for himself, was hurrying down the street, repeating to himself—

"Clive got her the situation! *Clive*, the lawyer, who saw us married! Why didn't he tell me! How comes he to know her? I must see him at once, and find out what he does know. She is not beguiling him, and he me! What a blind, mad, besotted fool he must think me, if that be so!"

When Clive came back from court that day, it was to learn that Mr. M'Kenzie had called twice to see him, and had left his card, on which was scrawled an urgent request that he would call that evening at the Canadian's rooms.

Bernard shook his head.

"Not so," he said. "That man will never let me alone if I give in to his folly, and the end will be, Kate sacrificed, and for what? No, no; she loves him, and he shall marry her—if I can keep him to it, that is. Now to go and see Mrs. Grey."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

KATE was away from home. Both her hitherto unshaken health and childishly high spirits had given way so completely during the last few weeks, that

Lady Margaret had taken advantage of the house requiring doing up in preparation for the approaching nuptials, to insist on her accepting an invitation for herself and little Dottie from an old friend who lived at Fulham.

Mrs. Clifton Gore, the friend with whom she was now staying, was the wife of a very clever barrister, one of Bernard Clive's most intimate friends. It was at a ball given at their house in the summer that Dallas had proposed, and been accepted; and Mrs. Gore, who was aware of the circumstance, and was a very sweet and happy young wife herself, had felt an increased and thoroughly womanly interest in both lovers ever since. She invited Mr. M'Kenzie to come as well during the latter part of Kate's visit; and she told the young lady so, with a cordial kiss, when she found her standing, with a very pensive face and one hand tightly clasped in Dottie's, at the corner of the terrace where Dallas had told the story of his first love and his last.

They were all enjoying the late warmth and sunshine one afternoon, Mr. Gore and his brother-in-law smoking their cigars on the terrace, with little Jack and Dottie playing with a litter of Newfoundland puppies near them; and Mrs. Gore sitting just inside the French window, near enough to join in the conversation, and with her baby kicking up its dimpled toes, and crowing with satisfaction, on a cushion at her feet. Kate had been sitting beside her; but Mrs. Gore had sent her into the garden to get some late white roses which grew on a wall near the river walk; and Dallas had followed her.

He was in better spirits to-day than had been the case for some time back—made Kate happy by telling her that he had missed her terribly, and teased her so gaily about her obstinacy in persisting in gathering the roses, thorns and all, for herself instead of letting him do it, that she tossed her pretty head with a saucy smile, and told him that if he must needs be so officious, he could go and get her a pair of garden scissors from the summer-house at the other end of the garden.

He must have been very quick about his errand; for she had barely time to spring up for a cluster of buds, rather too high for her grasp, and to scratch her fingers badly in the effort, when the manly tread was heard again on the gravel behind her; and she turned round laughing, with, "What, back already! Did you make haste that you might see your prediction veri——" and there she stopped abruptly, and blushed scarlet; for the gentleman addressed was, not Dallas, but a stranger—a tall, fair, young man, painfully consumptive-looking, and with a clerical tie peeping behind the collar of his thick overcoat.

"Mrs. Gore, I presume," he said, lifting his hat, and showing a face strangely suggestive of some one Kate knew, though whom she could not at the moment remember. "I am afraid I am intruding; but I had occasion to call on a guest of yours, Mr. M'Kenzie, on urgent business; and hearing that he was staying here, took the liberty of coming down to see him. The servant told me I should find him by the river; or——"

"He was here a moment ago," said Kate, relieving the visitor's evident embarrassment by her pretty, easy gracefulness. "I am not Mrs. Gore, only a guest of hers; but he has only gone to get something for me. I will call him if you like."

"Oh, thank you; but pray don't trouble. I can wait easily," was the courteous answer; and there was something in the voice so much more familiar than the face that Kate could not help exclaiming—

"Ought not I to know you? I fancy——"

"My brother knows the Gores very well," the visitor broke in. "My name is Clive—Philip Clive. You may have heard him speak of me; but I have only just returned from Canada, and am a stranger here. Indeed if I had not been the bearer of a death-bed commission to Mr. M'Kenzie——"

"*From Canada!*" repeated Kate. The bright colour faded out of her cheeks, leaving them whiter than the roses; and the blossoms fell from her cold, nerveless fingers with a low rustle to the ground. She sat down suddenly on the rustic bench beside her, with a feeling as if her knees had suddenly given way, and made a mute gesture that he should do the same.

"Will you wait here?—I—I know your brother," said the poor little girl, forcing a strange, wan smile. "He is a great friend of ours. Yes, I have heard of you too," and a little shiver made the words half inaudible as she thought with *whom* connected. "Your voice is just like his."

"The only likeness between us, I trust," said Philip haughtily, the hectic spot deepening in his thin face. "I beg your pardon, but the fact is, Bernard and I have hardly a point in common. At this very moment he is behaving in the most extraordinary way, thwarting me in my efforts to right one who has been most cruelly wronged, and actually declining to give me this Mr. M'Kenzie's address—I found it out without him, however——"

"Hush! there he is with Mr. M'Kenzie," said Kate. "They are at the door of the summer-house. Let us go to them." There was no surprise or agitation in her tone. She spoke very low, almost in a whisper; and if Philip had looked at her he would have been horrified by the change five minutes had wrought. This white-faced woman, with darkly-lined pain-laden eyes, was no more like the brilliant, smiling girl he had found among the roses than if she had been the latter's wraith.

But he had risen to his feet with a look of fierce anger, which swept away all thought of anybody else.

"Bernard *here!*" he exclaimed vehemently. "So he has tried to be before me, has he? and perhaps to get M'Kenzie out of the way. 'Because the man is going to be married' forsooth! As if that were any reason he should not take back a calumny which is blighting an innocent life! Excuse me, I must go to them at once. This is a private matter."

"Not from *me*, I think," said Kate gently. "You are quite right; but—it is I who was going to marry Mr. M'Kenzie; and I will see that you can speak freely to him. Bernard shall not prevent wrong being

righted for—for any one's sake;" and before Philip could recover from his conscience-stricken silence, she had led him along the laurestinus-bordered path to the summer-house, at the door of which the two other men were talking too earnestly to notice their approach, and startled them both by her quiet announcement—

"Dallas, here is Mr. Philip Clive. He wishes to speak to you on a matter of importance."

Dallas turned round, flushing violently.

"Kate!"—then turning angrily to Bernard, "You never told me, sir, that your brother was *here*.—Mr. Philip Clive," and he spoke with strongly repressed emotion and bitterness, "I should be glad to see you, but I have just given my word to your brother not to communicate with you on the subject you come about except through him."

"My brother! What has *he* to do with my affairs?" cried Philip; but Bernard checked him, an air of keen disappointment and depression in his tone.

"Nothing. I come too late. Mr. M'Kenzie, I release you from your engagement.—Miss Bellew," going up to her with a look of anxious, kindly earnestness on his face, "these gentlemen are too intent on their Canadian business to have leisure for you and me. Will you let me take you back to the house? I have a message for you from Miss Eve."

He spoke trying to divert her attention; but Kate put an ice-cold little hand in his without looking at him, and said in the same low, strange voice—

"I would rather stay, thank you.—I may, Dallas, may I not? This concerns me as much as you; and it is better we should both hear it from Mr. Philip Clive at the same time."

She did not wait for an answer, but led the way into the summer-house, and sat down. Dallas seemed too irresolute and agitated to reply. He had lost his nerve in the unexpected conjunction of events and people; and Philip's eager determination to speak in contrast to Kate's emotionless quiet seemed to bewilder him. He looked at her as if about to dissent; but then his eyes went back to Philip, who was drawing a bundle of papers from the pocket of his overcoat; and he too sat down on the other side of the roughly-carved little table in the centre, and folded his arms on it. Bernard leant against the ivy-wreathed pillar with crossed arms and tightened, disapproving lips, and eyes bent on Kate's drooping head.

"I shall not detain you long," Philip said nervously, fumbling at his papers. "Had I known with whom you were staying—— but I promised a dying wretch to finish this duty for him; and as it is a case of foul slander, in which you were made an innocent party"—He stopped to cough, a long, hollow, convulsive cough, which brought a fresh furrow of concern to Bernard's brow. Dallas looked up quickly.

"What slander have I been a party to?" he asked. "I don't understand you."

"You will in a moment. If I were to read all these," touching the papers before him, "it would take too long; and this cough (though it is nothing, really nothing at all) interrupts me; but I have made a summary of them; and you can stop me if you find occasion. To commence with what concerns yourself: you were married on the 11th of April, 186—, at S. Louis-sur-Eaux, a village in the province of Three Rivers, to Miss Averil Gertrude Ray, a resident of that place."

"Go on," said M'Kenzie hoarsely. At the first mention of his marriage his eyes had wandered to Kate; but she neither moved nor looked up, and they came back to the speaker, and never strayed again. Philip had only paused for breath. He went on reading.

"Half-an-hour after your wedding you received a letter from a Mr. Milbank, informing you that Miss Ray was already married to the writer; that they had been obliged to separate on account of money matters; but that the lady was not only aware of his existence, but had been corresponding with him till within the last few days. This person also enclosed a certificate which he declared——"

"Was it false then?" M'Kenzie broke in with a vehemence which almost shook the little building; "was this man *not* her husband, and I deceived?"

"Deceived!" repeated Philip in a voice of bitter scorn; "how could *you* be deceived? you who day by day had seen the character of your betrothed open to you as the pages of the Bible—you who, if you did not cast any accusation affecting her honour from you as you would the dirt from your feet, must have sifted it to the very bottom before even offending her ears with it! How could you be deceived, when having, as of course you had, taken this ordinary step, you went to her, and hurled her disgrace in her face, loading her with vituperation and obloquy, and heaping on her every malediction and reproach which a madman (I beg your pardon, a virtuous and injured man!) could find it in his vocabulary to utter——"

"Go on," repeated M'Kenzie, an ominous frown on his brow. "You are a clergyman, I see. Spare sneers which cannot be answered as I would answer them on another man, and—go on. *Was* she married?"

"Of course she was," Philip retorted with the same contemptuous smile, "and to this Milbank. (You'll find fault with my sneering at *him* perhaps; I can't help that. Clergyman or no clergyman, I must.) When Averil was a girl of nineteen, this man—a young fellow then, and an attorney—was employed in unravelling some speculations in which her father was mixed up. Mr. Ray was a weak man, as innocent as a baby, and as ignorant of business. The speculation was a huge swindle; several people were ruined by it. There was a hue and cry for the promoters, and—he was one of them. Milbank had the papers, knew all about it from the first, and had it in his power to show the poor old man as innocent of double-dealing as he really was, or denounce him as the cheat circumstances made him appear. What do you think he did? Went to the house where Mr. Ray was lying ill (the shock and agitation having been too much for him), and offered to clear him and his name for a certain price which, in plain terms, he specified."

"Averil's hand! I knew it," Dallas gasped huskily.

"*Miss Ray's* hand," corrected Philip, a haughty

flash in his eyes. "Yes, he asked for that; and it was denied him. He persisted. She told him with her own lips that the only feelings she had for him were the most entire contempt and distrust. Still he persisted; and—well, sir, the father was sick and suffering. He had always liked this Milbank, a handsome, plausible fellow, and he prayed and urged his daughter to consent and save him. His wife, a proud, delicate woman, dreading scandal and shame more than death, and the idol of her daughter's heart, pleaded with Averil to the same tune, until—well, you can guess the end—she was driven desperate, and yielded. Mr. Ray's name appeared among the innocent sufferers instead of the guilty promoters of the bubble; and Averil was married to Milbank in the following week. The old people lost most of their money in the crash, sold their house in Montreal, and migrated to a cottage in the suburbs, where, within only two months of the downfall of the swindle, Mr. Ray died. Averil's sacrifice had saved her father's reputation: Averil's sacrifice had not saved her father's life. There is little need to go into what followed. Miss Ray had told this Milbank what were her feelings towards him. She repeated them before going to the altar; and she never changed them. He disbelieved her at first; then he swore to break her pride and punish her; and he married her for that purpose. They lived together for one year, during which (remember, I have all this from his own lips) he lavished on her every insult and injury, down to curses, blows, and worse indignities still. And she bore all uncomplainingly, doing her duty with the silent patience of a martyr, and disdaining her tyrant too much even to reproach him. Finally, having spent all their money, got into debt, and being on the eve of arrest for some piece of roguery too sharp for the law to overlook, he deserted her without even an adieu. An execution was put into their house almost immediately afterwards, the furniture was sold, and she was left penniless and alone in the world."

Something like a curse broke from Dallas M'Kenzie's lips, and his right hand clenched convulsively; but Philip went on—

"In this strait Averil did what I suppose most young women so situated would have done—went home to her mother, and lived with her for eighteen months in such peace as health injured by all she had gone through, and a continual dread of her husband's reappearance, would permit. At the end of that time, however, this dread was laid to rest, and the shadow which hung over their lives lifted for ever. They received news of Mr. Milbank's death."

"His *death!*" cried M'Kenzie. "He was dead, then, and she is *my*——But you said you had this from his own lips! For Heaven's sake go on."

His face was ashy pale, and his hands quivering with agitation. Bernard looked at Kate, for as the words broke from her lover's lips he saw a quick, long shiver run from head to heel through her entire frame.

"He was *not* dead, and I had this from his own lips," said Philip, with a scornful smile, broken by his oft-recurring cough; "but he and a friend of his had got involved in some disgraceful affair which, if discovered, would have transported him for life. The only chance of his escaping was that he should die before the news got wind at head-quarters, and he did die accordingly, and in a most skilful manner. Averil first received a pencilled scrawl from himself, saying that he was dying, and a few days afterwards a letter from the doctor who had attended him (his friend) telling her of his decease, and enclosing a certificate of the same. He further stated that Milbank had desired his few effects should be sent to his wife, and accordingly these convincing proofs of his decease were duly forwarded to her—a half-worn suit of clothes and some linen marked by herself; a copy of Walt Whitman's poems, stained with tobacco-juice, and with his name inside; a pipe which had been often puffed in her face, and a note-book with a draft on a Montreal bank for twenty dollars in it. Perhaps this last item was the most conclusive evidence of any (had any more been needed), Japhet Milbank never having been known to let a penny out of his clutches that he could hold on to, and the scoundrel was well aware of it. That draft sealed a lie which ruined his wife's life.

"Her future was determined on the same day which saw the announcement of Milbank's death in the Montreal papers. She and her mother gave up their cottage, dismissed the servants (all but the French maid, who had been with them ever since Mrs. Ray's marriage), and travelled north to S. Louis-sur-Eaux, where she resumed her maiden name and her old life. They were very poor, as you know, but to Averil any poverty, so her mother could have been shielded from suffering from it, would have been bliss after all she had gone through; and Mrs. Ray had only one wish left—never to hear the name or be reminded of the man to whom she had sacrificed her child's life. It was the one slur on her own for which she could never forgive herself; and Averil's own horror of the past urged her to blot out the very memory of it to the utmost. Her marriage was never so much as suspected among the people where they had settled. It was a thing unspoken of, and ignored even between themselves.

"Thus they lived three years—three peaceful, quiet years—making few acquaintances, mixing in no society, all in all to each other, and never suspecting that they held a traitor in their midst—a traitor who, but for you, might never have lifted her head to sting. This person was a quadroon woman—you remember her, I see—who came to S. Louis-sur-Eaux shortly after themselves, sought help and employment from them, and was taken into their service as general servant; and she not only knew of Japhet Milbank's existence and whereabouts, but was paid by him to keep him acquainted with every detail of his wife's life. This woman, who for three years had nothing but a journal of absolute retirement, of matronly reserve, and unfailing kindness to herself to record, was the person who informed him of your arrival in the place within a week of its occurrence; and from that time, through your rapidly-increasing friendship and the mother's

illness and death, to your subsequent engagement, was in constant and regular communication with her employer.

"Yes, I am a clergyman," said Philip, with a blaze of indignation in his eyes and voice; "but I can hardly curb my tongue, now, to speak of the devilish malice which could play with its innocent victim as a blind fool she loved knew so little of her as to be convinced of her baseness at the first sight of my letter, and never from beginning to end suspected that she was more deceived than himself.' Yes, Mr. M'Kenzie, you were a useful tool in humbling——"

"Spare me!" broke from M'Kenzie, with a terrible cry—a cry of such sorrow and remorse as thrilled all

"KATIE, CHILD, DO YOU MEAN YOU WILL—TRY?" (*p.* 751).

cat with a mouse, and only deal its death-blow when the pure and generous love, which had never for one moment been his, had not only been bestowed on another, but consecrated to the latter by the blessing of the Church. With his dying lips the wretch told me—

"'She always hated me, and looked down on me, and I was determined to bring her where others should hate and look down on her. The plot was carefully laid and easily carried out—almost too easily, for the present. "And she was innocent? She was deceived too? Oh, my Averil—my poor injured love!"

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

LEFT TO HERSELF.

"I *must* see Averil."

He was gone as he spoke, glancing at his watch, and muttering something about catching the train, as he sped through the garden by the shortest route.

When Kate left the summer-house, it was with the stunned and dizzy feeling of one who has just received a blow on the head, heavy enough to crush out all consciousness but pain, but not heavy enough even to dull that. She did not hear Clive's hurried whisper to her lover—it was purposely too low for that; and yet the sense that she had been allowed to go out from the midst of them unheeded and unthought of added a fresh pang to the poignancy of the sorrow she was enduring, a fresh proof to the fact she already felt in her inmost being—that her share in the drama was over, her part in the play played out. The fifth act, where all had to be made right, had no place in the cast for her. She might take her seat among the audience and look on, if she would; but no more: nothing else any more.

So she went slowly on through the garden walks, almost stumbling now and then against the shrubs in her semi-stupefied absorbment, when a hand gently touched her arm, and a voice—Clive's, but wonderfully gentle, too—said—

"Won't you go in by the conservatory, Miss Bellew? Gore and his brother-in-law are smoking to any extent on the terrace, and I know you can't bear tobacco."

He spoke in a low, rapid tone, stepping forward after a moment's silence to open the conservatory door for her. Kate had not answered, or seemed to hear, and he thought she was going to pass him without speaking, and was doubtful as to whether he had offended her, or only hurt her more; but on the threshold she paused, lifting a little face as white as a snowflake, and with no light or radiance in the dark eyes, to him, as she said very simply and quietly—

"Thank you. You mean to be kind, I know. Thank you, but don't let him come now. I—I can't talk yet."

And then she was gone—disappeared among the scented shrubs and crimson tropical blossoms which made a southern summer of one corner of the house; and Clive returned to the others with the vision of a pale shadowy face thrown up against a background of green flickering leaves in his mind, with the touch of a cold little hand in his, and a heart aching almost too much for indignation.

Kate did not lie down, or try to sleep, nor did any tears come to relieve her. She sat in her room, with her hands lying limp and white on the lap of her dark dress, and the shawl falling from her shoulders in two straight lines to the ground. The mellow afternoon light reddened into a glorious sunset, all crimsons and violets and pale, pure greens, dashed and streaked with long lines of golden fire, which were reflected in the river's breast, and cast strange flickering lights on Kate's colourless face; and then that too faded in sober twilight grey; a cold breeze sprang up from the river, sighing dirge-like among the yellow foliage on the trees, and blowing over the slight young figure which sat there before the open window, still and motionless, with only one feeling in her stunned brain, the first which always comes to a young creature in the newness of a great grief, and says to the soul, like the tolling of a passing bell, "All is over for you! all is over for you for evermore!"

And Dallas never came the whole evening. No comment was made upon his absence by any one, but Mrs. Gore sent Kate to bed early.

He came next day. Bravely as Kate had endeavoured to keep up, going to church in the morning had been too much for her; and her hosts had forbidden her attempting it in the afternoon, and insisted that she should lie down in the library and nurse her headache, which by this time was so ragingly bad that she could hardly force a smile in answer to their kindness. And so it happened that about three o'clock, when Mr. Gore and his brother were gone for a walk, and Mrs. Gore, Dottie, and little Jack were being dressed for afternoon service, Kate was quite alone when there came a ring at the front door, and almost immediately afterwards the footman announced—

"Mr. M'Kenzie."

Kate had been expecting him from moment to moment all day. She knew he *must* come, sooner or later, and she was not lying down, or trying to rest, but simply waiting for him—waiting, and nothing else. Her back was to the light, so that he could not see the change in her face, and her elbow rested on a little table, on which a volume of George Herbert was lying open; but she was not making even a pretence of reading it, though every now and then one line, which formed the refrain all down the page, caught her eye, and smote with a dull reproachful pain on her heart—

"Was ever grief like mine?"

Dallas came into the room slowly, and with a hesitation which was evidently increased by finding Kate alone. He was very pale, and there were signs of strong agitation and disturbance in his face, though he came in smiling, and saying that he hoped his hosts had not been offended by his sudden departure on the yesterday. There was something he was obliged to do, and it had not got done in time for him to return to Fulham the same night, or——

"But I hope they will excuse me," he added, with the same constrained smile. "I needn't ask you to do so, Katie. Your kind little heart is too sympathetic to believe I could be intentionally rude or unkind to you. *You* were not angry with me for going away, were you?"

He had got over it very well, and seemed disposed to let the matter rest there; but as he stooped to kiss his betrothed, she drew back her head quickly, and then, as if to atone for the repulse, put her hand in his and said gently—

"Oh, no! I knew you must have a great deal to think of; and, indeed, I had too. But—I am glad you have come now, Dallas, for you——"

"Of course I have come," he put in huskily. "I would have come earlier if I could. Did you think I should break my engagement?"

There was a double meaning in the question, and so Kate understood and accepted it. The colour rose

a little in her pale face, and her lip quivered, but those twenty-four hours of waiting had schooled her to calm and self-restraint, and she answered gravely—

"No, Dallas, I knew you would not; but I am going away from here early to-morrow. I have written to mama already, to tell her so, and I thought that what we had to say to each other was best said and finished here, before we part."

"Finished!" repeated M'Kenzie, the blood rushing into his dark face. "I don't understand you, Kate. *I* have nothing to say except that I am very sorry you would be present during young Clive's visit yesterday, and that, of course, what you heard makes no difference to us."

"Yes, I thought you would say that," said Kate softly, "but it does make a difference—a great difference, Dallas, for yesterday you and I were engaged to each other, and now we are only friends, friends as we were at Combe Regis—nothing more."

"Do you mean that you give me up? Nonsense, Katie, we have had all that out before. Don't begin it over again. I asked you to marry me, and I abide by it. Do you think I shall make you a worse husband because *her* name is purified? Try me, that's all! And understand, I know perfectly well that you love me, and I will not *let* you put me away."

"You will have to do so," said Kate sadly, and shrinking from the arm which would have drawn her closer. Her very heart seemed breaking, and there were lines of pain round her eyes, but she spoke with a resoluteness quite new to him. "You are true and generous, Dallas, and I am glad, so glad of it; but—you cannot marry me unless I consent, and I will not."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

"RING OUT THE OLD: RING IN THE NEW."

"KATE, there's a letter for you. Make haste!—Mama is longing for you to open it. It's from Dick."

"Kate, have you got me the book?"

"Oh, Kittie! do come and hear me practise. Tom says, if I'm ready by five, he'll take me out when he comes in from the office."

"Dottie has lost her spelling-book, Kate, so I couldn't teach her for you. I really think you ought to punish her—careless little monkey!"

It was a bright sunny afternoon in May, and Kate stood in the drawing-room doorway of a comfortable, medium-sized house north of the Regent's Park. It looked out in front on the green slope of Primrose Hill, with a view of park palings and tall trees if you stood in an angle of the window; and only sufficient glimpses of houses and chimney-pots to give it life: as bright and cheerful a prospect as could well be found in (unfashionable) London; and though the room within was rather small for the large family inhabiting it, and by no means overtidy, it looked both bright and cheerful too; the old furniture from Gresham Square giving it an air of comfort and dignity which more than made amends for the latter being too large for its present quarters, and somewhat more faded and shabby than when we first made its acquaintance. Folding-doors opened into a smaller and more untidy apartment, yclept the schoolroom, at the back; and out of this Madge and Dottie had rushed, at the sound of Kate's entrance, to join their voices to that of Eve, who was lying on a sofa in the sunniest corner of the room, with a shawl round her shoulders, and an expression of weariness and petulance settled like a wax mask over her colourless features.

Not kindly did Eve take to the reverse of fortunes which Dick's marriage with Fanny, and a fall in certain stocks in which part of Lady Margaret's money was invested, had entailed on the family of the Bellews. That it should have occurred just now, when she was growing up, and hoping soon to "come out," and be introduced as her sister had been, was an additional injury to her; and her ricketty health and uncertain spirits increased the bitterness of the misfortune. The move from Gresham Square to a house just half the rental had been celebrated by her with floods of tears, ending in a silent gloom, which lasted for weeks; and the determination of Lady Margaret to continue Dick's full allowance until he was able to support himself, his wife, and twin babies, had caused the young lady such virtuous anger that she actually wrote off to Lord Lovegoats, disclaiming any encouragement on her part of her brother's misdeeds, and begging not to be counted among the refractory ones of the family. Lord Lovegoats answered the epistle, and the mode in which he did so crushed Eve for some time:—

"I have received an impertinent letter from a girl who, while abusing her brother, proves herself to be as like him as possible, by her disrespect for her mother, and the meanness of trying to feather her own nest at her family's expense. Let me assure her that, so far as I am concerned, her attempt is useless, and that I trust it may not be repeated.

"LOVEGOATS."

This note was enclosed to Lady Margaret; and it says much for motherly and sisterly love, that she and Kate kept the secret of it to themselves, and forebore to utter any reproaches when handing it to the conscience-stricken little intriguer; but to admit her to the same confidence as the others was impossible: and Eve's unhappiness was increased by the feeling that she was regarded as a privileged outsider in her own family, and her wants more scrupulously gratified, her coldness and exactions more indulged, because she was not, as it were, one with the rest of the home party.

Three days after the upset of Eve's little *fiasco*, they read an announcement in the *Times*, that a marriage would shortly take place in high life, between Lord Lovegoats and Miss Clarissa Georgina Montpellier, youngest daughter of Captain Montpellier, R.N. Nobody had ever heard of the young lady before; but the news was speedily verified by a second announcement, of the marriage itself. Society lifted up its hands, and wagged more than a nine days' tongue of wonder, at this union between the worn-out old *roué* of seventy-two with a fresh young girl of sixteen; and poor Lady Margaret nearly broke down altogether at this final destruction of all hopes for her children's

future. She would have quite done so but for Kate—Kate, who never flagged or gave in for one moment. That resolution, taken in the little parlour at Llandelno, had been kept both to the spirit and the letter. Although the one who had hitherto been the recipient of most of her uncle's gifts and patronage, she made lighter of their withdrawal than any of the rest; professed to enjoy walking more than riding; declared that, if they had been rolling in wealth, she would not have cared to go to the opera or balls in the year following her unhappy engagement; voluntarily gave up Madame Clarisse for a cheaper and less fashionable dressmaker; enlisted Bernard Clive in her service, and, with his aid, took all the trouble of the house-hunting and moving off her mother's shoulders; and herself insisted that she should take Miss Smith's place in the education of Madge and Dottie, so that George might be sent at once to a good school, and Eve not deprived of her Italian and singing masters. It was a brave undertaking, this last, for Madge was nearly fifteen now, a strong, active, high-spirited girl, hating study, and requiring a good deal of labour and patience from her instructress; but Kate gave both with such hearty goodwill, that Madge fell too much in love with her to be wilfully idle, more especially when she knew that the punishment of misconduct really fell on her elder sister's already overburdened shoulders.

Lady Margaret, while forgiving Dick, and reducing her own income for his benefit, had refused to receive or see his wife. She "*could* not countenance that atrocious girl," she said; and Dick *would* not come where Fanny might not; so Kate was made the medium of all communication between them, and was the peacemaker who persuaded her brother that it was only just and natural that their mother should feel indignant at the way in which she had been treated with regard to his marriage; and coaxed Lady Margaret into owning that it was better the young man should not be tempted to leave his work (for he had passed his examination, and received a small provisional appointment in Ireland) for home visits and London distractions; but grow used to domestic duties and the responsibilities he had taken on himself. The birth of the twins and the family misfortunes did seem to have sobered him so far; and Clive, who had run over to Cork to see him in the Easter holidays, reported that Fanny was really a miracle of economy and management; that she spoke warmly of her husband's kindness and affection; and that the latter had a stronger and more manly air than Clive had ever before seen in him. I'm afraid I must confess that Lady Margaret fairly kissed her friend when he brought her this news; for after all the first-born *was* her idol; and both she and Kate strongly suspected that the barrister's "Irish holiday excursion" had been taken wholly and solely to relieve the anxiety which was hanging only too palpably over the harassed mother.

He had taken Tom into his office for the present; for the latter, a spirited lad, very like Kate in face and disposition, had at once given up the prospect of the Church on account of the expense his college life would be to the family. He would rather be a clergyman than anything, he said; but he couldn't be that without going to college; and he would rather take a City clerkship than live idly on his mother for a single week. Poor Lady Margaret! The very sound of "City clerkship" for one of her sons made her weep and shiver; but Clive liked the boy's tone, and persuaded him to come into his office for a time, till something permanent could be found for him.

A turmoil of voices in the next room, and the folding-doors were flung open. Eve turned her head sharply, and was about to commence an irritated reproof, when she saw that Kate was among the culprits, and was advancing waving a letter.

"Hurra, Evy! He's got it. Oh! *aren't* you glad?"

"Who is 'he?' and 'got' what? I thought you had brought me my port wine. You have the keys of the sideboard, I think, Kate, or I would not trouble you."

Eve's "gladness" was of a chilling order, and Madge doubled a pantomimic fist and executed a sort of wrathful prance behind Kate's shoulder.

"Don't be over-anxious for your creature comforts, ma'am," the latter answered, shaking off, with a good-humoured laugh, her first impulse of vexation. "Your wine is there, poured out and all, in the schoolroom, so please take it and drink Dick's health; for he has got the appointment he has been trying for—at least he has got the promise of it."

"Oh! *promise!*" said Eve witheringly.

"It will be vacant in six months from now," pursued Kate, unheeding; "and it's four hundred a-year!"

"Then he won't go on taking two hundred and fifty of ours, I suppose? That is a comfort, at least."

"My dear child, you are unreasonable, and forget that Dick is one of us, and as much entitled to a share of what we have as the rest. Papa left everything to mama for her life, and then to be divided amongst us: two thousand pounds to each of us younger children and the remainder to Dick. He has written of himself offering to give up one hundred a year as soon as he is settled at the Cape. I think it is sweet of him, sweet and good! And it is to go to Tom. Dear old patient Tom! I am so glad."

"I really don't see the necessity of being glad at the boys getting everything—*everything!*" said Eve petulantly; "or why we should live in this vulgar, out-of-the-way place, and never go anywhere, that they may have plenty of money to spend. I believe mama thinks of nothing and no one but Dick, while we who have behaved properly all our lives——"

There was no use in arguing with Eve; and Kate carried off the other girls to their studies in the schoolroom, while up-stairs Lady Margaret was weeping over the projected exile of her first-born, and of the twin grandchildren whom she had never yet seen. It was the best thing that could have happened to Dick. She had lost him, to all intents and purposes, more than a year ago, when he married Fanny Grey-

pole; but this was a reopening of the wound, and the mother's heart bled none the less freely that Dick had written to her also—only a note, but one more loving and contrite than she had ever had from him before.

Some one else was to have a reopening of old wounds before night. When Tom came in he brought Clive with him. They, too, had heard from Dick, and were in such high spirits accordingly that the clatter of tongues and laughter penetrated to the mother's room up-stairs, and brought a smile to her sympathetic lips. By-and-by, Kate came running up with a cup of tea, and a look of loving inquiry in her eyes which won a reassuring kiss from Lady Margaret.

"But I won't go down," she said in answer to Kate's coaxing. "I don't want the children to see I have been fretting; and I shall be all right again by dinner. Are you not going out?"

"Yes," said Kate. "Tom had promised Madge to go for a run in the Park; and Mr. Clive wants me to go too. He says the may is out everywhere, and the perfume too delicious to be wasted. But I would rather stay if I can help you anyway, mammy dear."

"You are always helping me. Go out and enjoy yourself with the rest."

"Eve won't go. I asked her; but she has a headache."

"Poor child! Send her up to me. "I'm afraid I sometimes neglect her," said Lady Margaret sighing. "I shall have to send you away on a visit, and make a companion of her instead, for awhile;" and Kate ran away, laughing at the idea.

It was an exquisite afternoon, one of those which, when they *do* come in this country, seem more perfect than anything we get in other lands: the air pure and sweet as a mother's kiss, the sky bluer than any turquoise, the grass greener than any emerald, the whole atmosphere filled and panting with the fragrance of the white and rose-coloured may, which strewed the ground with a light snow of scented blossoms as they passed. Madge, the irrepressible, broke off a cluster of pink horse-chestnut blossoms as she dipped under the boughs, for which theft Tom abused her roundly, declaring that he saw a policeman prowling in the vicinity; and making off from her at a pace which obliged her to run after him, the stolen flowers twisted audaciously in the riband of her brown hat.

Clive and Kate followed more soberly. The latter's gaiety generally died out of her face as soon as she left the hall door; but to-day it looked more thoughtfully grave than usual; and Clive noticed it.

"You are tired," he said sharply. "What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing in particular; and I am not tired," and she looked up smilingly. "I was only thinking——"

"Does thinking make you look sad? You seemed so gay a moment back."

"Oh! I am always gay at home," said Kate simply. "They would think everything was going wrong if I were not; so that is of course; but one must have serious things to think of sometimes; and you—we are such old friends now—*you* don't want me to be always laughing, do you?"

"I don't want you ever to laugh unless you feel merry. I should like that to be always."

"And yet you used to scold me for not being graver!"

"I used to do a great many impertinent things. I hoped you had forgotten them."

"I shouldn't like to forget anything you have ever done for us; but I don't remember the impertinence."

"Hum! That is a young lady's speech to be received, if not believed. Tell me (to change the subject) what serious thing you were thinking of when you looked so sober awhile ago."

"I'm afraid you would think *me* impertinent if I were to tell you."

"You are not afraid of any such thing. Since when did you begin to tell fibs?"

"Since you left off aggravating me into the truth! If you *will* have it, I was wondering why you only read me a bit of Dick's letter to you instead of giving it me to read as you usually do. There!" and Kate blushed up till she paled the rosy-tinted may at the confession. Clive smiled rather peculiarly.

"Do you really want to know? Well, it was simply because he spoke of you in it."

"Of *me?*" looking up wonderingly. "Why, what about me?"

"Excuse me that——"

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I only thought that perhaps there was something I could do for him—poor dear boy!—and that he did not like to ask me himself."

"You thought right. That was just it."

"And won't you tell me what it is?"

"No, it would be no use. You couldn't do it under any circumstances. I have heard you say so; and it would only pain you to refuse."

Kate looked troubled. Poor child! she had had so much pain of late that she had grown cowardly of invoking more. Clive was their truest friend. He knew all their affairs. If she *could* not do this, it was better, as he said, not to tell her of it.

"You know best," she answered gently. "I don't need to tell you what I would do for him. The difficulty is to know what I would *not* do. But I was troubled about something else—Eve."

"Ah!" said Clive comprehendingly.

"She is not happy; and I *can't* make her so."

"Nor ever will unless you treat her properly."

"Mr. Clive!" in a very hurt tone.

"Yes, Miss Bellew, unless you leave off waiting on and sparing and spoiling her as if she were a visitor, instead of treating her as you treat yourself and Madge, as one of the family to bear her burden with the rest, and take her share of the knocks and hard places."

"But we are so much stronger, and don't mind it. You forget how delicate she is. As things are, she feels the change more than any of us."

"She would feel it less if she had more to do for others, and less time to think about herself. You are ruining her as you did Dick, withering up her heart

and faculties by giving them nothing but herself to feed on. She feels it herself."

"She does not like doing things," pleaded Kate meekly.

"She likes still less feeling that everything is done by *you*. What account is she in her own family? None. Who comes to her for help and sympathy? No one. And whose is the fault? Yours, who slave for everybody and are loved by everybody. Of course she is not happy. Should you be in her place?"

"I—don't know," said Kate doubtfully. "At least I think I do. Mr. Clive, I don't like you. You are like a dose of medicine, very wholesome perhaps, but not nice to swallow. In this case, I think you may be right, but one can't make a change now. I *couldn't* sit idle and make her work; and, besides, you practise the very opposite of your own preaching. You are always working for people yourself. You are making yourself a perfect tutor to Tom at present—giving him up nearly all your evenings. He says so himself, and it is very good of you, but you ought not to do it."

"My dear Miss Bellew, the case is not in point. My evenings are not so lively and sociable—except when I spend them with your family—that I find a companion for them disagreeable. Be quite assured that if I didn't like to have Tom I shouldn't ask him to come. My classics are getting rusty. He rubs them up."

"Oh, of course! and I am put down and silenced," laughed Kate, not in a very injured tone. I am quite used to that, from you; but——"

She stopped short; and he, looking at her, saw the colour fade all at once and utterly out of her face, and her lovely eyes widen with a strange, half wistful, half pathetic expression. They had come into one of the more public parts of the Park, and were just about to cross the road. Tom and Madge were already on the further side; but an open carriage came by at the moment, bowling rapidly along, and the other two drew back. There were two people in it—a well-built, middle-aged, handsome man, and a woman fair as a lily and beautiful as a goddess. Her face was turned from them as she spoke to her companion, and he looked at and noticed nothing but her. The sunlight laughed and flashed on the golden hair which contrasted so wonderfully with her violet velvet and costly laces; on the loving absorption in his eyes; on the magnificent pair of chestnuts which were bearing them onward—laughed and flashed for one moment, and then—carriage and occupants were gone in the distance, and there was only a cloud of dust where they had passed, and Kate trudging through it with a heightened colour and very sober lips. Clive's face had altered too, and his voice was hoarse with anger.

"Abominable behaviour! Driving over people in that headlong, harum-scarum manner! Confound it! Good mind to write to the *Times*."

"Only they didn't drive over *us*," said Kate soothingly, though her voice was a trifle unsteady. "We should even have had time to cross if we had liked."

A short, contemptuous grunt, more expressive than words.

"Do not!" she said, laying her hand with a quick, womanly impulse on his arm. "I am content. Why should not others be? You are more concerned for me than I am for myself."

There are times in which a woman's touch, however light—a woman's voice, however sweet—are too much for man's endurance. This was one of them. He turned on her as sharply as if he had been struck.

"Very likely. I love you better than anything in this world, and you—you don't even think of yourself!"

A dead silence. The sun is sinking lower and lower, a globe of fire behind the farthest fringe of trees in the west. Two long black shadows stretch and creep before two people's feet over the gold-green grass. The children are laughing in the distance. The perfume of the may-flowers fluctuates in little puffs upon the languid breeze. Then a bell rings out from some distant church, and there is a black whirr of rooks from the copse hard by. Kate's eyes are on the grass, on the longest shadow in her path. The crimson glory in the sky is reflected on her cheeks.

"You—you do not mean that," she says at last, very low.

"Don't I?" with curt indignation. "Perhaps not. I thought I generally meant what I said."

"I—I was sure you had got over it—forgotten it long ago."

"You thought you had given me a sufficiently decided answer to make me do so. So you had. Don't make yourself uneasy. It's the child's own fault if he *will* go on crying for the moon when he is told it's out of his reach."

Still speaking to the shadow, Kate says remonstratingly—

"I am not the moon."

"You are to me. Oh, I know I am an insane fool for speaking to you. I know I never had any chance, and meeting that—that *fellow* to-day has only reminded me of the absurdity of ever hoping or trying to——"

He breaks off with a quiver of pain in his voice. Kates eyes fill with slow great drops, which make the tall shadow swim before them.

"You—could not wish to marry a girl who was—was going to be married to another man only seven months ago," she says brokenly, the scarlet deeper in her downcast face, "it would not be right for you or——"

"Kate, for pity's sake don't talk to me in that way! It is not your having been going to marry him seven months or seven days ago. It is that you love him now, and ——"

"That is not true"—lifting her head with a sudden flash in her eyes. "I did once—dearly, when I thought he loved me; but now—how can you think it? Have you forgotten that he is married? I am glad that it is so, glad that he is happy, but that is all."

"Are you sure?" Clive asks earnestly. "Kate, stop

one moment and look at me. Do you remember that morning on the beach?"

She does not look at him. She looks at the shadow again, and answers—

"Yes."

"You told me that even if he had not existed you could never have liked me, that you would rather be an old maid than marry me or——"

"I did not know you then," Kate breaks in hurriedly, and with woeful shame and contrition. "Mr. Clive, *don't* be ungenerous! You know how sorry I have been—and when you have been so good to me ever since—I thought you had forgiven!"

"Do you mean," taking her two hands in his, and almost crushing them in his intense earnestness, "that if I were coming to you now—he being put aside as not existing—you—would answer me differently?"

With tearful eyes disobediently fixed on the grass, and pouting lips, Miss Bellew answers in a sob—

"I am not as—as ungrateful as a—hedgehog!"

"I know you are not. You are painfully—*frightfully* grateful. I almost believe at this moment that you would marry *me* from gratitude; and I—I tell you plainly—I would not accept the sacrifice. I am content, if you will have it so, to be your good friend and a bachelor till death; and never trouble you again, by word or look, for what you can't give; but I wouldn't marry even you unless you loved me."

Tom and Madge are becoming audible in dispute over a wager. Their well-developed voices raised to something above concert pitch drown an indistinct mumble from a young lady whose right hand (she has succeeded in freeing the left) is gradually getting numb and crushed. Clive only catches a fragment—something about "so soon;" but the change in his hard, plain face is like the sunlight of God upon a rugged hill-side.

"Katie, child," he says, his voice breaking with infinite tenderness, "do you mean you will—*try?*"

Two tall, lithe-limbed young people burst through the hawthorn thicket and career to them with loud-lunged vociferations, as to who was stroke of the L. R. C.'s boat at Henley this year. Two shadows, which have gradually merged into one, suddenly separate to opposite sides of the path. Clive answers with prompt vivacity—

"Benson, of Gray's Inn, of course. Who else?"

Kate does not answer at all. Perhaps she differs. Her face (what can be seen of it, at least) has a somewhat vague expression.

"Oh! dear. I was certain it was a Mr. Maitland," says Madge, crestfallen. Madge is always certain she is right, and always certain to be wrong; but Bernard Clive is a law from which even she seeks no appeal.

"Why, Katie," she goes on, surveying her sister, "how hot and tired you look! Hadn't we better go home? It must be past six."

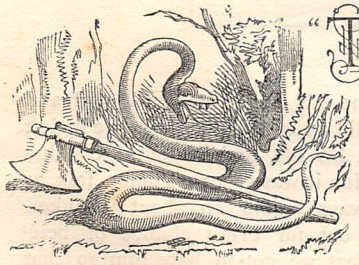
"Poor old girl, she does look done!" adds Tom, with a paternal pat on his elder sister's shoulder. "Been on your feet all day, as usual, I suppose, Kittie. Here, lay hold of my arm. What's the good of a brother?"

But Clive interposes—Clive, who is looking at her anxiously, and making an inward resolve that his wife, if he ever has one, shall not stand on her feet all day, while his can save her.

"Won't you take my arm, Katie?" he says very quietly, "I think it will help you better at present;" and Katie understands, and turning, lays her pretty fingers on the strong support offered. It is the lightest pressure possible; and yet, oh! my friends, you who have been young once, and have loved and been loved, can you guess how keen and warm a thrill it sends tingling through two hearts? For pretty Miss Bellew has laid down her arms at last, and her enemy has become at once her conqueror and her slave. Little wonder that the walk home is a very silent one, or that Tom and Madge vote their elders growing frightfully middle-aged and stupid. "But they never did like each other," Madge says. "We oughtn't to have left them to walk together, Tom."

THE END.

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.



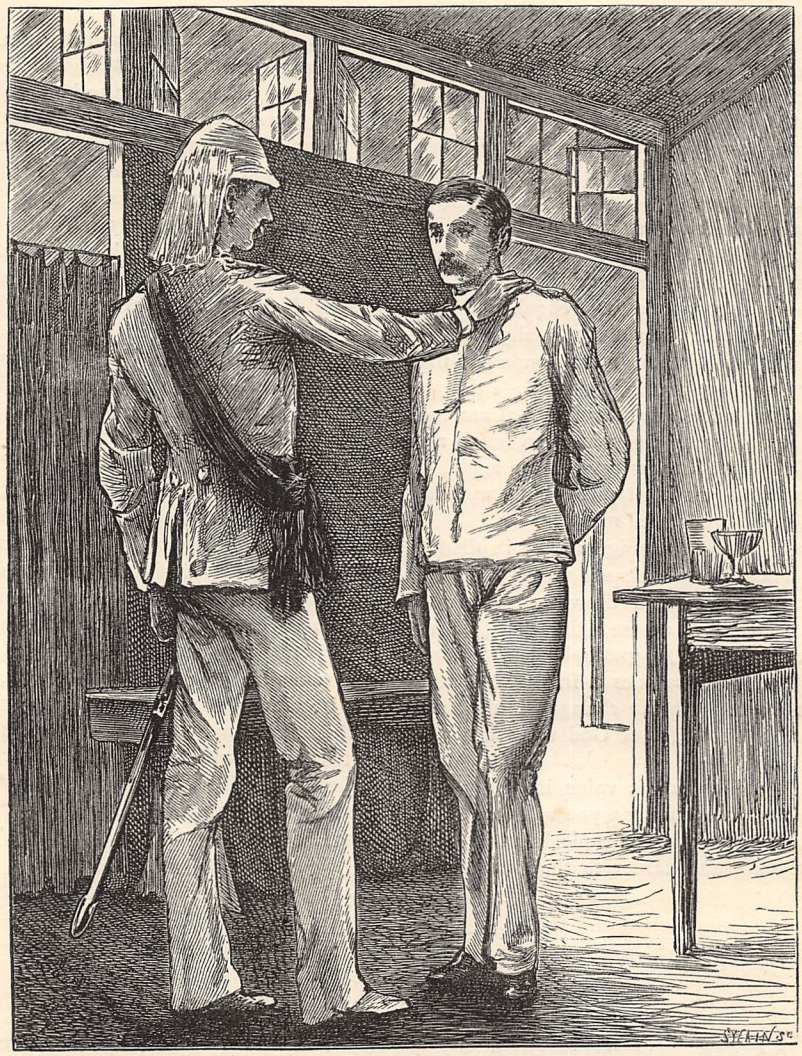
"THERE'S a sayin', sir, as maybe you've heerd on—'Necessity makes strange bedfellows;' and if any man ought to know whether that's true, I think I ought to it, and no mistake! If I was ever to write my life, and put it in a printed book, that 'ere saying ought to be the mother of it.

"You was a-sayin' just now that you never see'd any English soger drink as little as I do; but if you'd fallen in with me twenty year ago, you wouldn't ha' said that, I'll be bound! More like you'd ha' said t'other way, for I was a good 'un at the lush [drink] in them days; but while I was out yonder (it'll be fifteen year come next month, as I make it) I had sitch a adventure, that it cured me better'n the talkin' of all the temperance chaps in England could ha' done it. Ay, it *was* a bit of a adventure, that, and no mistake; and if you care to hear it, as you seems to be fond o' queer yarns, I'll tell it you.

"I don't s'pose you've ever heerd of Huttee-Bagh, for nothin' never happened there, as I knows on, and it ain't down in none o' the maps; but that's where we were stationed, anyhow. It's a little bit o' a village somewheres along the Jumna, stuck away by itself, like Robinson Crusoe's island, lookin' as if it was a hundred

miles from everywhere. You may think there warn't much goin' on there, and the deadness on't seemed to get into our very blood and dry us up, till, 'pon my word, we was a'most glad when parade cum round, 'cause it felt like somethin' to do. So at last (for that's how it always ends) the men began gettin' drunk for want of anything better—and so did I too.

"Now, mark ye, I don't stand up for gettin' drunk, no more wouldn't nobody as had any sense in his head. I've see'd too much of it, and of what comes on't, for that; but what I says is, 'Everything's got two sides to it, and it's always best to look at 'em both.' Drink's a mortial temptation to an or'nary man, 'specially in a burning hot climate, where you may drink a bucketful and be thirsty again five minutes arter; and when a man's got nothin' to do, and is half mad with doin' nothin', and somebody comes and offers to stand him a drop, why, tain't in flesh and blood to say no. O' course it's clean agin discipline, and you can't pass it over, nor you didn't ought to it, neither; but there's two ways o' punishin' men, as there is o' doin' everythin' else. Seems to me, d'ye see, as how men's pretty much like hosses—keep as firm a hand on 'em as you like, but don't go a-jerkin' of their mouths till you galls 'em, else you just makes 'em wicious, and does more harm nor good.



"I'VE NO RIGHT TO JUDGE YOU, MY LAD" (*p.* 753).

"But our colonel, he was one of the jerkin' sort, and a power of harm he did do with it. You see, he hadn't never been drunk in his life, and, o' course, couldn't know what a temptation it was to us common folk as had; so he was always a-goin' on about 'drunken beasts,' and lookin' out for every chance of bein' down on us, till at last we got to hate him so that some on 'em 'ud get drunk out o' bravado, just to spite him.

"But some o' the other officers was a very different lot, and the best on 'em all, to my thinking, was the junior leeftenant, Mr. Edward B——. We all liked

him, for that matter, every man Jack of us, pretty near as much as we hated the colonel. Not but what Mr. Edward could be as stern as anybody when there was need for it; but he didn't lay hisself out to catch a poor fellow trippin', like the colonel did; and when he see'd a man really tryin' to keep steady, he was always ready to hearten him up with a kind word and a kind look, that was better'n the word, a'most. Fact, when you cum across him, you felt that you had to do with a man like yourself, as had feelin's of his own, and could understand yourn; whereas the colonel seemed just like some great high and mighty sort o' god away over our heads, seein' nothin' but his own pride and stiffness, and the way he meant to go hisself.

"Now Mr. Edward had always been good to me, and 'specially arter I saved him from a prod with a spear one day when we had a bit of a skrimmage with the black fellers; for he warn't one to forget it, God bless him! He never passed me without a kind word or two; and when he found out as I knowed how to read, he'd lend me a book every now and then when I was off dooty, that I mightn't be 'driven to the canteen for amusement' (them was his very words, and they was true enough, for many of our chaps got drunk not so much 'cause they liked it as 'cause they couldn't find nothin' else to do). So, o' course, as long as I had *his* eye on me, I was bound to keep straight; but when he went away to the hills on sick-leave (and I can tell you every man in the regiment looked as glum as a Lunnon fog the day he started), why then—there ain't no use denying it—I began for to carry on as bad as anybody. And it was just the same with all the rest; the minute the leeftenant cleared out, they all began to go on the spree and get into trouble, just as if, as my chum Tom Lee said, 'the good luck o' the regiment had gone away with him.' The colonel had his hands full that bout, and no mistake: there was more floggin's that season than e'er a one afore, and the lock-up warn't empty once for a clean month on end.

"Now I should tell yer that this lock-up warn't the reg'lar one of the station, 'cause it was under repair at the time; so they had to rig a temporary 'un out of a big shed just outside the cantonment as we'd been used to store our perwisions in. It wouldn't ha' kep' in a reg'lar cracksman very long, 'specially if he'd had a knife about him; but it was quite strong enough to hold any or'nary man, with on'y his own four bones to help him; and as I was a-sayin' just now, it *did* keep in a goodish few that season.

"Well, sir, it was a good bit afore Mr. Edward cum back, for he'd been mortial bad, poor young gen'lman; but the fust time as ever I see'd him arter his return, I could see d'reckly as he knowed of all the messes as I'd been a-gettin' into, and all about it. He never offered for to slang me—that warn't his way; but he just looked me in the face, very quietly and sadly, with his poor thin face and sunken eyes—and then passed on without a word. Then I got quite desp'rate, and made arter him hot foot, and called out, 'For charity's sake, your honour, don't think *too* hard of me! you knows yourself how hard 'tis for a man to keep straight sometimes. I don't care a hang for bein' punished, but I can't stand bein' cold-shouldered by *you!*'

"He faced round upon me d'reckly, and I could see the tears a-standin' in his eyes; and then he lays his hand on my shoulder, and says, in the same old kind voice as ever, 'I've no right to judge you, my lad, but I *do* wish you'd be more careful!'

"Well, for several weeks arter that, I kep' as steady as a rock, for I never forgot them words o' his'n; and although he didn't *say* much, I knowed well enough as he'd got his eye on me, and was pleased to see me a-keepin' out o' trouble. And so, for a goodish bit, everythin' went well enough.

"But, one night (just as if Old Scratch had planned it), two or three of our chaps had got some arrack (that's a kind of strong stuff they make out of rice, you know, and it's dirt-cheap out there) from a black feller in the bazaar; and so they set-to to have a reg'lar jollification, and they axed me to jine 'em.

"'No,' says I, 'I've done with that sort o' thing now; I've been on the black list often enough for one bout.'

"At that they all stared, and seemed quite took aback; but just then up cum a fellow o' the name o' Groves (a spiteful chap he was, always a-lookin' out to do somebody a bad turn), and says he, with a nasty sort of a laugh, 'Don't bother him,' says he, 'he daren't touch a drop to save his life, 'cause he knows he ain't man enough to pull up when he's once started!'

"By jingo! that was more'n I could stand. I started up, and shook my fist in his face, makin' him jump back as if he'd trod on a sarpent.

"'That's a lie!' says I, 'and you knows it, you dirty sneak! I can take care o' myself as well as any on yer; and just to show that I can, I *will* go and have a drink with you. Come along!'

"At that they all slapped me on the back, and said I was a right good fellow, and nobody should say a word agin me; and away we all went together. (I've often thought, since, that the whole thing was got up o' purpose to get me in a row; but I couldn't never find out for sartain.) Anyhow, with all my brag about bein' able to take care o' myself, it warn't long afore I was as far gone as ever I was in my life; and the next thing as I recollect is waking up as if out o' a dream, and findin' myself a-marchin' off to the lock-up atwixt two sogers, with my jacket all in tatters, and a thunderin' pain in one side o' my head. Just as we got to the door o' the lock-up, who should I see comin' along, not twenty yards off, but Mr. Edward hisself!

"That sight was enough to sober me at once.

"'Lads,' says I to the two men, 'for the love of Heaven, stand afore me, and don't let the leeftenant see who 'tis!'

"They knowed d'reckly what I meant, and did their best to keep me out o' sight; but 'twarn't not a bit o' use. My tryin' to shirk him that way was enough of itself to tell him who I was; and I see'd in a moment that he'd made me out; but all he said was, 'Barclay, I didn't expect this of *you!*' Not another word but

that; but I tell you, sir, that it was harder to bear, by a deal, nor all what cum arter.

"They shoved me into the lock-up, and made fast the door; and there I was. It was pretty late by this time, and the whole place was pitch-dark; but I made shift to grope out one of the store-sacks in the corner, and roll it into the middle o' the floor; and then I lay down and put my head on it, and tried to sleep.

"But I might just as well ha' tried to fly up to the moon. It was murderin' hot, the door bein' shut tight, and no winder 'cept a little bit o' an air-hole 'bout a foot square; and one thought kep' crowdin' into my head arter another, each worse than the last—how the colonel would chuckle at catchin' me trippin' again, and how that sneakin' rip of a Groves would snap his fingers over me, and how Mr. Edward would think me a downright bad lot, and never trust me or speak kindly to me agin—and how it was all the fault o' my own confounded folly—till I felt fit to knock my head agin the wall. Ugh! I don't think I was ever so miserable in my life; but just then somethin' happened as put everythin' else clean out of my head.

"The sacks were all in a great heap in one corner, pretty close to where I lay; and all at once I heerd a noise among 'em, as if one was a-slidin' down over the rest. I thought nothin' on't at first; but the next minute there cum a rustlin' along the floor as if somebody was a-drawin' a rope over it—and then came the feel o' somethin' cold and slimy slippin' over my bare foot. I knowed d'reckly it must be a snake!

"'Pon my word, I don't like to think of that minute even now! I'd always had a great horror of snakes—as well I might, considerin' how many men die by 'em in Ingy every year; but to find myself locked up with one all alone, and in the dark too—ugh! I only wonder I didn't go mad outright! But mayhap 'twas just as well for me as I was so frightened, for it kep' me from screamin' just the fust moment; and then it flashed upon me, just as if somebody had whispered it in my ear, 'Mayhap if I lie stock-still, and don't sing out, the beast won't hurt me!' So I lay still as a log, while the great brute (for I could feel as it was a huge big 'un) came slippin' and slidin' up, fust over my legs, then over my body, and at last right on to my face!

"Plain enough, it was a-tryin' to make out if I was anythin' dangerous; for, d'ye see, snakes is always mighty suspicious, and if they thinks as you means mischief, they're bound to have fust blow at yer. So back'ard and for'ard it went all over me, half chokin' me with its nasty rank smell, and the horrid feel of its great, cold, slimy body wrigglin' and crawlin' over my hot face and my bare feet and hands. I never had sitch a time in my life; and if it had lasted much longer, I think I should just have tackled him, and taken my chance.

"At last (I don't how long it was, but it seemed a year to me) the beast began to coil hisself off me, and stowed hisself away somewheres for the night. But if he slept, I didn't; I lay crouching there all night (which it seemed as if it 'ud never end) till at last I see'd the fust gleam o' daylight begin to shimmer through the cracks in the plankin'. I think that was the welcomest sight as ever I see'd in my life!

"As soon as 'twas light enough to make anythin' out, I looked about for Mr. Snake, but he warn't to be seen nowheres, till at last I peeped under my sack, and there lay old Sausage as large as life, rolled snugly up, fast asleep. Just then I spied a big stone in t'other corner, so I creeps across and fetches it, as gingerly as if I was a-treading on eggs, and then comes flop down on the sack with both knees, ketchin' the old sinner in a reg'lar trap. He giv' a hiss like a steam-whistle, and a wriggle as a'most sent me over, and out cum his great ugly head, with its mouth wide open; but afore he could get any furder, I cum down on him with two licks o' the stone, as smashed his old head as flat as a pancake. And when I see'd as he was quite dead, I stood up, and I drawed a long breath, like one that's reprieved just as the firin' party's a-takin' aim.

"Just then the door opened, and in cum Mr. Edward. He was just a-goin' to speak to me, when his eye fell on the dead snake; and he stopped short, and stared like a stuck pig

"'Good heavens!' says he, 'you don't mean to say you've been locked up all night with that brute—one of the deadliest in India—and come out alive after all!'

"'I have, though, your honour,' says I, rather pleased to show him as I was fit for summat yet; and I began tellin' him how 'twas. But I might as well ha' kep' my breath to cool my porridge, for afore I was half through, off he starts, with his heels higher than his head, as if he was a-winnin' a cup. I couldn't think what was up with him; but afore I could say Jack Robinson, back he cum agin hot foot, and a lot o' the officers with him, and among 'em the colonel hisself, lookin' taller and stiffer than ever.

"'Now, Barclay,' says Mr. Edward, 'tell these gentlemen your story.'

"So I told 'em the whole thing, just as it happened, and they all looked at each other, and seemed wonderfully took aback. But the colonel he heerd me to the end without movin' a muscle; and then he looks me full in the face, and he says, cuttin' every word atwixt his teeth as if he was bitin' a cartridge—

"'You may thank that snake, my man; for, but for it, I'd have given you the best flogging you ever got in your life; but I can't flog a man who's done a thing like that.'

"And with that he chucks me a couple o' rupees, and tells me to be more careful next time; and I thinks to myself as how the old Turk warn't sitch a bad sort o' chap, arter all.

"Well, sir, the other officers collected a lot o' money for me, and giv' me a good price for the sarpent's skin, to hang up in their mess-room; so that, altogether, I made a pretty good thing on it. But from that day to this—b'lieve it or not, as you like—I ain't never got drunk not once, nor I don't never mean to it, neither."

DAVID KER.

THE WINTER EVENINGS: HOW SHALL WE SPEND THEM?

ALTHOUGH every one regrets the departure of summer, and dreads the approach of winter, with its cold, its snow, its hail, its rain, its damp, and its frost, there are comparatively few in this land of bright extravagant fires, and cheerful homes, who do not rejoice at the thought of the long winter evenings. It is frankly admitted on all hands that winter days are miserable; that the necessary walks through wet, muddy streets are detestable, but the evenings are considered to compensate for everything.

Is there any work which has been neglected during the bright days?—the winter evenings are coming. Is there any study which should be prosecuted?—the winter evenings are coming. Are there any books which we want to read, and have not yet found the required time for doing so?—the winter evenings are coming. Are there any friends whose companionship has not been enjoyed as it might have been?—the winter evenings are coming. Indeed, to hear some people talk, it would seem as if the omissions of months were to be made up for by the industry and energy which should be displayed during the fourteen or sixteen weeks of winter.

There is ground for this feeling. How many who are utterly unable to resist the temptation of a summer evening's stroll, when they find that winter is fairly upon them, that its curtains are drawn, its fires blazing, and its quiet encompassing them, "buckle to," as the saying is, and work with a will! The acquisition of many a foreign language, the pursuit of many a valuable study, the perusal of many charming books, the contemplation of many a pile of useful household needlework all ready for use, are owing to the work done on winter evenings.

These much-vaunted evenings are once more coming upon us. And more than that, almost whilst we are occupied in realising the fact, they will be gone. Perhaps therefore two or three hints as to the surest way of taking advantage of them will not be out of place here.

I suppose we can all remember that when as children we had to do certain work, and were strongly tempted not to do it, we found it a great assistance to "set ourselves a task." "Grown-ups" would often find it worth while to copy their juniors in this, and especially so at the approach of winter. It is not enough to make vague resolutions that you will do a great deal, that you will work hard and that kind of thing. Set yourself a task, possible but not too easy, and do not be turned away from it by a trifle; you will be much more likely to achieve something definite than if you merely set to work to do several things, you are not quite sure what.

If you do not possess it already, why not set to work and acquire a knowledge of French, or German, or Latin, or shorthand, or drawing, or mathematics, whichever you think will be most useful to you? Only be sure of this, whatever knowledge of the kind you gain will not be thrown away. In the course of my life I have heard scores of people say they wished they knew French, but I never heard one say he was sorry he had learnt it. Ten to one, when you have gained the knowledge, something will turn up which will show that it was just the thing you wanted, and it will prove of the greatest assistance to you. Even if it should be no help to you in position, you will find the mental discipline has been most valuable. The men who have made their mark in the world are those who have possessed the power of conquering their own inclinations to idleness, and of working steadily and perseveringly to accomplish their ends.

There are so many facilities for private study for adults now-a-days, that it seems quite needless for any one to be deficient. And yet there is so much superficial knowledge. So many people have got a smattering of a language or a science, which they acquired at school, or perhaps began to study afterwards, and did not persevere. This is of no practical use to them, indeed it is rather a drawback than otherwise, because it makes them feel contented when they have no right to be so. One winter's hard work would, in all probability, perfect them in this, and the knowledge thus gained would not quickly be forgotten.

If companionship is desired, doubtless a friend could be found to join in the work, a friend who would be very grateful to the energetic associate who was the means of determining him to do what his own good sense had already recommended. It is astonishing how many men acknowledge that it is wise to study in this way, who intend to do it, who admire and respect those who carry out a similar intention, and yet who fail in the strength of will which is required to realise their dreams. One of these persons would gladly welcome the suggestion which induced them to fulfil their own good intentions.

I once had a friend who got through an amazing amount of work, and was on this account a wonder to every one who knew him. I asked him on one occasion what his secret was, as I felt sure he had one, and, after a number of modest disclaimers, he told me that, finding he was of an idle disposition, he had made a firm resolve, and to a great extent carried it out, "never to be doing *nothing*." He confessed that the result astonished even himself. Any one who will follow his example may do great things. It is the minutes and half-hours which are frittered and dawdled away that are wasted. Time spent in taking needful rest and recreation is well spent: time spent in standing about and "lazing" is usually entirely lost.

We have all heard of the great man who owed his knowledge of three languages to the fact that he employed in studying them the minutes which he was kept waiting whilst his wife put her bonnet on. For my part, I should have admired this gentleman

more if he had contented himself with two languages, and devoted the remainder of the time to looking up his "good lady," and making her mend her ways.

But though it is very desirable that something useful and worth having should be got out of the winter evenings, it must not be forgotten that enjoyment may be gained as well. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and he who denies himself necessary relaxation because he is occupied in improving his mind will defeat his own ends, and merely succeed in overstraining his energies, and unfitting himself for his daily duties.

The pleasure of winter evenings is mostly connected with friendly gatherings, and the delightful interchange of interest and sympathy. In summer it is difficult for a circle of friends to meet unbroken—some one is sure to be absent; but in winter there are fewer obstacles of this kind, and evenings may be agreeably spent which will be pleasantly remembered for many a day.

It is astonishing how much may be done in this way with very little trouble and expense. Let a dozen or more friends arrange that they will meet on a particular night once a week at each other's houses; that they will make it a rule that ordinary dress only is to be worn; that the refreshments provided are to be limited to sandwiches and cake, with a glass of wine, or something of that sort; and that the meetings are to break up at a certain hour; and I dare answer for it that, having met for one winter, they will wish to repeat the experiment.

The restrictions are recommended as a safety-valve. My experience is that when friends meet together at regular intervals, and indulge in a good deal of finery, and provide sumptuous repasts, they either tire of it, or the thing degenerates into a mere occasion for display. But if they meet with the avowed and sole object of enjoying one another's society, the interest will only increase as time goes on.

These evenings may be spent in all sorts of ways, to suit varying tastes—in music, dancing, games, discussions, recitations, charades, readings, language nights, when a particular foreign language is alone allowed to be spoken, or, to borrow ideas from our American cousins, in spelling and working "bees." The spelling bees seem to be particularly popular at the present time across the water, and to be productive of benefit as well as fun. In these days, when the studies of young people are so numerous and diversified, it often happens that spelling forms one of the educational extras which is sadly overlooked. It was doubtless owing to the fact that so many felt their deficiency in this respect that the spelling bees were instituted. A number of friends meet at regular intervals with the avowed object of puzzling one another in spelling. It has been found again and again that after a few spelling bees the most critical proficient in orthography has been unable to discover any spelling blunders in the letters and compositions of those who attend them.

The old-fashioned working bees are too well understood to need description. When a lady finds that the amount of sewing required by the wants of her household is beyond her own powers, she holds a bee—that is to say, she calls in the assistance of her friends and neighbours, and "many hands make light work."

Last winter, in our own little circle, we spent some very pleasant evenings. We met, as I have described, at one another's houses, and spent the time in making speeches—in this way. As soon as we were all assembled, a tray was passed round, and each person present put in a ticket, on which he had written down a subject, and these were well shaken together. Numbers one, two, three, four, five, &c., one for each, were then drawn for, and the gentleman or lady who had taken number one stood up, drew a subject, and at once commenced speaking on it. He was allowed three minutes only, and as soon as he had finished number two took his place; and this continued until all had spoken. When we first met the three minutes were found too long; but after repeated trials greater fluency was attained, though not until there had been some very amusing failures.

We constantly varied the programme of the evening. One night we had a general election, when each one present solicited the votes of the rest, and declared his views. One night we all came prepared to relate the most peculiar incident that had happened in our individual experience. On two or three occasions we chose a particular author, and each one gave an opinion of him and his works, with reasons and illlustrations. Another night we had a discussion upon a paper which was read by one of our number.

Altogether we had some very interesting evenings, and we are eagerly looking forward to a repetition of them. I think one reason of their success was, that we always had something understood and arranged beforehand, so that the proceedings were not left to chance. And not the least charm lay in the fact that it afforded an opportunity for ladies and gentlemen to do something *together*, and so that breaking up of the party into small companies, which has so often been found to be unpleasant, was avoided.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

WAITING.

THE rose he plucked, when first we met,
To set and fasten in my hair—
The faded rose is treasured yet:
And hope is stronger than despair.

The lips of love will not betray,
Though hope should strive with many fears;
The heart of love, from day to day,
Is changeless through the changing years.

We live in hope—we trust and wait:
The stars that glitter through the night
Will faint and fail; the golden gate
Of morning will disclose the light.

The rose he gave, when first we met,
To blush with beauty in my hair—
The withered rose is treasured yet:
And hope is stronger than despair.

J. R. E.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IN November preparations for winter-dresses have to be set about in earnest. London fogs and shortened days leave no doubt in our minds that the year is waning, and the leafless trees in the country tell the same sad tale. Active measures have been taken both in Paris and London to meet the requirements of those many thousands of womankind whose preponderance, as far as numbers are concerned, is brought so forcibly forward by the public press. To judge however from what is whispered in Parisian *ateliers* and London shops, they are by no means all poor and needy, and as far as dress is concerned, a great capacity for spending money is developed among them.

The winter fashions are all costly and extravagant, more especially in the matter of silks.

Every dress is to be made either of two colours or of two manufactures of material, plain silk being principally used as a trimming or adjunct to the elaborate brocades and figured velvets, which have been revived from those periods of French history when the most costly fabrics were in vogue.

A novelty of the season is the introduction of a material having a woollen ground and a rich arabesque design all over in satin brocade. It requires previous knowledge and a pretty close scrutiny to tell that it is not all silk, and the effect is almost, if not quite, as rich; but it is not economical, half-a-guinea a yard being about its lowest price, only a few shillings cheaper than the heavy silk brocades, which are most *à la mode*.

These materials, rich and handsome as they are, much resemble the silk and woollen damasks hitherto used for furniture, curtains, and similar purposes. This more especially applies to the *velours frappé*, or embossed velvet, which closely resembles the Utrecht velvet principally used to cover chairs and sofas.

The fashionable materials of this expensive class for the winter and autumn of 1875 may be briefly described as follows:—

Brocaded Velvets—the groundwork satin, the brocade velvet, generally of the same tone as the groundwork.

Silk Brocades, such as *Brocatelle*, which has a "brillantine" ground—a term applied to a small interwoven figure, not unlike the cotton material of that name, and which literally translated from the French means "diamond-like." This has a satin brocade all over it, in a large design, and of a darker shade than the ground.

Venetian Soutache, another rich brocaded silk, the ground and brocade being of the same colours, while sometimes the brocade is bordered with a narrow line of a contrasting colour, like braid—hence its name.

Broderie Laine, and other woollen materials of the same class, covered with satin brocade; they are very thick and rich.

Matelassé, such as "armure matelassé" and "matelassé camieu," which are of the same nature as the matelassé so fashionable last year. They are, of course, too thick for draping, so are used with plain silks for trimming, and for plain tunics and cuirasses. The novelty in them this season is, that the groundwork in most of them is "armuré," so called on account of its resemblance to plates of armour; and the patterns, instead of being like quiltings, in diamonds and floriated designs, are decided brocades.

Natté, which is so called because the weaving resembles plaiting, is something of the nature of matelassé, only not so thick in texture. The surface exactly resembles a coarse plait, and in the new "natté laine" the mixture of silk and wool is as deftly carried out as in the "broderie laine." The foundation is wool, of a light neutral tint, and on this are interwoven lines of two other shades of the same colour and another contrasting colour.

Lastly, *Satin Japonais*, which closely resembles the Chinese figured satin imported from that country. It is very soft, and the brocaded pattern on it is of the same running design which is associated with the Oriental fabric.

Every year articles and patterns of Oriental make gain favour with us, and every year European trade with China, Japan, and India is being enlarged. Labour is so cheap in the East that they can produce there much of their merchandise at half the price we can. We see this more especially in embroideries. London and Paris shops are inundated with Chinese neckerchiefs and scarves, of white soft silk, richly embroidered, both sides alike. John Chinaman is mightily neat in his handiworks. He sits mostly in the open air, on a bamboo stool, with the frame set up before him, not alone, but with a compatriot on the other side of the frame, who receives the needle as he passes it through, and returns it, having made a stitch; and by means of very long needlefuls and hollow needles he is able to produce the two sides of his work equally neat and presentable.

All these Chinese embroideries will be worn this

winter; and another importation are plain white silk hem-stitched pocket-handkerchiefs, for ladies' use. They are only a little dearer than linen ones, and in the catch-cold climate of England are likely to be appreciated for their exceeding softness.

But to return to the materials. Striped silks are coming into fashion again, yet these are arranged in such a way that they might be of any other pattern, as the uniformity of the lines is quite done away with. A description of a fashionable Paris striped silk dress will best illustrate this. The skirt, which is plain "prune de Monsieur," or plum-colour, is bordered with a plaiting, joined horizontally across the centre, the lower half being of the striped silk, which has a prune ground, and blue, maize, and prune satin stripes (these plaitings joined in the centre are a novel feature in this year's fashions). It has a froncé or gathered heading and a row of netted prune fringe above. Across the front there is a draperie edged with similar fringe, with the stripes running horizontally; while at the sides are long quilles, with the stripes falling perpendicularly; these are also bordered with netted fringe, and they unite at the back in a point on the cross, so that there the stripes form chevrons, while a plissé sash, cut on the cross again, interrupts the uniformity of the stripes, as far as the back of the dress is concerned. The bodice has plain prune sleeves and striped cuffs, and the basque of the bodice, which is very deep at the back, is rounded in front, and instead of buttoning down the centre, it fastens with a hook on one side.

The mode of making silk dresses is certainly changing, but truth to tell, every great house in Paris appears to adopt a style of its own, which leads to an immense diversity in *les modes*. The skirts in Paris are demi-trains, too long for holding up with any comfort, more especially as they are narrower and even more tied back than a few months since. This is much to be deplored, for the ordinary run of English women reproduce all these fashions in an exaggerated form, burlesque them in fact, omitting just those delicate French touches which a Parisian understands so well, and which omitted mars the whole, just as some chef's *plat*, copied by unskilled hands, lacks some nicety of mixing or flavouring, which is its real charm.

Seeing then that we blindly but neither artistically nor faithfully follow French fashions, it is depressing to think what vagaries of diminished drapery may be seen in the London streets this winter. As it is, some of the Girls-of-the-period at fashionable watering-places during the autumn have effected a classical simplicity, which has led to a more liberal display of the human form divine than altogether accords with modern prejudices.

Sleeves are made so tight and narrow that the hand can scarcely pass through them; they form generally a contrast to the bodice, the cuff only matching it. One of the newest shapes, however, describes a bell to the elbow, with a bow at the bend of the arm, and tight to the wrist.

Waistbands, in silk to match the dress, in ribbon, and also in metal and leather, are much worn with basque bodices. Cuirasses are still the rage in Paris, and for day wear they are made so very long, that in the front they seem half the length of the skirt. As a rule, none of the new basques are cut up under the arm, but are all in one, though the back is frequently longer than the front. Many of the bodices have no side-pieces at the back, but are cut in four straight pieces from the shoulder and neck, according to the fashion introduced this spring. Waistcoats forming a contrast to the rest of the bodice are worn, and are often made inordinately long in the basque. Straight collars round the throat, and pieces of silk of a contrasting shade or plain and brocade laid on the bodices, are another form of trimming. Violin backs—viz., contrasting pieces inserted—are still much worn.

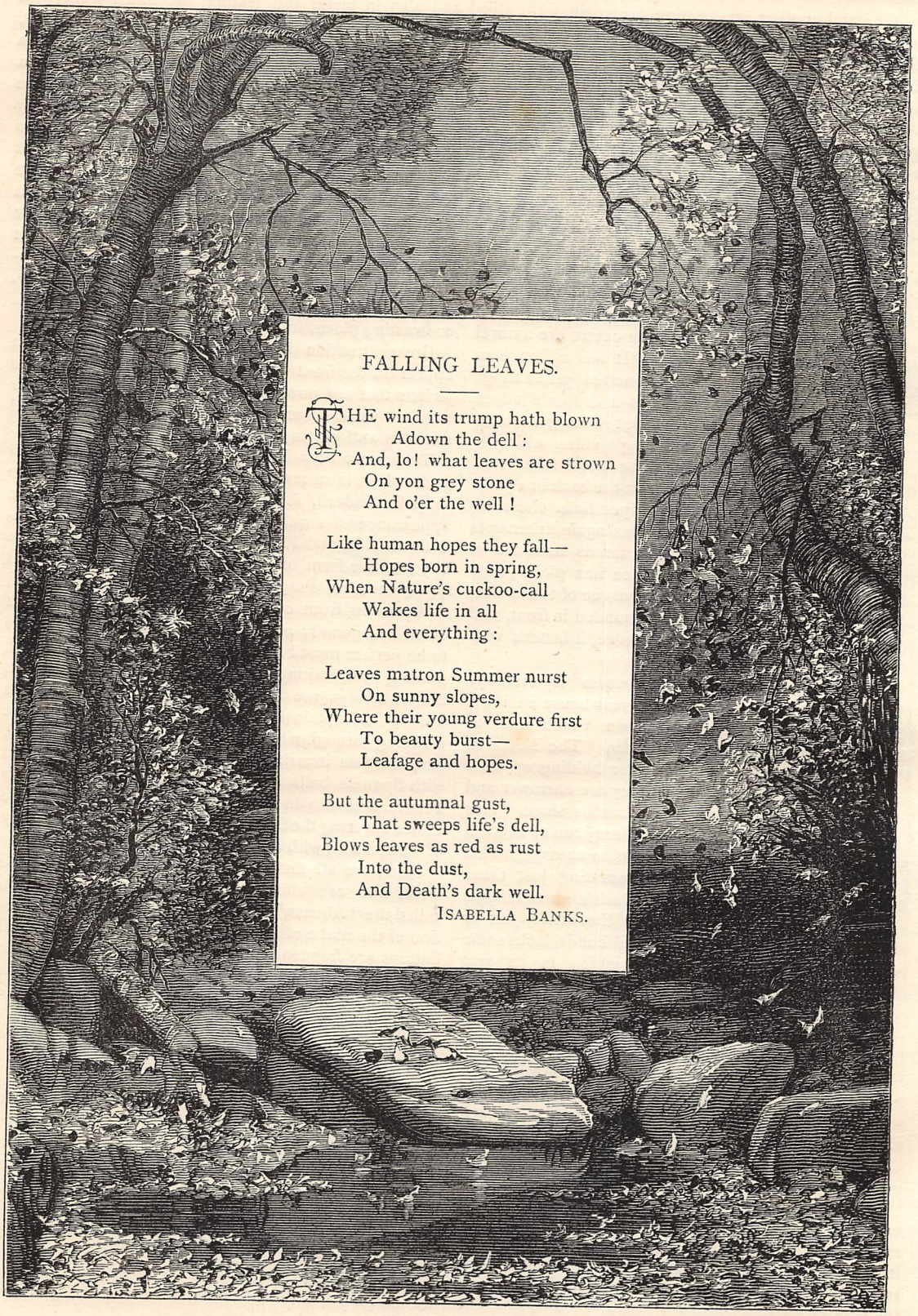
Great attention is being paid to buttons, which appear on the front of bodices, and on the sleeveless jackets that are now made to match the dresses, for out-door wear. Such buttons are most of them copied from the antique, in crystal, steel, and gold.

Tunics are worn in all forms, some so long that no under-skirt is necessary, and in all cases they are draped; indeed, dresses now are made to have the appearance of swathing the figure in a mass of undefined folds, and Parisian dresses rarely if ever have any positive form of tunic which could be described at a glance; it disappears into the plait at the back, or opens in front over draperies, or as a mere scarf carried diagonally across the front. A French dress to be perfect must be indescribable, with fold over fold, plaiting over plaiting, drapery over drapery. As a rule, the trimmings are merely bias bands or plissés, the brocade and plain silk or the striped and plain silk blending throughout; but sometimes fringe is added, and this has invariably a netted heading, sometimes with Spanish balls attached. This Spanish fringe is a marked novelty in winter fashions, indeed some of the tunics covering the front of the dress are made entirely of netted silk, with silk tufts and balls at intervals.

Skirts are all made with a double box-plait at the back, and are often arranged with a narrow train, called the "Abbess," as it is supposed to be a reproduction of the make of the robe of a *réligieuse;* bows and buttons are frequently carried down the centre of the box-plait. There should be seven breadths in the new dress skirts, the front breadth sewn on plain to the band, the sides in small plaits.

Felt and velvet bonnets of the "paysanne" or spoon form, trimmed with feathers, ribbon, and velvet, are the most generally adopted style for the winter.

Mantles will have either short basques, as in tight-fitting braided cloth jackets, or be loose and very long. Sealskin jackets are being quite superseded by fur-lined black silk ones, either the shape introduced last year—viz., long circulars with silver clasps—or a revival of the old-fashioned double cape, reminding one of a common councilman's robe. Cloth cloaks are of a shape which combines the paletôt and Dolman, barely defining the figure, and very long, the arm coming through a cape-like trimming at the side; fur and braiding are both used upon them.



FALLING LEAVES.

THE wind its trump hath blown
Adown the dell:
And, lo! what leaves are strown
On yon grey stone
And o'er the well!

Like human hopes they fall—
Hopes born in spring,
When Nature's cuckoo-call
Wakes life in all
And everything:

Leaves matron Summer nurst
On sunny slopes,
Where their young verdure first
To beauty burst—
Leafage and hopes.

But the autumnal gust,
That sweeps life's dell,
Blows leaves as red as rust
Into the dust,
And Death's dark well.

ISABELLA BANKS.

THE JET-HUNTER'S STORY.

"HE'LL never live through it, the dear, kind father, never! The wrench of parting with home and friends is too much for one like him, stricken in years. He talks bravely enough of America and the new life that lies before us all; but his heart is all the while in Wollin, where the wind whistles about the gables of the old farmhouse, and where my mother sleeps, too, beneath the white headstone in the churchyard, where lie so many of our kindred. It's an old name, here in Pomerania, is that of Holt, and always was it mentioned with respect, by high and low, until—until——"

Then Gretchen's voice was choked with sobs, and she could say no more, while I, passing my arm around her slender waist, bent over her, and did my best to console her, though sorely at a loss for reasonable grounds of hope. It was a grand and yet a peaceful scene that lay before us, as we stood side by side upon the sandy beach, and looked forth over the glittering waters of the Baltic, now smooth as the surface of a summer lake, and at the red sun setting behind the distant cliffs of the island of Rugen. Let me explain how I, an Englishman born and bred—William Morgan by name—came to find myself in so out-of-the-way a nook as the tiny Isle of Wollin, which lies close to the south-western coast of Pomerania, and the accepted suitor of Gretchen, or Margaret, Holt.

For three or four years I had been a clerk in a mercantile house at Dantzic, and having a natural aptitude for foreign tongues, had learned so much, not merely of Low German, but that strange Wendish tongue which yet lingers among the peasantry of the seaboard, descendants of the old Vandals, that I was often despatched on long journeys in quest of hides, feathers, and other productions of that vast sandy plain which composes the most northerly part of Prussia.

In the course of one of these expeditions I had made the acquaintance of a Pomeranian farmer named Holt, a yeoman whose quaint old house was pleasantly situated on the coast, and had learned to love his only daughter, pretty Gretchen, and to teach her also to love me.

The Holts had dwelt for centuries in tolerable comfort on their ancestral acres, eking out the produce of the sterile soil by a little trading at sea—for most of the natives of that district are in a manner amphibious—but misfortunes had overtaken them.

In an evil hour Karl Holt had been persuaded to become a partner in a mushroom bank, which some shrewd knaves in Berlin had set on foot; and when the crash came he could only redeem his credit by heavily mortgaging, not merely his land, but his good coasting sloop as well. The holder of the mortgages was a hard man, a local usurer, who had come with his money-bags from the Judengasse of Frankfort, to fatten on the improvidence of the simple northern folks; and Herr Schmerling, who inhabited the town of Wollin, capital of the little island, made no secret of his intention to expropriate his debtor if the cash were not paid down on the appointed day.

It was all very well for Holt's three sons—strong, unimaginative young men, to whose hands the tiller came as naturally as the plough-stilts—to look forward to emigration and a fresh start on the other side of the Atlantic; but Gretchen was miserable at the prospect of being driven forth from the home of her childhood, while to the farmer himself this unwelcome exile appeared as little better than a sentence of death. He was linked to Pomerania by a hundred ties, habits, and associations; and since the notice of foreclosure had been given, every day seemed to add a line to those that furrowed his broad brow.

"You are very good to me, Willie dear!" said poor Gretchen, as I kissed away her tears (I had taught her, with some difficulty, the English pronunciation of my name); "but what can you do? My brothers are strong and hard-working, but it is not possible to raise the sum which Herr Schmerling demands by Michael's Mass Day, unless indeed we could turn these barren sands into silver rixdollars."

These last words of my poor pretty Margaret were overheard, as I have reason to believe, by a lame old fisherman, who sat beside a sandy, rush-grown hillock, close to the shattered hull of a boat upside down, smoking his pipe. We had come upon him without observing him, until we almost touched him, and as he twitched his striped nightcap in answer to our "Good evening, Herr Peter," he grinned in an odd manner, as a remarkably intelligent and elderly ape might have done.

"I only half like that old Peter Streel. Some say he is a wizard," said Margaret, in a low voice, as we walked on.

I made some careless reply, and soon afterwards we parted, Margaret to return to the farmhouse on the downs, and I to stroll back to my lodgings in a village that lay a mile or two inland. Mechanically I turned, on a rising gound that commanded a view of the low coast-line and the glimmering Baltic, to look back at the rippling waters, when at my elbow a voice croaked out—

"Turn yellow sand into shining white thalers, eh?—or, better still, into golden double Fredericks—that, Englander, would be a secret worth the knowing! Yet there's hard cash, gold and silver, to be got from the sand too, by those who look aright."

Puzzled by this singular form of address, I glanced at the lame fisherman, who had somehow managed to approach me without making the slightest noise. He was a little old fellow, dry and withered, with dark eyes that flashed from beneath his shaggy white eyebrows, and an indefinable expression, half malicious, half of quaint humour, lurking about the corners of his

mouth. I suppose I betrayed the annoyance which I felt, for he added rapidly—

"I do not jest. 'Tis a pity that honest farmer Holt should be turned out of house and home for want of the wherewithal to pay off yonder Jewish money-lender. Pity, too, to see the tears in Fräulein Margaret's blue eyes. You, Herr, would stave off ruin from Karl Holt's family, if you could?"

"Indeed I would!" I replied very earnestly—my betrothal to Gretchen, like her father's financial disasters, was no mystery in Wollin, a primitive place, where no one took it in ill part that his neighbours should interest themselves in his affairs—"Indeed I would! But a mere clerk in Flynn and Rothwasser's counting-house, with nothing but his salary to depend upon, is no capitalist, Herr Streel."

"Do you know what this is?" asked Streel abruptly, as he drew from his pocket a lump of something yellow, and a smaller lump of something white, and thrust both into my hand.

"Of course I do, even by this dim light," I answered, after a momentary inspection of the two lumps. "This is the coarser quality of amber, and this the fine white sort, which the Turks prize so highly for the mouth-pieces of their jewelled chibouks. But I thought that in Prussia the gathering of amber was a strict Government monopoly, and——"

"What do you call this?" demanded the lame fisher, as he handed me a smooth, glistening, black object of irregular shape.

"Jet, and a fine piece too," I answered, "the gleaning of which, without royal licence, is, I believe——"

"Boy!" broke in the old Wend savagely, "our masters at Berlin would tax the blessed sunshine, and levy a stiver or a pfenning on every breath of God's air that we drew, if they could. When I was a child, jet and amber were as free to the finder, on our Pomeranian coast here, as air and sunshine yet are. Now the Government leases out so many leagues of the shore to this or that sly hunks, and the lessee hires poor starvelings to scrape up what they can beside the estuaries, or where a storm has bared the layers below. I know a better way than that. But stop! You're not one of us. An Englander's word may be trusted. If you won't join, you'll not betray us?"

I readily gave the required promise, and then Peter Streel spoke out. He was, it seemed, the descendant of a line of jet-hunters, intimately acquainted with every nook of the coast both of isle and mainland, and versed in traditional knowledge which enabled him to judge of the likeliest times and seasons for finding this precious fossil in its hiding-place of sand. Having no sons to aid him in his search, he had associated himself with several young men of the island of Wollin, he being the acknowledged "hauptmann," or chief. The exploring for jet and amber was necessarily a nocturnal task, on account of the need for eluding the vigilance of the Prussian "douaniers," but that it was profitable he gave me the most emphatic assurance.

"I've a granddaughter at school at Stettin," he said proudly, but with eyes that moistened and softened as he spoke—"at a school where the Fräuleins of lords are brought up, if you please, and she wears silks and laces, and learns music and French, and does not dabble her little fingers in herring-scales, or run with brown bare feet over the wet sand, as her mother had to do. Gertrude's dowry—and she shall have a dowry that will get her a gentleman-husband—must all come out of jet, and already there's a tidy lot of dollars laid up in the bank at Cöslin. But I see the question on the tip of your tongue, Herr—why I want you among us—and I'll be frank in replying to it."

Peter Streel's reason for wishing me to join the jet-hunters was simply that he thought he had found in me a better medium for disposing of the produce of his nightly hunts than any that had hitherto lain within his reach. He and his confederates had been obliged till then to sell their jet, gathered with much toil and peril, to hawkers and petty traffickers of dubious repute, and at a considerable sacrifice. Now, I was a foreigner, and educated, and my manners and address would enable me, without exciting suspicion, to enter into commercial relations with dealers of a higher stamp, and to obtain a fair market price for the raw material.

The desire of saving my Margaret's kind father from ruin and exile was too strong for my scruples, and after repeated conferences with Peter Streel and his comrades, I returned to the city of Dantzic, and after giving an account of my late mission on the firm's behalf, astonished all my friends by resigning my desk in the offices of Messrs. Flynn and Rothwasser, and by returning to Wollin, where I now became a resident. I had some small savings, enough in that cheap place to maintain me for a time, while I let it be understood, to avoid inconvenient curiosity, that I was in expectation of an appointment, better paid than my late one, at Hamburg. In the meantime I was allowed to saunter about, with gun and sketchbook, as I pleased.

In the matter of the marine treasures of which I was in quest, I was not an absolute novice. Sometimes when a boy, on the coast of my native Norfolk, I had spent hours in the company of a party of jet-hunters, whose industry, in England perfectly lawful, partakes in some degree of the uncertainty and excitement of gambling. Often, as I knew, months would elapse without the discovery of jet to the value of more than a few pence, but after tedious delay some lucky hit would yield the means of perhaps half-a-year's subsistence to the seekers. And the Baltic coast gives a far superior harvest of jet and amber to any which is to be reaped on our own eastern shores, while agates and cornelians are occasionally to be met with in proximity to the fossil deposits.

Wild work it was, the actual gathering of the jet, for moonless nights and stormy weather were usually selected for the expeditions, partly because of the facility thus afforded of eluding the vigilance of the Prussian coastguard, and partly because the great waves, sweeping away the upper layers of loose sand, rendered it easier to espy the buried treasure below. Peter Streel really did seem to have a beagle's scent for the places where the smooth black nodules, or the more valuable "pockets" of lump amber, lay. Some-

times the gleam of a tiny black speck would guide us to a stratum worth, at the lowest calculation, forty or fifty pounds in English money; but more often, after hours of digging and groping, and perhaps some risk of being smothered in a quicksand or overtaken by the tide, we met with thorough disappointment, and went home wet, weary, and baffled.

Gretchen, who knew my secret, was divided between fears for my safety, since at any time the Prussian officials might discover our proceedings, and the hope, which now began to rise high in her heart, that the old farm, with all its associations, need not pass away from the race that had so long owned it, and that her father might yet pass the evening of his days in comfort among the familiar scenes of his youth. A large quantity of jet, as well as much amber, and a few agates, had been already accumulated, and lay concealed, in chest and locker, in Streel's cottage. It had been determined that, when the store should be increased to a certain amount, I should proceed to Berlin itself, and there seek out a purchaser for the whole.

"I suppose it is because I am but a girl, Willie, and fanciful," said Gretchen Holt one day to me—and though she tried to smile, her voice trembled, and tears rose to her eyes—"but I could find it in my heart to wish, my own one, that you had never entered, for my sake, on this perilous career. That old man, Streel, he seems kind, and I think he likes you, but they do say he and his are unlucky and weird folk, ever going to become rich, always coming to sorrow, somehow, as though they had sold themselves to the fiend, who cheats them that bargain with him."

But I laughed at Margaret's fears.

"Silly puss!" I said. "A week, at most, if the good fortune lasts, will see the end of my jet-hunting, for then I shall start for Berlin, and it will go hard if my share, when the profits are divided, is not enough to clear your father of every debt on house and land and ship, and leave us over a good three hundred rixdollars to marry upon. I can always get a clerk's place, you know, here in North Germany, with my testimonials and fluency in the language."

And then we talked of ourselves, and our mutual love, and the rose-coloured prospects before us, as young people will, and Margaret's fears were forgotten. But, as I crossed the downs on my homeward route, I was surprised to see Herr Schmerling, the Hebrew usurer from Frankfort, talking to a ragged bare-footed beggar lad, whom I knew well, and who often acted as scout or messenger for my confederates. This, too, I forgot, and it was with a light heart that I sallied out at ten o'clock, by the feeble light of the sickle-moon, to cross the sands towards Swinmunde Creek, where our next venture was to be made. We were, in all, eleven men, all young and active, with the exception of Peter Streel, and on reaching the spot selected by the old man's practised skill, we began to dig, working and resting, by threes and fours.

"Captain!" exclaimed one of the men, "here's some one running towards us from the downs—a woman!"

True enough, by the dim, wan moonlight, a female form came hurrying, in breathless haste, across the yellow sands. The figure approached. It was within thirty yards of us.

"Halt! *Bewarr*, or, in the King's name, and the law's—Ha!" called out a menacing voice, as a group of armed men, in the well-known greyish-blue uniform of the Custom House, rushed forth from their lurking-place among the sand-hills. "Yield yourselves, rogues, to the Königlicher Beamten!" And three shots were immediately fired. A piercing shriek answered them, and the girl, as her slender form denoted her, who had been running towards us, staggered, pressed her hand to her side, and fell. I made but one bound, so it seemed, to the spot where she lay. Her white face was upturned, and I knew it but too well. It was Gretchen—my own Gretchen—mortally hurt, as one despairing glance told me, for the blood was pouring fast from the gun-shot wound in her side, and reddening the smooth sand.

"Fly, Willie, fly!" she gasped out feebly; "the Prussians—a spy—Herr Schmerling—they came to our house—and—I came to warn, but——"

Her voice died away, as I knelt beside her, wild with grief, and scarcely aware that fresh shots had been fired, and that my companions were engaged in a fierce but fruitless scuffle with the douaniers. Margaret seemed to know me, as I bent over her, vainly trying to staunch the blood that flowed from her side, for twice her cold lips returned my kiss, and her dear, innocent blue eyes looked on me with love and fondness to the last. And then, as I rose to my feet, the butt-end of a Prussian carbine fell with crashing weight on my bare head, and I dropped like a stone at the feet of my assailant. I awoke, in the prison infirmary, from what seemed to be a long and dismal dream, but which had, I learned, been an illness that had lasted for weeks.

"You are so far fortunate, Englishman," said the gruff director of the prison, "that your nationality has caused your consul to interest himself in your behalf, and that the Government, in its clemency, will inflict on you no further punishment, on condition that you cross the Prussian frontier as soon as you are certified able to travel."

"And Margaret—Gretchen?" I cried out, almost in a shriek, as memory came back to me and showed me all my wretchedness. Hard as he was, the cast-iron face of the old officer showed some little sign of emotion. He shook his head, sadly, pityingly, as I thought, and left the room without a word.

Margaret had been buried, weeks before, beside her mother in the village churchyard; and before I was released from prison, the old yeoman and his sons had given up their farm and sailed for America.

I returned to England, and there found employment, and worked steadfastly, and was not, I hope, quite a useless member of the community. But there was something gone out of the world that no lapse of time could replace, and my life has been lonely, and my hearth solitary, for lost Gretchen's sake. Few would deem that the quiet old bachelor, who shuns society, has in his memory a reason so cogent for the sadness that has become with him a second nature.

JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD.

MEMORIES.

THE golden sunset's last faint ray
Has faded out of sight;
'Midst lingering shadows of the day,
Comes on the wintry night;
And sitting by the fire-light's glow,
I watch the ruddy blaze,
And muse on all the long-ago,
The happy by-gone days.

The past events of early youth,
Fond childhood's grief and glee,
Shine forth again with vivid truth,
Painted by Memory.
I seem to pass through life again,
To feel its hopes and fears,
To taste once more the joy and pain
Of well-nigh seventy years.

And as I watch the blazing glow,
I see myself stand there,
Just as I was long years ago,
When I was young and fair;
When *one* had whispered of his love,
And blushes rosy-red
Told plainly any words above
The words I left unsaid.

And then a happy joyous time
Gleams forth from out the fire,
And fancy weaves a merry chime
From a far-distant spire—
A merry chime of wedding-bells
That floated on the breeze,
And made sweet music in the dells,
And whispered to the trees.

Since then full many and many a year
Has swiftly passed away,
With many a sorrow, many a tear,
And many a cloudy day;
And yet life's joyous sunny gleams
Have oft shone golden-bright,
And summer morning's gladd'ning beams
Have followed each dark night.

Ah, every scene of long-past days!
I see you all once more,
In the fitful fire-light's dancing blaze,
In the shadows on the floor!
Oh, memories, fond and sweet to me!
I hold you very dear,
Like the notes of some soft melody
Heard in a by-gone year! G. W.

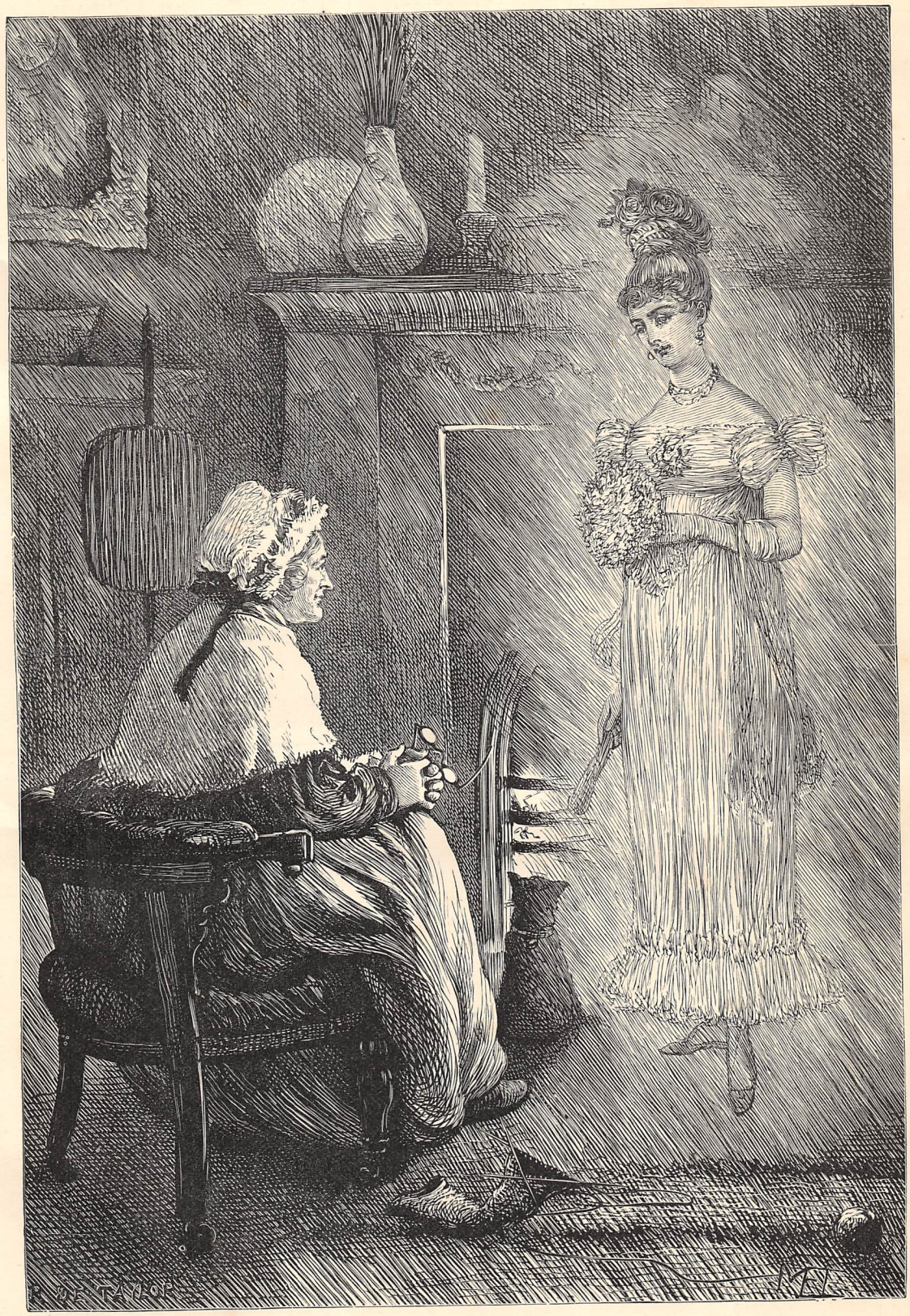
EDUCATION IN QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE question of the higher education of women has, during the last ten or twelve years, taken a prominent place in the social movements of our time. On some points—such, for example, as the admission of women to practise the medical profession, or as candidates for university degrees—public opinion is still more or less divided, and it is not our purpose in the present paper to take any part on one side or the other in the controversy. On the one hand, it may be pleaded that the wide induction of the experience of many centuries has marked out certain limits of physical and intellectual power, which define, if not by a hard and fast line, yet with sufficient precision for all practical purposes, the place of woman in the economy of home or of public life, and make that place more or less subordinate. On the other, it is urged that the experience so appealed to does but represent a large number of experiments made under imperfect and unfavourable conditions, and that there is room accordingly for fresh experiments under new and more promising circumstances.

But whatever view may be taken of these debatable problems, there is a fairly unanimous agreement that the education of women of all classes, except that of the lowest, for which the action of Government in the inspection of primary schools had provided something like a definite, though it might be a low, standard, had been left till lately far too much to chance, and we may welcome every measure which aims, more or less successfully, at giving to female education a character of greater thoroughness.

The admission of girls, among the senior or junior candidates, to the local examinations conducted by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London; the inspection of girls' schools by examiners appointed by those universities; the classes opened at Cambridge and in our large commercial and manufacturing cities, by lecturers from the same centres; the organised system of tuition by correspondence, in which Cambridge has been specially active; lastly, the College for more advanced students at Girton—all these have done much, and are likely to accomplish yet more, in the way of at once widening the range and raising the standard of education among those who have come directly or indirectly under their influence.

Our object in the present paper is to give a brief account of the work of an institution which was in the van of this movement at a time when it had as yet to struggle against routine and prepossessions, before the subject had become popular and, in some sense, fashionable. In the year 1848 the Rev. F. D.



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"And as I watch the blazing glow,
I see myself stand there,
Just as I was long years ago,
When I was young and fair."

"*MEMORIES*" (*see p.* 764).

Maurice, in this as in so many other things a leader of thought to his generation, felt that much of the future of England depended on a better culture being provided for the women of its upper and middle classes than that offered in the fashionable seminaries and academies. With the help of one of the practical philanthropists of the time, the Rev. D. Laing, the founder of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, of the Rev. C. G. Nicolay, then Librarian of King's College, and of such men as Charles Kingsley, Archbishop Trench (then a colleague of Mr. Maurice's at King's College), and others, a few classes were opened, and introductory lectures given at a house in Harley Street belonging to the society with which Mr. Laing was connected. It was soon seen that the experiment met a real want, and before long Queen's College (the name was assumed with the special sanction of Her Majesty, who showed her sympathy with its work by a donation of £250) felt that it needed and could claim a more permanent organisation. A charter of incorporation was granted by the Crown in 1853; another house taken, which gave accommodation to boarders as well as additional classrooms; and the whole management of the College placed for educational purposes under a Committee of professors, subject to the financial and general control of a Council. The Bishop of London was made Visitor of the College, and that office has accordingly been held successively by Bishops Blomfield, Tait, and Jackson. The council has from time to time numbered on its list such men as Bishops Wilberforce and Lonsdale, Dean Alford, Lord Ebury, Sir Edmund Beckett, and a large body of Lady Visitors, who, as their name implied, were frequently present at the classes, and so provided for the maintenance of that moral discipline and refinement of manner without which, in the judgment of most English mothers, the mere training of the intellect would be a miserably insufficient education.

And so the work went on and prospered. Speaking roughly, for many years there was an average of about a hundred girls taking the entire course of education in the College, forty preparing in the junior department or school, sixty or seventy taking one or more classes at their discretion. Several scholarships were founded, partly by the professors themselves, partly by the liberality of private benefactors, giving a free education for two, three, or four years. Boarders came in sufficient numbers. Ladies who had been pupils of the College obtained distinction at public examinations, or became prominent in educational work themselves. With a view to securing thorough efficiency in all parts of their work, the Committee invited the inspection of examiners appointed by the University of Cambridge.

The years as they passed witnessed, of course, many changes in the staff of teachers. Mr. Maurice was succeeded in the office of Principal by Dr. Trench, Dr. Trench by Dean Stanley, he in his turn by the Rev. Llewelyn Davies. On Mr. Davies' resignation, at the beginning of the present year, the Bishop of London, at the request of the Committee, nominated Professor E. H. Plumptre, who had for many years exercised the chief executive authority as Dean and Secretary. Through death, infirmity, or other causes, it lost the services of Dr. Bernays, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Henry Warren, Professor Lonsdale, and lastly, of Sir Sterndale Bennett.

The fortunes of the College received a severe shock two years ago, from which it has as yet scarcely recovered. Extensive repairs were found to be necessary in the fabric of the houses which it occupied in Harley Street. As these went on, the defects of the original structure became more patent. Wall after wall gave way, and the College work had to be carried on, at great cost, in temporary premises in Stratford Place, while the work of rebuilding went on. The enormous outlay which all this involved exhausted the reserve fund of the College, and although its friends came forward liberally to its assistance (the list being headed by the Queen and the Princess of Wales), it has been left with a debt of over £2,000, which for some time to come will more or less cripple its action. It speaks well, we think, for those on whom the chief responsibility of action fell at this time of trial, that they did not lose heart and hope under the pressure of such adverse circumstances. They felt that this was more than ever the time to perfect whatever was lacking in their organisation, and to raise the standard of the education given by them to the highest attainable efficiency. With this view they obtained the sanction of the Crown to an alteration in their charter, by which six ladies, representing the body of Lady Visitors, were added to the Committee, which up to this time had consisted exclusively of professors, and thus secured the advantage of an independent judgment, and the co-operation of ladies specially interested in promoting the higher culture of their own sex. Among those who have been elected under this new law we note, as commanding the confidence and respect of the public, the names of Lady Monteagle, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgwood, and Miss Anna Swanwick.

For the first time also in the October of last year they established a systematic examination for all candidates for admission, so that those who were found competent might be placed according to their abilities, and those whose previous training had been too imperfect to qualify them to attend the class teaching of the College with advantage, might be sent to the more elementary education of the school. Happily this has had the desired effect, without leading to any diminution in the number of pupils; and as the subjects of the examiation are announced beforehand, the candidates for admission know what to work for, and are thus brought in some measure under the influence of the college system even before they enter.

The Committee have also returned to the plan—which had for three or four years been intermitted—of submitting their work at the close of each academic year to the inspection of independent examiners, appointed by the Syndicate of the University of Cambridge. The result has proved in a very high degree satisfactory. The work of examining was undertaken by the Rev. John Bell, late Fellow of Clare College;

Thomas W. Levin, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's College; and H. W. Bowler, of the South Kensington School of Art. The following extracts from their reports will show the estimate which they formed of the teaching received by the pupils:—

"It is evident that the method of conveying instruction at Queen's College is efficient and successful. The general average of marks is high, and in most of the subjects the percentage of failures is small. Modern languages have been learnt with the mind as well as the tongue, and in all cases the knowledge of grammar displayed is extensive and accurate."

The manner of the pupils examined orally is described as "uniformly courteous and intelligent, the result evidently of good discipline as well as good teaching."

German, Latin, theology, English literature, geometry, and natural philosophy are mentioned as subjects in which the work of most of the pupils examined was specially satisfactory.

The report of the art-teaching of the College, while it suggests some modification of the course now pursued, speaks of "the remarkable uniformity of success" in the work done by the students of landscape-drawing, and of those in figure-drawing as being "effectively trained so as to seize with considerable power the general character and aspect of their examples."

The lists of the Oxford Local Examinations just published confirm the favourable impression produced by these statements, one pupil being placed in the second division of the junior candidates, four in the third division of the senior, and three in that of the junior. One pupil occupies the second place out of candidates from all England in German, and is bracketed with another in the same honourable position for knowledge of music.

Such is the brief story of the changes and chances through which the institution of which we have undertaken to give a brief account has passed. Few will question that it has done a useful work in the past. Most of our readers will, we believe, join in the hope that the future may bring with it yet larger opportunities and a fuller measure of success. If it no longer stands, as it once did, almost alone, and has to compete with institutions of a like character, this, it may be hoped, will only serve to stir up those who are engaged in its management to more resolute efforts to maintain its character. That which has been its aim throughout, as defined by the great teacher whom we have spoken of as its founder, has been not to give a narrow or professional training, still less one merely brilliant and superficial, stimulated by prizes and an excessive competition, or tending to revolutionise society by asserting the rights of women in this or that direction. It has been content to do what lay within its reach to develop to the uttermost the capacities of women, in the belief that this would best enable them to discharge the duties which, under the existing social organisation of our country, actually devolve on them, and that this in its turn would lead in due time to the recognition of any new rights which might be the correlative and complement of those duties.

THE GATHERER.

New Homes for the Working Classes.

Any movement for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes in large towns is deserving of consideration. They have been ill-housed too long. The results of deficient accommodation and the absence of all comfort we have frequently dwelt on. Those who are led by professional duty or philanthropic interest to visit the homes of the industrious poor know how much—in the shape of disease, vice, and misery—the deplorable state of the houses is answerable for. It is certain that if the humbler working class were properly lodged in clean, healthy, and respectable tenements, drunkenness and immorality, with the consequent pauperism and crime, would be greatly diminished.

From time to time philanthropic associations have been formed to provide better accommodation and improved dwellings. But the evil is so gigantic that during thirty years not more than a tenth of the existing requirements of the metropolis alone has been supplied. More vigorous efforts and associations on a larger scale than ever are needed, ere all can be comfortably and conveniently housed. An Act passed last session by Parliament "for facilitating the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Working Classes," will do much to aid the movement; and to give practical effect to the objects of this Act, associations of sufficient magnitude have recently been started.

One of these, the National Dwellings Society, has for its object the purchasing of houses now occupied by the poor in the overcrowded parishes of London, in order to have them thoroughly repaired, drained, and, as far as possible, supplied with a constant service of water. Large and small blocks of houses are also to be built on the most approved principles, special care being given to sanitary arrangements.

We note, as a matter of curiosity, that the philanthropy of the society is in a business spirit, and that the shareholders hope to get a reasonable return for their money. No class of house property yields such large profits as houses let off to working people, the average returns being from ten to twenty per cent. upon the capital outlay. The National Dwellings Society, however, is restricted by its articles to six per cent. as the maximum dividend; should more be made, those who derive benefit will be the working class tenants.

The Deepest Deep-sea Sounding.

Not so many years since, it was thought a feat in deep-sea sounding to reach a depth of a mile or a mile and a half. The age of the laying of submarine cables, however, began, and necessity being the mother

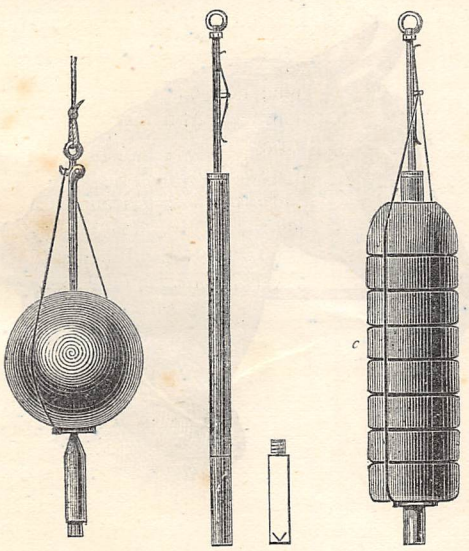


Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

of invention, men contrived to send a sounding-line to a much greater depth. Then came the days of scientific investigation; and in the late cruise of the *Challenger*, under the command of Captain Nares—who, we hope, will go down to posterity as a successful Arctic explorer—a remarkably deep sounding was obtained. The lead was heaved about eighty miles northward of the Virgin Islands, and the depth reached was 3,875 fathoms, or nearly four miles and a half.

But this has been fairly eclipsed by a sounding obtained by the *Challenger* this year in the abysses off the coast of New Guinea. The lead weighed four hundredweight, and struck bottom at the tremendous depth of 4,450 fathoms, or 26,700 feet. Two thermometers had been sent down, but they were smashed to atoms by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. The loss of the thermometers was, however, a small price to pay for the deepest sounding ever effected.

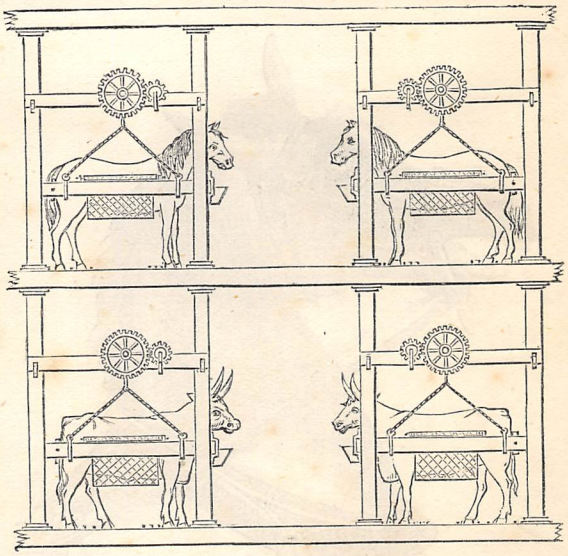
The method of deep-sea sounding pursued in these days is interesting. Up to a depth of one mile and a half there is no difficulty in obtaining a sounding, together with a specimen of the soil at the bottom of the sea, by means of a heavy lead fitted with a valved tube; but beyond that distance breakages used to be continually occurring in the hauling-up, from the necessary slenderness of the cord in comparison with the weight of the lead, which had to be increased, of course, in proportion to the depth. This difficulty was got over by the invention of a detaching apparatus, which sets the lead free when the line reaches the bottom.

The first detaching apparatus was devised by a midshipman of the United States navy. It is shown in Fig. 1. The sinker is a perforated shot, through which a tube passes, the tube having a number of cut quills at its lower end. When the weight reaches the ground, the sinker, by a simple contrivance, slides off, and the rod is brought to the surface with the quills containing small portions of the soil. Another deep-sea sounding apparatus, known as the Hydra machine, is shown in Fig. 2. It consists of a long iron tube (*a*), a small portion (*b*) at the lower end of which can be unscrewed. This separate piece is fitted with a butterfly valve, to retain the bottom specimen. The sinkers are cast-iron discs, weighing half a hundredweight each. The tube is passed through them, and the whole apparatus looks like *c*. When the bottom is reached, the sinkers are detached by means of a spring, and the tube is drawn to the surface.

Cattle on a Sea-voyage.

The subject of the supply of meat is one that affects vast numbers of people. Some of us can recollect the time when the price of butcher's meat was 5d. to 6d. a pound. Our house-keeping books show that the same joints now cost 10d. to 1s., and, according to some, there is a strong probability that the price will go on rising till —but we shall hold our hand, and keep from repeating prophecies of evil. We shall confine ourselves to the pleasanter task of pointing out that there is an enormous amount of food at no great distance, and that if we could only contrive to bring it safely to our shores, we might have meat sold again at the low rates of twenty years ago.

In Texas millions of cattle and sheep are reared annually. Some stockholders own as many as from one to two hundred thousand head of cattle each, in



addition to from sixty to eighty thousand sheep. Thousands of cattle are slaughtered every year merely for the sake of the hides and tallow. The meat is completely wasted, being thrown on one side, or used for no other purpose than manuring. The average price of cattle is from £2 to £3 per head; and sheep—good

fat ones, we are told—can be bought for from 7s. to 12s.

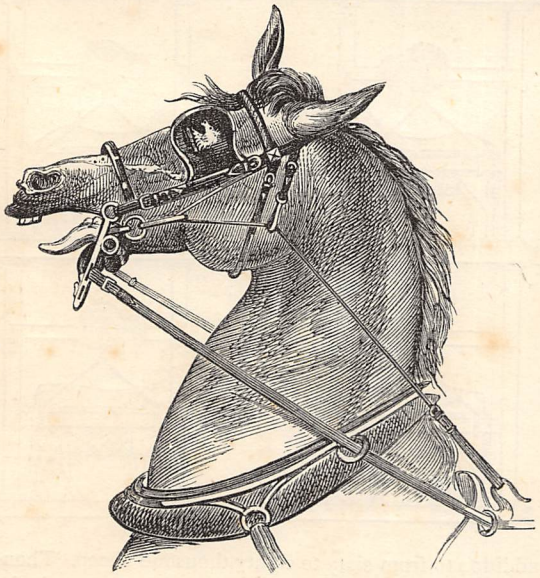
A species of fittings has lately been invented by Mr. F. H. Relph, whereby the comfort and safety of the animals on board ship are secured. Indeed, they can be attended to with as much care as if in their own stalls at home, whilst they are thoroughly protected from injury in heavy weather during the passage. The fittings can be applied to both cattle and horses: in the illustration we have shown them in connection with both. There are endless bands run under the animals, a portion of these bands being visible in the engraving. They are kept loose in fine weather, but, by working a winch, are sufficiently tightened to act as a support in storms. The fittings do not prevent cattle from being sea-sick, which is to be regretted. It appears, however, that they are less liable to sea-sickness than other animals. A steamer of 1,500 tons, it is calculated, would carry about 400 head of cattle.

An Instrument of Torture.

A great deal of cruelty is exercised in the world through pure ignorance. The gag bearing-rein for carriage-horses, to which we would here call attention, has often been mistaken for an innocent apparatus designed to produce a highly artistic effect—by its making the animal stick its head up in the air like a hobby-horse in a toy-shop—whereas it is nothing short of an instrument of barbarous torture.

The nature of this rein is shown in the illustration. below.

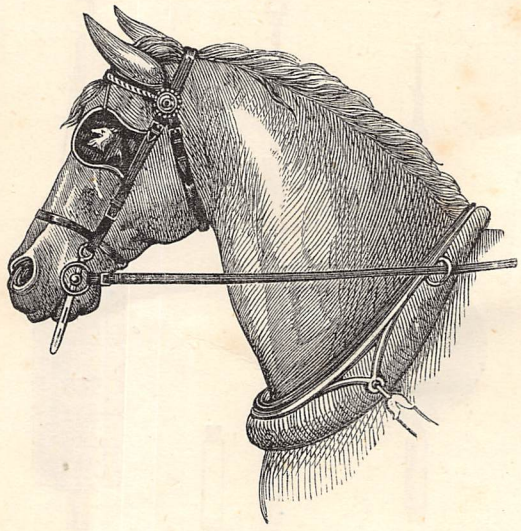
The gag bearing-rein is the successor to the simple bearing-rein, a comparatively harmless contrivance,



TORTURE.

which was in fashion some thirty or forty years ago. The effect of the new apparatus is to occasion intense pain to the horse. The action of every muscle is impeded, and if a false step is taken, recovery is rendered difficult. Its use is indeed a piece of great and unnecessary cruelty.

By way of contrast we have shown, under the title of "Comfort," a horse in harness without a gag bearing-



COMFORT.

rein. In this case the animal is quite at ease and master of itself, subject of course to the will of the driver, as communicated by the ordinary bit.

The gag bearing-rein has a zealous opponent in Mr. E. F. Flower, whose opinion is the more valuable because his kindly sympathy with horses is the result of a thorough acquaintance with them, and it is by his kind permission that these two illustrations are taken from his pamphlet.

Storing Fruit for Winter Use.

When people are lucky enough to have fruit to store, they should be careful about it. In ordinary households, when the dark, damp days arrive, the waste of fruit is enormous. Often this proceeds from the fact that it has been carelessly gathered. The gatherers forget that it should be almost quite ripe, and that all bruising should be avoided. Sometimes, however, it is gathered at the right time and in the right way, but the lots are poured out like grain in the corners of cellars and store-rooms, and in a little while the heaps ferment, and send forth poisonous odours in all directions. Then comes a period of domestic energy. The apples and pears are looked over; the greater number of them are found to be hopelessly rotten, and some rational method is resorted to for the preservation of the few sound fruits which remain. Now the great points in the keeping of fruit are to have a suitable place set apart for the purpose, and to see that it be dark, dry, cool, and sweet, with a perfectly still air, and with means of ventilation when needed. Under these conditions long-keeping fruit, if gathered in a nice condition of dryness and absence from bruises, may be safely stored.